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THE

CALIFORNIAN

A WESTERN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

JULY—DECEMBER, 1881.

VOLUME IV.

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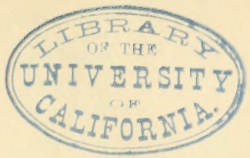
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THE CALIFORNIAN.

A WESTERN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV.—JULY, 1881.—NO. 19.

FLIGHT: A SEQUEL TO "TOBY."

Let me confess, dear Edith, that, next to a woman with a history, I abhor a woman who faints; though my own experience has been that we cannot in all cases escape either the one affliction or the other, no matter how hard we try.

I know, at least, that when Toby had drawn his last breath, I tried my best not to succumb to the numbness I felt creeping over all my senses after the first storm of grief had passed. But I cannot remember, for the life of me, how I got back to Sergeant Brown's adobe house. The first thing I remember was the Lieutenant's haggard face bending over me, and most unexpectedly his protestations of affection, repentance, and reform were as profuse as they had been on the night preceding my departure from Fort Bayard. He needed my sympathy, he said, and my aid; for we *must* now proceed to Santa Fé: it was almost a matter of life and death with him, an officer under arrest, to escape from camp and venture directly into the lion's den—the Commanding General's head-quarters.

I was to assist him in denouncing to the General the constant and systematic annoyance and persecution to which he had been subjected by the other officers at the fort, and which had driven him to this step at last. To retort that I had seen and known nothing of these annoyances and persecutions would have been of no benefit to me or the gentlemen in question; whereas, the prospect of going to Santa Fé instead of returning to Fort Bayard held out at least a faint hope for me. So on toward Santa Fé we proceeded the next day; and no devoted lover, no model husband, could have been more attentive and affectionate. The trouble was that he was too attentive; so completely enveloping me, as it were, that not even to Pinkow could I speak a word, either in public or in private.

From Albuquerque the Lieutenant was wise enough to send back the escort; it would hardly have been advisable to enter the presence of the District Commander with flying colors. As it was, the ambulance alone attracted immediate attention as it rolled through the narrow, crooked streets of Santa Fé; and we had barely entered the old *fonda* near the Plaza, when an orderly of the General's came to inquire what officer had arrived, and on what business? The Lieutenant's trepidation was plain to me, though he forced himself to an air of bravado. Of course, he could keep me locked up in the

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close, low room with him, but he could keep neither Pinkow nor the ambulance-driver there. I trembled lest a word of my trouble or attempted flight should escape them, for I knew they could do nothing to help me under existing circumstances, and knew that I should feel the effects of the Lieutenant's wrath sooner or later, no matter how honeyed was every word he spoke to me now.

Not an hour had passed till the General sent back his orderly to request the Lieutenant to report, at once, to the General in person. He hastened to obey, locking the room-door on the outside, and taking the key with him —a proceeding at which I was not even surprised. But in a moment he returned, his eyes aflame, his face purple with suppressed rage.

"Put on your bonnet, and come with me," he said.

"To the General's?" I asked, in astonishment. "But that is impossible; he has ordered you to report to him—he will think me crazy to come with you."

"Do as I say," he insisted, and to hear was to obey.

In five minutes I was ready; and in passing out through the principal entrance of the *fonda*, which was reading-room, lounging-place, and hall in one, I suddenly comprehended the reason of the Lieutenant's dragging me with him. Colonel Lane, one of the most highly-esteemed officers of the Third, came up to shake hands with me, regretting that Mrs. Lane had not come with him to Santa Fé, (they were stationed at Fort Union) but consoling me with the information that Mrs. Suttorins, the wife of the Adjutant, was here, and one or two other ladies of the Third.

General Carleton was too well-bred a man to let me feel the awkwardness of my position. I thought I could read in his eyes that Pinkow had been talking (indeed, I felt that that also was the way to account for the Colonel's presence at the *fonda*); and in his kindliest tones he inquired whether I was on my way into the States: adding that the overland stage left the *fonda* every morning at seven; but by stopping a week or two with the ladies, at Fort Union, he thought he could promise to send me in with a military outfit. I trembled when I looked up at the Lieutenant's face; but he controlled himself so far as merely to answer in my place:

"No, General, Madam is *not* going in; she is going to remain with me."

As we rose to go, the General detained the Lieutenant a moment, saying to him, half aloud:

"Lieutenant, you will return to your station at once and report to the commanding officer, under arrest. The Captain will receive further instructions from me."

The shades of night were already falling, as we left the General's quarters. The Colonel was still standing at the door of the *fonda*, but after an ineffectual attempt to detain the Lieutenant in conversation, I saw him wend his way toward head-quarters, as I half-turned my head on entering the house. The Lieutenant ordered supper in the room, bidding me hasten to retire after supper, as we should have to be up and away before daylight in the morning. I clenched my hands in dumb despair as I listened, but did not dare to answer a word. Just then a hubbub arose at the door. I raised my head, and the Lieutenant silently laid his revolver on the table beside him. But they were only light knocks resounding at the door, and women's voices and laughter reassured the Lieutenant so far that he opened the door to admit the Adjutant and his wife, Mrs. Lieutenant Ennis, Colonel Lane and one or two other officers. The gentlemen at once surrounded the Lieutenant; and Mrs. Suttorins, approaching to greet me, whispered in my ear:

"Come home with me—I must see you alone."

I grasped her hand, but already the Lieutenant's eyes were fastened on me, in spite of the friendly demonstrations of the visitors to absorb his attention. Conversation became general for a little while, and Mrs. Ennis, with perfect *sang froid*, exclaimed suddenly, to me:

"Oh! Before I forget, I want you to deliver a confidential message from me to Mrs.

Captain Horne. But the gentlemen must not hear it," she continued, laughing—"they talk too much. Come out into the corridor with me."

But the Lieutenant stood beside her in a moment, laying a detaining hand on her arm.

"You will have to excuse my wife from going into the cold with you; she is not well, and much fatigued. And besides, we shall hardly see Mrs. Horne, as we do not intend to stop at McRea, but shall camp out on the *jornada*."

There was an uneasy movement among the gentlemen; I noticed that one of them put his hand into his breast-pocket, and Colonel Lane—bless his kind heart—sent a long inquiring look over to me. But I felt the Lieutenant's basilisk eye fixed on me, and I did not dare to raise mine. Neither of the ladies were allowed to approach me, on taking leave, and I saw my friends and would-be preservers depart from that low, gloomy room with the feeling of the condemned prisoner, who takes leave of his last earthly ties.

Months later, when I met them all again at Fort Union, they blamed me for the passive submission to a man who was a coward at heart, though a bully in behavior. Ah, yes; that was easy enough said, but they had never stood in my shoes. The gentlemen had all been armed that night at the *fonda*, knowing so much of the circumstances as Pinkow could relate, and fully appreciating what manner of man they might have to deal with. But not a word or a sign from me told them that I wanted their help, and how could they interfere without or against my wish and desire?

We did not start as early the next morning as the Lieutenant had said we should. Indeed, we staid long enough for me to hear the call of the postilion-horn, as the overland stage stood ready to start at the door of the *fonda*, and oh, how the notes tore my heart! Then the ambulance came and I climbed in, leaving all hope behind.

And I was right to leave all hope behind. I had never believed that the Lieutenant's repentance and conversion were sincere, in spite of his demonstrations and protestations, and I soon had proof of it. During the few hours of our stay at Santa Fé, Pinkow, who perhaps thought it policy, on my account, to regain the Lieutenant's favor, had, somehow or somewhere, managed to capture a dog—a splendid, long-haired hunting-dog. He *said* a soldier had given the dog to him, and I really don't think Pinkow would have "pressed" the dog if he had not fancied the animal might serve as a lightning-rod to divert the storm from my poor head occasionally. If such was his intention, he succeeded at once.

When we started, the dog stood apparently in high favor; he was taken into the ambulance, when he crouched down at my feet, and would lick my hand whenever I stroked his hair or patted his head. I stopped caressing him when I saw the Lieutenant's face commence to darken, fearing that perhaps it offended him. It was of no avail, however; the dog was thrust out of the ambulance at the first opportunity, but the Lieutenant's humor did not improve. Pinkow cast uneasy glances, now at the Lieutenant, now at the poor dog, who seemed bewildered and more than half inclined to turn back to Santa Fé. Pinkow whistled to him, but the Lieutenant bade the driver stop the ambulance, sprang quickly out, called the dog to him, held him down with one hand while he drew his revolver with the other, and reversing the weapon had beaten the struggling animal's brains out before I fairly knew what he was about.

"I'll teach you to try and get away from me," he shouted in mad fury, and pointing to the quivering body of the brute, he called out to me: "That is the way I serve all runaways," and then quietly proceeded to rub his hands clean in the dust of the road, before re-entering the ambulance.

I sat in speechless horror, for I knew now what I had to expect. Oh! why had I not cast all fear and false shame aside, and seized the helping hands held out to me in Santa Fé? But regret was unavailing; and afraid almost to breathe, for fear of exciting my tyrant's displeasure, I rode on through the

long, dreary day, hardly daring to lift my eyes to the gray sky, but unconsciously trying to count the rain-drops that came slowly drizzling down from there. This day was but a precursor of many similar ones. Wherever he could, the Lieutenant avoided stopping at the military posts, making night-journeys whenever it was possible, and camping out, passing through the forts during the day, remaining only long enough to draw forage and rations, and hurrying on under the excuse of the General's orders to report to his post-commander as soon as possible.

Perhaps it was well for me that he so hurried by the posts, for the surprise that was more implied than expressed on seeing me return, gave me anything but a comfortable feeling in my tyrant's presence. Not till we reached Fort Craig did he ask for escort: two men were furnished him—or rather me; for I really do not think that any one would have cried much whether the Indians got the Lieutenant or not.

My friend at Fort Seldon fairly trembled when she came to the ambulance to greet me; it was not fear that shook her, it was rage that flashed from her eyes, and in very ungracious tones she addressed the Lieutenant:

"I think you are trying to kill your wife, hurrying her through the post like this. Come out and rest with me a day or two"—she turned to me—"my husband will see you safe to Fort Bayard, whenever you want to go there."

"My wife goes there with me," the Lieutenant replied in my stead, "and I must ask you to permit us to proceed; we wish to get through Magdalena Pass before night."

"But you will have to wait till my husband's return," she persisted; "he has gone to Doña Ana, and may be back in an hour or two."

"I have no orders to that effect," the Lieutenant retorted; "my instructions are to report to the post-commander, at Fort Bayard, as soon as possible."

Perhaps the most puzzled of all was this same post-commander, when he discovered that I had returned, together with my tormentor. All circumstances considered, it was only proper that he should not call to greet me on our arrival; but he immediately sent his servant to me with supper and compliments. My husband had reported to him at once, had been ordered not to leave his quarters without special permission, and late at night the Captain sent an orderly to demand his side-arms. The Lieutenant was furious, but I knew what it meant, though the future proved that all the Captain's efforts to insure safety to me were futile.

For a day or two he seemed cowed; but, unfortunately, one of his men, mistaking his quiet bearing for reform, allowed himself to be persuaded into having the Lieutenant's two-gallon keg filled with whisky at Pinos Altos. The poor fellow went to the guard-house, where he had time to repent of his mistaken kindness; but the Lieutenant enacted such scenes that a guard was placed at our quarters, ostensibly for the purpose of preventing the Lieutenant from leaving the tent, in reality to protect me from his murderous attacks. So day and night I heard the passing of the sentinel, up and down, up and down, by the side of the tent. A bright fire blazed all night in front of it, and when the relief came I could hear them exchange a few low words with each other, as they stood for a moment warming their hands at the flames. But even this proved no protection; and though his side-arms had been removed, the Lieutenant found no difficulty in obtaining access to the tool-chest of the company carpenter, and a hatchet is as formidable a weapon, in the hands of a crazy man, as a pistol or revolver.

One day a great excitement took possession of the Lieutenant. He had learned that General Alexander, (brother-in-law of the late General Upton) formerly of the Third, but just then transferred to the Eighth, was coming as Military Inspector to the camp. After a few preliminary admonitions, that he would kill me in the most frightful manner, should he discover that I had sent to him to come with the sheriff from Texas, he settled down to a persistent watching of the General's every step in camp. The little round opening in the roof of the tent was hardly

ever unoccupied now, and woe to me did ever the General and the Captain, as it sometimes happened, approach the vicinity of our tent. It was *I* who had called them there; they were spying out the best way to cut into the canvas of the tent, to let the sheriff in on him; but I should be made to die a thousand deaths, he said, before they should take him away.

I sat by, silent, trembling, and hopeless. I had given up all thought of escape, and was fast sinking into a state of utter helplessness. Pinkow was allowed to come into the tent to assist me in cooking, though he had originally been our orderly, and Richard our cook. But the Lieutenant grew so morose that the men all feared him, and Richard, who with Pinkow had built their little tent close beside ours, much to the Lieutenant's disgust, was allowed to attend to the Lieutenant's horse, while Pinkow attended to our commissary supplies, and brought the mail to our quarters when the mail-rider came in. The letters I wrote to my friends were short and unsatisfactory, to me, at least; for I could write only under my prison-keeper's eye. He read every word of what I wrote, and then sometimes tore the letters up before my face, saying he had detected a hidden meaning in the lines; and sometimes following Pinkow to the door of the tent and destroying them, without my knowledge. Nor did I receive all the letters intended for me; but I knew that my friends were now all in California with the exception of one brother.

Before the Inspector had left, the Lieutenant had been notified of the convening of the court-martial at Fort Bayard, during the early part of the following week; and with it another fruitful source of excitement for the Lieutenant, of threats and violence for myself, was established. His time was now spent between watching the arrival of the conveyances bringing in the officers from the different posts, and heaping choice and various curses on their heads. I knew that the sitting of the court-martial would be as much, and more, of a trial for me than for the Lieutenant; for at the very worst his judges could not and would not take his life, while the preservation of mine would be highly problematical.

The very first session proved that my theory was correct. The fact alone of his being led to the tent where the officers held their sittings, under guard, was sufficient to arouse his ire; but there was another circumstance which enraged him far more than this. With his characteristic cunning he had closely watched the proceedings, in order to find the least loop-hole by which he could escape his sentence, and he was just exulting because an oversight in the initial steps gave him the hope that he could overthrow the whole proceedings of the court, when Quinton Campbell, junior Lieutenant of the Fifth Infantry, called the attention of the others to the error they were about to commit, or the form they were about to omit. I think Lieutenant Campbell must have seen in the crafty face of the man they were about to try, the quick gleam of malice and satisfaction which announced that he had fastened on something of which he could take advantage. The oaths he heaped on the devoted head of the junior Lieutenant when he returned to the tent were fearful, and the threats of vengeance he uttered against one and all of the officers assembled, showed him to be either a fiend or a coward. I think he was both. That I did not sleep on roses that night, I need hardly say; for with all his rage there was mingled the fear that now, since he could not constantly guard me in the tent, I might pluck up courage enough some day to make another attempt at escape: and I did—but not until I had been frightened and tortured almost into madness.

The sessions of the court generally lasted from ten or eleven till three or four o'clock in the afternoon. Pinkow, as I said, was my aid and assistant in house-keeping; and after the Lieutenant and I had taken dinner, Pinkow always had his dinner in the tent, and then proceeded to clear off the table, wash dishes, and restore order in the kitchen department generally. One day the Lieutenant returned home earlier than usual, and more frantically mad than ever. Since he

could not watch me while he was at the trial, I sometimes ventured to the door of the tent—but never outside; I did not dare to disobey orders so far. This day I had stood at the door full two minutes, looking up at the clear sky, and drinking in the beauty of God's creation. After dinner was over the Lieutenant ordered Pinkow to "pack all the stuff over to his own tent, or throw it away; he wanted it no more." Pinkow's eyes flew over to me involuntarily; he knew the signs of a coming storm as well as I. Then the tent was closed at once, and to my horror the Lieutenant drew a hatchet out from under the mattress of the bed, where he must have concealed it while Pinkow was "packing out the stuff."

"Kneel down," he commanded, "and fold your hands. I am going to cut your head open."

I knelt down, but in that short moment my whole life passed before me, and mother's face and the picture of the blue sky and the bright land I had seen only that morning rose up before me with strange vividness. Why had I not escaped that very morning? Why had I not fled from the camp alone and unobserved, and run till I had reached a hiding-place or dropped dead in my tracks? I would, if I ever again should see the light of day, I vowed in my heart; no fear, no pride should ever deter me again. All this time I was kneeling before him, my own hands folded, while one of his spanned my throat and the other held the hatchet above me. I knew there was no use resisting, so I fell at last into a stony indifference. I think this saved my life, for he thought I was not feeling keenly enough the horrors of my position. Never speaking above a whisper, and moving with the utmost caution, for fear of arousing the suspicion of Pinkow or the guard, he approached the bed, on which lay a piece of sewing upon which I had been engaged in the morning. Lifting it with the helve of the hatchet he flung it into the fire-place, where the coals were still bright.

"There!" he said, chuckling—"let that go first. You'll not need it any more—you're going the same way."

Then he snatched the cover off the table, a note-book lying on it, a little shawl I wore, and an apron—all went the same way. Next he reached out for a heavy blanket under which I had hidden the little two-gallon keg, which I knew still contained above a quart of whisky. I had been afraid to empty it out, but had hoped he might forget it in his excitement over other affairs. Now it suddenly rolled out, and the hollow noise it made seemed like a death-knell to me. He sprang upon it with ferocious exultation, snatched a tumbler from the chimney-board and filled it with the liquid fire. It was but a short respite for me; the shades of night were falling around the tent, and long, dark hours lay black and death-boding before me. Contrary to all expectation, however, the whisky seemed to lull him to sleep; and, after emptying one glass after the other, he stretched himself on the bed, bidding me lie where he could touch me with his hand, lest I should open the tent during his sleep and let the soldiers in to murder him.

I, too, slept at last, after I had seen the guard-fire blazing up brightly outside, and heard the sentinel relieved at nine o'clock at night. What woke me up I never knew, but as I opened my eyes they fell directly on the sharp edge of the hatchet, and the maniac face of my husband grinning fiendishly behind it. In a moment it flashed on me that he was taking deliberate aim so as to kill me at the first blow, fearing, doubtless, that in my death-agony I should scream for help, if the blow were not planted full in my brain. Before I could move my head, his other hand was grasping my throat and pressing my head back on the pillow; but the struggle, faint as it had been, had changed the position of the weapon in his hand. Then I saw that not only was he trying to get in the most telling blow, but he was also calculating the exact position in which the shadow was thrown on the roof and wall of the tent. He had evidently replenished the fire, as the night was cool, to convince Pinkow and the guard that serenity and harmony prevailed in our tent, and the glitter in the drunken

fiend's eye was hardly less cruel than the glint of the cold steel of the hatchet. I raised my hand imploringly, and tried to speak.

"Not a word out of you," he hissed into my ear with an oath. "I can cut you into little pieces before the guard can get into the tent, and I'm going to do it. So much you get for asking for a guard to protect you. Then I am going to roast you alive, for telling the Judge-Advocate all about me."

And he pressed my head back, and again took aim. Presently he laughed, shifted his position and declared he didn't want my brains spattered all over his hands, like the dog's, and putting his heavy hand on my forehead he brought the hatchet within an inch of my throat, making the motion of drawing it across and across.

"Steady," I heard him mutter, "steady."

Whether he meant the admonition for himself or for me, I never knew; but after a moment's balancing he rolled over, the hatchet fell from his nerveless hand on my breast, and in a moment more he slept the heavy, sottish sleep of the drunkard. Hardly daring to breathe, I lay with my eyes wide open, praying for daylight to come, and for some helpful hand to lead me from this dark, dreadful tent, and out of the dreary, desolate graveyard of a country.

At last the day dawned; Pinkow called to the Lieutenant what hour it was, and when he saw from the Lieutenant's looks that this gentleman had slept all night with his clothes on, he knew that the remnant of whisky had been found. Coming in to light the fire, he started back when his eyes fell upon me; and well he might, for when I approached the little mirror over the chimney-board, I saw that there were white hairs among the brown on my head. Without a word Pinkow placed breakfast on the table, carried the two chairs from the back part of the tent to the front, where the table was laid, and started to go, taking up a tin dish with a great deal of racket, I thought.

"Fresh beef at the commissary this morning," he explained, "and I mean to cook a real nice broth for the Lieutenant to-day."

I thought the remark a little ambiguous, but the Lieutenant seemed to take it in good faith.

Pinkow had not returned when the guard came to lead the Lieutenant to the court session. Glad of an excuse to get, if only a few feet distant, away from my tormentor, I busied myself with the preparations for dinner, leaving the table laid for Pinkow's breakfast. When the guard tapped at the tent-door I turned to call the Lieutenant's attention to the summons, and he had just time enough to shake his clenched fist in my face and vow to "have my heart's blood to-night," before leaving the tent. Pinkow must have lain in wait somewhere behind the tent, for he stood before me as soon as the Lieutenant's back was turned.

"I have summoned Mrs. Mack to come to you," he said. "To be sure, she is only the laundress, but she can tell you how you look this morning, and what you are coming to."

"I can see it myself, Pinkow," I replied, "and I made a vow to myself last night that I will go from here, on foot, if necessary, into the mountains where the Indians can catch me—anything rather than stay here another night."

And I told him of what had taken place in that tent since our late dinner of yesterday.

Mrs. Mack came into the tent while I was talking; she cried out at my changed appearance—it was weeks since I had last seen the good woman—and heaped curses, loud and deep from her Irish heart, on the Lieutenant's head.

"Let me go to the Captain," she urged—"he'll come the minute you send for him."

"No, no!" I cried, "not yet. Let us consider first what we had better do. And Pinkow," I added, the fear of the household tyrant still uppermost in my mind, "put the beef-soup on the fire; it is after eleven o'clock: he will scold if everything is not ready when he comes." I must add that our cooking facilities were not ample, and one dish had to be cooked after the other.

"Curse the Lieutenant," Pinkow blurted

out. "I beg your pardon, Madam, for my rudeness. But where is the large knife, then, to take out this bone with?"

He searched the table for the knife without avail. He went to his tent to hunt, without success. We looked in the ashes of the cook-fire, but it was not there. Then a sudden thought flashed through my brain. I raised the mattress of the bed; there lay the knife, in all its hideous sharpness of edge and breadth of blade.

Mrs. Mack screamed in fright, and Pinkow set his teeth.

"And now, Madam?"

"I am going, Pinkow."

But *how?* was the next question. I had no doubt the Captain would help me, and I was determined to leave the camp before night; but I did not want the Captain to call on me at our quarters, nor would I go to the laundress' quarters to meet him. I did not want even the sun above us to see that any preparations were making for flight—I had such a dread of exciting the Lieutenant's suspicion. But I was fully roused at last, and would kill him before he should get me into his power again. In the meantime, the precious moments were slipping by. Mrs. Mack combed out my long, tangled hair, and bathed my face as she would have done a child's, while Pinkow had gone to have the Captain summoned from the court-room, and hold council with him. When he returned, the final steps were decided on, and, with many parting adjurations not to abandon my resolve, Mrs. Mack left the tent shortly before the Lieutenant was expected to return.

I saw his face darken as he approached.

"Seems to me you are keeping open house to-day; looks very inviting," he snarled, pointing to the flaps of the tent, which Pinkow had fastened away back, leaving the front of the tent as open as possible.

"Madam had a headache this morning, and the sun is so pleasant that I fastened the canvas back like that," and already Pinkow was bustling around, placing dinner on the table, and setting the chairs.

"I've cooked you a nice broth, Lieutenant, as I promised," he continued, ladling out the soup, and then leaving the tent as if he had forgotten something outside.

My heart beat with great heavy throbs as I sat opposite to the Lieutenant at the table, and as I scanned the haggard face and drawn features before me, I almost felt the old pity creep into my heart again. But he raised his eyes at that moment, and all the pity went out of my heart, as he asked, fiercely:

"Why do you look at me? They haven't got me yet, but I'll get you first."

The gleam in his eye was as cruel as the flash of the knife I had discovered that morning, and my purpose became more firm than ever. Just as we were about to leave the table, Mrs. Mack tapped at the tent-pole—punctual to the second—and innocently asked if she could speak a few words to the Lieutenant.

"Come in, Mrs. Mack," I said; and really my voice did not tremble, nor did I change color, though I knew that now the time had come.

I had invited her to a seat on the bed, and while she was addressing the Lieutenant in regard to some little favor she pretended to want shown her when he should be returned to duty, I placed his chair facing her, and with his back to the entrance or front of the tent. While she was still speaking, Pinkow entered the tent, and rising from the chair I had been occupying near the Lieutenant's, I said, half aloud:

"Why, poor Pinkow has no chair to sit at the table," picking up my own chair as if to place it at the table for him.

And I did. I set the chair down quite noisily, whispering to Pinkow:

"I am going now," and the next moment I had gathered my skirts close around me, glided softly from the open tent, and was flying swiftly down the lane which the tents of the "L" Company soldiers formed to the left of our quarters.

At the very first tent stood Corporal Cook, who pointed silently in the direction of Mrs. Mack's bell-shaped tent, for I had been so confined and guarded that I knew only the general direction of her tent. I had never

yet seen it. In an instant there were footsteps resounding on all sides of me. At a signal from the Corporal there were suddenly soldiers in front of me to lead the way, soldiers beside me to guard my steps, soldiers behind me to avert any possible pursuit. In two minutes I had reached my harbor of refuge; a shout went up on the outside of the tent as I sank down on a pile of fresh-laundried clothes, and an answering shout came from the direction from which I had just fled. Dennis Mack sprang forward from the depths of the tent, and Mulhall, the blacksmith, stood in the door.

"What is it, Mulhall?" I asked, wildly; "why do the men shout so."

"It's because you are safe out of that tent," he replied, and he threw back the flap of the tent. "See—the men have drawn a complete cordon around this tent, and twenty of them are guarding the Lieutenant from breaking through his lines."

"For God's sake let them guard him well!" I panted; and just then Mrs. Mack came speeding along almost as swift of foot as I had come.

She, too, flung herself on a pile of clothes, gasping for breath, and fanning herself vigorously with her apron. Dennis stood helpless between us.

"Bridget," he asked in great concern, "Bridget dear, sure you're not kilt?"

"It's kilt I am inthirely, Dinny," she replied. "Och! the murtherin, black-hearted divil!"—shaking her fist toward the tent I had just deserted; "but it was me he wanted to kill, too, whin he found his wife had got away."

And she proceeded to relate how the shout of the soldiers had first called the Lieutenant's attention away from her.

"Where's my wife?" he had asked, turning with quick apprehension to the front of the tent. Then with a fearful oath he had sprung upon her, accusing her of conspiring against him, and helping me off; and only the timely interference of the guard outside had saved her from his clutches. Once outside, she took time to relieve her feelings by informing him that she *had* helped his wife to get away from him, and then made for her tent, while the Lieutenant was checked by the guard, and reminded that he must not leave his quarters.

"But I want my wife," he had insisted; to which the guard replied that he thought he had seen me walking toward the sutler-store.

"Then I'm going to follow her!"—and he made the attempt, but the clicking of the carbine in the sentinel's hands, and his decided "Halt! or I fire!" had brought him to his senses, while the threatening faces he saw all around him proved that one more step would be fatal to him. Then he turned at bay; and calling Pinkow, he ordered him to bid me return at once, or suffer the consequences. Giving the men a sign to take him inside, so that he should not see the direction he took, Pinkow came straightway to the tent of the laundress, and reported the proceedings. He threw his cap high in air as he cried:

"I promised to cook the Lieutenant a fine broth to-day, and, please the Lord, I've done it."

"Shall we hang the Lieutenant?" Mulhall asked earnestly, "we'll do it in a minute. Or shoot him?—though shooting is too good for him, and we'd prefer to hang him, and we'll do it, whether or no, if ever he tries to approach you again."

I strove to quiet their ardor: but for the Captain's approach just then I don't know what might have been done. Those in the tent fell back respectfully, and after a short interview the Captain left to consult with the other officers in regard to the best course to pursue, as I had expressed my determination not to remain in the same place with that madman overnight. I wanted, if possible, to set out with as many men as could be spared toward Fort Bowie, (Apache Pass) and to go by way of Arizona into California, where most of my friends were now living. After half an hour's deliberation, the officers decided that I could not go that way. Fort Bowie was something over a hundred miles from there, the way lying through the worst part of the Indian-infested country, and the highest number of men they could give me

would be only twenty-five—partly infantry at that. So it was decided that I should retrace the road I had once before traveled toward Santa Fé. At Fort Union it was thought that I might still find General Alexander and wife, who were going in with a military train of which the General had command.

The Captain brought me kind messages from all his brother-officers. I had their sympathy and their respect, and had I been revengeful I might have triumphed over my persecutor in advance, for I knew that he would be ultimately expelled from their ranks. But there was no revengeful feeling in my breast then, for when it was decided that I should again have six men and a sergeant for escort, with Pinkow to wait on me, I nearly broke the poor fellow's heart by imploring him to stay behind and wait on the Lieutenant. I knew that he would fare badly among all these hostile men, and knew that Pinkow would keep his promise, if I got it, to treat him well.

A number of the commanding-officers of the posts through which I should have to pass were assembled at the court-martial, and therefore the letter which the Captain gave me was addressed to those whom they had left in command. Whatever request or instructions the letter contained I never knew. It had been placed in my hand open, but I had not been bidden to read it. It was returned to me by each commanding officer on my road, and retained by the last. It secured me new escort, fresh ambulance-mules, and every possible kindness and attention I could wish for; but I never read the magic words.

The sun was sinking when the ambulance drove up to Mrs. Mack's tent. The Captain had insisted on having at least my trunk and side-saddle brought from the Lieutenant's tent, though I had wanted to leave everything behind, and not let him know that I had left camp at all.

"He will follow me this very night, Captain, I know he will," I protested—"you know how he did the last time."

The Captain smiled his quiet smile.

"The Lieutenant taught me a lesson then. He will not follow you again; at least, not to-night. I will promise you that."

And when Pinkow came with the men bearing the trunk, he said that the Lieutenant was lying on the bed, a guard with drawn revolver sitting at the foot, a sentinel pacing up and down in front of the tent, another at the back, and "L" Company men all around the tent waiting and hoping for him to attempt an escape.

Then the trunk was lifted into the ambulance; the men kept piling in stores of blankets, bread, tea, sugar, coffee—though the Captain had had a mess-chest placed inside, and a lunch-basket well-filled besides, with a pair of his own blankets spread on the seat. Richard instead of Pinkow sat beside the driver; the Captain came to bid me a last farewell and "good-speed," and just as the first shadows of the coming night fell on the earth, I passed slowly and forever from out the tents and soldiers' quarters of Fort Bayard.

At the Captain's quarters stood assembled the officers who formed the court-martial, with uncovered heads, ready to bid me farewell. But I knew that the rumbling of the ambulance fell like the wheels of the juggernaut-car on the heart of the wretched man in the tent close by, and bidding the driver in half-stifled tones not to stop, I passed slowly along the line of officers. The last I saw through my tears was a cloud of waving handkerchiefs and hats raised aloft; then the ambulance made a sharp turn, and I pressed my hands to my face and cried bitterly. But I was not left long to my grief; a rush of footsteps behind the ambulance caused the driver to look back. It was Pinkow and Mulhall with more blankets, more bread, more canned fruit, and renewed injunctions to Richard to take good care of me.

"And, Madam," urged Mulhall, "suppose you let Sergeant Horine repeat his instructions to you, just to impress it well on the minds of the men, you know."

"Very well," I said, willing to humor them all, for I knew they wanted me to feel safe.

The ambulance halted; the Sergeant rode up.

"Sergeant," I said, "I should like to know what your instructions are."

"My orders are to escort the ambulance to Fort Selden, and shoot the first man who approaches Madam against her wish."

Mulhall was satisfied; Pinkow wiped the tears from his face, and they both said good-by for the last time.

The grey dawn was breaking when we entered Fort Cummings. The commanding officer was instantly aroused, and he promised at my request to put on double guard while I remained at the post. It was only to sleep for a few hours, and the men, who declared that their horses were still quite fresh, were ready to go on. They were to go only to Fort Selden; for, since it was open flight this time, I could ask without hesitation everywhere for the means to carry it out successfully, and I was confident that Sergeant Horine's orders would be reissued to the men at every post.

When we had emerged from Magdalena Pass, Richard insisted on calling a halt. He wanted to cook a cup of coffee for his Madam for the last time, and the least I could do for him was to gratify this very reasonable wish. I left the ambulance, and the escort dismounted. A fire soon blazed up, with the water hissing above it. I was seated on a little knoll, watching the road we had come, almost involuntarily, when Richard came up; in his hand a large white cup from the Captain's mess-chest. The wind blew back his bushy hair, revealing a long, badly-healed gash on his forehead—a souvenir from the swamps of Richmond; and a deep scar on his cheek, a memento of the Vicksburg trenches, lost itself in the waves of his heavy beard. But there were tears in the big man's eyes, and as they trickled slowly into his mustache, he said in a broken voice:

"It 's the last cup of coffee I shall ever cook for my Madam. And—and—I'm so glad you're going away."

He laid the cup down and turned away; and while I drank it, more than one tear fell into the coffee.

If her husband had suddenly been promoted Brigadier-General, my friend at Fort Selden could not have been more delighted than when she discovered me in my ambulance. That my new escort was fully instructed as to its duty by her husband, I need hardly say.

I hurried through from post to post as fast as I could; for though the guards were doubled wherever I stopped, and I was assured everywhere that the Lieutenant could not possibly escape from Fort Bayard, I thought my own thoughts, knowing the man better than any one else did. My fears grew when we left the chain of military posts behind, and, nearing Albuquerque, we were sometimes compelled to stop overnight at some Mexican village, or lonely adobe house, along the Rio Grande. At such times my escort did guard duty, patrolling in front of the door of the *casa* the whole night through. Fortunately these *casas* possess only one door, as a general thing; the window, if there is any, being high up in the wall on the same side of the house with the door. Only in one house there was a small window opposite the door, and on this occasion both sides of the house were guarded. Still I did not feel safe, and looked around the room in search of something I could hurl at the Lieutenant's head should it suddenly appear through the little narrow window.

Now, if the window itself was rather an American feature of this *casa*, the deposit of bottles I discovered in one corner, under an old mat, added considerably to the coloring. They seemed a perfect godsend to me, however, and on the bench in front of my bed I set up a perfect battery of empty bottles. I remember them very distinctly, for a bottle which had once contained some sort of bitters, of stout glass in the shape of a primitive cabin, seemed the most powerful weapon of defense to me, and I patted it lovingly ere I stood it up in front of me. Then came black bottles that might have contained whisky or wine in their day—common bottles enough, I dare say, and perhaps never before looked upon with such satisfaction and affection.

Then we reached the crossing of the Rio Grande, seven or eight miles before entering Albuquerque, and here we found fresh trouble in store. The river had overflowed and swept down stream the large scow that served for a ferry-boat, leaving us helpless and unable to cross the stream. There was no possibility of fording the stream at this place and this season. To me this misfortune seemed doubly great, as I knew that the overland stage was nearly due here at the crossing, and nothing could shake my belief that that miserable man had got away from Fort Bayard, and was in the stage.

I descended from the ambulance, and mounted one of the horses, and together with the Sergeant rode up and down the river-bank to see if we could discover any trace of boat, skiff, or canoe. I would have encouraged the men to "press" anything in this shape, without a moment's hesitation. Away on the other side of the river we could discern a hovel of some kind, the habitation of the ferry-man, perhaps, when there was a ferry; and my men bethought them of firing off pistols and carbines, and waving handkerchiefs and blankets in order to make any one who might be over there understand that we wanted to be helped across.

The moments flew. I feared that darkness would overtake us there, and that dreaded stage-coach might come in sight at any time. At last the Sergeant consented to comply with my wish, which was nothing more nor less than that I should be allowed to mount one of the soldiers' horses, and, accompanied by the Sergeant, should swim the stream.

"It is as much as your life is worth, Madam," he remonstrated; "of course the horse will swim, but your head will swim, too, and you can never hold yourself on the horse."

"But I can slide off," I suggested, "and hold on to his tail, and he will drag me across in that manner."

I don't remember where I had picked up this piece of wisdom, but I was determined to try this novel method rather than stay on this side the river.

The Sergeant had already advanced quite a distance from the shore ahead of me, when a shout of the men called us back, and they pointed to a black speck moving toward us from the other side. It proved to be a tiny canoe, in which, on nearer approach, were discovered a Mexican and an Indian, both of whom sprang out of the craft when a few hundred yards from shore, and hauled the vessel in after them out of the current, which was very strong. Quickly the soldiers helped them land the boat and clean it out, after which I was helped into it, and cautioned not to stir. There was barely room for the Sergeant beside myself and the two dark-faced Charons. For many yards both of them waded in the water, the one guiding the boat, the other pushing.

The current was strong, the river fully a mile across, and there was water, water, everywhere around me. I closed my eyes when the two ferry-men, after many shouts and responses, at last got into the canoe. As we approached the middle of the stream I could feel the current drawing us swiftly down the river, and when I felt the Sergeant moving in the boat, and heard his voice mingling loudly with that of our pilot, I dropped my hands from my face and looked fearlessly out over the water. I saw that the boat had drifted far down the stream; but I saw the ambulance still in the same place on the other shore, and the waving of handkerchiefs proved that we were closely watched by the faithful men we had left behind. With hands tightly clasped, I sat perfectly still. No need to make the burden resting on the Sergeant's shoulders heavier than it was, by showing fear or lack of courage. If he had risked *his* life to carry me safely over, I would certainly show no fear for mine.

At last the other shore was reached. The low *adobe* hut was barely discernible a mile above us, and to this we had to retrace our steps, as it was the ferry-man's abode, and there we should have landed. Inside we found his wife, (a dark Mexican) and one child. Here I was to remain till the Sergeant, mounted on an old mule belonging to the ferry-man, should return from Albuquerque with an ambulance and escort. There

was no fear but what he would return in the shortest possible time, and with everything he wanted, for he carried the magic letter with him. What I dreaded was, that the overland stage should come while the Sergeant was gone. In vain he explained to me that the high water throughout would probably detain the stage from reaching this crossing; that the stage could not float over; that the soldiers on the other side would not let any of the passengers cross; and that he had instructed the ferry-men not to cross the river again until he, the Sergeant, had returned. As the military generally ruled supreme in the territory, the ferry-men, I knew, would obey the Sergeant. I knew, also, that the soldiers would recognize the Lieutenant even in disguise, and would shoot him down with a great deal of pleasure, should he try to get over before they had seen the Albuquerque ambulance depart with me in safety.

Still, I sat in fear and trembling in that low adobe room, trying to speak pleasantly to the brown-faced woman and the little child, but listening intently for splash of oars or tramp of horses, and counting the minutes that must pass before the Sergeant could return. After all, he came sooner than I expected. The ambulance was drawn by four mules, panting and sweating from the violent run of an hour; and out of the ambulance sprang Captain Cain, of the Third. His wife was waiting for me, he said—had been waiting for me ever since the time I had passed through Albuquerque a prisoner in the hands of my own husband. In fact, he said, they had all been looking for me; and at Fort Union, from whence he had just returned after attending court-martial there, they had been expecting for weeks to hear of my death or my flight.

It is almost needless to say how kindly the Captain and his young wife cared for me, and how much they wanted that I should stay and rest at least one day. The Captain, occupying an *adobe* house in the town, had soldiers from the barracks stationed in and about the place, and sentinels paced all night long in front of the room which Mrs. Cain and I occupied. But I could not rest.

"I know he will follow me—let me go on," was my constant refrain.

And on I went—none too soon as it afterward proved.

Nearing Algadones the following day, the ambulance-driver suddenly drew up in the road, pointing to a comfortable *adobe* with broad veranda in front.

"The General," he said; and I ordered him at once to drive up to the house.

General Carleton spoke so kindly to me, that the tears sprang to my eyes, as he held my hand and looked into my worn face.

"You are almost home now," he said. "Mrs. Alexander is waiting for you at Fort Union, and you will find everything ready provided for your journey in with her and her husband."

"Mrs. Alexander!" I repeated; "waiting for me—"

"Yes," he replied; "for when the General, on his return from his tour of inspection, told her what he had heard and seen at Fort Bayard, she insisted that the marching of the General's command should be delayed, so sure was she that you would make your escape and try to return to your friends in the East. So—go with God; I could not place you in better hands than those of General Alexander and wife; and I will see that you are not pursued or harassed any more."

Santa Fé was almost deserted when I got there. All the officers of Fort Marcy, except Captain Hawley, were still at Fort Union; and as I had the best of mules and swiftest of horses, I reached Fort Union in an incredibly short time.

I shall never, while life lasts, forget the sensation of rest and relief which I felt when my eyes fell for the first time on Mrs. Alexander's face. It had so happened that I had never met or become acquainted with the General and his wife. They had not crossed the Plains with our command, coming into Fort Union long after we had left it for Fort Bayard. But neither of us remembered that we had never been introduced, when tired, worn, and sorrowful, I was lifted

from the ambulance in front of the General's quarters. Mrs. Alexander came to meet me; and when she looked into my face I don't know what expression she saw there, but she laid her arm around my neck, and as I rested my head for a moment on her shoulder, she whispered:

"I want you to think you have just come home to a sister now. I will care for you and be to you as to one of my own."

And she kept her word. If ever an angel descended from heaven to live upon earth, it was that woman. Long years have passed since then, but the memory of that hour has never grown dim.

And now it only remains for me to tell you how, when we reached Fort Lyons with the General's command, an express-rider followed him to say that the Lieutenant had escaped from Fort Bayard the day after the court-martial had adjourned; had been arrested at Fort Selden, and placed under guard; had escaped to Albuquerque, been re-arrested and placed in irons; had here called upon the civil authorities, always at variance with the military powers, and had been set free; had then proceeded to Fort Union where he was now—safe. He could follow us no farther; but later I learned that a medical commission had been called, who had pronounced him insane, and advised the authorities to send him to a lunatic asylum. But again he called upon the civil authorities; found some lawyer, with little else to do, to "defend his case," and managed to go unharmed as usual.

Then the proceedings of the court-martial were returned from Washington, unapproved, because of some flaw this same lawyer had managed to pick in them with the Lieutenant's aid, and the other officers had still to tolerate him until a second court-martial could be called. In the meantime, in the regular routine he had advanced one step on the Army Register; but by the second court-martial he was sentenced to be cashiered the service. The sentence was approved at Washington; the officers were but too glad to expel him from their brotherhood, and I have never learned in what corner of the earth he lives or lies buried.

But to you, dear Edith, I had always intended giving the satisfaction of an explanation—ever since the time when you were in danger of being looked upon as the keeper of a crazy woman. Do you remember the incident? It was shortly after I had come to board at good Mrs. B.'s, and you were kind enough to accompany me in some of my wanderings, in quest of something to do. I had just been promised a position of language-teacher, at one of our public schools; and though to me the thought of having to live between the cold, white walls of a dreary school-room, day in and day out, was anything but enticing, I still had reason to thank my stars that I had found employment, and a means of independent livelihood so soon.

You remember that a troop of cavalry passed the door of the building where the rooms of the Board of Education were then situated—soldiers being rather more plentiful, all over the Union, than they are now. But there was an officer mounted on a white horse at the head of this column, and, just as they passed the door, the bugle sounded the cavalry-call, and the whole troop went off on a trot.

Soldiers! Cavalry! A white horse! A flood of memories swept through my heart—bitter thoughts of the past, and what might have been—and while you stood by, distressed and uncertain what to do, I sat crouched down on the lowest step of the hall-door, my shoulders swaying back and forth, my hands pressed over my face, and, as the bugle-call grew fainter in the distance, I still sobbed aloud:

"Oh, Toby! Toby! Poor Toby! Poor Toby!"

JOSEPHINE CLIFFORD.

FIELD-FLOWERS.

In pastoral peace the field-flower grows,
Far from the dusty track of trade;
By pleasant paths the cow-boy knows,
These rustic beauties bloom and fade.

The primrose pale that lights the hedge;
The daisy, twinkling like a star;
The daffodil, along the edge
Of some bright rill that shines afar;

The tufted violet, wet with dew;
The three-leaved clover, dear to bees;
The buttercup, and cowslip, too—
Ah yes, and many more than these—

These all are common flowers indeed,
Like peasants dancing on the green;
The simple pomps that deck the mead;
The country's pride, in towns unseen.

They flourish with a wild free grace
Our pampered favorites never know,
And pass unmarked from race to race
Save by the One who bids them blow.

All summer long they doze and dream
In shade and sunshine o'er the heath,
Or bend above the placid stream
Which gives their image back beneath.

They dance around the wayside pool
Where lowing cattle stoop to drink,
And nod beside the village school
Whose drowsy murmurs rise and sink.

They clothe sweet spots of woodland peace,
So welcome to the affrighted deer:
Here doth the rabbit's fold increase,
The wild bird builds and warbles here,

The spider spreads his silken snare,
The field-mouse lays her mimic young;
The chipmunk hides his secret lair,
Unscared, these peaceful haunts among.

The world around their charm is known,
Their gentle influence far and near;
All hearts a common instinct own,
All natures hold the field-flower dear.

The soldier, resting on his arms
Amid the slain, inhales its breath,
Where some poor floweret spreads its charms,
Unconscious of the field of death.

The homeless exile fondly craves
Some calm retreat beyond the sea,
Where still he knows the field-flower waves,
A spoil to every murmuring bee.

Even thou, her spell when memory wields,
Dost live again some cherished hours,
And breathe the fragrance of the fields,
And bind thy hat with fresh-picked flowers.

Fair Nature stands as then she stood,
But thou hast lost the years between—
The hill, the vale, the stream, the wood,
And field-flowers bless the tranquil scene.

So, too, 'twill be when thou shalt lie
Beneath some stone that marks the spot:
The same bright flowers—earth, air, and sky—
All still the same—thyself forgot!

G. T. WEBSTER.

AN EMINENT LAWYER.

At the request of THE BERKELEY CLUB, I have prepared the following sketch of one of its members, who was also one of the most eminent members of the bar of California.

John Whipple Dwinelle was born in the village of Cazenovia, Madison County, New York, on the 9th of September, 1816, being the eldest of a family of seven sons and two daughters, seven of whom reached years of maturity.

His ancestry was good, and his intellectual surroundings, when a child, were of such a character as would develop the tastes and modes of thought which were so prominent in after-life. His father, Justice Dwinelle, a native of Vermont, studied at Williams College, and afterward at Yale, where he graduated in the class of 1808. Settling in central New York, he became a successful lawyer and Judge of the Common Pleas. He also served two years in the New York Assembly, and a like term in Congress, in the years 1823–'25, where he enjoyed the friendship of Henry Clay, Charles Carroll of Maryland, and other gentlemen of the same stamp.

Justice Dwinelle was a man not only of ability, but also of marked refinement in

his tastes. His wife, Louisa Whipple, was a woman of much more than common force of character. Not only in her own family, but in the village also, she was frequently called upon in cases of emergency, and rarely found unprepared for any exigency. She had attended the best schools and academies of that region, had read much, and remembered what she read. To her influence and guidance, her son, John, ascribed much of his literary taste. From her he doubtless inherited that originality of thought which showed itself at times in mechanical invention, and again in legal argument. While he was from five to nine years old, his father was much away from home in the public service, and he was dependent to an unusual degree upon his mother for guidance and society. Concerning this he once wrote:

"During the long winter evenings she would impart to me her stores of information and historic knowledge.

"When she had finished the story of the unfortunate Queen of Scots, or of the proud Essex, she would refer me to the pages of Hume for other tales of equal or surpassing interest.

"Often did she thrill me with horror, as she told of the ingenious means of torture described in the pages of Rollin, or please the fancy by reciting some of the airy descriptions in the 'Lady of the Lake.'

"I have often been pleased, in after-life, in finding in books those same stories that my mother was wont to tell."

At his mother's suggestion his father bought for him a copy of the *Arabian Nights*.

"This opened to me a new world. I plunged into the sea of Arabian romance, and read and *believed* all that the volumes contained. 'There is no book so bad that some good may not be extracted from it,' says Seneca, and I believe him. The *Arabian Nights* have had an influence on my life which will be felt till I descend to my grave. The reading of these volumes planted in my mind a taste for reading, and excited a curiosity which is naught else than the thirst of knowledge."

When about eleven years old, he joined with some others of the same age in building a theater, from refuse boards and shingles given him by his father, in which to present plays founded upon history, and embellished by his fancy.

At this time he used to write rhymes, humorous and pathetic by turns, which made him a school reputation as a poet. In after-life he recommended rhyming to the young, and particularly to the public speaker, as enlarging one's stock of words, and conducing to rhythm and melody of period.

This was not, however, one of those intellectual prodigies, devoid of boyish tastes. Cazenovia is on a lovely lake of the same name, and is surrounded by rolling hills, tempting one on every side to out-of-door sports. He early learned to swim and dive, to fish, skate, and gather nuts. In fact, these pursuits were so much more to his taste than Latin and Greek grammar as whipped into him at the Cazenovia Seminary, that, when he was about thirteen years old, his father withdrew him for a time from school as a hopeless case. The method of instruction was, doubtless, more at fault than the inclination of the pupil.

On entering his fourteenth year his father placed him in the academy at Hamilton; and a year later he entered Hamilton College, situated in the town of Clinton. Here he received the degree of A. B. on the 13th day of August, 1834, nearly a month before he was eighteen years of age. He always regretted having taken his college course at such an early age. His father had taken his degree at the age of twenty-four, and feeling that to be later than was desirable, had gone to the other extreme with his son. Early graduation did not in this case mean cessation of study, for young Dwinelle considered the training received in college as but the key to untold treasures which he was to enjoy through life.

The class of 1834, at Hamilton, contained several gentlemen who afterward became distinguished in various ways: among them the Honorable Charles B. Sedgwick of Syracuse, and the late Professor George Hadley of Buffalo.

Soon after leaving college, Mr. Dwinelle became engaged to Miss Cornelia B. Stearns of Pompey, a village ten miles distant from Cazenovia. This step brought him into relations which quickened the intellectual

characteristics already formed. Dr. Stearns was distinguished in his profession, and both he and his wife had received liberal educations, and delighted in encouraging the young in the pursuit of that which is most worthy in life.

For three years Mr. Dwinelle studied law under the direction of his father, of General Williams of Cazenovia, and of Honorable John Fleming of Manlius. In October, 1837, he was admitted to practice in the Supreme Court, and Court of Chancery, of the State of New York. While pursuing his law studies, editorial work gave a pecuniary income, and increased his powers as a clear and rapid writer. The knowledge gained of the typographical art was afterward of great service to him in many ways. He frequently composed and set up his editorials without writing them out. As editor, or owner, he had connection with the following newspapers: *Cazenovia Democrat*, the *Onondaga Chief* at Syracuse, the *Gazette* and *Buffalonian* at Buffalo, and the *Advertiser* at Rochester, New York.

In 1838 he went to Ann Arbor, Michigan, with the intention of making his home there; but a malarial fever drove him back to his native state.

The next year he began the practice of law at Rochester, and resided there for ten years, gradually making an enviable reputation in his profession.

He was City Attorney in 1844–45; and Master in Chancery and Injunction Master, from 1845 to 1849.

In 1841 Mr. Dwinelle's marriage to Miss Stearns took place, at Pompey; an event establishing a most happy relation, which was only terminated by the death of that lady at San Rafael, California, in 1873. To this marriage were born five children, two sons and three daughters, four of whom are now living. As to her character as a Christian lady, the old citizens of California need no enlightenment. They recorded their high esteem for her at the time of her demise. Respect for that modesty which was such a prominent factor in her character, forbids further comment here.

In the early part of the year 1849, Mr. Dwinelle left Rochester, New York, to seek his fortunes on the golden shores of California. In November, 1849, he gives his views of his new home in the *Daily Advertiser*, published at Rochester, New York, under date of December 24th, 1849. In this article he says, in answer to the many inquiries made of him by his former townsmen:

"Do the gold mines of California present a fair inducement for men to leave the United States to labor in them? There is not the least doubt that they do.

"All kind of stories are told of the miners in the United States. We heard them at Panama, we met them on the Pacific; and they are told to us every day in San Francisco. Some have been to the mines, who could not endure the labor of digging. Some have traversed the whole region with pickaxes and work-pans on their backs, in hopes of finding a richer placer, and have wasted their time to no purpose. Others have dug gold by day, only to lose it at the gambling-table at night; some have been sick at the mines, and have thus consumed their gettings; and others have belonged to that class who can never succeed anywhere. All these will, of course, be apt to speak ill of the mines, in order to excuse their want of success.

"From observation and knowledge, I am of the opinion that those working industriously at the mines average more than one ounce a day."

After describing the different routes, time, cost, etc., to come to California, he proceeds:

"The first and most prevalent impression that arises to one's mind, in the United States, when California is mentioned, is that it is a country where law is unknown, and where crime and disorder stalk abroad with impunity—a land where men go armed to the teeth, bristling with bowie-knife and pistol; and where murder, robbing, and rapine are common and unpunished occurrences. In *fact*, there is no country in the world where the laws are more vigilantly sustained, or the judgments of the courts are more stringently executed. It will be borne in mind that California, at this date, is under a strictly military rule. No territorial government has been provided for her. She exists under a state of military occupancy, and the commander-in-chief of the United States forces in California is, by virtue of his office, governor of the territory.

He then gives a sketch of the courts: the Alcalde's Court of First Instance, presided over by William B. Almond, of Missouri;

Court of Appeal; of Second Instance; and, finally, the Superior Tribunal of California.

"The system of law which prevails, is the civil law—that system of natural justice and equity which was perfected by the Romans, and which has transmitted to modern Europe the most valuable results of the civilization of that great and victorious people—a system beside which the common law of England, and of most of the United States, with its iron formulas and technical rules, sinks into comparative insignificance. Here are no paltry quibbles about bad grammar or imperfect spelling; no demurrers because 'whereas' is out of place, or 'to wit' has been omitted; no turning of a plaintiff out of court, because he has brought 'trover' when he ought to have brought 'trespass.' Nor when a man's nose has been pulled, does he bring his action, alleging that the 'defendant, with sticks, staves, clubs, fists, hands, thumbs, fingers, and finger-nails, made a violent assault, with force and arms, upon the said plaintiff, and beat him upon his head, eyes, nose, mouth, chin, and lips; and tore his apparel, clothes, garments, vesture, and raiment, to wit: cravats, pants, vests, shirts, coats, etc.'"

"Here the party makes his statement in common language, without giving any name to the form of action; to which the defendant makes his answer in the same style; and in five days thereafter the case is tried, and the court makes such decree as it deems just in the premises."

"The bar is a numerous one in San Francisco, probably containing three hundred practitioners, and contains some very strong minds and brilliant talents. This is not the place where quackery can obtain a foothold. The rapidity with which causes move through the courts does not allow an ignorant lawyer time to cram himself for the occasion, and it is only one who is well read in his profession and has had experience in practice who can keep pace with the courts, or do justice to his causes. Here are contracts to be interpreted, which are made in all parts of the world: in Liverpool, in France, in New York, in Valparaiso, in Australia, in China, and in the Russia Possessions; and each to be construed according to the law of the place where it was made. What questions of the conflict of laws are to be raised and settled. What readiness of resource and facility of application are required at the hands of the bar. It is no light task to turn from the English common law to the civil law, and perhaps throw in the ecclesiastical law as a makeweight between the two. One case may turn upon the English Statute of Frauds, and Blackstone and the English reports are cited as conclusive; the next, perhaps, is a contract of *respondentia*, made at Havre, and the law of the case is elaborated out of Potier, Touillier, and the Code Napoléon; and anon a question of inheritance is to be decided under the local civil law, and the *Novisima Recopilacion, Forebrero Mejicano*, and Enriche, the great canon of Mexican law, are authorities not to be neglected, nor overlooked when cited. These latter authorities exist only in Spanish, and woe to the luckless practitioner who has no aptitude for the mysteries of that tongue. Happy is he who has kept up a readable knowledge of Latin, who has ventured somewhat into French, and who has not entirely despised Spanish. In truth, polyglots pay here."

"I have said that the judgments of the courts are stringently executed. They are so. A few months ago a gang of rowdies, known as the 'Hounds,' which had committed various outrages in this city, was broken by the strong hand of the law, and the leaders tried, convicted, and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment in the penitentiary—in the District of Columbia. And Commodore Jones took them on board a special corvette, and sent them on their way to the District of Columbia. Whether a *habeas corpus* might not materially modify the effect of their sentence, is a question which lawyers may speculate upon; but the staring fact still remains, that the sentence was passed and carried into effect, and that, too, in a land where disorder is reported to prevail, and no law to be known but the law of brute force. I have a further illustration: It is customary for fruit-dealers, who expose their commodities for sale day by day in the plaza, to pile them in a heap at night, pumpkins, squashes, pears, apples, and grapes, all together—and leave them on the spot all night, with merely a fencing of lumber to keep off cattle, but so that the first comer could carry away what he chose. And yet no one ever loses anything. I would be glad to hear that the same experiment had been tried in some highly moral city, at Rochester, for instance, with the same satisfactory result."

"There are some reflections recurring to a looker-on, who is disposed to recognize the great truths of history, which are entirely pleasing."

"Rome, the republic and the empire, has forever passed away in her dominion of conquest and of arms; but in this new republican state, her laws, as perfected by her wise jurists, are essentially in force, as they are in the greater part of Europe."

"'Rome still rules the world by her legislation, as she formerly ruled it by her arms,' says, somewhere, one of the great modern civilians, and this beautifully illustrates what is perishable and what is lasting in the elements of a nation's greatness. Again, it is pleasing to see an officer whose summary functions, as well as the very title of his office—Alcalde, Alcaide, the Cadi—are of Saracenic origin, descending to us through the Moors and Spaniards, and finally, by divine right of annexation, brought into the midst of a thriving American city, still retaining his title and his functions, and still administering summary justice in the same mode that we read of in the delightful *Arabian Nights*."

In 1849 and 1850 Mr. Dwinelle assumed a very conspicuous position at the Bar of

San Francisco. He was retained by the city as special counsel to assist Thos. H. Holt, Esq., the then City Attorney; who informs me that Mr. Dwinelle saved the city more than $3,000,000 in connection with the destruction of buildings in order to stop the ravages of the great fire of that period, and afterward successfully defended John W. Geary, the then mayor, for the same liability. He also saved the city more than half a million in the city-slip-lot suits, after the suit had been lost at a cost of $100,000. He was the author and promoter of the Funding Act of 1851, issuing bonds at ten per cent. per annum when the liability was drawing three per cent. per month.

In 1853 he returned to Rochester for one year; coming again to California and spending one year in settling up his business; then remaining several years in Rochester, and returning permanently to California early in 1861.

The success of the litigation, as to whether San Francisco was a *pueblo* or not, is attributable to his industry and genius, and to his learning in connection with the civil law, and the Spanish language and archives. A witty lawyer once said in answer to a questioning remark: "Dwinelle not a great lawyer? He has done what no other twenty lawyers could have done. He has created a *pueblo*, and endowed it with a patrimony of four square leagues of land." In his briefs and arguments in the Pueblo Case, through the lower courts, and the Supreme Court of the United States, he has created an enduring monument to his own memory far surpassing any that could be erected.

This *pueblo* case more particularly exemplifies his great industry and learning. Mastering the law and archives of a foreign land, and in a foreign tongue, he is, unquestionably, entitled to rank with the greatest lawyers of the country. A grand summary of his labors and genius is to be found in his "Colonial History of San Francisco."

In 1863 he declined the nomination as one of the judges of the Supreme Court, when a nomination by his party was tantamount to an election. In 1864 he was elected Mayor of Oakland, and served his term. Upon retiring, he introduced the novelty for Oakland of giving an elaborate report of the affairs of the city. In the year 1867 he was elected to the Assembly from Alameda County. The main object he had in view in accepting this position, was to introduce and pass the bill "To create and organize the University of California," of which he was the author. He was also the writer of the able articles which appeared in the press of California, entitled "Taking the University out of Politics," such as the one that appeared in the *Bulletin* of March 22nd, 1879. From the year 1868 to 1874 he was one of the Regents of the "University of California," so created. While in the Assembly he made a very able argument in support of the "Eight-hour Law," taking broad and statesmanlike views. He was ever ready to identify himself arduously with the best interests of his adopted State. In 1873, Hamilton College, his *alma mater*, honored itself by conferring the degree of Doctor of Laws upon him. He was a constant writer for the daily press and periodicals. During his trip to the Eastern States, in 1869, he gave vivid descriptions and pictures of the South and South-west. He then crossed the Atlantic to Europe, whence he continued his letters to the local papers, from Ireland, England, Scotland, France, Germany, and Italy: giving graphic descriptions of the laborers of those countries; the cottages of the poor; how they lived, labored, dressed, and their general habits of life.

He entered fully into the daily life of the people, while maintaining his interest in libraries, commerce, and civilization. His papers on agricultural observations, on the mode of irrigation, and soil, from Rome to Naples—"the one hundred miles of vineyards"; tropical fruits, such as olives and their varieties, oranges, and lemons; the mulberry trees; the enemies of the fruits of the vineyards—attracted marked attention, and were extensively reprinted by the country papers over the whole State.

While in Paris he wrote and published a very able *brochure*, entitled, "American

Opinions on the Alabama Claims," together with a "Correction of European Errors in relation to our Form of Government."

His papers, read before the Berkeley Club, exhibit the wide extent of his culture and learning; sometimes marked by interesting and curious investigations, such as "Phallic Worship."

In January, 1875, he read an able paper entitled "Present Current Rates of Interest in the Civilized World: what it is that sustains them, and the effect of those rates on industrial interests, and on civilization"; in 1876, "Phallic Worship"; in February, 1877, "The Police Regulation of Prostitution"; in May, 1877, "The Discovery of San Francisco Bay"; in February, 1878, "A new Interpretation of the Legend of the Wolf which suckled Romulus and Remus, the founders of Rome"; and lastly, "The Trial and Condemnation of Jesus."

His contributions to the press were varied and constant up to the day of his death: such as "The Relations of Capital to Labor"; "The Currency Question," in the *National Republican;* both prose and poetry in the *Overland.*

In 1879 he was the author of a series of very able articles on "The Constitution"; and on "The Judicial System of the State, and its History."

In the autumn of 1877, Mr. Dwinelle married Caroline E. Chipman, widow of W. W. Chipman, a prominent lawyer of San Francisco, and with her he lived happily to the time of his death. In her he has a sincere mourner, not only for her own bereavement, but also for the loss to the world of letters. Knowing his plans for literary work, she appreciates better than any one else can, what might have been, but is now impossible, since that intelligence has been removed to another sphere.

J. H. Smyth.

'49 AND '50.

Chapter XVI.

The ladies declared the skirmishers very poor hunters. But when the men told them how hard they had ridden without even the sight of any game worth their powder, they retracted this severity of sentiment, and sat contentedly down to a breakfast of flour cakes and dried beef. Mrs. Durgin could not conceive why a man should get off his horse and roll himself as vigorously in the dirt as her husband seemed to have done, without the excitement of the chase. She played several variations upon this sarcastic strain; but finally desisted, little wiser.

"The man that believes woman to be easily deceived," whispered the Doctor, "ought to have married my wife."

"Ay," returned the Professor; "mine has had me one side several times, already."

Again on their way, the party had not proceeded far, when James, his face white and his eyes protruding so that they appeared to rest against his glasses, pointed, speechless, toward something to the right of the road.

"Mercy!" exclaimed Mrs. Durgin, immediately burying her face in her hands. A deep shadow simultaneously covered the radiant features of her companion; while the Professor, it must be allowed, gave unmistakable evidence of a disturbed equanimity. Slowly Mrs. Monroe turned her eyes from one to another of the company. The secret was perhaps out, but the perpetrators of the act determined to stand boldly against all suspicion, until the expiration of the last hope. Every one of them, indeed, with the exception of Uncle Lish, had reason for a certain amount of honest surprise; for instead of one body hanging from the tree they had so recently left, two bodies were there

suspended. It seems that the trapper, having lingered behind the others, for the stated purpose of carrying the body of the man that he had shot into the brush, had borne it to the place of hanging, and drawn it up by the side of the other. It was a ghastly joke, but the trapper enjoyed it. It was part of his religion to rid the world of as many thieves as lay in his power; and his favorite method of dispatching them was by means of a rope.

"There's a plaguey sight more warnin'," said he, when interrogated concerning his singular after-thought, "in legs a-dangling from a tree than in them that's jest stretched along the ground. I allers give 'em fair notice; then if they step into my trap arterwards, why, they know what to expect. That thar derned hound is the thirtieth one o' his kind o' cats that I have helped string up. Mighty sassy sight, aint it, Cap'ain?" continued Uncle Lish, his gray eyes twinkling with savage fun. "Friends and relatives of the deceased don't hanker arter sharin' his fate. We sha'n't have to do any more hanging for a day or two, you bet."

"I am sorry, however, that the ladies have been shocked by the horrid sight," said Blair.

"Well, 't aint jest the thing to tickle a woman's fancy; but, Captain, the sooner they git a little broke in, the better. They'd a derned sight rather see one o' them *sombrero* cusses made handy for the buzzards than anybody of their own party. It is a simple matter of choice. As things are now in Californy, somebody has got to be found dead frequent; and I for one," concluded the trapper, with a smart crack of his whip, "would rather it would be them other fellers."

"Moses," spoke Mrs. Durgin, having collected her affrighted thoughts into a focus of apparent calm, "Moses, have you any regard for the truth?"

"I has my voos, Missus, on dat subject," was the response.

"Were those really men, that we saw in that dreadful situation?" continued the lady.

"Those gemmen under de tree?"

"Yes."

"Might have been scarecrows, Missus."

"Whatever they were, were they actually hung by the neck?"

"I didn't see 'em standin' on nuffin. But I'se old, ye know, Missus; and de eyes, wid my years, gits to be powerful treacherous."

"If they were hung by the neck, Moses," continued the lady, in the same slow, even tone, "do you know who did it?"

"Lor bless my soul, Missus, nuffin but Injuns could do dat. You don't know, Missus, how dis nigger 'spises Injuns."

"Where did Mr. Ensign get the horse he is riding?"

"Lor, Missus, haint he had a hoss all de time?"

"That is sufficient, Moses."

So terminated Mrs. Durgin's first and last examination, in the case so vividly before her young and impressible mind.

"Our better way," remarked Mrs. Monroe, as Moses jogged on to his place by the trapper, "is to say nothing more about the affair, and to conduct ourselves as if we were indifferent to the most heart-rending incidents possible to occur." In accordance with this wise counsel, whatever either lady may have silently concluded, no further advertence to the horror of the morning was made. James had many inquiries for his cousin to answer; but what they were was known to themselves only.

The landscape grew hourly more inviting. From the densely-timbered bottoms to the tops of the more open hills, there was continual and pleasing change. When the train halted, to give the horses breath, a delightful stillness reigned. No louder sound than the drilling of the large French woodpecker broke the deep primeval silence. Several herds of antelope were discovered bounding lightly away in the distance, and occasionally an elk crossed the way in advance of the train. One of these stately animals was rewarded for his welcome appearance by the lodgment of a ball in the back of his proud head, high borne and elegant of carriage.

Late in the afternoon the party fell in with a mule-train, moving toward a trading-post far up in the hills. It was a novel but sorry sight. The poor beasts could with difficulty

bear their enormous packs. One, more wretched than the rest, sank down at the foot of a steep up which his Mexican master was trying to urge him; and with the blood streaming from his nose, because of the blows he had received, resignedly raised his pleading eyes to the cruel driver, then closed them in death. It was too touching a scene to be borne in silence by Mrs. Durgin.

"Mr. Blair," said she, "if you do not chastise that insolent, heartless fellow, I shall rebuke him myself. I never came so near hating men and loving mules, in my life."

"The beast is dead, Madam," replied the other. "He cannot hear your compliment; while I, as one among men, unfortunately, am alive and listening to your strictures."

"I do not know," returned the lady, "that you are in duty bound to punish the offender; but I think you certainly deserve a mild reprimand. You have not said four words to me to-day."

This last sentence was uttered in a much lower voice than the preceding, and accompanied by one of her most delicate blushes.

"Refer my case to your liege lord," returned exasperating Blair. "If he pronounces my neglect censurable, I shall stand forever corrected. Otherwise I must plead a nature not over-social in its tendencies; in which case silence is not only more agreeable, but more respectful, than the forced formalities of speech."

The handsome Bostonian well knew that the reason he had just given would pass for no reason at all; but it was first to come upon his lips. In fact, he considered that it was immaterial how he spoke, provided the idea was conveyed to Mrs. Durgin that he was indifferent to feminine charms in general, and that her own were no exception.

The reply he received to the stoical utterance last given, was simply a look. It was, however, the equivalent of many words.

When people grow too romantic, there is always a prosaic accident at hand to recall them to the realities of the plain work-a-day world. It is so in 1881; it was so in 1849. The color was driven from Mrs. Durgin's cheeks by an illustrative occurrence. Mose having heard the compassionate lady's appeal to Blair in behalf of the death-stricken pack-mule, conceived it a fine opportunity for exhibiting his chivalrous instincts. Accordingly, he approached the brutish Mexican, and ducking his head to the proper angle, drove against the gastric center of this swarthy personage with a violence that sprawled him breathless upon the ground.

"Dah!" said he; "next time you jis 'member dat a mule am an improvement upon a Mexican. Don't you say '*hip mula*' to a dead mule agin for a week!"

This episode was a welcome one, under the circumstances; but it came near getting our friends into difficulty. It was only by the trapper's ruse of explaining Mose's conduct as the result of a species of what is known among modern scientists as "emotional insanity," that peace was established.

The conversation now naturally turned upon mules, and Uncle Lish brought forward so many arguments in favor of their right to the first rank in the animal kingdom, that most of the party became converts to his opinion. James Swilling actually determined to write an essay upon this much-underrated and belied quadruped, which, when completed, should adorn the columns of the *Swansea Herald*.

The "diggings" that the party were to make their stopping-point were a little too far away to be reached this day, and again they encamped. When they had built their fire a company of "Diggers" suddenly made their appearance, bringing with them a bountiful supply of salmon, which they were glad to exchange for flour. Mose was thus enabled to set on a royal repast—fish, followed by broiled steaks of elk-meat. While our friends were enjoying it, the Indians, seated in a circle beneath a tree, a short distance off, enjoyed their flour boiled into mush. The process of this cooking was not without interest to their white neighbors. The water was put into willow baskets lightly woven, then made to boil by dropping into it hot stones. When both companies had satisfied the demands of hunger, according

to their several tastes, the Indians one by one came forward, holding in their unwashed hands dust and lumps of gold; offering to barter them for further provisions, or scraps of clothing sufficiently loud in color to please their untutored fancy. At first the whites were reluctant to receive so much gold for the trifling articles that the Indians selected. Mose, not being of the white race, was unembarrassed by any such scruples. Without the slightest qualm of conscience he sold a soiled neck-tie of gaudy red for an ounce and a half of gold, of the value of at least twenty dollars. Mose, having set this evil example, his betters imitated it with surprising readiness.

"What can these grass-eaters do with gold?" roared the Doctor, pocketing twenty-five dollars' worth of the precious metal in exchange for a knife that he would have given away and thought it a good bargain.

Had the Indians been aware that they were dealing with genuine Yankees, perhaps they would have been more cautious. They did not withdraw, however, until their primitive coffers were empty, and the unconscionable merchants with whom they had bargained were in possession of some three hundred dollars' worth of gold, as the price of articles of the value of not more than one-eighth that sum.

"It is a derned sight the easiest way to let the Diggers do the digging," remarked Uncle Lish.

"I don't feel quite right about having asked an ounce of dust for those old ivory sleeve-buttons," said Mrs. Durgin, stirring the bright particles in the palm of one hand with the taper forefinger of the other. "But," she added, for Mrs. Monroe's hearing only, "it was nothing like as bad as certain performances enacted under a tree that we could point to in case we were so disposed. Women *cannot* be as bad as men, however hard they may try."

When the hour of rest came, it was not easy to fall asleep, upon this second night. The morning had been one of excitement; but, strange as it may at first seem, the evening, with its shower of gold-dust and its hail-storm of nuggets, was productive of still more animating results. Even superior Mrs. Monroe experienced a feeling of demoralization. James Swilling, as may be readily believed, bounded in his blankets through the live-long night, like the "hart or roe, over the hills where spices grow," so vividly pictured in the ancient psalm-tune.

Chapter XVII.

Another beautiful day dawned upon the party whose footsteps we are following. Should fortune favor, before set of sun they would arrive at the diggings on Weber's (or Weaver's) Creek. Glowing with hope, they pursued their way up the northernmost of the tributaries that, rising in the Sierra Nevada, flow down into the American River. They had heard much of the marvelous resources of this vicinity, and success seemed now near at hand. There was gladness in the very air; and the scenery, generally picturesque, rose at times to grandeur. Moving up from the clustered trees in the little valleys to the ridges, which commanded extended views, glimpses could be caught, now and then, of the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers, winding through long lines of dark forest; while, far to the north-west reared the kingly head of Shasta, crowned with eternal snow. Valleys, each nursing its crystal stream; hills, covered with a luxuriant growth of oak and pine; herds of antelope browsing upon the side of some open steep; deer peering cautiously from the dense thicket; eagles soaring high overhead; the sun bathing all with the richness of its autumn glory—such was the scenery that invited the gaze of our gold-seekers at this stage of the journey.

Later, they changed their course, and, moving at right angles to the route they had been following, traversed a broken country distinguished by intersecting water-courses, and deserted habitations of human beings, similar to those before seen at the Indian *rancheria*. At last the sight of a small col-

lection of log huts plastered with mud, situated upon the bank of a little foaming stream dashing over huge precipices of granite, convinced them that they had arrived at the diggings on Weber Creek. Soon they discovered small parties at work in the bed of the river, or quietly swinging their picks in the ravines running into the hills. Raising a shout of joy that was answered from the surrounding hills, they could hardly wait to unburden the horses before searching for the first glittering particle to be taken by them from the rich soil beneath their feet. It was not an hour before some of the party were engaged in that primal duty of the miner—"prospecting." The bed of the river was the surer place, they had been informed, for there one was certain of washing out from one to two ounces a day. The gullies, however, contained the lumps of gold, and it was these that the party determined to seek first. In other words, our friends preferred to begin their labors in what miners call the "dry diggings," in contradistinction to the "wet diggings" where the gold is obtained immediately from the banks of the river by the process of washing.

Uncle Lish had had experience in both of these branches of mining, while the gentlemen in whose employ he was serving possessed considerable pertinent theoretical knowledge.

"Now then," said Uncle Lish, "we can't git more 'n a leetle taste on't, this arternoon; but let's start in scientific. Fust," he continued, scrambling down into a litttle gully, "we must h'ist off these here big stun, and then scoop off that thar gravelly clay, until we git plumb down to bed-rock. When we git thar, we must tech it light, and keep cleanin' away till we strike a pocket."

"But how far down must we dig before we shall come to the bed-rock?" inquired Mrs. Durgin, flourishing a sharp-pointed knife in her hand as if she could not wait a moment before sticking it into some crevice containing the coveted metal.

"About six foot here, I reckon," answered the other, tugging at an immense stone.

"Six feet!" exclaimed the excited little lady, darting away in quest of a spot where there would be less delay.

The locality in which our friends now busied themselves was one of the most romantic character; well adapted to inflame the imagination already glowing with the expectancy of sudden riches. It was accessible, in the direction from which they approached, only through wild gorges. Upon either side hung immense rocks, or clung some hardy tree, that, twining its roots in the ledges overhead, appeared like a mere shrub.

Blair, as captain of the party, felt more the responsibility of securing a suitable camping-place than the necessity of an immediate search for gold. On a neighboring hill, easy of ascent, he found a rude log-cabin, ten feet square; which, in view of the coming rains, he deemed it advisable to purchase, provided it could be obtained at a price within the means of himself and associates. At length, finding its owner, he secured it for the sum of three hundred dollars—just the amount received in the trade with the Indians. Having been thus successful, he rejoined the party for the purpose of informing them of this arrangement, and of calling the trapper and Mose from their industrious shoveling in the ravines, to the work of preparing the quarters for the night. Uncle Lish responded with his customary promptness, but Mose was nowhere to be found. Finally, after a great deal of climbing and hallooing, he came running up to Blair from the very opposite direction in which it was supposed that he had gone.

"Massa Blair," he stammered, "dar 's a gemman down dar in Rat-tail Gulch on de udder side de hill, sah, dat dug out ten pounds of gold last week. I seed de lumps wid my own eyes. He's a gemman dat knew my old Massa, and he promised to gib me ten dollahs a day if I would assistance him for a monf."

"What are you talking about, you black rascal?" answered Blair.

"I'se speaking about workin' for de gemman what —"

"Mose," interrupted the other, "do you

remember to have seen a Mexican hanging from the limb of a tree."

"Lor, yes, Massa Blair."

"Well, sir, the moment I know of your doing any work other than that I have hired you to do, you may make up your mind to share a like fate."

"Massa Blair," responded Mose—an expression of most absurd innocence upon his face—"I tole de gemman dat I was prearranged to udder committencies for de season. When he axed me what your name was, eben, I tole him I disremembered. Dis ole nigger has got more 'ligion than most o' folks spects. I'se had bringin's up."

"Remember what I say," concluded Blair. "Go now and help Uncle Lish; then see that we have a good supper."

Our friends satisfied themselves by abundant evidence that the morrow would find some of them vigorously following up a "rich lead," though none of them was any wealthier up to this hour for the brief prospecting for the afternoon. The tent was pitched more carefully than before, and the cabins fitted up, as well as could be, for permanent quarters. Mrs. Durgin had already taken many wild leaps, and used several wild expressions, for which her "older sister" was obliged to gently reprimand her; but she returned safely to the tent, where she continued to be the life of the party. When a company of miners passed, after the labors of the day, she was the first to examine the pans they bore carefully in their tired hands, the first to inspect the contents of their sacred dishes, and to win a kind word and smile from the hardy toilers whose possession they were.

"I will show you my gold to-morrow night," she said to a strapping Missourian.

"Respectfully yourn," responded the other, an' if you have n't made the riffle, I 'll divy."

It is evident that the lady did not forget this bargain; for, late in the evening she was heard to ask the Doctor what "riffles" were made of. She may have received a satisfactory explanation; but it was so interrupted by bursts of laughter, that one less apt must have failed to catch the Doctor's meaning.

When the hour for the evening meal arrived, all were present with the exception of James. Had the missing one been any other member of the company, there would have been no cause for anxiety. Blair—never at ease while his absent-minded, heedless relative was out of his sight—at once determined to go in search of him.

"I should kinder like to stand in with you, Captain," spoke the trapper, whose admiration for the young Bostonian was hourly increasing.

"Come, Uncle Lish," returned the other; and the two set out together, with the understanding that the party should not wait supper for them.

"But we will wait, won't we, Mrs. Monroe?" said her blooming *protége*. "The Professor promised to tell me something about where the gold comes from, and how it happens to be here."

Whether she cared as much to hear the theory of the origin of gold as she did to delay the meal until the gallant Captain's return, is not to be positively affirmed. However, the reader may decide this point. The Professor was reminded of his promise, and soon entered upon its fulfillment.

"There is every reason," he began, "to prove this region volcanic. The red soil, the character and position of the rocks, the general formation of these abrupt hills—all indicate an upheaving from the interior of the earth. The gold, having been formerly locked in quartz rock as an ore, was probably melted by intense heat, separated from the substances with which it was combined, and in this state poured out over the surrounding country. Gold, as you know, is heavy; its tendency is continually to sink. Therefore when the rains came, displacing the lighter earth of the hills, by which it was surrounded, it descended deeper and deeper below the surface, until finally it lodged upon beds of rock or impervious clay. Here, at length, the rains again found it, and washed it down the hill-sides into the ravines at their bases. It is easy for you, then, to see how the water, running in the bottom of the ravine, should gradually roll it along, finally filling it into crevices, or pockets as they are

termed, in the bed of the stream; or, when the water was high, depositing it in like places upon what, in the dry season, appear as its banks."

"If I were in Nature's place," said Mrs. Durgin, "I would always keep my hands in my pockets."

"That would be as ungrateful as ungraceful," observed Ensign. "It would be an act contrary to the great law—"

"Mr. Ensign," interrupted the lady, "here is one ounce of gold dust, and I will give it to you if you will promise not to finish the sentence you began, or begin any other related in the remotest degree to that dreadful branch of study that is your special delight."

"Agreed," said the philosopher, reaching out his hand.

"No, indeed, you are not to have the gold until you have earned it."

"I will hold it subject to the terms stated," volunteered the senior lady.

"Very well," returned Ensign. "And, now that the matter is settled, I wish to question Prof. Monroe somewhat concerning certain minutiæ of the theory he has just been kind enough to propound."

"I shall have my gold back in five minutes," said Mrs. Durgin, running her hands through the Doctor's bushy hair until it towered aloft, a formidable and fiery eminence. "I can tell by the big words already pronounced. Do you know what Mr. Ensign's conversation reminds me of, Mamma Monroe? It is as if all the labels in a drug-store suddenly became capable of speech, and slowly, one after another, pronounced their own names."

"Please return the dust to your own coffers without further delay," said the metaphysician. "I waive my contingent right to it, in consideration of this last daring vault of your imagination."

Mrs. Durgin had been rising in Ensign's estimation; and we will give her space for still greater elevation, while we follow Blair and the trapper. They had not been long gone, when a shout reached their ears from the top of a tall sapling:

"Here! Here I am, Cousin Mortimer! Don't come too close! Be careful! Just look down at the foot of the tree!"

"I'll be derned! He's treed!" whispered the trapper, bringing his rifle to his shoulder. Captain, be ready, in case I don't fetch him."

The shot was delivered, whereupon a huge beast, of dark brown color, fell, and rolled his shaggy bulk several times over and over.

"A little too low," whispered the trapper, rapidly reloading.

There was not time for it, however. The grizzly, now again upon his feet, was charging toward them furiously. In an instant the trapper drew his knife and great revolver, while Blair took aim with his rifle.

"Steady!" spoke the trapper.

Blair heard him, but his muscles were already firm as iron. Waiting until the bear was within three feet of them, he fired. Uttering a blood-curdling growl, the monster dropped dead.

"Egad! Captain," cried the trapper, "you are as cool as a veteran. Straight through the heart," he continued, plunging his knife into the passage taken by the ball.

Now there was a vigorous scraping and scratching down the smooth bark of the sapling; and, in a moment more, the rescued son of New Hampshire stood breathless by the side of his defunct foe and two living friends.

"Did he give you a smart climb?" asked Uncle Lish, slashing into the fat body of the bear.

"I'd just got it in my hand—had been waiting some time, you understand, too stupefied to pick it up. As I say, I had that second put it in my pocket, when the bear spied me, and I spied the bear. I believe, if I hadn't been so excited over finding it, I could not have thought of the sapling and climbed it so quickly. As it was, the old fellow gave my boot a sharp scratch. See there—"

"James, do you know what you are saying?" asked Blair. "What *it* are you talking about?"

"I wasn't quite ready to tell that," answered

James, with the mien of one slightly deranged.

Here he thrust his long fingers into his pocket, and drawing them stealthily out, dropped a heavy lump of some yellow substance into his cousin's hand. It was now getting dusk, but the quick eye of the trapper catching a glimpse of the lump, he sprang up from his labors upon the bear, and exclaimed:

"Gold! I'll be derned if it aint!"

He took the piece in his hand, and after carefully weighing it upon his horny palm, said: "Thar's a clean four hundred dollars thar, or my name aint Lisher Harrington."

The trapper had a habit of squinting and looking at some imaginary point, high in the air, when making a statement that might not easily be believed. Upon this occasion, he gazed more steadfastly than Blair had yet seen him; consequently the latter judged that there was probably a strong foundation for this startling estimate of James's newly-acquired possession.

"That thar is a lucky find," continued Uncle Lish, restoring the lump to its owner.

"How and where did you come across this treasure?" asked Blair.

"I was rolling stones down that precipice," answered James, pressing the lump lightly in his hand. "Suddenly I discovered something shining in the hole from which one of them had been taken out. I jumped down, and began prying round it; and in less than a minute, raised it up. I never felt so queer in all my life. I guess I sat there an hour, looking at what I had found, and imagining its value. I might have been there still, for aught I know, if it hadn't been for the bear."

The trapper looked up at James, then continued his work in silence. He gave one squint into the air, however; so it is probable that he made some important decision, which he did not see fit to disclose.

"Well, my boy," said Blair, "I am glad enough that you found the gold, but still gladder that you found the sapling."

"It's a piece of luck new enough to me. By good rights the bear ought to have torn me badly, even if I escaped being devoured."

"Have *faith*, Jimmy," responded Blair. "You will live to get back safely, yet."

"You have no idea," whispered James, winking rapidly behind his spectacles, "how I wish to send this lump straight home. Isn't there some way that it can be done?"

"We will attend to that in due time. Let us now return, as quickly as possible, to camp."

The bear was soon skinned, and some choice steaks cut from him, which Uncle Lish declared would taste "as sweet as roast pig." This done, the three hastened with their spoils, to the cabin. The excitement, consequent upon the handing round of "James's Fortune," as the lump was christened, need not be depicted. Suffice it to say, that it was immediately found necessary to draw up an article of agreement to govern the future operations of the company; and that the bear-steak, or something else, allowed very little sleep, that night, in that cabin.

Chapter VIII.

Who was the first person stirring, in the encampment of our friends, on the first morning at the dry diggings of Weber Creek? It was the same gaunt youth that had not been still an hour during the night. It was he whom fortune had smiled upon with a truly golden smile—the illustrious James Swilling.

"It's that derned fellow from Swansea, soliloquized the trapper, awakened from a sound sleep by the tramp of heavy boots. Crawling out of his blankets, and blinking through the gray half-light, he continued: "If that thar chap gits back to Ameriky with a dollar in his trowsers, it 'll be a miracle. Derned if he aint huggin' that lump with one hand, and carrying a pick in t'other."

Even the eyes of both ladies wore a puffy appearance, at the early breakfast. The Doctor thought the sleepless night had not numbered the fair ones among its victims; but discovering indisputable evidence of his mistake, he read as an appetizer, the following document, which he and his wake-

ful male comrades had prepared, by way of amusement, during the silent watches:

"ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT OF THE SWILLING MINING COMPANY.

"PREAMBLE.—We the undersigned, having formed our several individualities into a company, for the high and lofty purpose of exhausting the last particle of obtainable gold to be found in what is generally known as the Dry Diggings of Weber Creek—and, having so done, and not until that time, of desisting from labor to spend the remainder of our days living in opulence upon the income arising from the judicious investment of the wealth thus derived—do adopt the ensuing Articles of Agreement, to regulate our united action in the relentless prosecution of the said labor.

"ARTICLE I.—This company shall be known and called by the euphonious and fortune-favored name of the 'Swilling Mining Company.'"

"That is none of the Doctor's composition," interrupted Lady Madeline, folding her hands submissively. "Those terrible lawyers' words betray the true composition."

"Silence!" thundered the Doctor, his severity terminating in an explosion of excellent non-syllabic humor.

"ARTICLE II. — This company shall consist of harmonious us; and shall not, by the sword or by supplication, be extended beyond this limit.

"ARTICLE III. — The officers of this company shall be a President, a Secretary, a Treasurer, and four Directors—the two females of the company composing two of such, by right of natural endowment and innate propensity—to be elected by ballot, at such time, and in such manner, as shall be hereinafter described; and the officers, so elected, shall continue in office during becoming behavior.

"ARTICLE IV.—It shall be the duty of the President to call and preside at all meetings of the company, meals excepted. These latter assemblages shall be left to the exclusive, sagacious, and clement dictation of the descendant of Ham, in attendance upon the corporeal wants of this company, and hereafter to be known as 'Mose, the Horse-holder.'

"ARTICLE V.————"

Article five, however, was destined to less distinction than its fellows. Not a syllable of it did the doctor pronounce. He had just parted his heavy, jovial lips to read it, when his wife quietly, but quickly, reached her hand toward him. Upon taking it away again, by some mysterious process the remaining pages of manuscript followed it. Uncle Lish would have said that the little necromancer "snatched" it; but in truth the operation was performed so adroitly, that it deserves a polite verb for its description. However it vanished, it was irrevocably gone, and the gentlemen were obliged to make the best of their unexpected defeat.

"The Swilling Mining Company has only followed the example of many of greater pretensions," remarked the Professor.

"Those formed in the East, I believe, have invariably broken up, and with much more disastrous consequences," added Ensign.

"What do you think of mining companies, Mr. Blair?" asked the fair destroyer.

"I am decidedly opposed to them," was the reply, "when any rebellious element enters into their formation."

James heard the foregoing remarks, and many more to the same purport; but a deaf man could not have appeared more indifferent. Indeed, the morning meal was slow and tedious to him. He was in haste to increase his fortune by the further overturning of gold-entombing rocks. Notwithstanding his hurry, however, he ate, much of the time, like a man with but one arm. Should he let go of the nugget in his pocket, might it not disappear after the strange manner of the weighty articles of agreement? He mentally asked himself this question, and evidently decided it in the affirmative.

Our friends now began a systematic prosecution of their labors; the individual claims being staked out so as to entirely occupy the locality that Uncle Lish pronounced likely to afford the richest yield. None of the party, with the exception of the trapper and Mose, was accustomed to manual labor. One would not have surmised it, however; for the fleshy Doctor, the genteel Professor, and the slender Ensign, wielded their spades as if digging ditches had been their means of obtaining a livelihood. Blair, being one of those men made for any kind of work, mental or physical, bored and burrowed like a beaver. Nor were the ladies less industrious. Selecting the lighter task of searching the rocks for "nests," wherein, literally,

golden eggs had been laid, they wasted not an hour of the precious day.

Uncle Lish proved an almost infallible guide.

"Prospectin' is all guess-work," said he; "but there 's a dern sight o' difference in the way folks guesses. I suspicioned this spot when I was here a year ago. You 've heered tell how them Mormons struck it so heavy on the Middle Fork, in June, '48? Waal, I were thar when they found the fust color, and there 's gold thar yit," said the trapper, parenthetically, squinting into the upper air. "As I said, the Mormons was thar, and I was thar. They made a tremendeous haul; but I did n't want none o' their kind round me, so I lit out, and hunted along over this way. I s'pose," continued the speaker, taking another view of the ether vault, "that this yer diggins might ha' been mine as well as any body else's."

"Why did n't you establish your claim and dig yourself a fortune?" asked Blair.

"Oh," was the reply, "I scraped about two thousand dollars' worth o' the stuff, and struck for the lower country."

"But why did n't you stay, I ask?"

"Waal, Cap'ain, if you must know, gold aint no account to the old trapper. He haint got no relations that 's partic'lar concerned whether he 's dead or alive; so there 's an end o' layin' on 't up for others. And as for hisself, he would n't swap that thar shootin'-iron for the whole dern business."

"What! don't you wish for any more wealth than you now possess, Uncle Lish?"

"Nothin' more 'n fair an' square wages will bring. No, Cap'ain, dern me if I do."

"Well, you are as fortunate a man as ever I met. You shall have your wages, be assured of that."

"I ain't afeared. I shall git them fast enough. As I 've been tellin' ye, ef I did n't git 'em, you never'd hear any whinin'. I've been starved long 'nough to know what it means to be hungry; and naked 'nough to know how it feels to freeze; and I 've been a mark for a good many stray bullets, Cap'ain; but I have managed to git away with the whole business. Thet 's why I stay so clost by the old rifle. Ye see, arter all we 've been through together, 't wouldn't be a fair deal to shake the old gun now. No, I 'll be derned; can 't go back on the old gun," concluded the trapper, giving his spade a violent push into the dirt between him and the bedrock toward which he was delving. "Fortun' owes me a good half-dozen red-skins yit."

"Uncle Lish," spoke Blair, after the two had plied pick and spade for some time, in silence, "could I engage your services for—say a year?"

"Waal, Cap'ain, thet 's a sing'lar idea. What 's the leetle game you think o' playin?"

"Why, mining, to be sure."

"Beg your pardin', Cap'ain, but thar 's a somethin' in them eyes o' yourn as makes me suspicion a trifle outside o' this yer gold diggin'."

"What do you mean?"

"It do n't give you dead away, Cap'ain, but Uncle Lish is purty certin to hit on what's runnin' in a man's mind."

"You talk in riddles," replied Blair, looking sharply into the trapper's face.

"No offense, now, Cap'ain. I only meant to say that ef thar were any leetle favor thet I could do you on the quiet, why, I 'd be with you. If thar aint, no harm done in offerin."

"You did not answer my first inquiry."

"Do you think you 'll really want the old trapper that long?"

"Certainly, or I should not have asked you."

"Waal, Cap'ain, to be out-and-out, I'm *afeared you will*. So I reckon that you may count on me for gold-huntin', or for bear-huntin', or for any other derned thing thet may turn up."

"As I said, Uncle Lish, you shall have your wages."

"As I remarked, Cap'ain, I aint afeared."

"What can the old lynx-eyed fellow be thinking about," queried Blair to himself. "Is it possible that my manner discloses the thoughts that I have supposed to be dwelt upon in secrecy? Sometimes I have imagined that the ladies are studying me for the

purpose of finding out something that they believe me to be withholding. The trapper was bolder than I would suffer another to be; his ignorance and honest heart, however, protect him."

The young man's reflections were suddenly checked by a gleaming crevice displayed by the last stroke of his spade. Cautiously, with knife and spoon, he gleaned the seam of yellow treasure. Rich was the harvest. Think of it, oh toiling reader!—you, that in these degenerate times are one among the grand army of those that labor the years through for from one to three dollars a day —this young Bostonian, before the hour of noon, had extracted from this one little fissure, and safely deposited in his pan, golden grains to the value of five hundred dollars! The glory of "James's fortune" had now been somewhat dimmed. When the news reached Mose, he celebrated his master's success by sprinkling the meat prepared for dinner with sugar in the place of salt. His exclamations after perceiving the blunder, though an excellent illustration of the effect of sudden success in the placers, cannot be faithfully transferred to these pages; and it would be unjust to this renowned cook's genius to exhibit them mutilated according to the rules of polite language.

When night fell upon the barren hill-tops, shutting in the dense pine forests scattered at irregular intervals, and sealing up the yawning gorges with blackness, a merry circle surrounded the camp-fire of our friends located at Weber Creek. None of the men had exhumed less than fifty dollars' worth of gold, in the form of lumps, kernels, or scales, while Ensign had been lucky enough to secure three lumps that together weighed to the value of one hundred dollars. Fabled riches, of which all had read in childhood, now, in mature years, were actually surrounding them. No gorgeous dream of even romantic Mrs. Durgin could exceed the splendor of present realities. These young people hardly dared to look into the future. If like success continued, they would, in a few months be the peers of kings and queens seated upon jeweled thrones. They had heard marvelous stories of this, and other regions, but all accounts had been outdone by what they found for a verity upon coming to them. Could theirs be an exceptional locality? If so, how did it happen that others had passed it by? At present, there were few miners in the immediate vicinity; none nearer than a mile. How long would it be before their vast treasures would attract many as eager as they to share their success.

"Is not this a very unusual day's work in the mines?" asked the Professor of Uncle Lish.

"We hev struck ruther more than the most on 'em, I reckon," was the reply. "An ounce a day is purty nigh the ev'rage, in the general run o' these diggins. I hev heerd o' luck thet would set ourn down a peg or two, but it's a good deal like Injuns' souls—mighty scerce. I knew of a young chap takin' one hundred and sixty-seven ounces o' pure gold out of a cañon on 'tother side the Middle Fork. Only a few weeks ago another feller took out, close by thar, in the neighborhood o' twenty thousand dollars."

"This is thoroughly demoralizing," sighed Mrs. Monroe, unable to maintain her admirable serenity. "We shall be misers or spendthrifts, one and all."

"I will take my chances," said the Professor.

"I, too," added James, with only one hand visible. "Tell us another one, Uncle Lish."

"There's thousands o' sich stories," replied the trapper; "and a good half on 'em's square facts. An old salt was trudging 'long one day, in that thar same diggins, when, stoppin' to look at a spot where a bear had been diggin' ants, he saw suthin' shinin'. He picked the thing up, and I'll be derned ef it warn't a lump o' solid gold, weighin' a leetle over fourteen pounds, and wuth nigh twenty-eight hundred dollars. Thet's a white man's yarn; for I had hold of the chunk with my own hands. Waal, I'll gin ye one more, and quit. Over on the Stanislaus, in a certing dry gulch thar, a year ago come next month, a piece purty well mixed with quartz was picked up, which weighed a leetle up'ards o'

twenty-five pounds. There was 'nough gold into it, however, to come to an even *five thousand dollars*. That same is the largest lump that has been struck in California, to my knowledge."

The trapper, having concluded, was about going some distance from camp, upon an errand of his own, when Blair beckoned him to his side.

"This man," said the Bostonian, rising from his seat, "is the one to be thanked for our safe-conduct hither, and for the almost unprecedented success that has attended us since our arrival. Though an inhabitant of the wilds for many years, he is the superior, in many essential features, of his brothers dwelling in the centers of civilization. Gold he does not value; but I would suggest, friends, that he be impressed, by our united wish, into receiving one-fifth of what I myself have this day taken from the ground; and that we first give him three rousing cheers."

"Three cheers for Uncle Lish, the trapper of the Sierra!"

They were raised, loud and clear, while the old pioneer, with bowed head, thrust his hard hand through his iron-gray locks in mingled delight and embarrassment. He was about to attempt a response, but the elder lady of the party prevented him with the proposition that the camp, which he had done so much toward making comfortable, should henceforth be known as "Camp Harrington." This name was unanimously adopted; when the trapper, folding his broad-brimmed slouch-hat somewhat nervously, replied:

"Them sentiments is undeserved. But," he added, walking slowly away, "ef a good time will make us squar, I'll be derned ef I don't see it done, 'fore the fust snow falls on these yer hills."

"Where do you suppose he has gone, now?" asked Mrs. Durgin. "I wouldn't wonder if he has gone out to get an Indian's scalp for the first manifestation of his gratitude. I almost love the dear old man," she continued, standing behind the inverted pail upon which sat the Professor's wife, and stroking the latter's golden hair; "and, some time, (when the doctor is not looking) I am going to tell him so—or kiss him and say nothing, I do not know which."

"I could stand both," roared the Doctor; "and Uncle Lish is, to all appearances, as hardy as any of us."

Here the attention of Mose was attracted by the approach of a large man, who, as could be seen by the blaze of the brisk log-fire, was the former friend of his master in the South. Mose, busy at his evening work, a short distance from the group, sought to evade the eye of the advancing stranger. He did not succeed; for the stranger went directly up to him, and inquired for his master. A moment more, and the two men were standing face to face.

"My name is Crowell," said the newcomer to Blair. "I have come over from my claim, about a mile distant, to inquire about a nigger that told me, yesterday, he was in your employ. That's the one—Mose; yes, that is his name. I used to know his master right well, and have heard considerable about the nigger himself. I need another man, and would like to get him to come and work for me."

"I cannot spare him," answered Blair.

"Well," continued the first speaker, "might I inquire if you have any special right to the nigger?"

"The manner of your question does not please me, sir. But I will answer you. Mose is now a free man, and has contracted to remain in my service for six months."

"Supposing I should offer him higher wages?"

"That would simply show you capable of most ungentlemanly conduct. I shall hold Mose to his bargain."

The form of the stranger, adorned with a loose-fitting shirt, bright red in color, now appeared to increase its already large proportions. His face, regular and not displeasing in its features, became slowly covered by a dark frown. A moment he stood looking Blair straight in the eyes. The next moment he laid his muscular hand upon the revolver in his belt; Blair did likewise. At length,

as a powerful beast of prey, suddenly meeting another in whom it recognizes a dangerous rival, sometimes sees fit to turn out of its course, so the tall, broad-shouldered stranger withdrew his hand, and silently retired.

"I wonder if this will be the last of that fellow," soliloquized Blair. "If so, I have had a lucky escape."

He had no idea that any of the party knew aught of what had transpired. But before it was time for sleep, Ensign remarked:

"I didn't quite like the looks of our friend from the neighboring diggings. For some reason, that I am at a loss to explain, I anticipated trouble the moment that I saw him."

"Did you hear our conversation?" asked Blair.

"I did," was the reply, "and if that pistol had been drawn one inch from its case, whether you had shot or not, we should have had a dead man on our hands."

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

INCOMPLETION.

Perhaps the bud lost from the loaded tree,
The sweetest blossom of the May would be;

Or wildest song that summer could have heard
Is dumb within the throat of the dead bird.

The perfect statue that all men have sought
May in some crippled hand be hid, unwrought.

Which of our dearest dead betook his flight
Into the rose-red star that fell last night?

The words forever by thy lips unsaid
Had been the crown of life upon thy head.

The splendid sun of all my days might be
The love that I shall never give to thee.

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

FASHION IN ÆSTHETICS.

It is a favorite theory among some adventurous philosophers, that morality is strictly a relative term, a mere question of latitude and longitude; that conscience, except, perhaps, a certain local instinct, is a myth; and that, to determine whether an act is right or wrong in any given locality, one must consider the geological formation of the underlying strata, its distance from the equator, and the code of ethics as calculated for that particular meridian. They say it is a matter of common experience that we change our moral atmosphere with our skies, in spite of Horace's assertion to the contrary, and that we do things in San Francisco which we never would dream of doing in Boston;

while a Boston moralist, in turn, would inevitably be damned for his laxity by the Kirk of Scotland. The law-abiding young Spartan, who had to steal his breakfast, pursuant to the statute in such case made and provided, or go without, would have denounced as a dangerous agitator the misguided missionary from Athens, who should tell him: "Be virtuous and you'll be hungry." The queue of that Chinaman would speedily festoon a wigwam, who, just because he worshipped his ancestors, should urge a Piute not to starve his useless mother to death. The peculiar institution of Solomon, Mahomet, and Brigham Young, to go no further in the list, is not in other countries considered "quite the thing." Idolatry was Egypt's meat and Israel's poison. Murder has attained the dignity of a fine art in California and Ireland, while it is still frowned upon in London and New York. Lying, slavery, divorce for trivial causes, suicide, infanticide, human sacrifice, every imaginable infraction of the Decalogue, to say nothing of the infinite array of lesser peccadilloes—like eating with one's knife, or practicing music four hours a day—each sin in the long list of offenses has found more than one community, somewhere, to practice and extol it.

> "Our petty systems have their day:
> They have their day, and cease to be."

Nothing is fixed; nothing known. Pilate's problem, "What is truth?" say our philosophers, has no solution; or if it has, it is something that "no fellow can find out."

However such a theory may answer in the department of morals, it seems to be generally accepted in the matter of fashion and taste. What remains, after all these cycles of painting and chipping, of writing and building, of weaving and "trying on," but an endless revolving list of futile experiments? What system or theory of art, what fashion of dress, what school of music, what standard of literary taste, has endured, or bids fair to endure, so long in universal practice and reverence, that we can assert, "This is a glimpse of the eternally beautiful, the truth itself, whose grace and perfection can know no change"? It is true that some conventional beauties, like the resurrected statues and poems of the Greeks, or the smoky wonders of the Old Masters, are still worshiped as memorials of the mighty past, "the good old times," whose death Sir Belvidere laments. But, after all, we are content to wonder and adore, not imitate. The pre-Raphaelite lilies and angular saints, the *nocturnes* and symphonies in green and gray of the school of Burne Jones and Whistler, the trilogies of Wagner, the "raptures and roses" of Swinburne and Rossetti, know a trick worth two of the ancients. We still talk of Addison as a "model of English prose," but who would actually write like the *Spectator*, if he could? Just so we speak poetically of "striking the lyre" when we want music, though from every house rings the wail of the tortured piano, whose rosewood case is the coffin of all former instruments, and will in time be buried by some other. (I even understand that in the new revision of the Bible it was proposed, in deference to the prevailing taste, to transform the "harps" of the celestial concerts to "pianos," as the style might readily have changed since St. John saw them, and so many fair devotees would rejoice that their "expression" and "*technique*" would not be ultimately thrown away; but, fortunately, calmer counsels prevailed, and the amendment was rejected, because, especially if the earthly fashion changed again, more converts might be lost than gained by the prospect of eternal pianos in those many mansions.) So in architecture: just now we must have impossible houses of seventy-seven gables, crammed full of odds and ends from all the centuries, which we call "in Queen Anne's style," probably because, as a woman, she had her sex's prerogative of inconsistency. A year or two ago, it was "Eastlake," and before that "Louis Quatorze" or "Quinze," or Queen Elizabeth, or Old King Cole. We can be certain of only one thing in all the maze; that the æsthetic generations of the future can never flatter the Victorian age by imitating *its* style, because it has none—only a *mélange* of all

the fashions it ever saw or heard of, except the last; that is the only thing tabooed.

What is all this ransacking of the past, this painful copying from China and Japan, old Egypt and the islands of the sea, but a confession of our own impotence—an acknowledgment that, whatever the mysterious essence of art may be, it has eluded us? We eagerly snatch at the fans and screens, the pottery and storks and little brass gods, of China and Japan, for light in our darkness; and China and Japan as eagerly sell all they have, that they may get in exchange our carpets and wall-papers, fashions and ornaments. All Japan bristles with tall black silk hats, and straddles in tight trousers, the imported blessings of our civilization.

It is clear that if we were convinced of any one artistic truth, we would stick to it. Each fashion would be a development and improvement of the one preceding, and we could trace through the ages one increasing purpose and plan, from Eden's original garment, or the rudest whittlings of the cavemen, to the far-off embodied ideal; just as science evolves our physical organism, link by link, from protoplasm. There is no such clue in the labyrinth of fashions. Æsthetic taste is a kitten chasing its own tail round and round. "Duplex Elliptics" go out, and "Duplex Elliptics" come in. Laces are packed away in one century, and hunted up in the next. The bride of to-day wears her great-grandmother's wedding gown and poke-bonnet, after how many intermediate changes? As far back as history runs, the same whirligig of time has brought about the same revenges; and here we are, the heirs of all the ages, certain only that we are more ignorant of true beauty than our ancestors, and laboriously plagiarizing the middle ages. There is some apology for that, because one of the few things in taste, upon which all are agreed, is that the dress of modern civilization is the most inartistic and irrational known to history; and yet all our flounderings to get out only leave us deeper in the mire.

There was once a blessed pause in the whirl—one people who knew enough to hold fast that which is good, and another nation wise enough to copy them. Ancient Greece for a thousand years, and Rome for half as long, enjoyed their graceful, flowing robes of one pattern, and their sublime consciousness of being well-dressed, well-housed, and well-decorated. The toga or the *chiton* might have been cold in a harsher climate, but it looked well, and suited them, and they kept it. They had no uneasy dread of the grotesque to vainly change the cut and material of their clothes every year, and then change back. They did not bundle their scanty furniture into the street, to give place to the Homeric or Old Pelasgic styles; nor poke out an eruption of little turrets and dormers on the massive *façades* and pure lines of their temples. In art, in architecture, in literature, they grew and flourished, without perpetually rubbing out, and trying something else. "There were brave men before Agamemnon," poets before Homer, and sculptors before Phidias; and every old Greek master had an older master, *ad infinitum*, all working toward the same ideal. Through a millennium of taste they spent their happy lives, whose marble relics are our delight and our despair; until at last our barbarian ancestors, with that taste for change which their descendants have inherited, burned their temples and smashed their statues, and then dressed themselves badly in their clothes, and began to rudely imitate what they had destroyed.

Shall we ever have such a harmonious era of beauty again? "Never, I think, till the sun drop dead from the signs." But if ever, it will be when we are content to follow the same methods. Science has made us rich in resources and materials, as never before. There is nothing we need despair of doing, if only we honestly and sincerely set about it. And yet we waste our artistic impulses in petty affectations and inanities. Our boasted zeal and originality in household decoration, excellent, if well-directed, seems to be merely skin-deep, a whim of the moment, aspiring only to do, or to outdo what every one else is doing in accumulating trifles—ready always at the first signal to drop them all for the next novelty.

What is the logic of fashions? Is the Venus of Milo out of style? If last year's fashion was tasteful, why discard it? If this year's fashion is æsthetic, why desert it, as we know we all shall, for the next? If our grandmothers dressed better than we, and if we ourselves ten years ago dressed better than we do now, what have we gained by the change?

If in changing our tastes we were improving them, or even thought we were improving them, no one could blame us for our mistakes. But when we turn back on our track, and make the same old blunders over again, we accuse ourselves of insincerity. We can see no hope of our escape from this succession of evanescent crazes, except by resolutely adhering to one system or standard of taste, and developing it to its uttermost. If it has any element of true beauty, such undivided service must lead us, step by step, to a knowledge and appreciation of the whole.

Moreover, the eternal fitness of things is to be consulted, if we ever expect to see that blessed apotheosis of beauty. Our types must grow like flowers from the soil, and take their impressions from the environment. Greenland's icy mountains can't smooth themselves into India's coral strands. Corinthian pillars and Gothic arches, Italian villas, Swiss chalets, and Chinese pagodas will not mix. Nor will cat-tails and sunflowers, Parisian bonnets, dados and armor, and grandfather's clocks, suit them all. If I, living in America, wish to consider myself a Japanese idol, and provide myself a suitable temple, with the appropriate pottery and matting, it is very annoying to me to discover, on putting my holy nose out of doors, that I am flanked on one side by the portico of an imported Athenian, and on the other by the fortified cottage of a make-believe Alfred the Great. There is an uncomfortable anachronism somewhere: a remote suggestion of the madhouse. Why can't they all play Jap., and burn little paper prayers to me in harmony?

No, "let us go back to the great sweet mother," Nature; consider her ways, and be wise. There is beauty and beautiful consistency everywhere with her, if our eyes are only anointed to see it. The divine workmanship is never at fault nor out of fashion, nor does its style change from year to year.

"Still on the seeds of all He made
The rose of beauty burns:
Through times that wear, and forms that fade,
Immortal youth returns.
Thou canst not wave thy staff in air,
Nor dip thy paddle in the lake,
But it curves the bow of beauty there,
And the ripples in rhyme the oar forsake."

There, if at all, is our escape from the long thralldom of artificiality. Let Art be the follower, not the rival, of Nature. Let the ever-renewing miracle of beauty about us teach us its truth, and the truth shall make us free.

A PHILISTINE.

THE KING OF THE CARNIVAL.

I.—THE QUEEN OF THE FAIRIES.

In the year 1859 there lived in the richest and proudest aristocratic settlement of the lower Mississippi Valley two young men about twenty-five years of age, named respectively Henry Le Baron and Ambrose Hunter. They were unmarried, and belonged to two of the most powerful families in the South. In truth, apart from the fact that they were men of strict honor, careful education, and unflinching bravery, their names alone would have sufficed to place them in that high position in society to which their merits entitled them; for the names Hunter and Le Baron belonged only to persons of the highest caste.

Though possessing widely differing characteristics and temperaments, they had an unusually strong attachment for each other;

and this fact had been known through all the years during which they had grown up together, studied together, and traveled together. The pleasures of one were not complete if not shared by the other. Hunter was the handsomer, and brighter, and more attractive; but Le Baron was the stronger friend, because he had the greater heart. Hunter was a conversationalist and wit; and Le Baron a thinker and philosopher.

This placid sea of friendship was, in the year above mentioned, suddenly disturbed by a pretty woman, who plunged heedlessly therein; and what at first appeared a ripple on the surface eventually became a storm, and all the dark terrors of the deep snapped their chains and hurried to the fray.

Louise came like a gleam of bright May sunshine into the quiet settlement. Innocent, rich, beautiful; overrunning with life and pathetic tenderness of heart; a born coquette; a rogue with men's happiness; she soon found at her feet the two finest young men in the country—Hunter and Le Baron. It was thought that Hunter was the more susceptible of the two; but calm men have none the less quick and open hearts, and Le Baron's love burst upon his self-consciousness at once, and came to be a part of his deep, silent nature. Yet he believed—and with good cause — that the sterner stuff of which he was made awed the little beauty, who found a boon companion in Hunter.

Under other circumstances, Le Baron would not have been the man to yield one jot or tittle to another man in a fair contest for a woman's hand; but Hunter was his friend, and he would have cut off his right hand for Hunter's sake. Indeed, that Louise preferred Hunter did not even grieve him; for, with his old-time philosophy, he reflected that Hunter's happiness was sacred, and he would not disturb it; and that there were other good and beautiful women in the world. But how was it with Hunter? Ah, different! The more impetuous and passionate, the less could he brook a hindrance or a cross. He, too, was generous, but not self-sacrificing. He could have stormed a prison and rescued his friend at the sacrifice of his life; but he could not have gone to the dungeon in his stead. And so Hunter madly loved Louise, and never asked himself: "Does Le Baron love her?"

Let it be said of these two young men that neither was jealous of the other. Why should they be? Le Baron crushed out this feeling in his own heart, as he would stamp out any other that dishonored him; while Hunter, knowing his friend's honor, had no uneasiness of treachery. It was even with pride that he saw Le Baron's admiration of Louise, for he reflected that Le Baron was a man of infallible taste. And it may be here remarked, that Le Baron, being the deeper and sterner of the two men, and having more forethought, keener observation, and calmer judgment, exercised a strong influence over Hunter. The latter appreciated this fact; but so great was his attachment to Le Baron, that he never experienced jealousy or disquietude on that account. Even Louise, a light-hearted butterfly of to-day, saw the difference between the two men, and feared the one while she liked the other.

Louise had never seen a glimpse of Le Baron's heart. With her he was always the same calm, thoughtful, impenetrable man; and to her credit it shall be recorded, that she smothered that instinct belonging peculiarly to frivolous women, which directs them to conquer the most surly lion in the shape of a man. It is matter of daily wonder to me that the grandest hearts are so often flung away upon coquettes, while the patient, noble, self-denying women are thrust to the wall. But it shall also be said—and this time not so much to her credit—that she feared to trifle with the impetuous, unruly Hunter.

While it is commonly admitted that the weakest women rule the strongest men, I believe there never lived a greater error in fact; for when such a case is pointed out to me, I will say the man has a large heart, but a weak nature; and that the woman is a virago disguised as Folly: or, if this be not the case, I will show that the man, though using, seemingly, a long and loose halter about the woman's neck, has it securely tied, for all

that; and sometimes makes it choke when she stretches it very far.

And thus the days went by; and the only ripple on the sea was a weight that hung upon Le Baron's heart. It changed him surely, but almost imperceptibly. It made the unattainable treasure more precious, and the hopelessness more painful. What if it gnawed at his vitals—could he help it? Was he blamable for feeling that Hunter's happiness jarred upon him? Could he be censured for caring less for his friend's society? There is a limit to all human endurance; but sometimes that limit is reached only at death. And thus the days went by; and thus the ripple extended from center to circumference, while submarine caverns slowly yielded up their hidden monsters, which marshaled secretly and in lower darkness.

The two friends became gradually estranged. Le Baron manfully struggled against it; but when Hunter would chide him he could not resist the temptation to plead unusual press of study. Then he would take Hunter's hand, and assure him that they were as good friends as ever; and Hunter would leave him with a light heart—all unsuspecting—to see Louise.

The world soon said that Hunter and Louise would marry. Le Baron had schooled himself to contemplate that possibility face to face; to realize it beforehand; to seek consolation in his philosophy and his friend's happiness. But not once did he mention the subject to Hunter.

"Hal," said Hunter, one day, as he was dining with Le Baron, "have you heard this rumor about Louise and me?"

"I paid no attention to it, Ambrose."

"Ah, you are as cold-blooded as ever! The handsomest woman in the land could not tempt you away from your philosophy."

"And Louise is that fairest one, Ambrose."

"To me she is, Hal."

"And *for* you, surely?"

"Ha, ha! I hope so. But do you know that she is the veriest little witch of a coquette?—the Queen of the Fairies? You see I have to talk to you voluntarily, for you never ask me for confidences."

"I really wish you happiness, Ambrose."

"Hal, if I didn't believe that I have all her affection, I would be intensely jealous of you."

"And why, Ambrose?"

"Because she talks of you constantly, and deplores what she says is your evident dislike of her; and says that such great, strong lions as you never seem to have wit enough to know that they can command any woman like a slave, and crush her like a lily—"

"Ambrose," exclaimed Le Baron, holding up his hand, "that is enough!"

"—that any woman prefers a man who will be her master, to one who will be her companion. And do you know, Hal, that I think one reason why the little beauty loves me is because she fears me!"

"Doubtless, Ambrose."

"You will be at the ball to-night, I suppose, Hal?"

"Yes; I think so."

And they parted. Then Le Baron got up and stretched himself, like a tired mastiff. Then he went to a mirror and surveyed himself calmly. An indefinable feeling had taken possession of him, and it tugged at his heart unmercifully. He could not understand it, and hence could not face it. It was the mouth of a cave—an illimitable darkness—that yawned at his feet. Like a brave man, and a strong, and a good, he sought to banish it. He was startled to find an unnatural color in his cheeks. His hands were cold, and his heart beat fast. It was the agony of a strong, stern man. He tried to read, and failed; and then he reflected that the last knotty point he had discovered in international law was wearying, and his mind could not grasp it. In fact, he had studied hard all day. Consequently, all that he needed was rest.

II.—The Monsters of the Deep.

The ball was a brilliant affair. The two friends were there, and Louise. She greeted Le Baron warmly, and chided him for his recent neglect of her; but his manner was

more constrained than ever; and she ran away from him. He chatted with some ladies, lounged in the cloak-room, smoked on the veranda, and strolled alone through the grounds. After Louise deserted him, he had not glanced once in her direction; and she felt (watching him constantly) that she was not, and never would be, the subject of a single thought of his. But what a grand thing it would be to conquer such a proud, stern heart!—and what a treasure that heart must be!

Suddenly, while walking in the grounds, he was startled by a soft rustling; and before he could turn, a bare, round, dimpled arm was thrust through his.

"Ah, I've caught you moping!" laughed gay Louise.

Perhaps for the first time in his life Le Baron was seriously embarrassed.

"You see," she ran on, not giving him time to speak, "Ambrose is dancing and flirting with that doll-face blonde (*I* don't think she's so very pretty); and then, it is so terribly warm in there; and so I ran out just to find you; just to find you—think of that! And I knew you didn't want me about you—you are so cross with me, and never have a kind word for me, and —"

And here she actually choked with a sob!

"Louise!"

"Oh, you don't deny it, and you can't! And so I made up my mind to do the meanest and wickedest thing in my power, and that is to tease you, and make you hate me still more."

"Louise! I—"

"Now don't say a word. Don't perjure yourself. Gracious! I am freezing! Will you *never* go and get me a wrap! and will you *ever* ask me to have an ice? Don't you see I'm nearly dead?"

"Pardon me, Louise; come."

Shaking out her skirts, she took his arm, and they repaired to the refreshment-room, she talking all the while as if her very life depended on it; and, upon my honor, I believe it did. When they had reached the door she suddenly drew back, and said:

"Look at my face."

"Well, it is very pretty."

"Nonsense! I mean, do I look as if I had been crying?"

"Somewhat," he replied, so indifferently that it cut her to the heart; and her eyes filled afresh. Seeing it, he stooped, and said softly:

"Ambrose should not treat you so ill."

Ambrose, indeed!

They sat down to the dainties; and so volubly did she chat, while she avoided his look, that he wondered if she had a heart; and thought how easy it would be for a good man to wreck his life on a rock hidden beneath such a hope. But ah! she was very, very pretty, and very weak! You should have a strong, tender hand to guide you, little Queen; for your subjects, the fairies, are merely for the sunshine. Beware, my true and tried friend, Le Baron! for the strength of a human heart is its greatest weakness—and so, beware!

They strolled again into the grounds, and he drew her into a summer-house, dimly lighted with Chinese lanterns in the foliage. They stood, and she chatted on and on, and never once looked into his face; and her womanly tenderness and delicacy wrought upon him strangely, while the aroma from a flower she wore crept into his brain. Ah, the world has no idea how many marriages come from a judicious use of flowers and perfumery!

Presently he took her dainty hand in his, and caressed it tenderly, while she chatted incessantly; while she told him in many words that men are *so* stupid; while she insisted that a man ought to treat a woman kindly, even if she *were* inferior to him, and even if he *did* despise her; while she argued that because a woman is weak, and didn't have any sense, she nevertheless had a great deal of heart—oh, yes! in fact she did; while she said that some women—and it was quite natural with a great many—could hide their true feelings from *any* man they admired, and sometimes flirted with other men through sheer perverseness, and that men are *so* stupid that they *never* see anything, and don't know any more about a woman than

the man in the moon; while she talked on and on, and went, with her whole kingdom of fairies, straight into his heart, and established her empire there, driving the Friend away; until he clasped her in his arms, and kissed her passionately, while she clung to him.

"I have always loved you, Louise!"

They were startled by a hoarse, harsh, grating voice:

"You are a traitor, Le Baron!"

Pale, haggard, his eyes starting from their sockets, his hands clenched, trembling in every joint, Ambrose Hunter stood in the door, and hurled that insult at Le Baron.

Louise shrunk back. The fairies, which, until then, had been flitting about, hurried away in dire consternation, deserting their Queen; and in their stead came the monsters of the deep; for the storm was loud, and shipwreck inevitable.

Le Baron turned deathly pale. Indeed, he felt himself a traitor. Hunter glared at Louise, who shrunk away from him, and cowered speechless on a seat.

"Henry Le Baron, what have you to say? I denounce you as a villain and a traitor!"

Le Baron mutely pointed to Louise, but Hunter gave no heed. His words were loud and angry. His condition was the insanity of rage—blasted hope—treachery—humiliation. His tones attracted some strollers, who gathered about with frightened faces. He turned to these; and in a haughty, imperious manner, said:

"Mark you! that man, who said he was my friend, is a villain!—mark it well."

He was nervously unbuttoning his right glove, and slipping it from his hand.

"Mark it well, I tell you!—he is a villain of the lowest kind!"

He had removed the glove. Quick as a panther, and in the desperation of uncontrollable rage, he sprang at Le Baron, and dealt him a stinging blow with the open hand upon his face.

The blow descended upon Le Baron like a thunderbolt. His face mantled, and then changed to the hue of death. Still he did not move. His chest heaved, but that was all. Hunter glared at him with the fury of a mad beast. Taking the glove from a table on which he had thrown it, he hurled it full in Le Baron's face. It struck and fell to the ground.

"I call upon you, men and women," continued Hunter, "to mark the insult for which nothing but death can atone. See how the craven traitor trembles! What! will he add the infamy of cowardice to the infamy of treachery? Will he not accept the glove?"

Le Baron's eyes had from the first been riveted on Hunter's scornful face. He was very pale. Slowly and deliberately and without a word, he picked up the glove, carefully brushed a little loose dirt from it, smoothed out the wrinkles, folded it neatly, and put it into his pocket. Then it was death—nothing but death.

Hunter, seeing that the gage was taken up, scornfully turned on his heel and walked away, without even glancing at Louise, who cowered on the seat, weeping, crushed, and broken. Some persons attempted to address her and Le Baron; but he proudly waved them away, and was then left alone with the fallen Queen, whose every subject had deserted her. But little could have passed between them, for a man with a blow upon the cheek had no right to address a lady. However, it was a fact, remarked at the time as strange, that he left her an old man—aimless, hopeless, looking no one in the face, speaking to none—not a trace in his face of the joyful look of a successful suitor.

The next day Hunter, exasperated at the delay of the expected challenge, sent one himself. Le Baron quietly remarked to the messenger:

"I shall call upon your principal in half an hour."

"Then you do not accept?"

"I have nothing more to say to you, sir."

This man left. At the appointed time Le Baron was announced at Hunter's residence. Hunter, apprised of his approach, had him met at the door by the friend, who informed him that Hunter would see him under no circumstances until the final meeting.

"Bah!" exclaimed Le Baron, as he thrust the friend aside and stalked into the room.

Hunter arose, the old anger banishing from his face an unusual pallor.

"You dare, sir, to enter my house?"

"Be quiet, Hunter; I have something to say to you."

"Say nothing to me, sir! My friend is in the hall—speak to him."

"Nevertheless, I shall speak to you."

As Le Baron made this reply in a calm, sorrowful voice, he seated himself, and motioned to Hunter to do likewise; and so great was his assurance, and so evident his superior nerve and self-control, that, yielding to the old influence of his friend, Hunter dropped helplessly into his chair, still scornful and defiant.

"Hunter, you think I am a traitor—"

"*Think*, sir?"

"Be quiet, if you please."

This sudden rejoinder, accompanied by a dark and terrible look, though it did not frighten or intimidate the dauntless Hunter, made it evident that Le Baron had a powerful motive in seeking the interview—a motive that must have been of the greatest power, that so proud and fearless a man as Le Baron should thus have come to him, with the blow still burning his cheek like fire.

"You think I am a traitor," continued Le Baron, calmly. "I do not blame you. I find no fault with you for the rash and desperate step you took last night. It was natural. You thought I had deliberately planned it all. Well, you have passed an insult upon me of a nature that, under ordinary circumstances, no man having a drop of honorable blood in his veins could live under. It would be an easy matter to resent it—to fight you—to kill you, or be killed by you. Nothing is simpler. All that is required is a little brute courage, which we both, unfortunately, possess too bountifully. To do otherwise would require a more manly courage, which I believe we both possess. The case is extraordinary. It has been many months since my affection for you was as strong as it is now. I formed a preference—we will say, love—for this heartless, frivolous woman, as soon as you did, Ambrose. You see I am perfectly candid with you. I could not let one of us die without this full understanding. I conquered my love, because I saw that you loved her; and I never put forth the least effort to win her regard. When you think of it calmly, you will admit that. Last night I unconsciously yielded to the influence of her loveliness. That my regard for her should for a single moment have caused me to forget you, the friend and companion of a lifetime, Ambrose, was evidence to me, after a night of careful thought, that it is poisonous and pernicious. Ambrose, this woman is lost to you; she is also lost to me."

Hunter looked sullenly at the floor. Le Baron continued:

"If ever I loved her, I do not now. She tried her power upon me, and succeeded in degrading me and losing me my only friend. I know her now. My eyes are opened. A revulsion of feeling for her has ensued. She can never be my wife. Ambrose, shall this heartless flirt make sport of strong men, and brave men, and set them upon each other like dogs? Would it not be too great a victory for her, Ambrose? Is she worthy the sacrifice of a good man's life? And if that life is taken, who is benefited? I put it to your heart and reason calmly, Ambrose—I, who am the one bearing the stain—I, who carry the blow upon my cheek."

Such magnanimity was deeper than the farthest depths of Hunter's heart; and the appeal, though it touched him, caused even that fleeting feeling to alarm him; and he answered scornfully—doubly injured that his friend seemed greater than he:

"Are you through, sir?—and do you intend to live under the disgrace?"

"Ambrose, it is not you that speaks. Ambrose, I am your old-time friend Hal. Let us forget it all, Ambrose. Take my hand, my boy."

He had advanced to Hunter with extended hand; but the latter thrust it roughly aside, and said, harshly:

"As a winner of the prize, you can well afford to proffer your friendship, and make a

fool and a laughing-stock of me. You would not shock your lady-love with a hole in your breast. I scorn your friendship, as I despise the puritanical hypocrisy of your face and words."

Le Baron was stunned with grief.

"Then it is all over between us," he said.

"There is but one thing necessary."

"The duel?"

"Yes."

"I shall not fight you."

"What!" exclaimed Hunter, springing to his feet in astonishment. "Are you indeed a coward?"

Le Baron made no reply.

"I shall publish you as a coward," said Hunter.

"Very good."

"And you will not resent it?"

"No."

"Ah!" exclaimed Hunter, "I understand you now! Your Louise—your loving Louise—has made you promise not to fight, and hence you degraded yourself by coming to me to-day! I dare you to deny it, sir!"

Le Baron made no reply, but started, crushed and sorrowful, toward the door.

"That confirms my suspicions. You are a poltroon as well as a knave. You give up your manhood for a woman's embrace. Well, other men have done it. Very well, sir; let the proud name of Le Baron be forever disgraced by the cowardice of a Le Baron. There is the door, sir."

Without another word Le Baron left, an old, broken man. On the same day Hunter placarded him as a coward and traitor, warning all honest men and good women against him. That night Le Baron disappeared. Hunter remained at home, a moody, silent man, seeing no one. After two weeks the news reached him that Louise had died of brain-fever and a broken heart; and then he left home; soon afterward he went to the war, in which he remained to the close, winning the stars of a Brigadier-General for valor on the field; and then, without returning home, he went to Europe, and was not heard of again.

III.—The King and the Knight.

Ten years had passed since the scene in the summer-house transpired, and the morning of Mardi Gras dawned in Mobile. Felix, King of the Carnival, had long ago issued his imperial decree calling upon his faithful subjects throughout his glorious kingdom to assemble in the City of the Gulf, the Mother of Mystics, on this, the Day of Joy, there to hold high carnival to please his Most Gracious Majesty. And right loyally had they obeyed, for the quaint old city was crowded with visitors. As early as ten o'clock in the forenoon, masquers appeared upon the streets in all manner of gay costumes. It had been announced by imperial proclamation that his Majesty, the good King Felix, with the members of his royal household, would enter the city by the Eastern Gate, where he would be met by his faithful servant, his Honor, the Mayor, accompanied by the City Fathers in regalia of state, and a battalion of mounted police, and the several military companies, and other subjects of low and high degree.

The royal cavalcade, as it approached the Eastern Gate, was an imposing spectacle. All were in gorgeous costumes. First came the King's Herald, and then the buglers; next, the Royal Lancers, magnificently mounted; next, the Royal Guard, also mounted, and with drawn swords; next, the good King himself, drawn in a golden chariot by twelve proud black horses in gilt harness; next, the members of the King's household, outriders, pages, guards, and other subjects.

The two cavalcades approached each other. The Mayor and City Fathers advanced on foot. The venerable King left his chariot, and ascended a throne erected on a miniature Field of the Cloth of Gold. The Mayor knelt at the throne, and delivered into the hands of his Imperial Majesty an impossible gilt key three feet long, which betokened the surrender of the city by right to the imaginary Eastern Gate. His Honor, accompanying the presentation with an address of welcome, formally turned over to

his Aristocratic Majesty the city of his Majesty's choice, with the subjects therein, and the military and police, with full power over persons and property. The King replied. Cannon were fired, and all the bells pealed gladly; and it was known far and wide that Felix, King of the Carnival, had assumed possession of the city.

Who was this mock king for a day—this haughty, stern, imperial Felix. There were few who knew. It is always kept a secret from the common people. He is chosen for a day. Mysticism and mummery are indispensable. On this occasion the King was, as is usual, a venerable man, whose white beard extended below his waist; and with shaggy grey eyebrows, and long white hair. Yet beneath this trickery of false hair was a pair of vigorous, massive shoulders, and a stature tall, strong, and erect—a typical king.

The knowing ones said he was none other than the great lawyer, Gaston—a poor man who had fought as a common soldier in the war; a strange, reticent, shrinking man, yet one whose cool daring had suppressed the riots; a man who avoided society, and who was never known to speak to a lady; a man whose great talents and profound learning, together with his uniform gentleness, modesty, and honesty, had, in spite of him, made him honored and sought for; a man who had firmly put aside all opportunities for winning easy renown as a statesman, but who pursued his own quiet way, making friends unconsciously, and almost unwillingly. And against his protest he had been chosen King of the Carnival.

The King and his train moved upon the heart of the city to head the grand parade that would there be formed. The streets were now packed with merry masquers. All restraints of deportment and caste were thrown aside, and the devil hobnobbed with the angels. Perhaps one or two tragedies had been enacted, when a masquer slipped a knife between an enemy's ribs, and then disappeared in the crowd. All had yielded to the mad intoxication of the hour.

Among the gay knights who, walking or mounted, passed hither and thither, was a handsome stranger-knight, finely mounted. He wore no masque. He had iron-grey hair, piercing black eyes, and a black mustache and imperial, both prematurely tinged with grey. He attracted marked attention for his handsome face, graceful carriage, and costly equipage.

This stranger-knight, seeing that the King had come, put spurs to his horse, dashed through the cordon of guards and outriders that surrounded the King's chariot, drew his sword, and cried in a loud, insulting voice, that thrilled every breast:

"Ho! you false, dishonored King! Ho! all you people!—your King bears a blow upon his cheek, and a stain upon his name! He dishonored his manhood and his family! He makes fools of you all, and insults you with his presence! *That* for your coward King!" and with that he struck King Felix on the breast with the flat of his sword.

Wild consternation ensued. The King seemed stunned, and sat motionless and silent.

"Ho, ho!" cried the knight; "your King trembles before a man whom he wronged. Your false King is a coward!"

The King recovered himself with a mighty effort. A crowd rushed forward to eject the intruder, but the King sternly commanded them to stand back. He stood erect in his chariot, laid aside his scepter, threw off his gorgeous robe of purple and gold; and, except as to his crown, which he retained, appeared in the elegant dress of a courtier, with his sword at his side. Then he addressed the crowd in a firm, loud voice as follows:

"Ten years ago I lived in Louisiana. My name then was Le Baron. This man was my friend and neighbor. A quarrel grew up between us. He slapped my face, and because I did not fight him he branded me as a coward. I fled the country and changed my name. The obligation that then restrained me from vindicating my honor has since been absolved by death. And now I will fight this boasting knight; and, under the duel name of King Felix and Henry Le Baron, I will remove the stain from my name."

He stepped from the chariot. The knight dismounted. There was a hush upon the crowd as of death. Interference was out of the question. The King's word was law; and the King had said he would fight.

"Do we fight with swords, Sir Knight?" he asked.

"As you please," haughtily replied the other.

The King's eyes were bright, and the old look of weariness and sadness gave place to one of joy. They approached each other with drawn swords.

"Guard carefully, false King," said the knight, tauntingly. "I warn you that you must guard well; for in Paris I have handled the sword since you and I studied with the foils there fifteen years ago."

The King guarded, and the swords were crossed, and the click of the steel sent a chill around.

At this moment a pale, frightened woman tried to push her way through the crowd, and she begged the bystanders to stop the fight. They made way for her—she pressed forward, calling upon them in God's name to stop the fight. But her feeble voice was drowned in the hum that arose, and she fell fainting, and was borne away.

With a pass that was quick and bold, the knight displayed his superior skill by striking the crown from the King's head, causing his long white hair to stream in the wind. The King redoubled his caution, and fought on the defensive. The sword, long unused, was awkward in his hand.

"Have a care, Le Baron!" cried the impetuous Hunter. "I have killed my man with the sword. Remember that this has no button on the point."

Le Baron made no reply, but maintained a cautious guard. Hunter continued his taunts:

"Guard your head, man, or I'll lay it open!"

The King fought solely on the defensive, and in this he apparently had all he could do. He saw that Hunter was playing with him, and that the knight intended to run him through when sufficient time should have been consumed to give the affair the poor semblance of a fair duel. But his guard improved so rapidly that the furious knight saw he must make short work of it. He gave a skillful thrust, which was parried. There was heard the wiry slipping of steel upon steel, cold and smooth. The King was perfectly cool, and resigned to death; while the knight, failing again and again, became exasperated, and redoubled the fury of the assault. The King no longer gave way, but stood his ground. On the one hand the work was hot and furious; on the other, patient, careful, watchful—nay, sorrowful.

Suddenly the King reeled; the blood started from his breast. His assailant pursued the advantage, crowding him, and fighting madly. The King's false grey beard was torn away. The knight's sword, made for dueling, was long, thin, and elastic; the King's, gold-mounted and made for ornament, was white, dead, unyielding, and clumsy; but it had the advantage of greater weight. The King became deathly white. Not a single cut or thrust had he attempted. The knight, to test him, opened a way to his breast; but the King pretended not to see it. Did the knight understand this greatness of heart? No; it maddened him! The King's knees trembled. His blood streamed upon the ground from many wounds. And still he parleyed with death, hoping Hunter's heart would melt.

The King staggered, and dropped, exhausted, to his knees.

"You court death, do you?" cried the knight, as he rushed blindly upon the wounded King. "Then you shall have it!" But his haste and madness were too great. His foot slipped in the blood, and he fell upon the extended sword of the King, which ran him through the heart.

A pale woman in black—the same who had sought to prevent the deed—placed a wreath of flowers, wet with her tears, upon the grave of Ambrose Hunter, and prayed there alone; and it was she who was the most faithful among the constant watchers at Le Baron's bedside during the long days of fever

and delirium that followed the duel. But though women whispered among themselves mysteriously, she was at the bedside every day; and the men there did not molest her, nor seek to pry into the reason. When no one else was near she would cover the hand of the unconscious man with kisses, and on her knees pray at his bedside for his recovery. But when at last Le Baron regained consciousness, she disappeared without his having seen her, and never came back again. They told him of her; and, greatly wondering and deeply touched, he did, when he was well and strong again, have her sought and found. And then he went to her—for now he could look a good woman in the face—and she stood before him humbly, in the pale beauty and loveliness that years and sorrow had tempered and refined—the Queen of the Fairies of old.

"Louise!" he exclaimed.

She fell at his feet, and groveled there, weeping with joy. He raised her in his strong arms, and kissed her; and neither could speak for some time. Then there was an explanation—she had sent out the rumor of her death after a dangerous illness, that it might soften Hunter toward his friend; she had sought Le Baron far and wide, and had found him a year ago, and had silently watched over him ever since.

"And though I was bitter against you, at first, Louise," he said, "your sweet face haunted me through all the dreary years; and long ago I ceased to think of you as a coquette; but I revered your sweet memory, and it made me a better man."

All the fairies came trooping in—fleeing, flitting fairies!—and held high carnival; and surely in their mad frolic they must have bewitched the wedding-bells, which afterward rang so joyously! W. C. Morrow.

AN ARIZONA MINING DISTRICT.

That Arizona was early found to contain mineral treasure, hidden beneath its barren exterior, is proven by the excavations still to be seen here and there, indisputably the work of the Spanish priests and their followers, sent out from the City of Mexico to settle this strange country, and to convert the native inhabitants to the papal faith. Thirty or more missions were established in the sixteenth century at convenient points, the first settlement being made at Tucson, now the largest town in the territory, as early as 1560. This place, at present comprising 7000 inhabitants, claims a right to the title of the oldest town in the United States in preference to Santa Fé.

These Jesuit priests, with their characteristic ardor, devoted themselves to the two-fold purpose of their expedition—the conversion of the Indians and search for the fabulous treasure accredited by their traditions to this region. The more expeditiously and economically to accomplish the latter object they set the natives to work in the mines, goading them with the lash and paying them no wages. It is said that the Apaches at this period were inoffensive, possessing a disposition greatly at variance with their present bloodthirsty and treacherous nature. However that may be, the time was reached when their bondage became insupportable, when the last straw was laid upon the camel's back, and the savage nature could endure no more oppression. The Indians uprose, burned the missions, and murdered their hated task-masters, thus arresting the growth of civilization and the development of the mineral wealth in Arizunna, "Beautiful of the Sun."

From that epoch until recent date the Apaches have waged ceaseless and unrelenting warfare against the white man. They have been sovereign rulers of Arizona; and the task of opening up and civilizing the ter-

ritory has been a hazardous and discouraging one. But for Indian difficulties the resources of Arizona would have heen long ere this brought to light. But it required extraordinary nerve and daring to brave the perils of an exploring tour in the domain of a fierce and crafty enemy, where a horrible death too surely awaited all so unfortunate as to fall into their hands. It was a difficult matter to subdue this savage force, which possessed almost impregnable strongholds among the rugged mountains, to which they retreated when warned of danger by their wily scouts. And it was not until the United States government established forts over the territory and the advancing tide of civilization became overwhelmingly powerful, that the field was left comparatively clear. The progress of the railroad that now spans the territory was an invincible impediment to the continued sway of the savages. The iron horse invariably drives before it the untutored red man. Step by step he is forced back to an ever-narrowing compass, where once the breadth of the land lay before him, with none to dispute his claim.

Arizona was ceded by Mexico to the United States by the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo in 1843, and by the Gadsden Purchase in 1853. It comprises an area of 122,000 square miles, and is about twice the size of the State of Pennsylvania. What suggested the appellation, "Beautiful of the Sun," is as yet a mystery to the writer, who has seen nothing to indicate that the title is not a misnomer. Famous for its mineral wealth Arizona undoubtedly will be; but never for its charm of scenery or adaptability to agricultural pursuits. Here and there among the mountains are beautiful spots, where timber and water are found, which may be utilized as stock-ranches; and along some of the river bottoms vegetables may be successfully cultivated. But, generally speaking, Arizona is little more than a desert. Water and trees are deficient in the country. The writer has traversed the southern portion of the territory, and, from torrid Yuma, on the sandy banks of the Colorado, to the New Mexican line, lies a barren, uninteresting expanse, fully as disheartening as the long stretch of sagebrush on the Central Pacific. That the northern part is much the same is indicated by the maps showing that the desert of Arizona is a continuation of the great arid belt crossed by the railroad in Nevada.

Minerals are found all over the territory, and many localities give promise of a prosperous future; but the object of this paper is to give a brief description of one mining district in particular, situated in the southeastern corner of Arizona about thirty miles from the Mexican line, and eighty miles from the border of New Mexico.

The doleful name of Tombstone has, in the past year or so, become associated in the minds of many people scattered over the United States with a meaning aside from that commonly pertaining to it, it being known as the whimsical appellation of a new mining-camp, which proves of rapidly growing importance, and which has awakened the interest of residents on both the Atlantic and Pacific coasts.

The fortunate discoverer of the mines was Mr. E. L. Schieffelin, who passed through the country with a party of scouts in the summer of 1877. Observing its peculiar formation, he determined to prospect it thoroughly, and sometime later left his companions and returned alone to the San Pedro river, where he found two men doing assessment work on the famous Bronkow mine. They prevailed upon him to stand guard for protection against the Apaches until they completed their task. While standing at his post, Schieffelin, with a spy-glass, day by day viewed the neighboring hills, and became convinced that there was mineral in them; and in July he started from camp in quest of the hidden treasure. Obtaining samples from the croppings and float, he started for the Signal mine, four hundred miles to the north, where his brother was working, and remained there with him until the following winter. Mr. Richard Gird, a mining engineer and assayer, was very favorably impressed with the specimens shown him by Schieffelin, and in February the three men started with a complete

prospecting and assaying outfit for this almost unknown portion of the territory.

They soon made valuable locations within a radius of five miles in the present district, which Schieffelin called Tombstone—a name suggested by the warnings he had received from anxious friends that, in venturing into the very heart of the Apache country, he was prospecting for his own tombstone.

The Schieffelins and Gird began at once the assessment work on their property, and the first blast was fired in August, 1878. Wishing to develop the Tough Nut claim, and being limited in their means, they sold the Contention mine, and continued operations until November, when the Corbin brothers of New Britain, Connecticut, and Philadelphia, examined the property and became satisfied of its great value. As a result the Tombstone Mill and Mining Company was organized in January, 1879, with ex-Governor Safford for president, and the Corbins, Schieffelins, and Gird, for directors. The Corbins furnished the capital to further develop the property, erect a ten-stamp mill, build an ore road from the mines to the mill, convey the water necessary to furnish the water-power for the mill, etc., and the first stamps were dropped on rich ore from the Tough Nut June 1st, 1879, and have been kept in constant operation since that time. In March, 1880, the Corbins and several gentlemen from Pennsylvania purchased the interest of the Schieffelin brothers at a valuation of $2,000,000 for the entire property. The company owns nine valuable mines, extending over one hundred and eighty acres of mineral ground; two mills, having a force of thirty stamps; five hundred acres of mill sites; and the water right to the Sonora line, about twenty miles in length. It is capitalized at $12,500,000 in 500,000 shares, and has already paid $500,000 in dividends. The company has a large surplus fund constantly on hand, and, as sufficient ore is already exposed to keep the mills running two years, and extensive developments are being made, ahead of present needs, success is assured for some time to come. This company has never levied an assessment. Like all the mines of this section, the ore lies so near the surface that the task of development is comparatively easy. It is often the case that a good surface showing is no indication of a valuable mine, and many have been the prognostications that the fair-seeming mines of Tombstone would soon become worked out; but that catastrophe is still a thing of the future, as new strikes are constantly being reported as greater depth is attained. The character of the ore is generally simple, chlorides predominating, although carbonates and horn silver are also found in every mine.

The Contention mine, owned by the Western Mining Company, is one of the greatest bullion-producers of the country. Its showing was, from the first, highly encouraging, and development has revealed a wide vein of high-grade carbonate and chloride ore, which has the appearance of a true fissure vein, in well defined porphyry and granite walls. It is extensively and systematically worked, and has paid eight dividends in seven months, aggregating $600,000. A surplus of $241,000 is reported in the treasury, and, as soon as their milling facilities are increased by the erection of another mill of thirty stamps, the company expects to pay $200,000 in dividends monthly. This property embraces a length of one thousand, five hundred feet on the vein, and the ore is rich and plentiful. Their mill on the San Pedro, completed last March, contains twenty-five stamps, and the value of the bullion shipped to San Francisco during six months after the mill started was $700,000. Further developments and better milling facilities are all that are needed to greatly augment the output of this valuable mine, whose stock of 100,000 shares is worth eighty dollars a share.

The Head Center is becoming a prominent claim, and has been systematically opened up by three levels at a depth of one hundred and thirty-two feet, two hundred and ten feet, and three hundred and ten feet, and a fourth is being commenced on the four hundred and ten level. Much of the ore is exceedingly rich, horn silver and coarse gold being visible. Powerful machinery has been ordered which will shortly be at work, and

the hoisting works will equal any in the district. The claim lies next to the north end of the Contention, and it is estimated that twenty thousand tons of ore now in sight can be raised from the first and second levels.

South of the Contention mine, and possessing the same vein and character of ore, is situated the Grand Central property, which is expected to become a regular dividend-paying mine in the near future. It is owned by Eastern capitalists, and is being thoroughly developed by shafts, drifts and cross-cuts, preparatory to the regular hoisting of ore for the supply of the company's mill now in process of construction on the San Pedro river. This mill will contain twenty stamps, and is similar in design to that of the Contention. The quality of the ore is high-grade, and gradual improvement is manifest as greater depth is reached.

The Vizina, now the fourth bullion-producer of the camp, has new and substantial hoisting works, and furnished the first supply of ore for the Boston and Arizona Smelting and Reduction Company's mill, a twenty-stamp custom mill completed September 7th, and considered the finest mill yet constructed in the territory. It is, in the main, after the pattern of the Contention, but has greater floor room and later improvements. A brief description of its method will serve as an illustration of the others, with some slight variations. The ore, which is conveyed from Tombstone to all the mills, a distance of from ten to twelve miles, in large prairie "schooners," drawn by sixteen-mule teams, is landed on the upper floor, the mills being built in the side of steep hills for that purpose. Here, in the Boston mill, it is broken up by a Dodge breaker of latest pattern, from which it descends through chutes to four Stanford self-feeders, which supply the four batteries of five stamps each. When at full speed, these stamps will make ninety-six drops per minute, and the noise is deafening. On the next level are twenty-four vats, and fourteen Knox clean-up pans having a capacity of a ton and a half each to a charge, and made entirely of cast iron. On the next floor are seven settlers or separators, supplied with Jacobs' patent discharge pipe. These settlers all discharge into one common pipe carrying direct to the retort room, where the contents are run through four amalgam strainers preparatory to being placed in the retorts. There are two of the latter fifty-two inches in length and fifteen in diameter, an escape flue being left in the back end for the volatilized mercury to pass to the condenser, after which it is elevated to the pans again. To the left of the retort are two crucibles used preparatory to running the bars; and a handsome Oettling scale, the balancing of which is so fine that the slightest touch of a pencil upon a fragment of paper will throw it against an untraced piece, is one of the appurtenances of the room. The machinery is driven by a Wheelock cut-off engine of one hundred and twenty-five horse power. This engine took the premium at the Paris Exposition against the Corliss and other competitors, and is the first one placed in use on the Pacific coast. The need of a custom mill has for some time been felt, and now the poor man, as well as the capitalist, can mill his ore on reasonable terms. A smaller mill, designed for custom work, only two and a half miles from Tombstone, is now ready to receive rock. This is similar to the others with the exception that the process of pulverizing is done by rollers instead of stamps. It is thought that ore can be worked to a higher per cent. in this manner.

Many promising locations, other than those above mentioned, might be spoken of did space permit. Over 30,000 locations in Pima county have been recorded, a large number of them in Tombstone district. Beyond the shadow of a doubt, the new-born fame of this locality is destined to grow with the lapse of time, and consequent development of the wealth of the numerous mines. Eastern capital has already done much to bring out the resources of the place, and the completion of the new trans-continental railroad will usher in a yet brighter future for Tombstone, as well as for the whole of Arizona. When this comparatively unknown territory is brought within a few days' journey af New York, Eastern capital and enter-

prise will seek the field where a little money judiciously invested scarcely ever fails to yield a bounteous return.

This has been termed emphatically a poor man's country. Judge Tritle, President of the Yellow Jacket Mining Company of Virginia City, on a recent visit to Arizona, remarked that he considered it the most thoroughly mineralized country that he had ever seen.

"I have seen a number of mines where there are large quantities of ore, especially at Tombstone," said he, "but, outside of those large deposits, I find an immense number of small veins containing high-grade ore, which in time will furnish employment for a large population. But the same mistaken policy is prevalent here that is certain to exist in all new countries; a shaft is sunk a few feet on a promising vein, a nice little pile of rich ore is piled on the dump, and the owner asks a big price for his claim, and sits down to wait for somebody to come along with money enough to buy it. Now the mineral is near the surface, and the formation is so soft that it is easily gotten out, and I believe that the prospector will sooner get the value of his claim by taking his ore out and having it worked at the nearest mill. This will give him good wages, and capital to go ahead with his prospect work. It will right itself in time. After the owners become satisfied that they can't sell their claims at big figures, by exhibiting a few tons of ore, they will go to work themselves, and the result will be large and prosperous communities."

This state of affairs is evident to any careful observer; and, in fact, a large proportion of those now resident in Arizona design only to better their fortunes in as short a time as possible, and then return to some more desirable place of habitation. For it is not the most charming place in the world to live in, with its monotonous expanse of treeless, waterless country, its humble homes, and expensive market. It possesses some advantage over mining localities in Colorado, Nevada and California, in that the climate is favorable to work all the year round. A great deal of objection to the limestone formation, which generally underlies Tombstone, has been made by the Comstock men. They assert that it never contains permanent mines, but Arizonians place little faith in these theories, and prefer experience. The development thus far made shows as great uniformity as in any other mines in the United States; and certainly numbers of mines in limestone formation are paying dividends, while the Comstocks are not.

The growth of a mining-camp always keeps pace with the prosperity of the mines. Here, on a slope that but a short time ago was overrun by Apaches, one of whose strongholds, known as "Cochise's," is only ten miles distant, lies a city of nearly 5000 inhabitants. Cochise, it will be remembered, was a celebrated Apache chieftain, and it was in this stronghold that he was finally captured by General Crook. The rapid rise of the town of Tombstone is marvelous, even in that portion of the United States where cities spring up almost as if by magic. On the fifth day of March, 1879, a townsite association was formed by ex-Governor Safford and others, who laid out the present site on a wide *mesa* lying on the north side of a mineral belt of hills. The place grew slowly until the fall of 1879, when results from the Gird mill began to be noticeable. In December, the first mayor was elected, and opposition stages from Tucson were put on, running daily, instead of tri-weekly, as before. The first newspaper, *The Nugget*, was issued in October, 1879, and a second was established in May, 1880, called *The Tombstone Epitaph*. Differing in politics, both issue daily and weekly editions, containing the Associated Press dispatches, for telegraphic communication was established early in the summer of 1880. So Tombstone is not so very far out of the world, after all! One of the most substantial *adobe* buildings in the camp has lately been constructed for the *Epitaph*. It has two stories, (unlike the majority of Tombstone edifices) the lower floor occupied by the *Epitaph*, which is now the most complete establishment of the kind south of San Francisco, and the upper divided into six comfortable offices. The paper was started in a

tent, and this is the result of a business only a few months old.

Six months ago, the post-office of this thriving camp was in a small shanty. At the present time, through the enterprise of Mr. John P. Clum, who was appointed postmaster in July, it occupies commodious quarters in an *adobe* block, and is conventiently fitted up with call and lock boxes, and the many desirable contrivances of such an office. Although the business transacted is far beyond what is generally supposed, it is still a fourth-class office, the postmaster receiving a salary of only $1000 per year, and paying out of it clerk hire, rent, fuel, lights and office improvements. It will readily be seen that, in order to meet the wants of a growing population, Mr. Clum has found it necessary to put his hand in his own pocket; and yet the people clamor for more facilities, and the two clerks find it impossible to attend promptly to the wants of the long line of men stretching daily from the delivery window across the street. The Inspector General, who recently examined the affairs of the Tombstone post-office, expressed marked surprise at the amount of business transacted, and signified his intention to represent the situation to the authorities at Washington, and endeavor to have the office raised to second-class rank, with allowance for clerical hire. During the first three days after money-order blanks were received at this office, over three thousand dollars were sent away in that manner alone, not to speak of the numerous registered and express letters. A supply intended to last six months was used up in three weeks. The same can be said of postage stamps. A quarter's supply, although with a view to rapidly increasing consumption, fails to last the allotted time. Taking at random the letter count of the first week in December, we find that the total number sent through the office is 3712. Mr. Clum who is also the senior editor of the *Epitaph*, and the present mayor, is a wide-awake young man of marked ability, endowed with an obliging, genial nature, which has won him many friends and admirers in this embryo city.

It is remarked, by those conversant with other mining-camps, that the buildings of Tombstone have an air of permanency not generally met with in towns liable to suddenly lose their prestige. Numerous rough frame houses and canvas tents are interspersed on every street with substantial and (for this part of the country) pretentious *adobe* structures. Evidently their owners have confidence in a prosperous future for Tombstone, and are not afraid to expend considerable sums of money in improvments. Were the title perfectly secure, many would invest money who now feel a hesitation in doing so; but Tombstone has its law case, like Leadville and other mining towns, and, until it is settled by the courts, more or less uncertainty will exist among the citizens.

Despite this unstable condition of affairs, building is going on with astonishing rapidity. The number of houses has doubled in the last six months, and they are now receiving numbers, in imitation of older cities. Three new hotels, which are constantly full, go ahead of anything of their description in the territory. They are conveniently arranged and well furnished, and reflect much credit on so young a town. Besides these, there are smaller houses, and many restaurants and lodging rooms, which are admirably conducted, and well patronized. Board ranges from seven to nine dollars per week, and as good tables are set as can be expected in the heart of a barren country.

House and room rents are high, and, as building does not more than keep pace with the influx of humanity, no place is long without a tenant. Many a lonely man lies down in his blankets, in the best place he can find out-of-doors, and sleeps as sweetly as though he were not shrouded in the darkness of the cold night air, with the yelp of the coyotes greeting his ear as he wakens perchance from a dream of home, and loved ones far away. There are many "baching" establishments about town, where a couple of men live in a little tent, doing their own cooking in the rude fire-place, or outside on a pile of stones. Here the "pards" sit and smoke, and spin yarns, gazing out at the

passers-by in their hours of leisure. A year ago the advent of a woman was quite an interesting event, when the female population was so small that it was easily counted, but families have been coming in every week since then, until now there is quite an air of domesticity pervading the camp. About one hundred and fifty school children are estimated to be in the place, and still they come, stage after stage bringing to some one of the band of earnest workers the beloved wife and family from whom he has been separated until he could establish a comfortable little home for their reception. People come here to *work*. In most cases, fortune has not used them kindly elsewhere, and they possess little save the ability and determination to do what lies in their power to better their circumstances. Women put their shoulders to the wheel, too, and exert themselves to hasten on the happy day when fortune shall once more smile upon them. Given the inclination and strength, there are numbers of ways in which a woman can make herself useful in a town of this character.

Religious matters are receiving due attention; three churches having been recently made ready for occupancy, of the Methodist, Presbyterian, and Catholic orders. Services, which were formerly held in a furniture store, or any other attainable place, are well attended; and Christmas eve was rendered a memorable occasion for the little ones by the distribution of gifts from beautiful evergreen trees obtained in the Chiricahua mountains, sixty miles away. A public school is conducted, by an efficient teacher, in as satisfactory a manner as possible under very disadvantageous circumstances. Nearly an hundred pupils are crowded into a little shanty of two rooms, the teacher sitting in the doorway between the rooms, and standing the classes out-doors to recite. This unpropitious arrangement will not be of much longer continuance, as a large adobe school-house is nearly completed which will better compare with the increasing prosperity of the town; and the necessity of employing two teachers has become apparent. Children who have been out of school since coming to Tombstone will attend when better accommodations are provided.

Another class of people than those above mentioned occupy a conspicuous position in the history of the camp. Where is the mining camp without its gamblers and sharpers, its courtesans and adventurers? Tombstone has its portion, and a dashing, bold set they are. To one not habituated to life in the rough West, it excites a feeling of wonder to observe the calm audacity of demeanor, the cool assumption of equality of those who are in most parts of the country, shut out of the pale of respectability. There is no effort at concealment, no attempt at honest behavior, by these unprincipled characters, and yet, seemingly, no scruples of conscience, or sense of degradation. For such, the camp is rendered attractive by frequent balls and parties, rides and drives, and other entertainments elsewhere enjoyed by good society. Liquor and gambling saloons are a conspicuous feature of the streets, both in point of numbers, and elegance of finish. Strains of music issue from these attractive rooms, drawing in the idle crowd; and fortunate is he who goes no farther then to curiously scan the progress of the games. Some of those who participate therein, may leave with heavier pocket-books than were theirs when they went in, but the majority will depart with flat purses. It is an old saying that plenty of gambling is a sure indication of a prosperous camp. Professional gamblers will not remain long where no profits are to be made, and that plenty of money is in circulation is a pretty good sign of abundant yielding mines. There are ten faro games in Tombstone, besides innumerable monte, keno, poker, and snap games.

Two banks are doing a good business. Large general merchandise stores, several drug stores, cigar and fruit stands without number, furniture and tinware establishments, lawyers, surveyors, and assayers' offices in abundance, with numerous establishments of varied character, all bespeak an active community. Prominent men predict that Tombstone will be the largest city in the territory at the expiration of another year.

The Southern Pacific railroad passes within twenty-two miles. The entire distance from San Francisco, about one thousand miles, is now traversed in three days' time, without change of cars; and by the connection with the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé, a direct route is open from the East almost to our doors. By the new line, Benson (the nearest point of the S. P.) will be one thousand, four hundred and twenty-eight miles nearer Chicago, and one thousand, five hundred and forty-five miles nearer St. Louis, than by the Union and Central Pacific, making a saving of over three days' time in our mails. A branch road from Benson to Tombstone is projected, which, if accomplished, will add much to the importance of the place. The Arizona and Mexico Railroad and Telegraph Company was organized in April, 1880. The company purposes to construct a road from Benson, up the San Pedro valley, passing the stamp mills on the river, to Charleston, a settlement ten miles from Tombstone, which is a depot of supplies for the Huachuca mining district, thence to Tombstone. Profits are expected to be realized from the freight traffic of the Southern Pacific, which now employs large teams running between the camp and railroad, on the up trip; and from the conveyance of ore to the mills on the return trip. The road has been surveyed, and a few miles at the Benson end graded. Another project is included in the corporation articles of the company: after completing the road to Tombstone, it is designed to build one from Charleston to Hermosilla, in Sonora, as soon as the revenue of the company will permit. This will be about two hundred miles long, running through a rich mineral country.

Tombstone is supplied with water by pipes laid from springs eight miles distant, at the retail rate of one and one-fourth cents per gallon. This is another Eastern enterprise. A party of Boston capitalists, under the title of the Sycamore Spring Water Company, conceived the project of providing the town with a more abundant supply than could be obtained from the wells, which were all the people had to depend on until the present source was brought within reach. These wells are situated two and a half miles from Tombstone, in a ravine. About twenty-five water carts were employed to dispense the supply in quantities to suit the purchaser, at from two to three cents per gallon. The Sycamore Spring Company has built a reservoir at the springs which holds 500,000 gallons, and laid a four-inch pipe to the end of the line where there are two tanks, with a capacity of eight thousand gallons. Abundance of good water is furnished for family use and building purposes, and the company claims to be able to meet the demands of a city of ten thousand inhabitants. The cost of the undertaking was about sixty thousand dollars. It is now proposed to bring water, for the use of the mines, from another direction, in the space of a few months.

The climate of this section is more agreeable than one is led to suppose from the exaggerated reports of the heat and dryness of Arizona. Never will the journey across the territory, when the mercury stood at one hundred and fifteen degrees in the shade nearly all day, when the iron and wood-work of the cars were almost insupportable to the touch, when our port wine and our dispositions soured with the well-nigh intolerable heat, as we rushed over the arid country, enveloped in blinding, suffocating clouds of dust, be forgotten. Nor will the first few weeks after our arrival, before the rains set in, awaken remembrances of aught save the struggle to endure day after day of excessive sultriness, and high winds that filled the air and slight houses with disagreeable dust. But that was in June, and our dismal forebodings of a perpetuation of such misery throughout the summer met with a disappointment pleasant to experience. With the advent of July came daily refreshing showers that reduced the temperature to a comfortable degree, and for two months the weather was as cool and delightful as any one need desire. From our position on a hillside, at an altitude of very nearly five thousand feet, the spectacle presented by the storm clouds round about was a grand one. Lightning flashed in vivid intensity, and thunder rolled with ceaseless

grandeur, sometimes on all sides at once. And the rain? Well, it *rains* in this part of the country, when it rains at all. Strings of blankets out drying in the sun, after a severe shower, told a tale of defective roofs. September brought some hot weather, but October and November were model autumn months. The winter was a charming one—comfortably cool, pleasant days, similar to those experienced in October in the East, and cold nights favorable for sleep, being the rule. Looking back upon the summer, we realize that, taken all in all, less discomfort was experienced from hot weather than is the case in New England or the Middle States during that season; and warm nights were the exception, and not the rule, no matter how sultry the day. Expecting, from what we had heard concerning Arizona weather, to exist in a chronic state of "sizzle" throughout the year, we are agreeably surprised to find a large portion of the time not only endurable, but enjoyable.

CLARA SPALDING BROWN.

Since writing the above, a division of Pima county has been made, and Tombstone is now the shire town of a new county, comprising eighty-one thousand acres, called Cochise. C. S. B.

SO WEARY.

O, tranquil, patient, mother moon,
Calm watcher of the world asleep,
Keep back the noisy-footed noon;
Keep thou dominion, mother. Keep
For aye, thy white throne in the skies;
For noon is rude, like man, to me:
But thou art woman, and to thee—
O, mother, kiss my tired eyes.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

MR. HIRAM McMANUS.

CHAPTER III.

If Hiram McManus ever displayed conversational abilities in other places at the Bar, he certainly never had done so at the house of Alice Rankine. He had called there repeatedly during the year that had followed her arrival, and had always been the same uncouth and bashful visitor there. Sometimes, he became interesting, ungrammatically considered. But the weight of conscious ignorance and genuine bashfulness, which pressed so heavily upon him, crushed out with rare exception, the lighter breaths of warmth and interest which might have lightened up the burden of his dullness. It was not that he did not care, but rather that he did.

Yet the same painful consciousness that made him uneasy in her presence engendered in him a love for the trees that surrounded her house, for the house itself, and for all the senseless things of wood and stone that environed and held her. Oft and again he aimlessly and unhappily wandered there at night, when the glare and ribaldry of his rough companionship sat uneasily upon him. Many a time he sat in the shadow of those trees and found a silent, momentary gladness

in watching the candlelight, as it streamed from the cabin windows. These loiterings had come to be protracted; and, of late, as his irresolution had increased, the morning sun had again and again revealed his lonely figure lingering there, and still lingering when its beams had surprised away the shadows and waked the birds and squirrels to active bustling life.

One day in March, when he had fully recovered from a protracted spree, and when the freshness and warmth of the spring air and the rich balsamic odor of the pines had in them suggestions of pleasure even for the most joyless, of vigor for the most wasted, and of stimulus for the most hesitating, Mr. McManus's face grew intelligent with a resolve; and, acting on the inspiration of that resolve, he turned his steps toward Miss Rankine's door.

It was three o'clock when he reached it. A few moments later he had crossed the threshold, and had been ushered into the room where she usually sat at work.

"Bizness bein' light, a few moments of cheerful reck-re-ation and intercourse with a female friend seemed about the best thing as could be done," he remarked, with easy carelessness as he accepted a proffered seat.

This sentiment, evidently prepared beforehand, and arranged as an introduction, totally exhausted the fluency of his conversation, and he relapsed into silence as he crossed the room; where, having seated himself by the stove and carefully tucked his hat beneath his chair, he began to glare with vacant uncertainty about the ceiling. Miss Rankine, charitably sensible of the peculiarities of her guest, waited with becoming gravity a continuance of the conversation.

Though fully alive to all sense of the ludicrous she had invariably treated Mr. McManus with a sober earnestness and courtesy, somewhat as a return for the friendly services he had rendered her. Yet for a long time she had scarcely felt quite at ease with him. There had been that in his behavior, which, combined with certain insinuations of the Bar, had forced up somewhat of constraint in her manner, and rendered her welcomes restricted and less hearty.

"Times is gittin' easier now," said Mr. Manus, with facial unconcern.

Miss Rankine responded that her brother had kept her informed as to this fact.

Mr. McManus rubbed his hands softly between his knees, and again looked hard at the ceiling, as if for commiseration and support.

"Ye don't think ez how ye'll have any more trouble about yer brother, do ye?"

Miss Rankine, very earnestly, was sure she should not.

"He does nobly; and certainly he has never been beholden to any one for my support," she added, somewhat proudly.

"Jest so," said Mr. McManus, with a reflective nodding of the head.

After a moment's intermission spent in cautiously avoiding Miss Rankine's eye, his glance again sought the ceiling, and again he spoke:

"There's some things, Miss Rankine, thet's lyin' between you and me—between you ez a woman and me ez a man—thet needs a short private converse to make 'em right and square. I kem here to-day to say them things. They're about my feelings fur you."

Miss Rankine's serious face clouded, but her eyes sought his with an earnestness of gaze that utterly discomfitted his self-possession.

"Mebbe I hadn't ought to say them words," he continued, depreciatingly, "there existin' no absolute necessity; but bearin' so directly on my feelin's, I would like fur you to listen to 'em."

The gaze continuing, Mr. McManus looked harder than ever at the ceiling, followed with the minutest interest certain cracks that marked the boarding, settled momentarily for relief on the stove, but finding no resting-place there let his glance wander aimlessly around the walls. Then his emotion overcame him and he leaned his head down on a chair, and covered his face with his hands. The chair shook in the silence that followed. Miss Rankine had never seen him thus overcome, and was greatly pained. She had understood him and was red and frightened.

"If I thought that I could help you in your trouble, it would make me very happy," she said, modestly. "And if you think it will help you to tell me this, I will gladly listen to you. But—"

He gave her a quick, thankful glance, then, with his eyes still on the floor, answered her with words that, while they set her mind at rest, were pitiable to her in their dejection.

"No, Miss Rankine, no, I never once thought of thet. I know what I am—a poor, homely, miserable, unedicated, drunken wretch, and I'm glad thet ye can't love me. Fur I know thet ef ye did I could never be worthy of you, and would only make yer life miserable. But I did love you, and I wanted you to know it, ef it was only thet ye shouldn't think of me as bein' always the fool I am now. I know ye wouldn't ha' done it knowin—"

"Do not say, Mr. McManus, that I have been the means of bringing you lower," she interrupted earnestly.

He raised his head, and partially uncovered his face, and she could see that he was smiling sadly.

"Thet's all right, Miss Rankine," he said slowly, "thet's all right, I know ye wouldn't 'a done it. I'll get along somehow, I guess; and if I don't it won't be no great loss altogether."

"No, no," she said hurriedly; then timidly, "but can you not forgive me; can you not, without me, live again a better life than you have been living?"

He interrupted her hastily:

"No, Miss Rankine, I can't do it. Some folks might, and I've tried; but I can't do it, and thet's the end of it."

"But think, Mr. McManus, think! Ought you not for your own sake, for my sake, to try and raise yourself above the level where you have fallen?"

He shook his head.

"No, Miss Rankine, no. You're the only good woman ez hez treated me respectful fur over twenty year. I thank ye fur yer good advice and yer pleasant words. You've been one thing thet's pure and religious-like to me here, and I wanted you to know it. You've done me good, and unknowin'ly you've done me harm. But knowin' myself, and how things has been goin' its somethin' not even you ken do, to make me keep straight and leave off drinkin' now."

He rose to his feet and paced nervously up and down the floor. Tearfully and with many earnest words Miss Rankine tried to reason with him. Halting suddenly before her, he said:

"Miss Rankine, when you kem to Deadman's I swore to be yer friend. There aint much use of saying it, fur mebbe I'll never see you beyond to-day; but it would please me to have you say that if ever ye get in trouble or stand where ye want help ye'll come to me for it. It'll be kind to me to say it; and, though ye may never be called on to use it, I would like fur ye to think sometimes when ye're well and happy thet there's one man at least ez, if ye was not, would give his life to make ye so."

"If that will make you happier, yes."

She extended him her hand, and he pressed it earnestly.

Stooping to extract his hat from beneath his chair, he stood and twirled it nervously.

"Miss Rankine," he said, hesitatingly, "there's one more thing I'd like to ask of you. It aint perlite or proper; but might I kiss you once before I go? I never did kiss a pure woman, and—"

There was an agitated pause. Then blushing, she replied:

"And would it really make you better, Mr. McManus?"

"Before God, it would!"

"Then you may kiss me."

Steadying himself by the chair, he stooped and kissed her. Then turning abruptly, he crossed the room, passed out through the door, closed it behind him, and left her standing.

Chapter IV.

Such was the long delayed harvest at Deadman's Bar. There were golden times, and prosperity had returned to them. The

claims were again beginning to yield bountifully. The water was abundant, and the season promised to be long and prosperous. Immigration was invited, and social lines were drawn more closely. The camp grew rich in gold, yet poor in sympathy. For some unapparent reason, forgetful of the way in which he had stood by them in the time of their necessity, a popular feeling against Mr. McManus had grown up at the Bar. He was known to be a drunkard and a gambler; he was mistrusted to be worse.

I think that these suspicions were largely due to his continued and persistent intimacy with John Rankine. As hereinbefore intimated that gentleman had failed in securing the fullest measure of public confidence at the Bar; his *infelix* reputation served to equally compromise Mr. McManus, on the ground that such a close companionship could only be ascribed to a sympathetic unity in feeling and in act.

Rankine's little irregularities had gradually grown graver and more prominent. At last his wickedness became positively inexcusable. One day he encountered a new-comer in Phelan's saloon. It is related that he engaged this stranger in a game of cards, induced him to wager large sums of money on the result, used all his arts as a gambler to fleece him of his gains, and failing, brought the game to a sudden conclusion by pocketing the stakes, with the somewhat irregular remark:

"My friend, I reckon I'll take this pot. You see, if you kept it, you might gamble with it, and perhaps get robbed. And, anyway, without it you'll have less temptation to lay yourself out in the haunts of vice. Not a word. I appreciate your feelings. Don't apologize."

Unfortunately for the stranger he failed to enter into the spirit of these remarks, and in the "apology" that followed, Rankine found it necessary to more decisively protest against the volubility of his excuses by shooting him through the head. But this feat was his last. The Bar underwent a paroxismal revulsion of virtuous feeling as violent and uncontrollable as the lawless act that gave it birth.

The murder had been entirely unprovoked. It was felt that a moral line must be drawn somewhere, and a majority favored its delineation here. Without doubt it was the general feeling that something ought to be done. But there was much diversity of opinion how sternly to exercise the vigor of the law. There were some who advocated hanging him as a certain method of virtuous gain to the camp, and a possible stop to the Cerebus of public opinion in other places.

"This yere pickin' on strangers," said Bill Gorley, "has a tendency to destroy confidence, so to speak, and is calculated to divert capital and influence away from the Bar."

But the covert feeling of sympathy existing in the bosoms of those whose vocations made them vaguely conscious that they might at any moment come under the precedent now established, prevailed over this broader view and recommended an alternative less heroic.

In point of fact, however, none of these proposals were carried into effect.

While the deliberations were still in progress it was learned that Rankine had quietly left the Bar. It was further discovered that he had taken with him his sister, Hiram McManus, and three of the best horses from the stables of the Oroville Stage Company.

Had it not been for this last item, I think that the justice of the Bar would have been satisfied by his departure, and the fugitives left to pursue their flight unmolested. But the appropriation of the horses gave new food to the general indignation. Indeed, I fear that the subjective guilt attaching to John Rankine as a shedder of human blood, fails signally in fixing upon him the degree of moral obloquy that attached to the more objective crime of horse-stealing. The whole camp now declared war.

Strict inquiry developed the information that the fugitives had taken the trail toward Quincy, which place, being high in the Sierra and consequently more remote from civilization, seemed to offer the toleration refused to them at the Bar. A committee being formed, a party of armed men started vigorously in pursuit.

But the pursued were already far upon the road. The hasty flight arranged by Mr. McManus had been successfully commenced; and, as increasing distance made caution and silence less imperative, the repressed feelings of the party found an outlet in a torrent of tears and reproaches from Miss Rankine, and a wholesale profane condemnation of affairs by her brother. Mr. McManus alone delivered no opinion. He hearkened silently to Miss Rankine's regrets that she had not died before this had happened, and to her brother's unhallowed desire that the Lord should visit the avenging Bar with the hottest and most sulphurous perdition. Yet with the crude sympathy of affection, he felt it resting on him to attempt the diversion of Miss Rankine's mind. He took to watching her with bashful, pitying eyes. Occasionally he rode to her side with an apology so obviously untrue, and facetiousness of demeanor so evidently feigned, that Miss Rankine could not but be astonished at him; while her brother, looking on silently aloof, regarded him with an inward, scornful contempt.

Later in the day, as his anxiety increased, his manner grew even more disconcerting. He became unwarrantably jocular, related funny stories, and cited to Miss Rankine, in detail, the facts of numerous excursions, varying from the flight into Egypt to a late Dogtown elopement scandal, alarmingly embarrassing in their inception, and extremely gratifying in finale as being parallels peculiarly fitting and prophetic. Once he attempted singing, as a further means of recreation and beguilement, an effort characterized by great range of key and a striking absence of melody. Miss Rankine, it is true, felt constrained to smile; but her brother spurned all attempts at sociability, grew in sulkiness, and heaped the bitterness of his increasing malevolence upon Mr. McManus's head with such wide and searching depreciation that the effort was not repeated.

The road to Quincy lay directly across the Sierra. In summer it was reckoned a three days' easy journey. But in the present early season its accomplishment was much more difficult and dangerous. At that high latitude the party soon left behind the mild spring atmosphere of the Bar, and entered upon the wintry, piercing currents of the summits. The journey became fatiguing and protracted. Toward night Mr. McManus announced the necessity of resting the tired horses to be imperative, and the party alighted.

The halting-place offered resources amply sufficient for their wants. A rude cabin supplied the shelter and seclusion necessary to Miss Rankine's comfort; and the abundance of coarse provisions set before them by its owner served fully to allay the cravings of their hunger. But physical satisfaction failed in quieting their mental discontent. Miss Rankine's hysterical symptoms were as pronounced as ever. Her brother wandered morosely about the place, and stimulated by frequent drafts of their host's whisky continued maliciously and belligerently vituperative. Later, their fatigue overcame them and gradually becoming silent they fell asleep.

Mr. McManus alone remained awake, quietly restraining his feelings, and meditating on the situation. Mr. McManus, in truth, was not at all disturbed. He cared little for the vindictiveness of the Bar, and he was happy in his proximity to Miss Rankine. As he meditated concerning her, the present close companionship with her, enjoyed even under such adverse, doubtful circumstances as banishment and exile, served to render him positively jubilant. He busied himself with watering the horses, rubbing them down, and in other ways caring for their wants, and in his thoughts found absolute contentment. The idea that any moral iniquity might attach to him as assisting in Rankine's escape possibly never occurred to him.

Yet he could not but feel uneasy at the delay necessitated by the halt. He followed with his eyes the narrow trail up over the hill into the increasing shadows; looked anxiously toward the sun setting in gray banks of clouds; gazed earnestly down the just ascended road till the darkness rolled up the valleys and blotted it from his sight; and, doing this, felt his uneasiness quicken. Sad-

dling the horses he roused the sleeping pair and they set out once more along the road. The march was commenced in silence, Mr. McManus being absorbed in his own thoughts and his companions too aggrieved or sullen to engage in conversation. They rode in single file, Miss Rankine in the middle, Mr. McManus leading, and her brother bringing up in the rear.

As the twilight deepened into darkness a chill breeze sprang up among the pines, and rocked and rustled through their shivering leaves with careful thoughtfulness. Mr. McManus insisted on removing his own outer coat and drawing it about Miss Rankine's shoulders. Yet, even this action failed in lessening the general sense of ill humor. Miss Rankine arranged the proffered garment in pettish silence, while her brother was too much astonished at this last act of gallantry to express his thoughts.

The air grew colder and more penetrating, and the road narrower and more dangerous, as the night wore on. Toward morning occasional patches of snow were passed, and before sunrise the road lay continuously over its surface. At dawn Miss Rankine slipped exhausted from her saddle and declared her inability to go further without rest. The sun rose in the short halt that followed.

The whole scene had changed as if by magic in the night. Before and around them stretched the dazzling whiteness of the snow, wrapping the forest, the gorges, and cliffs. Mr. McManus, recognizing that there was a long day's journey yet before them, that they lacked the wraps and provisions necessary for a protracted resistance of the cold, and that there was something alarmingly ominous in the leaden clouds that overcast the south, remonstrated strongly against the delay. Yet, poor as were the comforts, and scanty as was the shelter which the halt afforded, it was some hours before he could get the party again upon the road. Only when the snowflakes began to settle silently around them, and scurry in dizzy whirls about the fire, did Miss Rankine realize the danger of remaining to meet the impending storm, and essay further effort.

The line of march was silently taken up again. Slowly, and with bent head, they pushed forward through the storm. The wind increased in violence, and, lifting the snow in blinding eddies, drove it against their faces like bits of steel. The horses, unused to snow, stumbled and slipped continually. Their progress grew very slow. At length, Rankine's horse sunk in the soft snow, plunged wildly, and lay, unable to rise. Mr. McManus helped to extricate the fallen rider. He examined the recumbent animal carefully; and, turning, summed up their prospects and their misfortune in two words:

"Leg broke."

A careful survey of the vicinity disclosed a clump of trees that could furnish fuel and serve as a shelter from the wind.

"We'll camp here till the storm passes, and go on over the ridge to-morrow," explained Mr. McManus.

For some hidden reason he could not bring himself to reveal to Miss Rankine the real gravity of their position. He cautioned her brother, who of course recognized their danger.

"It'll come soon enough, if at all," he said, gloomily; "and there's no use scaring her with it now."

Mr. McManus not only entirely concealed his anxiety, but assumed to consider the whole matter in the light of a stupendous joke. His cheerfulness and bright good humor drew the party into a closer sympathy. He constructed with pine boughs and the saddles, an ingenious barricade, to further break the fury of the wind; gathered sufficient fuel from a fallen tree to build a fire; spread down the saddle blankets before the welcome blaze; and the party settled down upon them to absorb the warmth and wait for the abatement of the storm. Miss Rankine recovered so far as to engage in a rational conversation, and even her brother softened gradually into civility.

So, with much monotony and no little discomfort, the day passed over the heads of the refugees. As the night closed in around them, the wind lifted the snowy skirts of the darkness, and, tearing them in the protecting

trees, sent the drifting tatters curling and fluttering over the little camp. The fire hissed and spluttered as they fell across it.

Miss Rankine settled herself in the blankets, and worn out with fatigue, eventually fell asleep. Her brother still sat morosely by himself; and Mr. McManus, remaining awake, from time to time replenished the fire. By midnight the air grew so biting and chill that the warmth of the blaze could not ward off its attacks. Near morning John Rankine awoke, shivering and stiff. The fire had burned to a few low embers. He looked at his companions. They were apparently still asleep. Touching Mr. McManus he was surprised to find him coatless. Shaking him he found him cold and benumbed.

"Where are your clothes?" he demanded earnestly.

"Over her," said Mr. McManus, in a tone of tremulous faintness. "She was gittin' cold. But don't make a noise. Don't wake her up. Build up the fire. I'm a leetle stiff."

"You are freezing!" exclaimed Rankine.

"That's about what it is," said Mr. McManus, tremulously, as he turned his eyes toward Miss Rankine, and fainted quietly away.

Quickly replenishing the fire, Rankine awoke his sister. By their anxious efforts the sufferer's consciousness was restored. Conventionality was forgotten. They crept close to each other and, drawing the blankets around them, endeavored by bodily contact to sustain the necessary warmth.

Morning came but brought them no relief. It still brought the snow, however, and the driving wind. Then John Rankine, tending the fire, noticed that the fuel was fast disappearing beneath the encroaching drifts. A sudden fear rose in his heart, but he concealed it from his companions. Later, the time came when there was no more fuel to be procured, and when looking into the fast blackening embers, they all realized the truth. They said little; but Mr. McManus, with quiet tenderness, drew the thin blankets more closely about Miss Rankine.

Toward noon they found themselves too numb for effort, and the wind, wrestling fiercely with the blanket, gradually carried it away. As its last fold slipped through their stiffened fingers, Mr. McManus drew closer to Miss Rankine and said with decision:

"Put your arms around me."

She complied with difficulty. And so, half sheltering her with his body, and pillowing his head upon her breast, he relapsed again into silence, and a great quiet fell upon the camp. The trees bent down as if to shelter them. The wind swept in across the barricade, crept over them reverently, and then hurried on, sobbing and moaning as if in pity. The snow sifted silently in and mercifully covered them in its spotless fold.

They did not speak all that afternoon, nor did they rouse when the sound of hoofs and horses stirred the stillness of the camp. It was the vigilantes. But justice was forgotten, and only mercy ruled. John Rankine, lying a little apart from the others, was already dead. But his companions still clung to each other, and to life. As with tender hands they tried to draw them apart, Mr. McManus opened his eyes.

"The woman's alive too," said one.

"Alive," he echoed, faintly, a smile flitting momentarily across his features. "And Jack?"

"Dead."

The face of the dying man grew grave.

"Thet's right, though," he said feebly. "The boys wanted to—tell 'em I did it," he continued with a smile. "Tell 'em I took him away—tell 'em thet I've saved the Bar—and—"

He fell back, and, with his head still pillowed on the breast of the woman he loved, and his frozen arms still clinging to her body as a child might clasp a beloved sister, fell quietly asleep. WARREN CHENEY.

THE END.

A BOHEMIAN IN AN AZTEC CASTLE.

A residence of six weeks in the City of Mexico was sufficient to dispel much of the delusion under which Marion and I had abandoned our Californian homes. It was not all a bed of roses, Guatemotzin's assumption to the contrary notwithstanding, and one by one our hopes and expectations dwarfed and faded away. Silver dollars did not grow upon the trees, nor could we find any golden *onzas* lying about the streets. Furthermore it became necessary to eat quite as frequently as in less romantic climes, and a bed is a pleasant thing.

"Why do you not go to work?" said a portly native to whom Marion one day hinted that we were needy.

Work indeed! Had we not scoured the town in search of employment? Was there anything from charcoal heaving up to a seat in the Mexican Congress that had escaped our attention? As for mercantile positions, our hopes in that direction were blighted early. It did not take six weeks to learn that one requires more influence to secure such a place than it takes to procure a government appointment at Washington. Trades we had none, and as common laborers, even if employment offered, we could not earn enough to buy one square meal a day. Strangers in a strange land, without influence, friends or money, blank stagnation in the business world, and all doors closed in our faces by the conservative customs of the country, we began to be in want, and hunger stared us in the face.

Nor was there any way to dodge the issue. Like our illustrious predecessor of three centuries before upon the sands of Vera Cruz, we had burned our ships behind us, and there was no retreat. Day after day saw our scanty pile grow scantier, until one afternoon Marion came up stairs, and seating himself at the opposite side of the stand on which I was writing, informed me that we were "broke."

It is not easy, however, while life and health remain, to entirely dishearten youths of our age. "Broke" is a hard word, in significance as well as in grammar, but in our case, at least, it did not express utter bankruptcy. There was still some pride and spirit left, not to mention a few personal effects, pawnable; and when we recalled our vainglorious boasts on leaving home, and the light estimate which had been placed upon the advice and warning of loving friends, it was resolved then and there to see the adventure out, and ask no odds of friend or stranger.

That night we remained supperless in our room, and spent the long evening writing letters home. How those letters, if they ever reached their destination, must have gladdened the hearts of anxious friends three thousand miles away! It had been predicted that we would lose our scalps before being twenty-four hours on Mexican soil. One venerable friend had gravely assured us that we would starve to death. Various and dire were the disasters which awaited us in this far land where the bandit and the *pronunciado* held sway. But here we were safe and sound and happy! Tenochtitlan, the city of the gods, was a glorious place, with its snow-capped mountains and balmy air. The people were picturesque and kind, and a dozen broad and flowery roads to prosperity lay before us, inviting us to enter. "Forgive this short letter," Marion wrote to his aged mother, after devoting a number of pages to our flattering prospects: "We dined this evening with the Australian Consul, and are a little tired and sleepy." I added a postscript endorsing the lie, and after comparing notes, and laughing ourselves hoarse, we went to bed.

Marion mortgaged his watch next day to a Spanish Jew, and from the proceeds thereof we were enabled to pay another week's room rent in advance at the *Hotel Nacional*, and there remained upon our hands a surplus of two dollars. This lasted but a few days, and once again solemn impecuniosity looked in at the doorway. During the earlier and more confident days of our sojourn in the great capital we had eaten only at the first-class resturants and *cafés*, all oblivious of future humiliation. Rare dishes and French wines often graced our board, and it was an especial pleasure to frequently gladden the heart of the obsequious waiter by gifts of coin. But "what a fall was there!" By slow yet sure gradations we had come to know where coffee might be had at six and a quarter cents a cup. There was a little *fonda*, or eating-house, on an alley-way leading out from the *Cinco de Mayo* to the *Plaza de Armas*, which afterwards became illustrious in our traditions. It was kept by a stalwart Indian maiden whose two brothers acted as waiters, and here chocolate or coffee with steaming *tomales* were sold for a *medio*. Impelled by stern necessity, Marion and I had patronized this place of late, and now, in our emergency, we naturally recurred to it.

"Would it not be possible," I suggested, "to ogle this dusky damsel into giving us a little credit?"

"She had smiled upon us a number of times as we passed in our small coins for coffee, and, emboldened by the recollection, it was determined to essay the experiment. Marion resumed the responsibility of spokesman and stated our case in a few brief words. She listened kindly, and was pleased when he called her *encantadora;* but alas for our hopes and the aching voids within us!

She did a cash business.

If, however, we had some such collateral as a watch, an overcoat or a guitar to leave with her as a pledge of good faith, she would not object to allowing us a reasonable amount of time. Saddened at this new evidence of the sordid practical in dreamy Mexico, we went back to our room and took an account of stock. It was not extensive. A few necessary articles of clothing, a little jewelry and my silver-mounted flute. The latter article seemed most available. It lay on the open music-book where Marion had last been playing *andante*. It was our one solace. How many lonely hours it had helped beguile, and how often its plaintive tone had voiced the homesick yearnings which came with the night and the stillness. Marrion took it up gently and played a few notes from the old college song:

"O, think of the days over there."

But it was not a time for sentiment. Twenty-four hours had elapsed since the cravings of the inner man had been appeased, and so the flute was borne away and stood up among the bottles and jars behind the Indian woman's counter. "Sold for a mess of pottage," it seemed to say, as it looked reproachfully down upon us from its ignoble eminence; but redemption there was none, and for many a long day it stood there uttering its silent but ineffectual protest. For a week we ate in peace and then the brown damsel levied another assessment. The flute was lonesome, she said, and something of further value must be placed beside it. This we regarded as a notice to quit, and returned no more.

But we were not yet done with the business-like proprietress. Her brothers, the waiters, were trained and carefully instructed to lie in wait for us on all occasions, and demand the cash redemption of the flute. These brothers appeared to be aided and abbetted by two or three outside barbarians whom we had not before seen, and for weeks we were haunted and harassed and hunted down by these indefatigable agents. They met us and dunned us on the street and in the hotel, in church and *fonda* and public square, until we finally became desperate and threatened to kill the next man who should venture to broach the subject. This dire threat was delivered with such apparent goodwill to the unfortunate Aztec who last approached us that he went off green with apprehension and must have communicated his fear to his companions, for we were troubled

no more from that day forward, nor did we again see the brown-limbed Amazon until months later, when we went to redeem the flute and reaffirm our integrity. Marion has since declared his belief that it was the spirit of the dishonored and indignant flute which prompted our persecution. But the flute would never say, and we could only be sure that its voice was a little plaintive grown since its return from captivity.

Troubles now began to gather thick and fast about us. It was no longer possible to pay the room rent, and we were told to "skip." One by one our remaining personal effects were turned over to the Spanish Jew, and for several weeks we lived in the most uncertain and migratory manner. An occasional opportunity would present itself to earn a few dollars by translating newpaper paragraphs for the native journals, and once our hearts were gladdened by the receipt of a small remittance from a San Francisco daily; but these rays of sun-light were few and far between.

Our only disinterested friends were a number of students attending the law and military colleges. These young fellows, like ourselves, and like the great mass of students everywhere, were proverbially impecunious. All that they had, however, was free as water. Occasionally one of them would "resurrect" a quarter or a half and send it to us. For days at a time we did not know where the next meal was coming from, nor where we would rest our heads at night. As good fortune would have it, however, actual want never overtook us. Something always turned up at the last moment to relieve the immediate distress. It was vacation time and a number of the students were nearly always in our company. These light-hearted fellows were proof against all low spirits, and many a merry lark we had on short allowance and empty pockets. Twenty-five cents was frequently made to furnish a meal for the crowd, and at night five or six of us often accommodated ourselves to one small bed. Some one would first go up alone to the hotel and hire a room. It was generally one of the cheapest and at the top of the house. The rest would then drop in one by one and dispose of themselves as best they could. The bed clothes were divided, one mattress was dragged out upon the floor, lots were cast for the softest places, and all was soon quiet. It was generally more difficult to get out on the following morning unobserved than to enter the room, but no landlord ever made us any serious trouble, although we were a number of times detected in this doubling up process. It is presumed by the fraternity that such things must be, in this neighbor land of ours The weather fortunately continued warm and pleasant during this time of trial, and our days were spent comfortably in the parks and public gardens. Unlimited leisure was ours, if not unmixed with care, and there were public libraries, and a thousand new things to study and think about. A hard school it was, to be sure, but one not altogether void of beneficial results.

There is no knowing, however, what might have been the outcome of this anomalous state of affairs had not an unforeseen occurrence brought about a welcome change. This event was no other than the arrival at the capital of an old time school-mate and friend, General M——, from the coffee groves of Colima. He came as the representative of his State in the National Mexican Congress, and his position was one of influence and honor. But a few years before he and Marion and I had studied irregular conjugations from the same book, under the spreading trees of the old Oakland College School. Immediately interesting himself in our behalf a happy change was soon effected in our circumstances, and long and gratefully will his many kindnesses be treasured up in the memory of the writer.

At this time the Castle of Chapultepec was undergoing repairs, and its historic halls were unoccupied save by a few guards and their families. This structure, so famous in the romance and history of our sister republic, crowns a rocky hill situated about three miles west of the city. Its surroundings, and the view to be had from its summit are unsurpassed for beauty, and the traditions and legends of a poetry-loving people have been

woven about it for centuries. Years ago, when the waters of lake Texcoco washed its base, it was the resort of the battle-scared Aztec warriors returning from their campaigns. Later it became a fortress, and then the site of a school, under the republican *regime.* The presidents and rulers of Mexico have often made of it a suburban retreat, and the unhappy prince, Maximilian, spent much of his time here, beautifying and laying out the grounds. Americans remember it as the scene of the last desperate struggle of the campaign of '47. Hundreds still live who witnessed the bloody fight that day, from the city house-tops, and many are the stirring tales I have heard of gallant deeds performed when the slopes of this lovely mound ran red with blood and the woods below were a sheet of flame.

In our numerous rambles in and around Chapultepec, Marion and I had frequently discussed the possibility of obtaining lodgings within its walls, but the permission of those high in authority being necessary to secure this end, the project had been abandoned as almost hopeless. For our new found friend, however, it was an easy matter to procure for us the necessary permit, and Marion came rushing up to me one evening with a mysterious blue document in his hands which proved to be an order upon the warden of the castle for a room *sans* lucre, and the license and liberty of the grounds.

To be transferred thus suddenly from the Arab life of the noisy streets to the halls of Montezuma seemed incredible! The students were called together, and an orgie planned. No more dodging angry landlords; no more skipping about under the mellow moon without where to lay our heads; no more doleful naps on cold stone floors with our overcoats for winding sheets; but, in place of all this, the shades of heroes, and the galleries where emperors had held high revel! Unlike our predecessors, baggageless and without ceremony, we assumed possession of our royal quarters. The dishonored flute still stood among the plates and bottles of the vandal coffee house, and the clutch of the Spanish Jew was upon our chattels. But what of that? Kings before had been in debt, and ours was not the temper to be depressed at trifles. Consistency was no jewel in our code of ethics; and, if it had been, we would have pawned it long ago. In this respect at least we did not differ from the other crowned heads of the world.

For six long happy weeks our reign was undisturbed. Marion went daily to the city where our generous friend had found him work, but I remained at home. My royal province was to cook, make the beds, and clean the house; but with these cares upon me there was still time to read and dream and study. Day after day I stretched myself along the sunny slopes, or wandered, book in hand, beneath the forest arches which extend away from the castle base to *Molino del Rey.* At night, after Marion's return, it was our custom to pace the long corridors overlooking the valley. What glorious sunsets we saw from those old gray walls, and how the veil of enchantment hovered over the world beneath as the hazy shadows shifted over lake and forest, and and finally climbed the snow peaks far beyond! No pen can describe this wondrous valley. Like Irving, dreaming away his time in the deserted Alhambra, our days and nights were filled with romantic novelty. Every rock and tree and cave had its historic interest, and its tale of wonder. There were many relics of the unhappy empress, Carlotta. In the chamber, next to the one we occupied, stood her grand piano, its lids closed down and locked, and the dust lying heavy upon its damask cover. The baths which Maximilian had built for her remained as she had left them at the base of the southern cliff. There were paintings and statuary, and coats of arms. But we took little pleasure in them. An air of desolation was about them, suggestive of empty pageantry, and the folly of human ambition.

The students were our frequent and most welcome guests during these royal days. Many a night when the owls were hooting in the woods beneath did the halls of the old castle ring with such "high jinks" as kings be-

fore ne'er dreamed of. The songs that were sung and the tales that were told must live forever in our memories of Chapultepec. I was the only American among these merry revelers, and it was declared one night in solemn conclave that my presence was a profanation. We had been discussing the war of '46, and a dozen fiery eyes were upon me. It so happened that we were sitting at the time on the rocky slope where the invaders had made their last victorious charge. Suddenly, and without warning, I was seized from behind. The time for vengeance had arrived. No descendant of Yankee vandals should desecrate the soil made sacred by the blood of patriots. Dragging me downward over the battle-ground and into the woods I was told to prepare for death. There was one alternative, and only one. Their anger would be appeased if I should climb on hands and knees up the rocky incline where my countrymen had charged thirty years before. The heroic within me came uppermost, and I declined the alternative. And then these angry youths turned and bore me on their shoulders up the slope.

Six happy weeks—and then our reign was over. But the street and the angry landlord were destined to know us no more forever.

D. S. Richardson.

IN KANSAS WITH JOHN BROWN.

Kansas, in the year 1856—still a territory of the United States, with a scattered population of a few thousand—presented to the eye of the traveler quite a different picture from that which now greets his gaze. Nearly a million of industrious, thrifty and happy people now cultivate those fertile prairies, which then showed an almost unbroken expanse of waving wild grass, variegated along the frequent streams by the darker fringe of sycamore and willow, and walnut, and cottonwood—a virgin land, beautiful in its maiden loveliness, great in its promise of future power. Never was so tempting a prize held up before the longing eye of Gladiator or Olympian wrestler, as greeted the vision of the men of the North and the men of the South, when they journeyed over the rolling prairies, and the black, rich, fat bottom-lands. And with what different sentiments they regarded this fair expanse, the one filled with the determination of planting there the institution of slavery, the other equally determined its soil should be consecrated to freedom.

Among the latter the writer had the fortune to be. From earliest childhood—long before the clarion voice of Wendell Phillips, the earnest pleas of Gerritt Smith, the logic of William Lloyd Garrison, the songs of Quaker Whittier, or the phillippics of Greeley, had awakened the slumbering moral sense of the nation; while yet the dying moan of the martyred Lovejoy was resounding through the land—had echoed through the chambers of memory, the prayers of a father who, morning and evening, never forgot to include this among his petitions:

"Remember, in mercy, the poor, oppressed slave; and O, God! strike off the shackles from his limbs, and the chains from his hands."

Was it strange that when an opportunity presented itself to *do* something toward accomplishing this purpose he should have been found on the plains of Kansas?

It was thus that after having been present at the invasion of Lawrence, and having been engaged in some slight though exciting adventures, one evening in July, of the year before mentioned, while seated at supper, clattering hoofs announced a messenger in haste. In those troubled times the ear was quick, the action prompt, at the lonely settler's cabin. A minute sufficed to assure the two stalwart sons of the settler, as well as myself, that a friend was coming. That friend prov-

ed to be Mayor Hoyt, an enthusiastic Free State man, who, but a few weeks afterward, was waylaid and basely murdered by our treacherous enemy. A few words, hurriedly spoken, announced that we were wanted; that Captain Brown had had a fight; had captured a number of prisoners; that they were encamped but a few miles distant; that his men were worn out; that more business might be ahead; and that we must join him at once, with horse and rifle. The three recruits were not long preparing, and were soon spurred, armed, mounted, and on their way to the place where "The Captain," as he was then designated, was reported to be encamped, some ten miles away. But it was near night when the start was made, and darkness came on with double rapidity, by reason of a thunder-shower which was impending.

Did you ever experience, on the far western prairie, a regular old-fashioned thunder-storm? If not, no description I may attempt will furnish an adequate idea of it, especially to a denizen of California, a land which has been denied by Nature this manifestation of her sublimity. A thunder-storm in the mountains is terrific, grand, impressive. The thunder rolls and reverberates from each mountain-side to its neighbor, tumbling and echoing till the ear is benumbed by the continuous roar, broken in upon, ever and anon, by new peals, which seem to add to the volume, till all nature resounds again. The air is aglow with ever renewed light, and the sounds and the sights fill one with a sense of grandeur and awe, which makes man appear, even to himself, the puny, insignificant creature which he really is in the presence of the great forces of the universe. But a storm on the plains is different. There the thunder only echoes among the clouds, forming a deep diapason to the livelier music. The crackling, sparkling, vicious *snap* of the electric discharge, sometimes comes with a crash like the breaking of a million shelves of crockery, all at once; then deafening one by a sharp explosion which threatens to split the tympanum; while, under all, runs the deep bass drone of the cloud-reverberations and echoes. The air is on fire. It glows. One flash laps into another. Nature runs riot in the exuberance of effervescence, as the flames leap, and sparkle and crackle. If the mountain storm is impressive, that on the plain is appalling in its intensity.

It was *this* kind of a storm we had that night.

After a weary wandering tramp we realized that we were lost on the prairie; and finally our little party dismounted and sat down on our saddles. We could not lie down upon the soaked ground. There was nothing for us but to wait for the dawn, which, when it came, disclosed the fact that we were within a mile of the camp we were seeking.

A tall, slender, quick-eyed, iron-gray, erect, close-shaven, intense-looking man, with that peculiar shaped face we call lantern-jawed, and a nasal intonation from time immemorial associated with puritanism, greeted the quartette of recruits.

"I am glad you came, for the boys are pretty well fagged out."

To tell the truth, we were little better, though we would not have acknowledged the fact in the presence of the party of nineteen who had the day before surrounded and captured on the open prairie twenty-six well armed and mounted men. So we went on guard, without a murmur, and I had the honor of being placed immediately in charge of Captain Henry Clay Pate, the commander of the captured party, who, by the way, was afterwards killed while serving as colonel in the rebel army, in one of the battles in front of Richmond, Virginia, of which State he was a native.

And here let me remark that not one of the later pictures of old John Brown that I have ever seen gives to me the slightest impression of the man, as he then appeared. All these depict him with the entire lower face covered with a heavy gray beard. Doubtless this was correct when the likenesses were taken in Virginia, for he allowed his beard to grow subsequently to the time of which I speak; *but this was not John Brown of Osawatomie!* Beardless as a priest, hollow-cheeked as a hermit, as he stood that

morning with eyes as gray as the glinting of the dawn, and a single-barreled spy-glass slung across his shoulder, it was evident his vigil had not been broken. This was the first time I ever saw Old John Brown.

At about eleven o'clock on that day there was excitement in camp. A body of horsemen had been descried, making their way straight for our bivouac, which, by the way, was located in the timber-belt fringing the beautiful little stream called Ottawa Creek. The Captain, accompanied by one or two trusty followers, started out to reconnoiter, the before mentioned single-barreled marine glass being brought into requisition. I well remember the humorous side of this incident, particularly the gravity of the man; and his ludicrous appearance as he carried the novel weapon struck me then as a little grotesque. At all events the glass must have been a good one, for while yet the cavalcade was miles away, we were informed that the new comers were regular soldiers of the United States. Half an hour more, and Colonel E. V. Sumner, at the head of two squadrons of the First Dragoons, was within the confines of our camp, and soon he, with a few officers and orderlies, rode into our midst.

The remembrance of General Sumner has not yet faded from the memories of many readers of this article. Noble in his presence as he was true in his loyalty to his flag and his country, California owes more to his decisive, prompt, silent, effective action than she will ever repay by honors to his memory. How well do I remember that gray haired veteran, as with erect, soldier-like mien, grand air, and a smile that illumined his whole face, irradiating even his distinguished mustache, as he looked upon the pitiable prisoners, huddled together, and guarded by the sturdy followers of John Brown.

"Well, Captain Brown," said he, "you have been doing quite a business here, I see."

"Well, Colonel," said the Captain, "you see it is not my fault"; and he proceeded to tell the officer the reasons for taking up arms.

During the whole interview, which lasted probably half an hour, the utmost courtesy was shown to Captain Brown, in marked contrast with Colonel Sumner's manner towards Captain Clay Pate. The old soldier could not conceal his disgust at a man who would surrender twenty-six men to nineteen on the open prairie. Pate endeavored with considerable pertinacity to secure the return of the horses and arms, which he and his men had brought up with them from Missouri, and which were in the possession of their captors. In pursuance of duty Colonel Sumner ordered the Captain to turn over to these men their horses and arms.

"Now, Colonel Sumner," said John Brown, "I can't undertake to return every man his jack-knife."

"Never mind, Captain," said the veteran; "in good faith—in good faith, sir—find all you can, and return these men their property. I will see that they do not trouble you further."

And so, on that sunny, summer morning John Brown's company was dispersed, by the authority of the United States Government, personated by that brave Sumner, who, but a few short years later laid down his own life in defense of the self-same cause he that day apparently opposed in the line of duty. Gallant, glorious General Sumner! as true to the cause of Freedom as your name-sake and kinsman who so worthily wore the toga of Senator; champion of the oppressed, who never faltered in your devotion to the cause of human liberty—how shall your country requite your services? How shall the race you helped to disenthrall repay your devotion? The names of the Sumners, with Lincoln and Garrison, and Wilberforce and Gerritt Smith, and John Brown will be remembered among the dusky-faced men whose cause they espoused, so long as human gratitude shall find lodgment in honest hearts, or tradition tell of their unselfish heroism.

But to return. We dispersed. John Brown went southward, the recruits homeward; and Henry Clay Pate, with his crest-fallen company, back to Missouri. When he reached

Westport, he epigrammatically said to a friend:

"I went up to Kansas to take John Brown, and John Brown took me!"

But I am very much afraid, in addition to his failure to capture the man he went after, that he went back on foot, as well; for when it came to a search for the captured horses of the Missourians, only one sore-backed old pony could be found; and somehow the rifles and shotguns had also mysteriously disappeared, which was doubtless the reason why Henry Clay Pate and his men slowly, sadly, and in silence, walked back sixty miles to Westport, escorted and protected by the blue-coated soldiers of Uncle Sam. The skirmish to which I have alluded above is known in Kansas history as the Battle of Black Jack, the affair having occurred near a post-office of that name.

I did not see John Brown again until the action which is called the Battle of Osawatomie.

To relate how I happened to be at this fight (pardon me if I use the first person singular too freely) it will be necessary to remind the reader that just before this event an invasion of Kansas was planned and threatened by a large force under the lead of "Dave" Atchison, a prominent politician of Western Missouri. The destruction of Lawrence was one of the avowed objects of the expedition. James H. Lane, who was recognized as the leader of the Free State Forces and General of its little army, had information of the preparations, and desired to avail himself of the aid of John Brown in his counsels, as well as of the rifles of his faithful company. Having a good mount, I had the honor of being selected to carry the dispatches, recalling Captain Brown to Lawrence from the vicinity of Mound City, about seventy-five miles distant, where he was supposed to be. I was instructed to secure an escort of half-a-dozen true and well-mounted men, and start at once. On the 29th of August, about ten miles south of the village of Osawatomie, marching northward, towards Lawrence, a little scouting party, consisting of five, one of whom was Fred Brown, the youngest son of the Captain, met the company. The dispatches having been delivered, we rode along, chatting with him and his men for some distance, and then came on in advance, his command being in heavy marching order, encumbered with wagons and other impediments. He was to remain in Osawatomie that night, where there was a good block-house. This was the day following the one we had left Lawrence. Fred Brown had ridden most of the way by my side, and that night we slept together at the cabin of a settler about two miles from Osawatomie. Sleep was sound after a hard day's ride. And when my companion, who was an early riser, offered to feed the horses, at a little after daybreak, I made no objection, and soon was wrapped in sleep again—but not for long. The crack of rifles at no great distance brought me out of bed in a trice. Half-dressed, with rifle and revolver, I tumbled down from the loft of the cabin, and the sight which presented itself was not reassuring. The guns I had heard were those which had killed my late bedfellow, and twenty or more horsemen were trotting down towards the house. Luckily for myself and one other of the party, the house was near the edge of the timber, and in the face of such odds the only resource was to attempt to reach it. In this endeavor Garrison, a young Ohioan, was killed. Cutter, a bright, young fellow from Massachusetts, received five charges of buckshot, though he afterwards recovered, a cripple; while one other besides the writer was able to escape scathless.

Now, John Brown had with him when we met his command about thirty men. The force which my little detachment had encountered was the advance guard of a force of pro-slavery men, numbering over three hundred. So the odds were a little disheartening. What I feared most, however, was that the Captain might be surprised just as we had been, and so, like a race-horse I sped down through the timber, to alarm the camp. The way, however, was roundabout, and the underbrush, in some places, dense. The open prairie did not strike me as being

particularly healthful, after recent experiences; and so, before I reached the town I could hear the sharp hiss of bullets, as well as the roar of artillery, for, knowing there was a block-house, the enemy had brought a couple of field pieces. When I reached the field our men were posted behind trees in the edge of the timber. The enemy were battering away at the block-house from which our men had retired, and a line of skirmishers were peppering away at a respectful distance, though there was very little for them to shoot at. After a while a movement was made which would flank our handful of men if successful, and which would have resulted in our capture, or more probably massacre. And so, with pistol in hand, in his shirt-sleeves, without his spy-glass, John Brown gave the order:

"Boys, we've got to get across the creek —but don't hurry—fire as you fall back."

The Missourians never tried to cross the creek, which indeed, was a very respectable stream—the Marias des Cygnes—and probably had good reasons. Thus ended the Battle of Osawatomie. Besides the two men killed of the scouting party, and one wounded, only two Free State men were hurt, while the enemy carried in wagons, returning to Missouri, more than thirty dead and wounded men. The fight lasted about two and one-half hours, and was chiefly notable for the great disparity in the numbers engaged. But it did more to show the Free State men their strength, and inspire confidence in themselves, than any event which had transpired during that eventful summer. If thirty or forty of our men could hold at bay a force of ten to one, why should we falter? So all felt, and every man renewed his vows as a Crusader of Freedom.

I saw John Brown many times afterwards during that exciting summer campaign. Moreover, I often heard him pray. If you don't know what it means to "wrestle with the Lord in prayer," you should have heard Captain John Brown. He didn't mince matters a bit. He told the Lord what he wanted, and then he begged the Lord to do it; he cried aloud that it might be done; he implored that it be done; and done quickly; right away. I heard one of the company say that "The old Captain could just pray the roof right off the top of a house." If God did not hear such prayers and answer them, I'm afraid there is not much use for ordinary people to try to make their supplications heard.

It was about three years afterwards, while engaged in my avocation as a journalist that a messenger came to me from John Brown. Were I to mention the name of the messenger many would recognize it. I was cautiously asked if I wished to join a desperate, forlorn hope, under the leadership of the "Old Man," where the chances of death were greater than those of victory—an undertaking which had for its object the blotting out of American slavery. In strictest confidence, which at that time and among our men was inviolable, I was given the conception of a raid into East Tennessee, an appeal to the slaves to strike for their freedom—a torch lighted in the midst of the South, a shaft aimed at the head of the monster Slavery. This plan, modified, as it afterwards was, so that the first blow should be struck in Virginia instead of Tennessee, was known months before its attempted execution to a few. The men who were engaged in it, most of whom lost their lives in the desperate venture, were nearly all personally known to me, and a nobler band of ardent, fiery young heroes, with an enthusiasm born of youth, and the courage of conviction, never drew brand in defense of the right. Kagi, and Cook, and Thompson, and Taylor, and the Coppics, and the rest perished. Their graves are unknown; their very identity scarcely remembered. But with the grass that grew over their heads there sprang armies into existence—a thousand men for every blade—destined to carry on and complete the work they had begun. And Old John Brown was the head, and the heart, and the soul of that little band of martyrs, the most glorious martyr of them all.

I was not personally cognizant of the events in Virginia in 1859. The man of Osawatomie did not capture Virginia with his eight-

een followers. This time Virginia took him. History—a bright, blazing, beautiful, brilliant page of history, a page which will still grow brighter as the centuries roll on—tells how John Brown fought, how he died; and song goes further and tells us what his soul is doing now.

And, right here, I will relate an incident of that sorrowful tragedy, the execution of Old John Brown, which I am sure has never been told to the public, and is known to but few people now living.

In the ranks of the Free State men, at the time of which I have been speaking—in 1856—there was a young man named Charles Lenhart; Charley, everybody called him. Now, Charles was a ne'er-do-well, wild, whisky-loving fellow, with such habitual good nature that he never would harm a kitten—at least, so everybody of his acquaintance thought. He would get merry as often as—perhaps sometimes a little oftener than—occasion presented itself; but he seemed under all circumstances, to be pervaded by one idea, and that was devotion to Old John Brown and his cause. It was noticed, that if any business of importance was on hand, Charley was always sober, and it was only when all was quiet that he would indulge in his cups. Charley was a pressman in one of the printing offices in Lawrence—a tall, black-eyed, lithe specimen of the Western American youth, a dead shot with pistol or rifle, as supple as an Indian, and as tireless. Charley was too dissipated to possess the full confidence of the "Old Cap.," a fact which grieved him much; and when the list was made up for Harper's Ferry his name was not there; for the leader did not know that Charley could control his appetite when necessary. There was no doubt as to his trustworthiness; but the work then in hand demanded not only strong arms and brave hearts, but cool heads. The time of trial came, and singular to relate, on the night before the execution of John Brown, the sentry who stood guard at the door of his cell, was none other than Charley Lenhart. An hour or two before daybreak, a few hurried words were spoken to the old man—an offer to exchange clothing and places made. The proffered chance was firmly, sternly refused. Charley implored him to make the attempt to escape, but the answer was:

"It is hopeless—I never should get away, and you would only suffer. No—not a word more, my time has come, and you shall not uselessly sacrifice your life for me."

And thus the gallant young devotee, disheartened and disappointed, foiled in his well-planned attempt by the conscientiousness of its object, was next day in the ranks of the militia which stood around the place of execution. History does not tell us, but we may well imagine the eye of the old hero wandering along the ranks of the guard, till it caught the responsive glance of his devoted follower, and inspired by that sympathetic look, death lost its worst pang. Charles Lenhart fills an unknown, forgotten grave somewhere in the wilds of Arkansas, where he died as a brave and true soldier of the Union. He had, upon hearing of the ill-success of the expedition into Virginia, started at once, with the determination to liberate his old chief, or perish in the effort. The skill with which he planned to get on guard at the cell door on the night before the execution, and the arrangements he made for the escape, attest his faithfulness to his old leader, as well as the reckless daring of his nature.

And now, before closing these reminiscences. I propose, briefly to consider a question—often raised in my hearing—which I feel indignant at hearing answered save in one way. Indeed, when I hear some well-intentioned person affect to disbelieve in the sanity of Old John Brown, I can scarcely credit such an one with sincerity.

Was John Brown crazy? Was his noble self-abnegation, his self-sacrifice, the reflex action of a mind diseased; of mental powers gone astray; of a brain dazed and darkened? From personal knowledge of his hard common-sense, his steadiness of purpose, his undeviating and unrelaxing effort, his systematic adaptation of means to secure his ends, his piety, his vivid consciousness that he had a mission to fulfill, involving, in all

probability the shedding of his own, as well as others' blood—from these considerations, no less than from his fixed determination to *do* some thing towards enfranchising a down-trodden race rather than *talk* about doing it, I feel it as absurd to presume his mind unsound as that of John the Baptist, Martin Luther, or John Rogers—were it not for shocking the feelings of some, I would go further, and say: or that of the Man of Sorrows, of whom the Scribes and Pharisees constantly said, "He hath a devil!" And, is it not possible that among the people in Jerusalem, the baser sort of whom only composed the mob which howled "Crucify Him," there were many good (?) and charitable (?) souls who mildly deprecated the violence of the cruel and devilish throng?—*respectable* people, who significantly tapped their foreheads, and said: "A little touched here." Poor souls! They thought themselves tolerant and even generous, and philanthropic when, as He who bore the world's goal of sin passed their doors, they deigned to excuse his unselfish enduring of contumely and pain and death by the plea of insanity! Did not the monk-ridden Germans of the time of the great reformer in their blind fanaticism, with their eyes closed and their ears sealed to an appreciation of the higher motives which may influence human action, stoutly asseverate that Martin Luther had sold his soul to the evil one?—and that he was possessed with devils? And that swarthy hero, that undaunted soldier, who, in defense of the rights of his race, defied the power of the great Napoleon; who, deserted by his Generals, still in his mountain fastnesses, maintained a desperate resistance, only yielding to the basest of treachery—has Toussaint L'Ouverture escaped the charge of madness?

An old saying has it that "All Poets are mad." Yes—wherever in mortal man the divine spark flashes forth upon a dark world, stamping the possessor as above the common-place; when a great soul appears, whose goodness shines as transcendently above the common, as the electric-candle surpasses the gas-jet; when genius casts abroad its brilliant, though sometimes erratic ray, the world is ready to cry, "Mad as a March hare." It was so with Sherman, who, at the beginning of the war, for making a well-considered estimate of the number of men required to occupy Kentucky, which estimate was afterwards found to be prophetic in its correctness, gained among fools the soubriquet of "Crazy Sherman," and half the people of the country expected at any moment that they should read in the morning papers that he had been put in a straight jacket. For all that he marched to the sea, and the reason why some of his senseless critics have not been placed in mad-houses, is that "the Lord never taketh away what he doth not give."

But there is testimony from an enemy, which expresses more clearly than any words of mine John Brown's mental condition at the time of his capture. The witness is Governor Henry A. Wise of Virginia, who, upon his return to Richmond, after his visit to the wounded captain, thus publicly spoke concerning him:

> "They are themselves mistaken who take him to be a madman. He is a bundle of the best nerves I ever saw, cut and thrust, and bleeding and in bonds. He is a man of clear head, of courage, fortitude, and ample ingenuousness. He is cool, collected and indomitable, and it is but fair to him to say that he was human to his prisoners, as attested to me by Col. Washington; and he inspired me with great trust in his integrity as a man of truth. He professes to be a Christian in communion with the Congregational Church of the North, and openly preaches his purpose of universal emancipation, and the negroes themselves were to be the agents by means of arms, led on by white commanders. And Colonel Washington says he was the coolest and firmest man he ever saw in defying danger and death. With one son dead by his side and another shot through, he felt the pulse of his dying son, and held his rifle with the other, and commanded his men with the utmost composure, encouraging them to be firm, and sell their lives as dearly as they could. He is the gamest man I ever saw."

And what said Vallandigham, who was one of the first Northern men to visit Harper's Ferry, and who, after an interview with the Captain, as he lay on the floor of the engine house, all grimed and smutched with powder-

smoke, wounded, his hair and beard matted and tangled with blood?

"It is vain to underrate either the man or the conspiracy. Captain John Brown is as brave a man as ever headed an insurrection; and, in a good cause, with a sufficient force, would have been a consummate partisan commander. He has coolness, daring, persistency, the stoic faith and patience, and a firmness of will and purpose unconquerable. He is the *fartherest possible remove* from the ordinary ruffian, fanatic, or madman. Certainly, it was one of the best planned and best executed conspiracies that ever failed."

John Brown was no candidate for Bedlam. His was the *mens sana in corpore sano.* If he was a hero, he should not be pitied by fools as a lunatic. If he was not understood he should not, without a protest, be slandered as insane. John Brown knew what he was about.

The oppressed peoples of the earth should never forget their obligations to their champions. France alone of all the nations has reared a fitting monument to the martyr John Brown. And Victor Hugo, a Frenchman, has rendered him the noblest literary tribute. The time will come, perhaps years hence, perhaps centuries hence, when the cultured, polished, refined, enlightened descendants of the sable race John Brown fought and died to liberate, shall, in marble and bronze, in song, in tragedy, in romance, glorify his achievements. His statues shall look from their pedestals in the market places. His words shall be cherished in willing memories; his deeds engraved on grateful hearts. His body will then, as now, lie "moldering in the grave," but his soul will still "go marching on."

ALEX. G. HAWES.

SISTER-IN-LAW DOROTHY.

My husband's brother, Ebeneazer Stone, concluded to take unto himself a "rib." It was the third time during his earthly pilgrimage that he had come to this conclusion. I would not have my readers infer from the fact of his extravagance in the matter of ribs, that there was anything unusual about his thoracic cavity. The additional rib is an orthodox bone. Ebeneazer proposed to take this third one, in the shape of a business woman.

Both of his brothers had wedded women of the kind denominated "shiftless." One could not pack her trunk without her husband's help, or take a journey without his company. She was naturally timid and reserved; and she shrunk, instinctively, from the experiences incident to strange faces and places. The other—myself—if not so entirely helpless in the way of travel, was sadly deficient in calculation. Alas! I had no affinity for figures. I would allow people to cheat and overcharge me. I never could dispute bills, and haggle about prices. This was worse than shiftlessness. It was enough to ruin any man; and Ebeneazer had no doubt but "that woman" would eventually ruin his brother. So, it came about, that Ebeneazer Stone believed that it devolved upon himself to introduce an element of smartness into his family, and thereby bring pennies and luster to the house and name of Stone.

It was rather late in life, and after two matrimonial ventures, that he found the pattern which he so earnestly desired; but, when it was found, there was no mistake in the quality of the goods. Ebeneazer exulted in the prospect of entire freedom from the petty household cares which sometimes perplexed and annoyed his unfortunate brothers. In the first flush of gratification it may not have been clear to his mental vision that he might, possibly, find his own superior officer in the person of this capable woman.

Inasmuch as I, myself, was the sorest trial that had ever come to the Stone family, being counted the superlatively shiftless, and

hopelessly extravagant member; this sister-in-law, Dorothy, was destined to be my especial reproach and humiliation. I could not hope to escape a comparison. I would be obliged to stand beside her, in my husband's family, and in the community, a decided and shocking contrast. Her energetic character and practical methods would be sure to rebuke my weakness and inefficiency. All that was left for me in this life was to retire to a safe and respectful distance, and learn of this gifted relative. I might never aspire to compete with her. Ebeneazer's prospective "million," with such a help-meet, was a certainty; and, surely the rest of the family was doomed to sink into obscurity and impecuniosity. Both of the feminine failures felt all this in their secret souls, while they pottered about their houses, and saved their husband's substance as best they could, and planned their little economies.

Dorothy Sumner was not so very young when she accepted the warmed-over affections of Ebeneazer Stone; but she could put on youthfulness, in color, attire and demeanor; and for a matured pussy she was decidedly kittenish. She, too, had had her own experiences in love matters and business affairs before she ever saw or heard of Ebeneazer. She had been engaged in a variety of occupations and pursuits. At one time she had managed a boys' school; and so successful had she been with the small boy, that nothing daunted her in the masculine line. Age and size were trifling circumstances, and she undertook this veteran with perfect confidence in her own capability. Is not a big boy or an old boy, a little boy grown up and gone to seed? she reasoned; and, can he not be brought into subjection after the same fashion? It is only a question of time and patience, and you have an obedient old fellow, ready to do your bidding, like an abject slave. Ebeneazer's latest "rib" understood, perfectly well, the kind of treatment necessary in order to make a devoted husband; and she did not waste time or ceremony in its application. As a part of her legitimate business, she proceeded to set Ebeneazer to rights. She lectured him in season, and out of season. She inspired a very wholesome consideration for the sex. She corrected his table manners and his grammar. She advised him about his business and planned his recreations. The cares and responsibilities of his life seemed to slip away; and he seemed to himself to be like the clock on the shelf—something to be wound up, set a-going, and regulated. Did he like it? Who knows what a man three times married likes, or thinks about women, in general—the present incumbent in particular.

With varied fortunes, failures, and successes, Miss Dorothy had managed her affairs previous to her marriage. It had been her pleasure or necessity to make frequent changes in her place of residence. The little souvenirs bequeathed to some of these locations, had been in unpaid bills, and a dubious reputation for truth and veracity. Now, as Mrs. Dorothy, with a responsible party behind her, who was legally bound to pay her debts, and supply all deficiencies; she had a splendid business outlook, and might proceed to enlarge her operations.

The contracted sphere, narrowing cares, and vulgar slaveries, of the married women of her acquaintance, were never meant for a person of her liberal ideas and wonderful ability. She convinced Ebeneazer of this. A secluded life, with no career save her hum-drum household duties, would be impossible. She was a creature of progressive proclivities, and could show those brothers' wives, and all the rest of the weak-minded incapables, what an energetic business woman can accomplish. She could earn money enough to pay half-a-dozen servants, who would cook the dinners, wash the dishes, and keep the house in order. She would not only make money, but would find time for scientific research, and self-improvement.

Mrs. Dorothy looked about her for some remunerative occupation. The production of silk was attracting some attention in industrial circles; and she bounced upon the innocent silk worm with all the zeal of the Chinese empress, Si-ling-chi, when she was learning to utilize the labors of these tiny spinners. Somebody must take the lead in

every new enterprise, and test its practicability. Mrs. Ebeneazer was the woman for the occasion. She made a journey to a distant county, to investigate and inform herself about the management of worms and the manufacture of silk. She opened a correspondence with the members of a "Silk Culture Association" in the metropolis. Ebeneazer was a close man, and it grieved his stingy soul to be obliged to open his purse, in order to start his wife in the silk business. While she gadded around the country, seeking information about "Annuals" and "Bivoltins," Ebeneazer was working out their subsistence problem in his patches of "Morus Multicaulis" and "Morus Alba." Those everlastiug worms crawled into all their conversations and calculations. The neighbors and family connections were entertained with moths, eggs, worms and cocoons. The pair waxed enthusiastic upon the subject of home-made silken raiment, and neither had a doubt concerning the profitableness of the venture.

By the time the trees were set out, the eggs bought, and a building, suitable for the business, was prepared, considerable hard cash had disappeared. If she took up the silk worms metaphorically, he was obliged to do it literally. He was left to take care of the worms, as well as to cultivate the mulberry trees. In one way, he was paid for his care and pains; for it is a delight to a naturalist to watch the progress and process of these silk-makers from the time they are hatched until they wind themselves into their cocoons. The silk worm is interesting from the beginning to the end of its little life—and after, for often its winding-sheet falls in glistening folds over forms of peerless beauty. Their work and ways have been the study of less scientific souls than Mr. Ebeneazer's, or Mrs. Dorothy's, as they "spun their own shrouds," in clean, fine threads from their delicate bodies.

Mrs. Dorothy yearned to enthuse the women of her neighborhood in the work which interested herself. To do this most effectually, she appointed an evening lecture in the village church, and prepared to air her oratory, and diffuse useful information. She furnished an exhaustive history of the business, and advocated her favorite industry in her most persuasive manner—as if it devolved on her to prove that silk culture was suitable work for the country sisterhood. The community was interested, the audience was attentive, and everybody was eager to see what might come of a new enterprise.

Alas, for human hopes and calculations! A careless workman passed through Mrs. Dorothy's worm-house with a lighted candle: a fluttering paper upon a shelf touched the flame; and, even while she held forth in the village sanctuary, there was more light upon the subject upon her own premises. The structure was destroyed, and the poor, little worms were burned, without the martyr's ceremony of a stake. An ash-pile, only, was left as a memento of the industry. The accident of a fire could not prove anything against the business; but, by a strange fatality, not unusual to pioneers in other enterprises, the experiment was a failure, in the matter of coin; and people who had not spent a dollar, had more good out of it than Mr. and Mrs. Ebeneazer Stone. Mr. Ebeneazer grumbled about his money loss, and Mrs. Ebeneazer scolded and wept, because he grumbled and because she was disappointed. Presently she wiped away her tears, and gave him a piece of her mind. She muttered about men in general, and himself in particular, and emphasized the door as she retired from the scene. Thus ended the first of Mrs. Dorothy's business miracles.

The buzz of the honey-bee, hovering over the fragrant flowers in the fields and gardens, next attracted her attention. It could secrete the saccharine liquid, and convert it into delicious honey; and, why could she not turn this palatable sweetness into pocket-money for herself? The busy bee would work hard and board itself. The sweet inducements of the product and prospects sent her off upon a bee track, and the result was an "Apiary." From the ashes of the wormery, in mythical fashion, had arisen patent hives; and Italian bees buzzed where the silk worm had lazily crawled. The best authorities in

apiculture were consulted, and experienced honey-producers were interviewed. She was not content with small ventures, and the apiary was soon a "bee pavilion," with its hundred hives of industrious little workers.

Ebeneazer fell into line again, and went here and there, did this and that, as his commanding-general ordered. He was submissive enough by this time to have herded hornets if Mrs. Dorothy had assigned to him that little pastime. The pure sweetness of the product of these model insect-workers might have been a hint to her to soften down her asperities of temper; but she was more inclined to imitate another propensity peculiar to this insect family. She stung whomsoever happened to come in her way; and sometimes she went out of her way to sting. Like the bee, she had a talent for stinging. There must have been some congeniality of nature and methods between herself and her honey-makers.

While she studied their habits, and made expensive journeys in search of knowledge, Mr. Ebeneazer cultivated flowers for them, swarmed and overhauled them, and gathered the product of their toil, and got it ready for the market. In the busy season he was grotesque with stings and stickiness. All the labor and discomforts fell to him, while the profits and pleasures belonged to his wife. It was a misfortune, not a crime, that he did not know more about women, and bees, before he undertook Mrs. Dorothy and the "Apiary."

It happened in the beginning of their second year in the bee business, that Mrs. Dorothy wandered down the garden path one pleasant morning toward the "pavilion." Her husband was at work there, and she wanted to assist him with her advice. She had to give him a deal of instruction, not about their wonderful instincts and contrivances, but about their care and management. Now, it is an established fact, that there are people who are unable to make themselves entirely agreeable to the busy-bee tribe; and the dear, demonstrative little creatures are not at all backward about showing the existence and extent of an aversion. Mrs. Dorothy went close to one of the hives —so close that her dress brushed against it. A bee disgusted with such familiarity, imprinted a token of its disrespect upon her upper lip. The little wretch stung her—stung her on purpose; and inspired by its example, half-a-dozen more evil-minded bees made haste to use there poisonous weapons upon her face. Fearing the angry swarm, she turned away from her small tormentors and beat a hasty retreat. She ran with all her might, ran heedlessly, and stumbled and fell headlong down the river bank, through the tangled brush, and over the ragged rocks, to the dry bed of the sunken stream. It was not a drowned woman, but a very broken and bruised one, that the devoted Ebeneazer found and rescued. A dislocation of the shoulder, and a fracture of the thigh-bone, with scratches and bruises innumerable, made up the sum total of her injuries.

There was hurrying to and fro at Ebeneazer's. The surgeon and the shiftless sisters were sent for. The former examined, and explained in scientific terms, while the latter made themselves generally useful. The doctor set the joints and bones in their proper places, bound up the wounds and bruises, brought a professional nurse, and gave orders right and left, after the manner of these autocrats of the hospitals and sick-rooms. Mrs. Dorothy proved herself a most impatient and troublesome invalid. She was full of wants and worries, and at the end of the third week had had no less than five different nurses. Because it was her lot to keep still, she wanted every one about her to illustrate perpetual motion. No service was too wearying or exhausting; and there was more reason to fear that the nurses would not survive, than that Mrs. Dorothy, herself, would succumb to her injuries.

In three months she left her bed, and in two months more she could walk about with the aid of crutches. In time these helps were laid aside, and she was entirely recovered. Skill and good nursing had saved her from being a complete cripple. Her nurse and doctor's bills were something fearful to contemplate, and I am not sure that Eben-

eazer ever did pay them in full. The man of pills and bandages looks crusty and sideways as they pass each other on the village street.

And the bees—I had almost forgotten the bee business, in my interest in poor Mrs. Dorothy's accident and infirmities. Well, their legs were not broken, and they swarmed through the spring, and stored honey through the summer, like well-behaved workers, although nobody watched their operations. A few adventurous swarms sought new pastures and made their homes in distant oak-trees. A few of their number died in the autumn and winter, and a few more of them fell a prey to moths and other bee-pests. Mr. Ebeneazer's interest in the business had died out, and he wished them all in Hades. He wished this all the more emphatically, because they were the only objects which he openly dared to consign to that invisible region. Indirectly they had caused disaster and loss, and he hated them very heartily.

For the next two years Mrs. Dorothy consented to be supported by Mr. Ebeneazer. Then she emerged from private life and a dependent condition. Her protracted hibernation had increased her energy and desire for an active public life. Ebeneazer objected faintly; for her business ventures had failed to fill the family purse, and he began to be fearful of the results. But her arguments prevailed. She loved notoriety, and hated the quiet even life she had been leading. She longed for the excitement of something outside of her domestic duties. She had once, in her maiden-life, kept a boarding-house, and she had found it rather pleasant and profitable. Her plan, when she made it known, was to fill her country-house with city-boarders. In this way she would get money and society. Now, the average unregenerate man hates boarders and boarding; and Ebeneazer was no exception. But hers was the masterful spirit that could sweep away objections and obstructions together. She was resolved to turn their country home into a boarding-house, and he was powerless to prevent it. She declared that the cream and butter, eggs and chickens, fruit and vegetables, could be most profitably disposed of in one of those summer caravansaries which are often filled with poor, deluded city folks, who have left luxurious homes in order to enjoy a great deal of inconvenience and discomfort in the country. They are the victims of those avaricious souls who would, if they could, sell them the fragrance of the flowers, as well as the lovely blossoms; the purity of the air as well as the right to breathe enough of it; the clear, cooling draught from the mountain spring; the bewildering sweetness of the bird-music; and all else in nature that is lovely, healthful, and beneficent. The dwellers in great cities may find the ideal country home; but the owners of these charming residences are not usually in the boarding business.

Mrs. Dorothy planned to make her place a fashionable resort. She improved it a little, and advertised it tremendously. A tent, swing, croquet ground, and a few rustic seats about the lawn, gave an air of festivity; a hammock in the porch invited the constitutional idler, and a trout brook in the near hills rippled its welcome to the angler. Of course the boarders were expected to pay an extra price for all these pleasant little items and privileges; but people who have inherited their money, or obtained it easily, do not mind. They will have what they like, if they do have to pay well for it. And everything about Mrs. Dorothy's premises had its price; and her boarders paid handsomely for their pleasures. The business promised well, and Ebeneazer's grim features relaxed perceptibly. They might have continued in the boarding line till this time if Mrs. Dorothy's "Celestial" had not "sat down" too hard and suddenly upon her enterprise. Ah Lee was addicted to much mixed messes, and famous for ingredients and combinations never found in the cook-books. His knowledge of cryptogamic plants was so limited that he one day mistook the poisonous species for the species used as food, and substituted toadstools for mushrooms. The people who were not poisoned outright were so terribly scared that they made haste to leave the

house and neighborhood, and so Mrs. Dorothy's last business miracle was accomplished.

She sometimes goes out on a lecturing tour, and makes it pay her expenses. She is a good deal admired by the strong-minded sisterhood; by those women who shirk their household duties, and have special outside missions to perform. Mr. Ebeneazer cooks his own dinners, and washes his own dishes, and still he does not look entirely heart-broken when his business partner is absent.

S. M. D.

INSPIRATION.

Along the radiant hill-top flushes morn,
The cañon, yet unwaked, frowns grim and dark;
But, showering vocal ecstacies, the lark
Is mounting madly skyward to the dawn.
The grizzly lies in heavy torpor yet,
The panther sleeps in some convenient shade,
And, just this moment peering through the glade,
The deer has found the buckeye blossoms wet,—
The lark alone full half an hour ago
Thrilled from his slumber at the first, faint glow.
So, only, O young Poet, shalt thou sing!
Thy soul must lose its pride of strength and scorn,
Must feel the hint of each diviner thing
Before the torpid world beholds it dawn.

CHAS. H. PHELPS.

THE WILDS OF THE DARIEN.—I.

Having learned of important discoveries on the Isthmus of Darien, said to be peculiarly favorable for the construction of an Inter-Oceanic canal, and as, in the vicinity of the same were the abandoned mines of Cana, which had yielded more gold to Spain than any other mines, I decided to pay this doubly interesting region a visit.

It was pleasant to leave the cold, boisterous, freezing air of New York, with the promise of breathing the warm balmy air of the West India Islands in a few days. The "Henry Chauncy" was put on her best time, and our hopes were soon realized. Again it was a pleasant relief to leave the hot, humid, pestilential atmosphere of Panama (where the yellow fever prevailed, making victims of many) to breathe the pure air of the Pacific. A favorable tide drifted our canoe out during the night when all was still. The waters of the bay were unusually luminous. When its smooth surface was broken by the oars, there was revealed a bed of diamonds of the purest water. We had learned as one of the lessons of youth, that the richest gems were in deep ocean buried, "and it was not without toil they could be obtained." Here they are near the surface, and it only requires that you dip your hand into the ocean-casket to have it covered with jewels.

The following morning we were between the extensive group of Pearl Islands and the main land. Captain Charbey pointed out a small solitary island near us, on which lived

a lone woman. This singular solitude was explained by the report of horrible treatment inflicted at different times, on all who had stayed with her. Passing here on a subsequent occasion we were compelled to land to seek for water. With many misgivings not unmixed with curiosity we approached the island. We found no water; it had disappeared. We found no woman; she had disappeared also. There was the lonely cabin in decay, indicating where she had lived; but the cabin was empty; the fountain was dry. A solemn stillness prevailed. We gathered some pineapples, and a few shells from the beach, and then gladly left the desolate spot.

The spacious mouth of the Gulf of San Miguel now opened before us. We entered and passed up to Boca Chica, (small mouth). I was told that if I should listen as I passed through here I would hear the fish sing. I listened but did not hear the singular music. The natives maintain that down in the depths of Boca Chica there is an enchanted cathedral where the fish sing only on certain days —saints' days. This explanation allayed my disappointment for the time being; but I determined to pass here on a saint's day—no difficult matter, as they occur almost every day of the year. To preserve continuity and allay undue expectation I will here add that on my return trip, I listened again—and again was I disappointed. It may not have been a saint's day. At all events it was not the day on which the fish were wont to worship.

There are many legends connected with this place—one of which I select. Many years ago, a man, light of heart, was passing through this narrow passage in his canoe, when there suddenly appeared before him a radiantly beautiful maiden. Her only ornament was a golden Fortuna on her head. It is said she had gold teeth and a gold comb, but of this there is a doubt, the story being probably I tinged with the fancy of those who were seeking that precious metal. As he stood transfixed by her dazzling beauty, she asked him in musical tones what he desired, for she was disposed to grant it whatever it might be. The golden Fortuna so glistened in his eyes and gladdened his heart that he asked for that. The nymph was justly incensed at his want of gallantry and proper appreciation of her charms. She seized the sordid wretch about the waist, and bore him down to her domain, where, tradition says, he has been effectually cured of his love for gold, and now adores his bride alone, in the depths of Boca Chica. In substantiation of this they may frequently be heard singing their songs of love. Governor Don Andrea di Ariza in his official report for 1881, attempts to dispel the enchantment of this place, and will not allow even the fish a voice in the matter. He writes:

"One natural feature very much to be admired is the narrowness of Boca Chica. On approaching it, in the summer season, when there are no freshets, a certain music is heard continually at the bottom of the passage, which the natives call the organ. Throughout the whole of the locality an extended organ, as it were, is heard playing, giving forth a pleasant sound, and at the same time sending up bubbles from the bottom. I have observed this very closely, and my conclusion is that the bed of the river is rocky in that part, is porous like a sieve, and that some aërial current breaks through the holes, and playing upon the water, produces the sound."

The natives will not, however, accept so prosaic an explanation, but cling persistently to the old traditions; and, to tell the truth, I cannot accept it either.

Inasmuch as this curious phenomenon has had many singular explanations, I would here refer to the account lately published by an English surgeon, attempting to explain the cause of a peculiar music, heard only at one place, San Juan del Norte, and only in connection with an iron ship. His explanation is only a more profound mystification than that of Governor Ariza.

Well, I didn't hear the fish sing in Boca Chica, and was incredulous, although the native boatman maintained, with the persistency of superstition, that there was an enchanted cathedral there, that the fish sang in it, and only on their favorite saints' days, when the discussion was suddenly brought to a close by a strain of music which appeared to float on the water.

"What is that?"

"It is the singing fish; listen!"

While on this subject, and to give proof positive of the singing fish, I will draw on notes of a subsequent date. I was passing down the Croupe river, which was flooded at the time; the wild waters dashed against the impeding rocks, when all at once the air was filled with music, clear and loud, above the roaring waters. It was a delightful melody. The men stood entranced. I felt bewildered. What could it be? The men answered: "Espiritu del Monte." No, it was not the spirit of the wood; it was the singing fish. Three of the choir leaped into the canoe, and by their presence reminded me of those heard in the gulf. They were doubtless going up the river to spawn, rejoicing at the approach of incubation.

Again, still more positive testimony. My superintendent caught a fish a short distance from the place where I had heard the concert. Throwing it into a keg of water, he and the natives heard the same music. They were at a loss to know its origin until it was traced to the identical fish in the keg of water. The fish was said to be chocolate colored, with dark spots, and a round and prettily shaped body. Those that floundered into my canoe were white. I am in hopes that the testimony is sufficient to prove that fish can and do sing.

To resume our journey, we arrived at La Palma soon after having passed Boca Chica. It is a small village of open huts, the thatched roofs being all that is required to protect them from the rain and sun. It is conveniently located on the shelving beach. Hogs and high tides are the only scavengers required. Population, African. Products, caoutchouc, and a bewildering quantity of india-rubber-looking babies.

Opposite, and just above this place is the mouth of the Savana river, a large navigable stream. This is one of the reported routes of the contemplated ship canal, one Dr. Cullen having reported that he had made an important discovery of a route possessing wonderful advantages and no impediments. He averred that he had frequently crossed alone from ocean to ocean, and furnished to the world a birds-eye view, in the way of a map, which showed that there was nothing in the way, and no distance worth mentioning. There were but two hills—gentle ones, however—and they had considerately separated, stepped aside, in order to allow the much needed canal to pass; and it passed—on the map. This very valuable information having been communicated, very properly, to his government, England, and through that government to the world, three great maritime powers sent out expeditions to survey the route. They all met with hardship, suffering and loss of life, but failed to find the favorable route for a ship canal. The French and English failed to cross over the region of country that one man had crossed alone, as he said. The American party, under Lieut. Strain, did succeed in crossing, but their privations, suffering, and loss of life, would appear to disprove the statements of Dr. Cullen. It now appears that these statements were manufactured out of whole cloth, and that he never had crossed there.

Half a tide took us to Chipigana, a much larger town. Population and products the same. At Chipigana we changed our mode of conveyance, giving up the big canoe or "bungo," for the small canoe or "chingo." The tide was strong, the men with the paddles were strong, the liquor they drank was strong; and we reached Pinagana in one day, a distance of about sixty miles. We passed the mouths of the Maria and Tacketro rivers on our right, and the Chucanake on our left. As we passed the mouth of this latter stream, the terrible trials of the Strain party were brought fresh to my mind. It was on this river they suffered so much, and lost so many lives. Here it was that the remnant of the party came out, rejoicing at the nearer approach to civilized life. Just above this is the old town of Real, said to be older than Panama; a small village now, with no evidence of its antiquity remaining, save the walls of a fort which are suspended and held up in mid-air by the roots and bodies of trees that have interlocked and embraced the masonry, showing the power and supremacy of nature over man's work.

We passed through Molenica, a still smaller place. This was to have been our starting point by land for Cana; but it was so uninviting that we were easily persuaded to go on to Pinagana, but a few miles farther, where we arrived after nightfall, amid the firing of guns, and much rejoicing. I was as much surprised as gratified at the unlooked for demonstration, not having supposed that they, in this remote region, had learned of our intended visit. Nor did I suppose that they could be informed of my distinguished character, there being no newspapers in the country. And if there had been, they could not read. And if they could, it was not likely they would find my name among the notable arrivals. They were in procession, marching towards me as I landed. It was evidently an occasion for a speech. But my unfamiliarity with the Spanish tongue deprived me of an occasion for distinguishing myself. However, greater men are not exempt from misfortune, and do get into awkward predicaments sometimes.

These people appeared surprised too, as well they might, at my audacity in stopping in front of the image of the Virgin without crossing myself and bowing. The men were in front, armed with guns, and the women, dressed in white, were following, bearing aloof the image brilliantly lighted up with candles, and there was every evidence of their being satisfied with themselves. The Jus Politico, who happened to be near, evidently supposing that I must be a very distinguished character to have so much audacity, took me under his charge and housed me for the night.

We were here persuaded to try to reach Cana by water instead of by land. No one knew whether we could go there by the river or not. But as there were none who knew the way by land, and as we were desirous to see more of the newly discovered route for the ship canal, we at once prepared for the trip by hiring men and "chingoes." In due course of time, which in this country means a long time, we got off, poling instead of paddling our way, being above the influence of the tide. These light canoes are propelled in this manner very fast.

Suddenly the silence was broken by a fearful noise, a roaring like that of a lion. I was apprehensive of the approach of some terrible animal, but the men paid not the least attention to the noise, smiled at my wondering look, and allayed my fears by telling me it was only a monkey, and the most insignificant of all the monkey race at that. *Mem.:* it appears to me that if the people of the civilized world would pay as little attention to the prototypes of these howling monkeys there would be considerably less noise and possibly more progress.

In preparing our bed for the night we were careful not to get too near the dark, gloomy woods, filled with all manner of serpents and animals. During the night I was surprised by the appearance, at intervals, of a brilliant light in the dense forest. It suggested a firebrand, or, to ultra civilization, the light of a cigar; but it proved to be a fire-bug, which in this region is large and wonderfully luminous. We had one caught. I placed it in the beak of a bird which is large and semi-transparent, and it afforded light to go to bed by in our large and airy chamber, under the canopy of heaven. Put a few of these little creatures in a glass and one can read by their light. A few of them arranged in the jet black hair of the negro belles, adds to the native charms of the light-hearted and, with this addition, light-headed beauties.

On the forenoon of the third day out, we met a small party of Paya Indians, probably patrolling as sentinels, as they are very careful in guarding against admixture with other tribes. One of the men was exceedingly proud of his bright blue attire, which, as it was of nature's furnishing, was of course a perfect fit. He was painted from head to foot with a dye procured from a berry indigenous to this country.

As the mouth of the Paya river is the point of divergence, from the lately reported route for the Ship Canal, I will briefly state the main features. Chipigana is at the head of navigation for vessels of any considerable tonnage. Thence to the mouth of the Paya river, the distance is about one hundred miles, owing to the serpentine windings of the river.

From the mouth of the Paya to the Indian village it is about twenty miles; across to the Cacareta river, about twenty miles; and down that river to its junction with the Atrato, about eighty miles, if I am correctly informed. This makes the entire distance from deep water to deep water, two hundred and twenty miles. My information about the Cacareta river, and land transit, is derived from a party of Caoutcharocs who recently forced their way across. They say there are no hills to cross. Our barometer showed an elevation of one hundred and fifty feet at the mouth of the Paya; and we presumed that fifty feet more would be attained at the Paya village. How much more may be attained in the land transit I have no means of learning; probably no more than could be easily cut through without having to resort to tunneling. So it would appear that there are no insurmountable difficulties thus far. The great distance will be the worst objection to this route. But I think one obstacle which would be almost insurmountable, is the low delta through which it would have to be cut, and the large rivers which it would have to traverse, any one of which would inundate and fill up the canal even if it were possible to complete the work. I came to the conclusion that the most probable, practicable route is that which was located and surveyed long ago by De Lasabla, and now adopted by De Lesseps.

To resume our journey. We continued on up the Tingero, the water becoming more shoal and rapid. It was the summer or dry season. The depth of water on the shoals was barely sufficient to allow the light canoes to pass, and the men were obliged to get out and pull them over the rapids. It was a wild region and to make it more interesting, our men had no knowledge of this part of the country. We reached, at length, the mouth of the Panosa river. This river, like the Paya, heads in the low divide between here and the Atrato, or rather in the adjacent mountains, flowing down into the depressions. A party of French engineers, several years since, passed through by this river, looking for the newly reported canal route. Passing on, we reached on the fifth day out the junction of two streams of nearly equal size, neither of which was navigable for canoes. We concluded that it was the junction of the Rio Grande and Sitegante; and, as the Cana river enters into the latter stream we camped and made preparations for the land travel.

Some of the men went hunting, soon returning with three big black monkeys, which they cooked and ate with apparent relish. That no portion might be lost they erected a scaffold, on which they placed the limbs, long tails, and heads, under which they built a fire, thus preserving the meat. Looking at the limbs and skulls on the scaffold I was reminded so much of the dissecting room that I felt no inclination to follow the customs of the country. If this was a weakness, I can at least congratulate myself on being free from cannibalistic propensities.

There is great abundance of game in these wilds. The large Tapir, the flesh of which is eatable and very good, was seen in numbers as we came up the river. Wild hogs are in great abundance. Seina (a small hog); deer; rabbits, as they are called (they are not like the English hare or any other rabbit, being much larger, with heavy body, short legs, and partly amphibious); turkey; perduice (like a game fowl); partridges; pigeons; muscovy ducks; and a great variety of other birds. But the monkey appears to be preferred by the natives.

The following morning we started on the land travel, ascending a divide between the two streams. The men in advance had to cut their way through the undergrowth, the broken and percipitous soil inducing the guide to seek the most elevated ground. It soon became apparent to me that we were changing our course materially; but I did not like to interfere with the Indian guide, for, although he had never been there before he was presumably to be trusted, as all Indians are supposed to possess the instinct of the animal that goes with unerring certainty from place to place. We were brought to a halt on the precipitous banks of a river, and one of the men clambered down, and found the water running the wrong way,

that is the same direction we were going, whereas we supposed we were going up the river. Not only was it running the wrong way, but it was the wrong river, and we were on a direct line for the camp we had left in the morning.

Although I was aware of the divergence of the guide, yet this discovery of being turned round so completely confused me, that I could not make out the course we had come. As we found our faces turned towards the camp, we traveled in that direction, arriving there the same day. The next day we sent out the men, instructing them to find Cana, if possible, before returning. The second day they returned and reported the route impracticable.

All we could do now, (and that was quite easy) was to go down the river again. Although easier than going up, it was not so safe. There was great danger that the frail canoes would be dashed to pieces against the rocks. Yet how pleasantly and rapidly we flew along beneath the overhanging branches of the dense forests. The pendant parasitic vines reached down to the water, and their brilliant hued flowers floated on the surface. The water rushed under the broad wing-like leaves, and they appeared animated with life. On every side the dense redundant growth, reveling in the harmony of nature, and clinging, climbing, twining, in one endless embrace.

We found traces of a camp where Indians had stopped since we passed up, doubtless looking after us. They claim the country above the mouth of the Paya, and will not allow Coutcheron or others to enter it, except for the purpose of trading. We met with the party near the Paya, and had a friendly talk, one of our men being a domesticated Indian. From them we learned that the land transit around the rapids, which we were trying to find, was on the opposite side of the river, and that after passing there water transportation could again be used. While making a sketch of this interesting group of Indians—a father and three sons, as I subsequently learned—my attention was particularly attracted by the animated expression of the father, as he was talking to our men. What a fine, genial, warm-hearted fellow he must be! He happened to turn in my direction, and seeing me look at my book, and then at him, a sudden change came over his face. If a look could annihilate, I should there and then have ended all my travels and troubles. I must say that while the genial, social expression was engaging, the stern look of defiance was still more so. It showed an independent spirit that would not be trifled with.

The two elder boys were so different in contour that I could not believe them to be brothers. They were, however; but by different mothers. I was somewhat surprised to find them so light colored in this tropical region. This was doubtless owing to the fact that the rays of the sun seldom reach them in their dense forest homes. The father and eldest son were fine specimens of the *genus homo*. Indeed I do not recollect ever having seen a finer looking Indian than the father, or a handsomer youth than the son. One of our party gave the latter a cigar. He took it with a listless air of indifference, and puffed it in the same nonchalant manner, showing us, in language stronger than words, that he was not unfamiliar with some of our vices.

There is a peculiar interest attaching to this people, probably more than to any other race now on earth. They claim to be direct descendants of the Aztecs. They are of the same race, probably, that dotted North America with *tumuli*. From their traditions, it would appear that this portion of that once great race did not remain to witness the shame and degradation of their people, but leaving their once happy homes, and the monuments of their former glory, wended their way south, until they reached the Isthmus of Darien. Here, between the two continents, they found a secure retreat from the cruel Christian invader in these immeasurable and impenetrable wilds. Thus shielded by Nature, they have maintained their freedom to this day. They preserve what appears to be an authentic traditional history of their former greatness, the con-

quest of their people, and their migration here; and maintain, with undiminished faith, that they are again to return to their former homes to sway the scepter over their ransomed people.

These Paya Indians are but a small band, and in common with some other bands, live on the streams which have their source in the dividing range of mountains between the Atlantic and Pacific, (the Chucanaku and some others). They are the outposts guarding the main body which inhabits the Northern coast. All together they compose but a small band.

This section of country was Spain's most cherished possession, the Golden Castile which furnished her more of the precious metal than any other of her possessions; and was guarded by her with miserly care. I can count as many as eight military posts here in the interior. The one at Cana alone had as many as two thousand soldiers, besides the civilian population. Yet with all these forces and all these precautions, with all the energy of that then powerful nation, Spain was unable to cope with and subdue this small tribe of Indians, who not only prevented the powerful enemy from penetrating into their country, but continually harassed her soldiers and citizens, keeping up a predatory warfare as long as she held a footsep of the soil. All other tribes in her possessions had been brought under the dominion of the church. But this small band with Spartan valor defied her to the death; and with more than Spartan success, have held their Thermopylæ, and are likely to remain secure in this, their last resting place on earth.

They are as proud of their descent as the vainest noble, and more careful in guarding their pure Aztec blood than any royal family. Their women are carefully guarded from all other races. The bare suspicion of intercourse with one of another race is sufficient to condemn to death. An instance of this is told. A woman having an Abino child, they at once decreed her death. But soon other women had white children with pink eyes like the first. And the more mothers destroyed, the more of these suspicious-looking children. As their seclusion prevented access to any other than their own race, the sage men were at a loss to know whence these fledglings came. They went into council, and after due deliberation came to the conclusion that the Great Spirit was punishing them for their cruel treatment of their women by sending the detested white children among them. They punished no more mothers of Abinos, and thus so soon as the women ceased to dread the punishment, the result of their fear disappeared.

I learned but one instance of a cross in their stock. It occurred at the time the colonies of Spain were maintaining a war for independence. An Englishman by the name of Robinson, having fitted out a vessel at San Domingo, with it he opened and persecuted a free trade with those Indians and others. When in the Archipelago of San Blas, an Indian and his daughter came on board his vessel. The strong drink with which the Captain plied him, overcame the father, and the strong will overcame the daughter. When time revealed to the terrified maiden her condition, she fled into the wilds of the forest, and their remained until she gave birth to a male child. She then sought the sea-coast to watch for the vessel of the few trader. When the vessel appeared she stealthily conveyed the child to his father. He took it, and had it carefully raised, and instructed in useful arts. When grown to manhood he took him to his place of nativity, and told the Indians he was of their proud race, demanding that he should be received and treated as such. They refused. He drew up his vessel with shotted guns, and enforced his demand by threatening to blow down their town. They went into council, and wisely determined that it would be better to receive one, although his blood were tainted, than to have many destroyed, and their *casas* knocked into splinters about their heads. The young man was received amongst them. They have ever since had cause of rejoicing, having not only escaped punishment, but having gained one who has taught them much useful knowledge, and who rules over them with wisdom and justice. O. M. Wozencraft.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

NOTE BOOK.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA for a long time past has been in a bad way. It is now several months since THE CALIFORNIAN, in a series of notes, first called public attention to this matter, and the investigations which have since been made establish the truth of the statements then advanced. There seems to be a total demoralization, and lack of organization—a sort of "go as you please" system in each department. Now, it is only a few years since the University was inaugurated with great *eclat*. A princely endowment was settled on it. The leading citizens of the State were its sponsors. It was published to the world that here at last, in this State of California, a great university had thrown open its doors and invited students, regardless of race or sex, to enter without money and without price. Many availed themselves of the opportunity. The classes filled rapidly. For a while it seemed as if an institution of learning had been founded, that for all time should be a reservoir of intellectual inspiration for a great people. How has this promise been fulfilled? What have we now? An academy afflicted with the dry rot.

AS A MATTER OF COURSE, any attempt at heroic treatment in such a case is sure to be met by a storm of senseless abuse. Whoever attempts to secure a more vigorous administration, to substitute efficiency for inefficiency, may expect to be accused of enmity to the University which he is trying to benefit, and of no end of political, personal, and unworthy motives. It will make little difference that high personal regard and esteem delayed the reform so long as to be almost culpable. The fact that it is attempted at all will be sufficient. But the public, judging disinterestedly of the facts, will accord the Board of Regents the support which is due them in their painful task, which as public officers they could delay no longer. Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Michigan, and other colleges, are coming here with their examinations, and taking away the students from the very doors of the home institution. Parents are expending large sums, and sending their sons long journeys to get the education which ought to be supplied at Berkeley. And meantime the State is expending thousands of dollars annually to graduate a mere handful of students. These are facts to which the Board of Regents could no longer shut their eyes. The time has come, has almost passed, for any consideration except the vigorous reorganization of the University. The Committee of Investigation found matters worse than was supposed:

"As a consequence of this want of administration the University is drifting, and a want of order, activity, and enthusiasm prevades the whole. The Faculty, not well united, needs direction; studies require to be relatively adjusted; and the whole intellectual and moral force of the University brought to bear upon one point: the increase of intellectual activity and scholarly manners.

"The committee do not find that the University has any vital sympathy or connection with the progress of education, and in some of the departments outgrown methods are still adhered to. The want of a guiding sympathetic mind is manifest in the University as a whole, and in all its parts.

"Impressed as the committee are by these facts, and feeling the imperative necessity of change for the better, they have carefully considered what changes ought to be made. They have bestowed upon the whole subject much thought and attention, and the confidence they feel in the recommendations they present to the Board, is only equaled by the sense of duty that urges them."

WE MUST HAVE A VIGOROUS UNIVERSITY. The Pacific coast cannot get along without it. Our intellectual and moral future is in no small degree dependent upon it. And the true friend of education and of the University is not he who stands for its stagnation, but for its progress. No man has a personal claim upon its presidency or upon any of its professorships. Each holds position upon the condition of being the best man for the place, of infusing life and energy into the work, of building up the institution to the mental and moral grandeur of which it is capable. Every citizen should insist upon this, for the State has the most intimate and direct interest in the result. Individual citizens of wealth, here and there, may be able to send their sons East or abroad. But for every young man who can have these advantages there are five hundred who must be educated here, or not at all. As a State we cannot lean on Massachusetts or Connecticut. Even Michigan is too far for that. We must have live men and a live university, if we expect to keep up with the world which is swinging along at no snail's gait. There are men in the chairs of the University of California whose presence would honor any institution in the world. There are others whose continued service has only the more clearly demonstrated their incapacity. Regardless of personal sympathies or friendships the Regents propose to advance the former and to weed out the latter, and to place in the executive office of president some man who has the administrative ability which the position demands. It is a step which should

have been taken long since, and in taking it now they will have the support of every person who desires to see the University builded up to take advantage of its almost unlimited possibilities. The vigor or stagnation of this institution of learning is a consideration of more importance to the people of the Pacific coast than the mighty question as to whether Mr. Blaine or Mr. Conkling shall preside over the destinies of the New York custom-house. And it is well, occasionally to withdraw our contemplation from the affairs of our sister States, in order to ascertain how we may infuse a little more energy into those which have a more immediate bearing upon our own welfare.

AT THE ANNUAL MEETING of the Board of Regents, President John Le Conte tendered his resignation as President of the University, and hereafter will give his entire attention to his professorial duties. In justice to this gentleman it should be said that the position of President was not sought by him, that the bent of his mind is scientific rather than administrative, and that he has been willing at any time to lay down the executive office and devote his time exclusively to his specialty. He has suffered somewhat in this matter by the ill-timed zeal of his friends; but he is a scholar of too much distinction and a gentleman of too much merit to be much injured even by injudicious partisanship. Beyond making a commencement in the way of reform, the meeting of the Board was not otherwise especially noteworthy, unless it was for the opportunity offered to the "class of '81," and by them eagerly embraced, of making themselves immortally ridiculous by a fulmination against two of the professors. It would not, perhaps, be the least serious of the charges which might be brought against the latter, that they were in any way instrumental in graduating the ebullient young gentlemen who issued this manifesto.

A CLEAN FACE is a desirable thing in a magazine as well as in an individual. Realizing this THE CALIFORNIAN comes out this month in a complete new face of type which has been procured at a large cost for the use of the magazine, and which will be reserved exclusively for that purpose. Readers will observe that it is much clearer and handsomer than the old type. Very many subscribers who suffered from weakness of eyes or near-sightedness, found cause for complaint in the latter, especially in the finer print at the back of the book. Such, we are glad to believe, will now have no difficulty on that score. Magazines will hereafter be wrapped "flat" instead of "rolled," and other improvements will be adopted as they suggest themselves. The "boom" is coming west, and THE CALIFORNIAN proposes to be ready for it.

ART AND ARTISTS.

The Pacific coast is a test crucible for new-fledged artists, particularly those who have studied in Europe. It is a destroying test for a man of talent, a difficult one for a man of genius.

A person of mediocre abilities, living in an art center like Paris or Munich, constantly under the influence of the best old and new paintings, may easily become saturated with art impressions which he consciously or unconsciously reproduces in work which he may or may not believe to be original. He lives at high pressure, stimulated by the painting he sees constantly produced and by the intoxicating enthusiasm of belonging to a most illustrious fraternity. At this time he surpasses himself, and proud of his own precocious skill, thinks his education well begun and comes home to win fame and fortune in his native land.

At home he is thrown on his own unaided resources. He must see nature with his own eyes, reap impressions and portray ideas with his own hand with no established precedents or great masters to look to for advice or stimulus. He must be contented to do well, if he can, in spite of a comparatively unappreciative, non-purchasing public. He must live within himself and for his art—a thing of which only a great nature is capable. If he is not deep, critical and introspective he will fall. If he is not in deadly earnest he will lose his self-respect and sell his talents by doing cheap, unworthy work—not for the necessities but for the luxuries of life. It is always possible for an artist to make a living on this coast, and it would be better for one to do the very best of which he is capable, and sell it for a song if necessary, than to do himself the injury of producing wretched stuff that is hardly worth the pittance paid for it. He had better benefit an ungrateful public to any extent than trifle with the talents he should hold sacred. It is an experiment yet to be tried, that a man of strong will should realize his danger and attempt to guide himself by patient care over the treacherous depths and shoals of a new existence.

The Pacific coast wants an Art Messiah and will have no art existence until one arises. We need a grand central figure whose life and character shall set the example for others to follow. We are not, like the Eastern States, near enough to the old world to

have their cultivation engrafted upon us. We must create for ourselves.

Our country is one vast, almost untouched bonanza for the painter. Nature has not failed to do her share. As for our public—it is no more sufficient than any other to cultivate the artist. It is the artist who must cultivate the public, and the right man will know how to begin the work.

The local artists, those who have lived and worked among us for years, particularly the landscape painters, have never had justice done them. Figure painting, with the usual accessories, is much the same everywhere, and very common-place in San Francisco. Landscape painting, as it exists here, is vigorous, characteristic and original. We have a splendid field for the *genre* painter that has been left untouched, but there are artists among us whose landscapes would find an honorable place in any exhibition, Eastern or European. People who have been abroad, who get their ideas of landscape painting from pictures seen in European exhibitions, do not realize that the mannerisms of Old World local art would be hopelessly absurd and unreal applied to Californian landscape, and that landscape painting in California is nothing if not original. Take for instance the grey greens and veiled atmosphere of favorite French artists as contrasted with the transparent atmosphere and vigorous brilliant tones of our own landscape. A Californian in order to make his picture "Frenchy," an idea much admired by many, would have to do so by adopting a foreign tone and treatment and sacrificing all truth to nature and local color. His landscape would then be a miserable hodge-podge, neither one thing nor another, and, humiliating to confess, would undoubtedly "sell well." But our artists, those who are worthy the name, have as a class realized that to trifle with truth is a penny-wise pound-foolish policy. If you force a public that wants educating to admire false work you cannot expect that same public to appreciate or patronize what is true. If our artists will only remain true to nature and to art, there is opportunity and material in California for a school of landscape painters, that shall have an honored place in Art history, and our hardy pioneers, who have been the first to see and to do, will receive the fame they deserve.

There is a summer lull in local art at present. With the exception of Mr. Brush's pictures there has been nothing of note recently placed on exhibition. "The Wedding Procession," already mentioned, "Miggles, from Bret Harte's story" and a small study—the head of a young girl—all by Mr. Brush, are now on exhibition at Morris & Kennedy's. Mr. Brush's work is certainly devoid of mannerisms for there is scarcely a trace of the same hand or handiwork in any two of the three pictures. It is almost incredible that an artist capable of the vigorous modeling in the figure of "Miggles" should be contented to put before the public the comparatively weak figures in the "Wedding Procession"; or that one who could paint that remarkable head of a young girl, a work of real style and the strong look of individuality about it that indicates a portrait, should be satisfied with the comparatively valueless face of "Miggles." There is no law to prevent any man's work from being a trifle uneven at times, but it behooves an artist in any profession to learn that the public is a jealous task-master who demands that a thing once well done shall be ever after improved upon. The large painting of "Miggles" is in its conception a disappointment, in its treatment a pleasant surprise. There is less latitude allowable in the conception of Bret Harte's characters than in those of most writers. His people are vivid, personal and alive, flesh and blood realities from first to last. There is nothing vague or misty about them, and very little room for argument. Mr. Brush's "Miggles" is very far from Mr. Harte's. The picture represents no particular episode of the story. It is the interior of the hut, and "Miggles" seated on the floor before a smouldering fire has fallen asleep, her head on the shaggy shoulder of her bear watch-dog, "Joaquin." Both are seen in profile. The face of "Miggles" is delicate and sad, but otherwise characterless; the features are small and refined. The attitude, though graceful, is as destitute of meaning as the face. Mr. Brush's "Miggles" would never be capable of leading a wild and lonely existence, of standing off the men whose attentions annoyed her, of swearing, of capturing and taming a grizzly cub. Even awake she could never have the flashing eyes, gleaming teeth, unkempt hair and expressive face of the "Miggles" we all know. She could never have been guilty of a wild past; she is too young to have had a past. She is not the type of woman to have sacrificed all to her splendid motherly care of poor "Jim." The character of "Miggles" is full of individuality and meaning. Even in repose there should be something in face and attitude to tell the tale.

As a work of art the picture is a pleasing composition, broad and striking—a picture that gives evidence of decided talents and promise of a future for the industrious young artist. The execution of the figure is excellent, the modeling, especially in the neck and arms, strong and realistic. The accessories with the exception of the bear which is weak, are painted with force and style, and excellent in color. As a character portrait it is weak and insufficient; as a work of art it is worthy the enviable reputation it has already won.

Mr. Brush deserves credit for his choice of a characteristic Californian subject. It is to be hoped that this will not be his last, nor his best attempt to illustrate Bret Harte.

Mr. Hubert Herkomer, a very prominent English artist, has set on foot a movement in which there are

enormous possibilities. He proposes to revolutionize sign-painting and pictorial advertising, and make them "an opportunity for displaying art to the populace." He himself has already taken the initial step by designing and engraving a suberb poster. Professor Richmond of Edinburgh, has advised that a body of artists should form a guild, and execute these pictorial advertisements themselves. There is a splendid field for a reform of this kind in San Francisco, where all classes, rich and poor, seem equally interested in sign painting, theatrical posters, and pictorial advertisements. These so-called "pictures of the poor" might be made a valuable means of art education, and a thing of beauty instead of horror. Perhaps if blank, outstanding walls were better covered, it would shame our architects to better work. A well written and interesting article on the subject, entitled, "The Streets as Art Galleries," is to be found in the *Magazine of Art* for May.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

HOT ICE.

Some time ago an English chemist, T. Carnelly, called attention to the fact that he could, by sufficiently diminishing the atmospheric pressure in a peculiarly constructed apparatus, heat ice to high temperature without its melting. This seeming to aim at a fundamental fact of physics excited great attention and it was therefore tested by other experimenters, and it was indeed found that ice could be introduced into a glass vessel and the atmospheric pressure so diminished that the glass of the vessel could be softened by the heat without melting the contained ice. But when a small thermometer was introduced into the apparatus, so that its bulb was enclosed in the ice it was found that the temperature of the ice was not raised above the melting point, but remained at a temperature just below its melting point. The explanation is simple in that under the diminished pressure the volatization of the ice takes place so rapidly that the heat absorbed in evaporation is sufficient to keep the ice from attaining a temperature higher than its melting point, and the ice passes apparently directly into the gaseous state.

BURNING OF CITY REFUSE.

The disposition to be made of the refuse of cities and large towns without endangering the health of the city or its vicinity, is always a matter if interest. In certain towns in England and Germany this object has been sought to be attained by the use of a peculiar furnace which consists of a number of compartments where the matter is carbonized. The refuse-matter is introduced at the top and falls into a series of inclined planes, which transmit it slowly by a spiral motion toward the grate below. During its progress downward the mass becomes sufficiently dried so that it is readily carbonized on the grate below, from which it is raked as charcoal and cooled by water. The smaller portion of the refuse, which is burned to ashes is utilized by mixing the ashes with lime and selling as mortar. Scrap-iron which comes from the furnace, introduced with the refuse, is collected and sold. The furnace in use at Burmantofts consists of six compartments and is capable of consuming over fifteen tons of waste matter in twenty-four hours.

The total refuse actually consumed in two and a half years amounted to 30,041 tons. The furnace has been adopted in Leeds, Kralingen, near Rottendam, Derby, Warrington and other towns.

INTERESTING SYNTHESIS OF ORGANIC ACIDS.

An interesting observation has been made by Bartoli, that when, in decomposing water by means of a galvanic current, carbon electrodes are used instead of platinum the amount of oxygen given off at the positive pole is less than usual; hence a certain portion must have disappeared in some other form. He finds that this oxygen enters into combination with carbon to form carbonic acid to a certain extent, but that other portions enter into more complex reactions to form certain less simple organic acids, mellitic and hemi-mellitic acids, usually only to be obtained by more complex processes.

SANITARY INFLUENCE OF OZONE.

E. Chappins finds that ozone has the power of destroying the germs which are the cause of fermentation and decay. He collected dust from the air on pieces of cotton, and then subjected some of these pieces of cotton to the action of ozone, and then the cotton was introduced into liquids favoring the development of the germs. In these cases when the cotton had been submitted to ozone, no effect was produced even in twenty days, while in those when the cotton had not been acted upon tur-

bidity was produced in a few days, thus showing that those particular germs were killed by the ozone. As ozone is generally accepted as occurring in the atmosphere in variable quantities according to locality and temporary circumstances, and as the spread of many contagious diseases is usually attributed to germs of low organisms, it would be of great interest to see whether any connection can be established between the sanitary condition of a place, and the amount of ozone present in the air.

When Professor Jordan and Mr. Gilbert, the accomplished icthyologists, were on this coast last year, gathering statistics concerning the Pacific fisheries, for the Census Bureau, they made a collection of the fishes which range between San Diego and Puget Sound. The specimens were forwarded to the Smithsonian at Washington, where they were duly identified and arranged. The Smithsonian has sent a duplicate collection to the California Academy of Sciences, so that now that society has a very extensive local icthyological collection. The new specimens will shortly be prepared, arrayed, and indexed, so that hereafter persons interested in this branch of science will have accurately identified types at a convenient point for comparison and study. The Academy's collection of food fishes is now very complete.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

For the convenience of readers desiring to purchase, publishers are requested to mark price on books forwarded for review.

The New Testament of Our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, translated out of the Greek: being the version set forth A. D. 1611, compared with the most ancient authorities, and revised A. D. 1881. Printed for the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. Oxford: At the University Press. 1881. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

What matters who uttered a thought, if it be true? When Seneca says: "The Spirit of God is with us, yea *within* us," is the truth any the less divine than when Paul says the same thing in the words: "Ye are the temple of the Holy Spirit." What matters the form of words so it fully conveys the thought or sentiment of the writer? The sacredness of truth is not in the words or sound, but in the sense conveyed. The words that are holy to one may be false and profane to another. Let the expression, or form of words, be varied so as to carry the true sense to the minds it addresses, by all means.

The revision of the New Testament, just come to hand, (with promise that the same service shall be completed for the Old in three or four years) is a recognition that this is the proper thing to be done. It confesses that the form of words which has been made familiar to us from childhood as "sacred writ," in the family and Sunday-school, and from the pulpit, but imperfectly expresses the ancient words for which it stands in many cases, in some not at all. It changes that form more or less on every page. It almost shocks our reverence by the unfamiliar shapes it substitutes. But in almost every instance a little reflection will discover that it would be contending for the sound against the sense to insist on retaining the old. Let children hear and learn only the new phrase, and they will miss nothing which we have received from the old, save the errors. Indeed there will be many to wish that the revisers had gone further, and dropped their archaisms in verbs and pronouns and syntax, which the Quakers still retain in their common speech. A fictitious sacredness has gathered upon them. They tend to keep up the hurtful illusion that holiness is in the form, and not in the essence of truth. There is a strong disposition in human nature to indulge in a kind of official Fourth of July reverence for "The God of our Fathers," to the neglect of a proper regard for our own God. What the world needs just now is a little more respect paid to the God of our fathers' children. It will be a great gain when we get a religion brought down to date. So long as its language is an archaism, its sentiment and practice are in danger of being put in the same category. When we shall learn to worship in the language we use at work it will be easier to blend the spirit and power of religion with daily affairs. Praying in modern English will help modernize true Christian practice. The revisers have taken a step in the right. And now that they are facing that way, let us hope they will keep stepping.

Their work is fairly well done. Not so well, probably, as a single hand, with a genius for the business, familiar with all the help, and free from the conditions of coöperation and adhesion to the old version with which they were trammeled, would have done. Linguistic geniuses are almost as rare as great poets. One gifted with the natural intuition of the force and scope of words (implying a very high order of intellect) would be better for such service than threescore average philosophers. This new version comes from a committee which was chosen to represent all the leading branches of the English speaking Protestant church, British and American. Compromise was necessarily the order of the day. Had there been one of this superior order among them, he could hardly have been allowed his way. Yet those who are not fully satisfied with the result

must remember that the business of the committee was translation, not reform. It was not a question with them whether their author spoke infallibly, but simply what he meant to say. As it is not the part of the translator of any ancient classic to read into his author better meanings, or what he ought to have meant, or to cover his weaknesses under a finer style, but simply to say what he did mean, and as nearly as possible in a style that represents his own idiom; so the duty of these revisers was done when they had put the ancient words before them into English that would bring the very thought and feeling of the original writer as fully as possible into the mind of the modern reader. Not theirs to criticize the substance, or amend the inspiration. Probably no translation, tried by this standard, ever reached a higher mark. A few changes in the old version seem for the worse: as where "epistle" is substituted for the homely Saxon word "letter"; and where the true phrase: "The earth is his footstool," (Matt. v : 35) is expanded into the pleonastic awkwardness: "The earth is the footstool of his feet," leading us to wonder if the revisers feared we might mistake it for the footstool of his hands or his head. Still the net result is a great improvement. The example of those divines who have already carried the new version into their pulpits is to be commended. It is to be hoped that it will be followed in other pulpits, and also in Sunday-schools, and families. As the natural divinity of truth in the Book becomes cleared more and more of the mistranslations, misinterpretations, and false assumptions that have clouded its light, there need be little fear that it will take a deeper hold on the human heart, and reach out a wider influence in human history then it has ever done before.

A Grammar of the Old Friesic Language. By Adley H. Cummins. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

This is a grammar by a resident of San Francisco, of one of the Old Germanic dialects, which, for many reasons, is most interesting to students of comparative philology—of Germanic philology in particular—and yet one that has hitherto been most unaccountably neglected in this respect. No grammar of it has been published since Rask's, which appeared about sixty years ago; and that, to the disadvantage of being out of print, unites the undesirable qualities of being thoroughly antiquated, uncritical, and written without the slightest regard for modern scholarship. The many students of this branch of philology upon the continent and elsewhere have for years been constrained to resort to the comparative grammars of competent scholars for such fragments of Friesic grammar as appear in them, and to piece out the knowledge acquired from them by comparisons with the other members of the common stock. The grammar before us is brief, but has been edited with a view to a comparison of Friesic with the other dialects, and will we apprehend be found to contain, concisely stated, all that it is necessary for a mastery of the language.

The Friesic presents special attractions for the Anglo-Saxon student, on account of the great similarity of the two forms of speech. Indeed, one of the most illustrious of Old English scholars, Kemble, has said that in origin we are more Friesic than Saxon. Though the Friesians did not, at the time of the Saxon invasion, migrate to Britain in great numbers, yet copious references are made to their achievements in the ancient naval annals of the islands, as well as in those of the north of Europe in general, but especially the charming legends of Van Lennep, an illustrious poet of Holland.

We are glad to find that among us, there is a stream of scholarly tendency which softens in some degree our Californian materialism. Mr. Cummins is young in years, but has the ambitions which are most admirable in young men. The present thesis upon Friesic is, we believe, his first published effort in the way of linguistic study. He is projecting an English treatise upon Gothic grammar, and we hope that the reception of the present work by scholars will be as encouraging as it deserves.

The science of philology is making immense strides in its later years' progress. The keenness and philosophical deftness of the modern student would, we apprehend, stir up a childish admiration in the good old Dr. Johnson, and his generation. The modern scholar snatches the scrubby word-urchin from out of the horde of Germanic barbarians, boxes his ears, crops his hair, scrubs his shining morning face, and, having given him a respectable toilet, sends him into school to old Goody Sanskrit, or to artistic Greek relatives, or to soldiery Roman cousins; and triumphantly points out the family likenesses all around. We trust there are enough students in California, among our readers, to take a lively interest in Mr. Cummins' success.

The Young Nimrods in North America. A book for boys, by Thomas W. Knox. New York: Harper & Bros. 1881. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

The boy part of the world has come to look upon Mr. Knox as a benefactor. His books in which he conducted his youthful heroes through the strange and fascinating countries of the orient, gave him a status which he will not lose by this latest production. The average boy likes fun, and Mr. Knox gives him plenty of it. Next, a little adventure must be thrown in, and the author deals it out with a liberal hand. But into the fun and adventure are ingeniously injected a great deal of information which the unwary boy is obliged to take in as he proceeds with the narrative. Such books are really a part of the education of the young. *The Young Nimrods* is profusely and beautifully illustrated, and is a fitting companion to its popular predecessors.

SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON. By W. H. S. Monck. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1881. For sale in San Francisco by Billings, Harbourne & Co.

The scope of the series on English Philosophers, of which the volume before us is the first, is declared by the editor to be "to lay before the reader what each English Philosopher thought and wrote about the problems with which he dealt, not what we may think he ought to have thought and written. The size and number of the volumes compiled by each leading philosopher are chiefly due to the necessity, which philosophers have generally considered imperative, of demolishing all previous systems of philosophy before they commence the work of constructing their own. Of this work of destruction, little will be found in these volumes; we propose to lay stress on what a philosopher did, rather than what he undid."

Following up this idea, after a brief biographical sketch, Professor Monck has devoted six very able chapters to the consideration of the fundamental principles of the Hamiltonian philosophy, under the heads, respectively: "The External World—Natural Realism;" "Necessary Truths—The Law of the Conditioned;" "The Law of Causation;" "The Infinite and Absolute—The Law of Substance;" "The General Psychology of Hamilton;" and "Logic." The appendix contains a list of books founded upon the philosopy of Hamilton, and also a glossary of terms as used by him.

To make this series a success it is only necessary that the succeeding volumes should be as able and well considered as this initial one.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH COLONIES IN AMERICA. By Henry Cabot Lodge. New York: Harper & Bros. 1881. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

Aside from a necessary incompleteness consequent upon an attempt to cover a great deal of ground in a short space, Mr. Lodge's book is a valuable addition to the historical literature of the time. With the exception of the Great Rebellion there is no period of American history so full of fascination as that early colonial time which this work undertakes to investigate. The life of the people was simple and vigorous. In their own separate ways the different colonies were working out in the new land the same problem, which afterwards was to find its solution in the republican experiment to which a hundred years of success have given a tolerable assurance of stability. They brought from their own lands the diverse traditions of their forefathers. For a while they were like separate people, as they had been in the old world. The gradual dissipation of these differences, and the growth of the sentiment that they were essentially and necessarily one, politically and commercially, are perhaps the most interesting and obvious manifestations of a national tendency that history affords. Incidentally Mr. Lodge throws a great deal of light upon this subject.

THE PAST IN THE PRESENT. By Arthur Mitchell. New York: Harper & Bros. 1881. For sale in San Francisco by Payot, Upham & Co.

Lack of space in this instance prevents justice being done to a work which is well worthy an extended review. The book is made up of ten of the Rhind lectures on Archæology, delivered by the author in 1876 and 1878, and its object is to show how many neo-archaic customs and objects are still to be found. The lectures are marked by laborious and original research, as well as by signal ability. Part II, embracing the concluding four lectures, is devoted to a discussion of the nature, processes and results of Civilization, and is not the least valuable portion of the book.

NEZ PERCE JOSEPH. By O. O. Howard. Boston: Lee and Shepherd. 1881. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co. Cloth, $2.50.

It is perhaps hardly to be expected that the author of a book will look upon it from the standpoint of the editor who is compelled to read it. But if he would, he might occasionally find the proverbially savage editor a little mollified. In a book which really contains a great deal of valuable information, General Howard has most minutely recorded a succession of events and conversations which are of the most supreme unimportance. Stripped of this "surplusage" his book throws much light upon the vexed Indian question, and for that reason, rather than for any interest in Chief Joseph or his capture, it is well worth a perusal.

WHO WAS PAUL GRAYSON? By John Habberton. New York: Harper & Bros. 1881. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

The author of *Helen's Babies* is not likely, by all appearances, to achieve another success. At all events his later works have tended further and further from that goal. Paul Grayson is one of the conventional "goody-goody" boys who is the model of the school, and the hero of a commonplace story. The peculiar atmosphere that surrounds boys Mr. Habberton has evidently not breathed for many years. One or two touches, at rare intervals, redeem the book from being a decided failure.

THE KING'S MISSIVE, and other poems. By John Greenleaf Whittier. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1881. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

Whittier's place among the poets of America is so well defined that it would be a work of supererogation to attempt any analysis of his work at this day. The beautiful little volume entitled *The King's Missive* contains about thirty of his latest poems, some of them being among the best he has ever written. Bound up with these is an excellent portrait of the Quaker poet.

SHAKSPEARE'S TRAGEDY OF CORIOLANUS. Edited with notes, by William J. Rolfe. New York: Harper & Bros. 1881. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

Mr. Rolfe's Shaksperian series is now so well and favorably known that it is sufficient to say *Coriolanus* has received the same careful treatment at his hands that has distinguished the preceding volumes. The notes are short, but remarkably discriminating.

NO LAGGARDS WE. By Ross Raymond. New York: George W. Harlan. 1881. Cloth, $1.00; paper, 50 cents.

This little novel, the plot of which is laid at the watering places on the Atlantic sea-board, is cleverly designed and executed. There is not a little vivid description in its pages. Here and there it is intensely dramatic, and throughout the interest is well sustained. As a "summer novel," which it claims to be, it is a success.

THE HOME GARDEN. By Ella Rodman Church.

This book is the third of this series and contains, in a little compact form, rather more information and rather less "chatty talk" than either of his predecessors.

FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY. New York: Harper & Bros. 1881. For sale in San Francisco by A. L Bancroft & Co. 20 cents each.

No. 180. *The Life and Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe.*

No. 181. *My Love.* A novel. By E. Lynn Linton.

No. 182. *Beside the River.* A tale. By Katherine S. Macquoid.

No. 183. *Harry Joscelyn.* A novel. By Mrs. Oliphant.

No. 184. *The Miller's Daughter.* A novel. By Anne Beale.

No. 185. *The Chaplain of the Fleet.* A novel. By Walter Besant and James Rice.

No. 186. *My First Offer,* and other stories. By Mary Cecil Hay. 15 cents.

No. 187. *Unbelief in the 18th Century.* By John Cairns, D. D.

No. 188. *The Revised Version of the New Testament.*

APPLETON'S NEW HANDY-VOLUME SERIES. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1881.

No. 68. LOUKIS LARAS. By D. Bikelas. Translated from the Greek by J. Gennadius. Paper, 30 cents.

No. 69. THE GREAT VIOLINISTS AND PIANISTS. By George T. Ferris. Paper, 40 cents.

COMPANION TO THE REVISED VERSION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT, explaining the reasons for the changes made on the authorized version. By Alex. Roberts, D. D. New York: Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co. 1881. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

ROSECRAFT. A story of common places and common people. By William M. F. Round. Boston: Lee and Shepherd. 1881. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

HIS LITTLE MOTHER and other tales and sketches. By the author of *John Halifax, Gentleman.* New York: Harper & Bros. 1881. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

THE STORY OF HELEN TROY. By the author of *Golden Rod, An Idyl of Mt. Desert.* New York: Harper & Bros. 1881. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co. Cloth, $1.00.

INTERNATIONAL SCIENTIFIC SERIES. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1881.

No. 32. *General Physiology of the Muscles and Nerves.* By Dr. I. Rosenthal. Cloth, $1.50.

THE OLD TESTAMENT IN THE JEWISH CHURCH. By W. Robertson Smith. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1881.

APPLETON'S HOME BOOKS. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1881. 60 cents.

POST-PRANDIALS.

"DON'T talk to me about the Yosemite," said a young lady the other day, very indignantly. "Nothing but stupid trees, big rocks, and sloppy waterfalls. Not a young man to be seen."

A SAVANNAH millionaire named Lynch allows his wife forty thousand a year for her personal expenses. She calls it her Lynch-pin money.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

IT is pretty tough that the editor of this chaste family magazine should crowd a batch of "Answers to Correspondents" over into this department this month. We suppose we have got to submit for once, but if it occurs again, however, we shall get even by running this column as a red-hot Democratic war-whoop clean through the coming municipal election.

Come to think of it we'll do so anyway, and expectant nominees of that, or any other party, who wish to get their "boom" under way in time can hear of something to their advantage by carefully directing a certified check or postal order to the name at the foot of this department.

Treasurer. Day before yesterday I was elected Treasurer of the "Jolly Lunatic" Social Club. Yesterday I bought a new ulster, a stem-winder watch, and paid my landlady. To-day the Society have appointed a new Treasurer and requested me to turn over the funds. What shall I do?

Answer. Skip!

Violence My father is a mean suspicious brute. He insists on George going home at 11:45 P. M. every night, and the other morning when he came down stairs and found one of George's handkerchiefs hanging over the keyhole of the parlor door, he just went on terribly, and said he didn't believe it got there by accident, no such thing. Can you recommend me to a good nunnery—one where they have charades and things?

Answer. Think a monkery would be more in your line. Pretty good one at Cincinnati, though the monks complain of the table. Too much pork-hash, we believe.

Desperate Wife. 1. My husband is not only false to me, but knocks me down every fifteen minutes by the clock. He frequently goes off on what he calls "a jam," leaving me locked up in the coal cellar for weeks at a time. Yesterday I discovered two pounds of arsenic in the sugar-bowl, and this morning he handed me a glass bomb concealed in an orange. In heaven's name advise me! 2. Are skirts gathered on the hips as much as ever this summer? 3. What will remove freckles?

Answers. You must conquer your husband by kindness. Smile cheerfully every time he lets fly at your nose. Hiding behind the door or under the bed when he needs exercise only irritates him the more. Remember you have a Christian duty to perform, and work him an *ecru* satin club-holder trimmed with lace edging. 2. We believe the gatherings are beginning to break. 3. Smallpox.

Umpire. We desire to submit the following dispute arising from a game of chess. Smith takes Brown's queen and jumps the knave by sacrificing two pawns, Smith having three to go, being four by honor. Jones claims that Brown having last deal, Robinson takes the trick. Smith objects, and Brown argues that Robinson failing to carom on Jones' dark red, Smith wins the pool by a neck. Our own opinion is that Smith is out on a foul, and that Rogers takes the cake. What is yours?

Answer. Our opinion is that a wet towel around the head, and a dose of bromide every half hour, is the only thing that will do you any good.

Jimson Weede, Petaluma. I am an orphan, both my parents having been killed in the same sleigh with the late Czar, who was my chum at college. 1. A friend whom I shall call A, as his family is well known, bets B, who keeps a lumber yard, that Iroquois, the Derby winner, never trotted a race in 1:18⅞, both hind feet being off the ground simultaneously in succession. 2. Did the Marquis of Cheeseboro invent cheese or only sell it? 3. Has the present Pope of Rome a relative in Benicia named Gus who keeps a cigar stand?

Answer. 1. Dilute with lump borax. 2. Plow under and top-dress with bone dust. 3. Take one-half ounce of laudanum every half hour, increasing the dose until desire for scribbling stops.

Dramatic. I do the leading business for the "Western Addition Edwin Forrest and Sara Bernhardt Dramatic Society." Am to play Toodles next Monday but can't find anybody talented enough to support me as the landlord. Unless I hire the very finest support I am N. G. What do you suppose Raymond, who is in the city, would ask for one night? Have wired Salvini but get no reply.

Answer. Have seen Raymond and he will come for $1.75, car-fare and beer. Regular terms to go into the suburbs are $2.00, but money is tight just now, and comedians have come down.

Anxious Mother. Am the mother of eighteen grown sons, all of whom I support by my sewing machine. Last week the four youngest committed a burglary and are now concealed in a closet in my room. Since then they have had neither food nor drink, as a detective has rented the room over head and has been watching through a knot hole ever since. I am nearly distracted with anxiety and fear. What shall I do? Please, also, send me a stylish polonaise pattern, and also tell me whether Clara Morris has really a green wart on her spine.

Answer. John C. Calhoun fell at the battle of Marengo in 1476.

Doubt. X bets Z five hundred dollars that Conkling will not be re-elected, the money being placed in my hands to hold. To-day they agree to call the bet a draw and demand the return of the stakes. Have they any right to do this? If I refuse to consent in what position does it leave me?

Answer. In jail.

This is about all we can tackle in this number, but the balance can hold over until we can get back the rest of our stereotyped "answers" recently loaned to an esteemed weakly contemporary.

IN RE BEACONSFIELD.

Now that "characteristic anecdotes" of the late English Premier are so much in demand, it is rather surprising that the newspapers haven't got hold of the really cleverest thing that the great Englishman said during his career.

Shortly after "Empress of India" had been added to the Queen's title, Beaconsfield's birthday was celebrated by a banquet at the Carleton Club, at which the Prince of Wales presided as a special mark of royal appreciation. Lord Roseberry, who was present, began an oft-mooted argument at one end of the table as to whether the Prime Minister observed the Hebrew traditions as to certain articles of diet. Wine having made that inveterate young joker more reckless than usual, Lord Roseberry made a large bet on the point with his neighbor, Mr. Gathorne Hardy, and then had the audacity to direct the steward to set before Beaconsfield a roast sucking pig.

Everybody at the table paused aghast at this presumption, even the Prince looking exceedingly uncomfortable. The Prime Minister's face flushed a second, then, taking in the situation at a glance, he gravely rose, and turning to the Prince said:

"Permit me to present to your Royal Highness Lord Roseberry's infant son."

In the roar that followed "Rosey" quietly but effectually slid out.

S-S-S-H-H!

Sarah Bernhardt said at a "Welcome Home" breakfast given in Paris the other day that in all her American tour she had never occasion to be really angry but once. While playing in Philadelphia, not only herself, but the whole company was very much annoyed by the ostentatious manner in which a lady in one of the stage boxes devoted her whole attention to a pet dog in her lap, to the complete ignoring of the play. Just at the close of the second act of Phedre, and while the house was ringing with the plaudits of the spectators, the lady in question suddenly arose, and leaning out of the box, cried in a piercing voice: "S-s-s-h-h. Everybody be quiet for a few minutes. Little Fido is having a fit!"

And, to the frantic disgust of its owner, an usher carried out Fido by the tail.

TOO EXACTING.

And now a congregation at Grass Valley have dismissed their pastor because he was too much addicted to the "secretion of rot-gut whisky." Some people appear to think that because a man is a minister he ought to get drunk on champagne.

POSITIVELY THE LAST TRUMP.

The Rev. Dr. George Purcell of Des Moines, Iowa, has just come to the front with the interesting information that the world will come to an end without any postponement whatever, on the 18th of June, 1882, at precisely 3:25 in the afternoon. This item comes just in time to comfort the property holders in this section who are groaning in advance under the new extra tax levy. If there is anything that will tend to relieve real estate in this long suffering locality it is to have a good reliable article of chaos set in at an early day. Meanwhile we have written to the Rev. Dr. Purcell to ask if he can afford to reduce the above schedule of time say thirty minutes. We have a note falling due on the day in question, and should hate to go to protest and blazes at the same time.

And so Nellie Calhoun is going to marry a stock-broker? Another conjunction of Venus and Mercury.

DERRICK DODD.

OUTCROPPINGS.

THE DEMON SHIP.

From far horizon's dip arose
 The evening calm, and o'er the sea,
Came onward, lulling to repose,
 The waves most tranquilly,

And dimmed the rippling golden trail
 The sinking sun had left behind,
And idly flapped our languid sail.
 Ah, not a breath of wind!

The moonlight with its silvery sheen,
 And sinking sun did both unite
To cast upon that silent scene
 A weird, unhallowed light.

"A sail! a sail!" We stood aghast,
 As leewardly we did espy
A ship advancing round whose mast
 The birds of storm did fly.

God's mercy! Round her mast they sped
 In careless play, and then they tired.

And fell upon the wave as dead,
And not a shot was fired.

Quote one: "Keen sportsmen are on board,"
While others with great reverence
Did cross themselves and pray the Lord
To keep all spectres hence.

On came that ship with not a wind
The pennant on her mast to shake;
And on, and on, nor left behind
Upon the wave a wake.

And on, and on, her broad sail spread
With not a wind, with not a tide,
And seemed within her precincts dread
No mortal did abide.

And on, and on, while we beheld
In wonder on that tranquil sea,
A ship, by mystic power impelled,
Sail on to destiny.

Among us who were watching there,
Stood one apart, a little space,
An aged man with snow white hair,
And sad and weary face.

He stood apart, no friend had he;
Though known for years, a stranger still;
No touch of human sympathy
His callous heart could thrill.

For well we knew that he had done
A direful deed, that he had sold
His soul unto the Evil One
For youth, and power, and gold.

And lo! In each a curse he found,
And one by one they passed away,
But still remains the dreadful bond,
And that he needs must pay.

He stood apart like one entranced,
With glowing eye, distended lip,
And watched intently as advanced
The demon-freighted ship.

And on, and on, she seemed to press
Until she righted, standing fast,
As if amid the fathomless
Her anchor had been cast.

And then he stepped into a boat,
And lowered it by our vessel's side,
Unhitched the rope, and once afloat,
Right onward swiftly plied.

His cleaving oar the silence broke,
As deftly 'neath the surf it stole;
The anxious boat, at every stroke,
Leaped on to reach its goal.

The demon ship, he nears, and nears,
He reaches now, now climbs he o'er
The bulwarks, now he disappears;
We see him nevermore.

For through that unblessed ship of hell
A shudder passed with seething sound,
As if had been resolved the spell
That erst had kept her bound.

The skipper spoke: "Our colors dip."
'Twas done, but no reply she gave;
"Come, come, a broadside on that ship,
And sink her 'neath the wave."

Now, from our gunnels shots were sped;
The demon vessel made reply.
A flag with cross-bones and death's head,
Did flaunt the evening sky.

Did flaunt, and then did fade away;
Then tapering spar that proudly reared
Itself to Heaven, grew dusk and gray,
And strangely disappeared.

And then the shrouds and sheets began
To fade, and then the mizzenmast,
Then fore and main waxed pale and wan;
We watching stood aghast.

Next faded poop, and prow, and deck,
And in their place we could discern
A little, misty, veering speck,
That faded in its turn.

Then stars stole out upon the sky,
And darkness gathered o'er the sea,
And the sad waves came drifting by,
And all alone were we.

Since then long years away have passed,
Strange lands and seas in wandering o'er,
Yet wheresoe'er our way is cast
As in the days of yore,

In waking hour, in dream of night,
We see who whilom was our mate
Sail in that ship which demon power
Impels to woeful fate.

R. E. WHITE.

PERSONATING MARK TWAIN.

We find the following in an exchange:

The Hon. DeShame Hornet had a very unpleasant experience lately. Mark Twain was advertised to lecture in the town of Glochester, but for some reason failed to get around. In the emergency the lecture committee decided to employ Mr. Hornet to deliver his celebrated address on temperance, but so late in the day was this arrangement made, that no bills announcing it could be circulated, and the audience assembled, expecting to listen to the celebrated innocent.

Nobody in the town knew Mark, or had ever heard him lecture, and they had got the notion that he was funny, and went to the lecture prepared to laugh. Even those on the platform, except the chairman, did not know Mr. Hornet from Mark Twain, and so,

when he was introduced, thought nothing of the name, as they knew Mark Twain was a *nom de plume*, and supposed his real name was Hornet.

Mr. Hornet first remarked, "Intemperance is the curse of this country."

The audience burst into a merry laugh. He knew it could not be at his remark, and thought his clothes must be awry, and he asked the chairman if he was all right, and got "yes" for answer. He couldn't understand it, but went on:

"It breaks up happy homes!"—still louder mirth. "It is carrying young men down to death and hell!" —a perfect roar and applause.

Mr. Hornet began to get excited. He thought they were guying him, but he proceeded, "We must crush the serpent!"—a tremendous howl of laughter. Hornet couldn't stand it.

"What I am saying is gospel truth," he cried. The audience fairly bellowed with mirth. Hornet turned to a man on the stage, and said: "Do you see anything very ridiculous in my remarks or behavior?"

"Yes, ha ha, it's intensely funny—ha ha ha! Go on," cried the roaring man.

"This is an insult," cried Hornet, dancing wildly about. More laughter, and cries of, "Go on, Twain!"

And then the chairman got the idea of the thing, and rose up and explained the situation; and the men on the stage suddenly quit laughing, blushed very red; and the folks in the audience looked at each other in a mighty sheepish way, and they quit laughing too. And then Mr. Hornet himself became thoroughly mad, and very plainly told them he had never before got into a town so entirely populated by asses and idiots. And having said that, he left the hall.

THE DEAD POET.

Hang up forever now his golden harp.
The poet is no more.
Its silent strings he ne'er again will wake;
No longer sweep them o'er.

A simple poet he, whose song sincere
Gushed, purely, from his heart,
Unsullied by pedantic learning's gloss,
Or tinsel gaud of art.

His was the power, rightly deemed divine,
To fill each wearied breast
With cheering light; and to instill soft balm
In bosoms pain-oppressed.

And now he is no more; you sadly say,
Dead is the poet now.
Those eyes that once so animated shone
Are closed; and cold his brow.

But you mistake. The songster is not dead:
For one like him ne'er dies.
Within the troubled hearts he soothed to rest
His name embalmèd lies.

FRANK M. MICHAEL.

HOW WE BURIED MURPHY.

Having to stay one night in the only tavern that was an adjunct to a saw-mill up the coast, I noticed at one of the tables a Hercules of an Irishman with laughing grey eyes and curly locks, and every few minutes would come from that table a peal of laughter, while Hercules's face (all except the eyes) would be as grave as that of a deacon passing the contribution plate.

Fearing the prospect of a long, dull evening, I took pains to cultivate the Colossus, and found him, as I thought, bubbling over with fun. The landlord, seeing my amusement, spoke up:

"Denny, tell the gentleman how you buried Murphy."

"Sure, I tould that ould story twice a'ready."

But I saw that Denny's objections were about on a par with those of young ladies asked to sing, and I succeeded, by means of the bar, in getting Denny into a pliable state of mind, and he began his tale.

"Whin I wuz a bit of a bye, risin' eighteen, or maybe nineteen, I used to spind the long evenin's at a bit av a shebeen house in Sandwich, away back in Canada, just across the river from Detroit. Well, one evenin' I wuz prancin' about the bar-room, and had spiled two or three noggins o' whiskey, and in bounced Tim Flaherty."

"'Good look to all here,' says he."

"'God save uz! Sure, ould Murphy's dead this time.'"

"'Dead droonk, ye mean,' says I."

"'He wuz that, too,' says Tim, 'bud the ould woman wuz as droonk as him, and she tumbled anto him, across the face o' him—sure she shet off his wind this time. That wuz the way they wor, he dead and could, and she dead droonk, and most as sthiff wid the could.'"

"'Who's Murphy, anyhow?' sez wan o' the byes."

"'Faix, aint he that ould sojer that lived in a bit of a shanty beyant the lumber piles? He's bin on wan big droonk iver since he kem out o' the army, and the ould woman was as handy wid the crater as Murphy.'"

"While we waz discoosin' quiet like, in kem the inquist for a glass all around. Sez the crowner:

"'Hoo'l bury Murphy,' sez he, 'and where'll we bury him? Thim dirty Orange Presbitarians won't let us sthick him in their bit o' ground, and the yawpin Methodists are just as bad, so faith, there's no place we can plant Murphy in.'"

"An ould farmer spoke up; sez he:"

"'I don't mind—ye may put him in that weeshie bit o' a field o' mine across the brook; bud he must be put down deep, so he'll niver come to the top at all,' says he."

"Sez the crowner:"

"'Faith, who'll do it? The ould cabin's pretty sthong by this out. Nobody knows whin he tuk that last sup. I'll give any of the boys twenty dollars to make a bit av a box and bury Murphy.'"

"Sez Tim to me:"

"'Shall we do it, Denny?'"

"I considhered a bit."

"'I'm wid ye,' sez I.' 'He can't hurt uz, anyhow.'"

"So, come mornin' we tuk some bits o' boords we had pervided over night from the lumber piles, and rattled togeder a bit av a box, long enough and good enough for Murphy."

"When we lugged it to the cabin wher Murphy laid, and opened the door—'Phew!' says I."

"'Howly Mother!' sez Tim; 'we'll want a taste of something stronger than this parfoomery, av we go on wid this bit av a job.'"

"So, in the twinkle of a bed-post, we wuz over to the shebeen house, roarin' at McCraken for a taste of poteen, to take the bad smell out av our troats and faith, it tuk a sensible number o' them to clear out our necks."

"Bud it wuz not much good; the parfoom had got so into our heads that we see three ways at wance. So, sez I:"

"'Tim, shall we go back to Murphy?'"

"'I'm agreed,' sez he."

"So aff we wint; and faith, Murphy wasn't so bad this time; so I tuk him by the head, and Tim by the fut, and wid wan good hist, in went Murphy into the box—soogh!"

"Then we nailed him up and loaded him on a bit of a sled, and got him down to the little field acrass the brook, pulled down the bars, and looked about to disciver a good, aisy place to dig."

"'Hurroo!' sez Tim."

"'What now?' says I"

"'Faith,' sez he, 'there's an ould pitaty hole; how will we get a better place to put a Murphy in?'"

"So into the hole we went wid our shovels, but, bedad, the ground wuz harder than a beggar bye's heart wid frost, and all we could do wuz to schrape out the snow and loose straw; and the cruelest thing was, we could not cover Murphy up; so, in this distrisful state, we klim up an the fince to bite our thumbs and think a bit. Well, I spied a lump o' corn-stacks convanient.

"'Sure,' sez I, 'corn-stacks 'll cover Murphy up illigant.'"

"And we soon had him out o' sight under a pile o' fodder; and to make it all nate and gintale we smoothed it aff wid a coat av dhry sand we got undher an ould stump. Tare an' ounds! didn't we have a night out o' the beautiful twinty dollars the crowner gev uz whin we reported the job to him complate; and we inded the night's divarsion wid as pretty a duscussion wid sthicks as ye could wish to see."

"But sich a hullabaloo as that ould farmer set up whin he found the kind of Murphy in his pitaty hole; and the health min had to take up Murphy and put him back in the ould cabin."

"Tim and I kept out o' sight. But wan night, whin we'd been payin' our respicts to the noggins, we remembered we had a bit av a grudge agin an ould doctor near by; so we set to raisin ways to git avin wid the ould bone-cutter. Sez I:"

"'Tim, let's take the ould villin a subject. Murphy'll be hard enough by this time to turn the sharpest knife in 'ould danger's' bit of a cruelty-box.'"

"'Thrue for you,' sez Tim; 'And we'll set Murphy an the rack o' bones av a nag the ould villin lathers about the country side. We'll tie him in wid a bit av a sthrap, and lave him to ride all night.'"

"So we slipped away to Murphy's cabin. Faith, there wuz no need to brake in the dure. Murphy was guard enough, though he was in his box. We pried aff the kiver, and got out Murphy. He wuz that sthiff ye might have druv him in the ground all as wan as a stake. We moidered up the road toward 'ould danger's' barn, stoppin' wance in a while to breath and listen."

"'Whist!' sez Tim, 'there's bells;' and sure we knowed there wuz a slather o' young folks goin' to a dance beyant."

"'Howly Moses! What'll we do now?' sez I."

"'Hould an,' sez he, and he set Murphy upright and jammed him down in the snow up to his knees, tore a bit av stake from the fince, and propped him up a bit."

"I put my hand on Murphy's shoulder social-like as the load dhruv by, hollerin' 'good night, boys,' never thinkin'."

"Bud whin they wor clear away, we begun to think we were too tuckerd entirely to lug Murphy any more troo the deep snow, so we left him standin' like a Roosian sentry an guard. And that's how we buried Murphy, for the next day we were safe and sound across the Detroit river."

W. H. WOODHAMS.

SUNSET AT SANTA BARBARA.

Aglow are the mountains with color,
Tinging the land and the sea,
While an evening fancy enclasps me,
Holding me silently.

Astir are the mountains with shadows,
Creeping adown to the sea;
While ever the vision enfolds me
In speechless sympathy.

Asleep are the mountains in quiet,
Till morning shall over the sea
Kiss darkness of night into beauty,
In newest holiday.

Awake are the mountains with freshness;
The sunlight is gilding the sea;
My fancy is whispering unto me
A tender memory.

F. H. BURDICK.

SMOKING FOR THE TOOTHACHE.

A right molar had been aching on the double-quick for sixty mortal hours. I had heated it, chilled it, tried laudanum, whisky, ginger and pepper, poulticed, fomented and blistered, till that side of my face looked like a boiled beet, but all in vain. It only jumped the harder and faster. I had exhausted the list of remedies known to me save one—the forceps—and was musing whether I should brave the dentist, when, in an evil moment, my chum (it was in my college days) suggested a cigar. Surely that *would* be something new to me. I acted on the unlucky hint at once. I put on my hat, and made for the sign of the "Big Injun" on the next street. I felt a little sheepish as I entered the shop on such a delicate errand, but put a bold face on, and asked for six A 1 rolls of the "weed nicotian." The shopman handed them out as if it were no very extraordinary event in his life to sell six cigars. I paid for them, slipped them into my deepest and darkest pocket, and started home. It seemed as if the eyes of every person in the street were bent on me, and every looker seemed to say:

"That greeny has got six cigars in his pocket."

I met a classmate that I felt sure at first was going to poke fun at me for aspiring to the "manly accomplishment first inaugurated by Sir Walter Raleigh."

But he passed me simply with a familiar, "Hallo, Bob! how's the grinder?"

As he did not intimate the least suspicion of my clandestine cigars, I felt quite reassured, and hurried home. Once there I solemnly prepared for the operation. I took off my coat, boots, put on my study gown, slippers, tied a handkerchief in lieu of smoking cap over my luxuriant hair, then selecting the nicest looking of the half-dozen, applied myself to one end, and a lighted match to the other.

"Why, chum, what's the matter with the confounded thing? I can't get a whiff."

"Daisy, perhaps you'd get more comfort out of it if you'd bite off the little end. Smoke don't generally draw very well through a capped flue."

"Oh! ah! all right."

So I nipped the end with a sudden snap of my incisors, when a chip of the broken leaf flew down my throat, and threw me into a spasm of coughing that I thought would choke me to death. Rallying from this I tried the first experiment on the opposite ends again.

Puff! puff!

"Beautiful! Chum, the machine runs!"

Then I settled back in our old rocker before the grate, put my feet on the fender, assumed the nonchalant air of an expert, and puffed away like a new pair of bellows till the inch stub began to burn my fingers. I had taken the remedy thoroughly. I aimed the fiery remnant at the grate, but, singularly enough, it went wide of the mark, struck the mantelpiece, and came bouncing back on the rug, scattering the sparks in every direction. I stooped to brush them up, when I suddenly found myself on all fours, and standing none too steady, even with this broadening of base. I tried to rise; the whole room seemed to have gone to sea, and the furniture was rocking at a most fearful rate. I made at once for the bed-room door. This dodged me; the wall three feet to one side rapped me in the face. My kind chum, seeing the state of the case, came promptly to my help, and after a nice piece of very civil engineering got me in bed. The relief was but momentary. Another woe came quickly, a sort of subterranean commotion just below the diaphragm. I felt the crisis coming and called:

"The bowl! the bowl! quick, quick! I feel as if I was an Ætna or Vesuvius; quick."

After this development I sunk back on the pillow utterly resigned.

"How are you now, old boy?" inquired my chum in a consoling tone.

"Convalescent, thank'ee: guess I shall sleep."

After lingering half an hour in the borderland between thought and dream, I was fairly over the line. And a troubled realm it proved to be; blue with endless smoke. First I was a chimney with sixteen flues all centering into one at the top, and my nose served for a smoke-vane, keeping its long point to the wind so that the gusts should not send the blue puffs the wrong way. Then I was the smoke-stack of a great steamer rolling in a heavy sea; and in this capacity I made a long long voyage. Next I was converted into a railroad engine, not rolling on wheels, but swinging dizzily through the air as it seemed about six feet above the track, with the sparks from the fire flying out of my eyes, and all the smoke and flames streaming through my mouth and nostrils. At last the engineer gave a sudden *chuff, chuff, chuff*, letting off the accumulated smoke, when I started up in a fright. My chum was exploding with laughter.

"Why Bob, you snore like old Cyclops himself. You ought to have heard the three snorts with which you came to! ha, ha, ha!"

I didn't join in the laugh.

The toothache was gone; but oh me! where! Into every fiber and particle of my brain. My pulse was trying to knock holes through my temples. My tongue was coated. My mouth tasted like an old smoke-house. My lips felt as if I had been exchanging with some horse, so swollen, and flabby, and floppy were they. It was twenty-four hours before I was myself again. Then the old toothache came back as bad as ever, and I had to go and let the forceps do their work after all. Thus ended my experience with my first and last cigar.

If any young man wants my advice about mastering the one art of self-fumigation with tobacco, it is that of the philosopher to the very young couple who asked him about getting married—*don't.*" L. H.

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AN ÆSTHETIC FAMILY.

I had heard of the Onslows from infancy. Mrs. Onslow had been one of the ideals of my mother's girlhood. They were graduated together at the same New England seminary, and had said farewell to each other with passionate tears, and eager protestations of deathless friendship, even before the diplomas, bouquets and white-muslin dresses of their Commencement Day.

Miss Cornelia Reed (which was Mrs. Onslow's name before she changed it) had gone back to live with her family in New York, and my mother had joined her own people in Philadelphia. This awful chasm of separation between the two friends had been semi-annually bridged, at first, by visits of not less than a fortnight; but after mother's marriage the visits ceased, though Cornelia, with glad devotion, had come on to be one of her friend's bridesmaids. A year later Miss Reed's own marriage to a New York artist had followed; then, I suppose the new distraction of increasing household cares had wrought its influence, and "baby fingers' waxen touches" had done their alienating work.

Mother and Mrs. Onslow had not corresponded during my own recollection, but "dear Cornelia" was so often on her lips, that we, her sons and daughters, were as familiar with this shadowy personality as though it had been some tangible little household *lar* kept among the statuettes on the drawing-room cabinet, and worshiped with punctilious homage several times a week.

"If you go to New York, Marcus," my mother had said to me, when, in my twenty-sixth year circumstances made it necessary for me to visit that famed metropolis, "you must be sure and look up dear Cornelia Reed's—I mean Onslow's—family. Cornelia and I have not met for over twenty years now, but I am certain that the mere mention of your name will be sufficient to insure you the most cordial welcome at her home."

"Had you not better give me a note of introduction?" I proposed.

Mother did give me one; she read it to me before confiding it to my care. There somehow clung about its tender retrospective sentences a fragrance that was like the long-faded rose-buds of that old, dead and gone Commencement Day.

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Soon afterward I went to New York. Before I had been there twenty-four hours I made a point of calling upon the Onslows. I am somewhat of a gregarious turn, and the sense of finding myself in a great city, where I had not the vestige of a social foothold, produced rather depressing results. One sharp January afternoon I rang the bell of a small basement-house in what is called the up-town portion of the city, and was admitted into a hall which looked as if it might have been one of the corridors in Hamlet's palace at Elsinore, so richly was it adorned with gothic woodwork, and draped over each door-way with arabesqued tapestries. The servant then ushered me into a chamber whose first view assailed me with the violence of a sudden shock. Its appointments were Japanese, and so lavishly and kaleidoscopically Japanese as to give me a sort of shame-faced consciousness that I wore the prosaic broadcloth of western civilization. The walls were ablaze with outspread fans, brilliant as tropical butterflies. The rest of the room seemed one gaudy confusion of immense flowered jars, glowing screens, varicolored cushions, and oriental rugs. I sat down with a feeling of having traveled thousands of miles since I had crossed the threshold of this curious chamber, and waited for somebody to come in and "receive" me. Presently the servant entered and informed me that Mrs. Onslow was not at home, but that the young ladies would be down in a moment.

I fell to conjecturing what sort of persons "the young ladies" who inhabited such a peculiar abode ought to be. Certainly something very much out of the common order, I concluded. And not long afterward one of them made her appearance.

She was a tall girl, with a graceful figure and soft, gliding movements. She wore a dress of fawn-colored merino, that fell in straight, classic folds to the floor. Her chestnut hair, which grew low about her forehead, was filleted with three or four narrow golden bands, and she had a zone of gold about her waist. Her features were chiseled in pale regularity, and there was something sculpturesque about the smile with which she greeted me. I had never seen a living figure so strikingly Greek. No detail of costume had been left to the imagination; she might have stepped forth, just as she was, from one of the ancient Athenian households. I should not have been surprised to hear her begin reciting a passage from Euripides, instead of addressing me in the most approved English.

"I have taken the liberty of reading your mother's note to mamma," she said, sitting down, and motioning me to reseat myself. "Of course I at once remembered our mother's old friendship. Mamma will doubtless be home very soon. Is this your first visit to New York, Mr. Carrington?"

"Yes," I said, laughing, "if you can believe that I am so great a savage."

She echoed my laugh in a calmer way.

"Oh, we are not admirers of New York—we have no pride in it. All American cities are very much alike. I except Boston. That has a real old-world touch. I am very fond of Boston. Papa has some dear friends there, and he sometimes takes me when he goes to visit them. I suppose I should tell you just who I am," the young lady went on, fixing her dark, serious eyes full on my face, and smiling very faintly. "I am the eldest Miss Onslow—Persephone."

"Persephone," I repeated, with irrepressible amazement.

"Does the name surprise you?" she asked. "I was called Eleanora till I had reached my seventh year. Then papa saw fit to change my name; he thought Persephone more—more suited—" She hesitated, and looked dreamily at a low, painted screen near the fire-place, where one ugly lady with a great many hair-pins was apparently making a present of something to another lady quite as ugly and quite as oddly *coiffée*.

"Oh, yes," I said, "I understand, of course."

Just then another young girl entered the room.

"My sister, Miss Marguerite Onslow," said Persephone, presenting her.

The new-comer was a blonde, with sweet

blue eyes and a rosy complexion. Her yellow hair fell in long braids down her back, and she wore a brown dress cut square in the neck and bordered with bands of black velvet. She at once suggested the *Marguerite* familiar to us all in opera and picture-gallery. As in the case of her sister, the deliberate imitation of an existent type startled you by its exact fidelity.

"I am very glad to meet you, Mr. Carrington," said Miss Marguerite, when we were all seated.

She spoke in the same measured, tranquil voice as that used by her sister.

"Mamma will be home from her walk in a little while. You must by all means remain and see her."

"Shall your stay in New York be a long one?" asked Persephone.

"No," I said. "I shall leave in two or three days—after I have seen a few of the sights."

Persephone and Marguerite exchanged a look. It was like Paganism speaking to the Christian Era.

"There are so few sights here!" said Marguerite. "We have no public buildings, no churches, no monuments of art, no pictures."

"Your father is an artist, is he not?" I asked.

"Yes," broke in Persephone; "papa has been painting for many years. But he is not appreciated; he never sells his pictures; they are not understood by the American public."

This was spoken in very much the same tone as might have been employed if the young lady had said: "Papa is very famous; he has a throng of admirers."

"Papa is now in Boston," said Marguerite.

"Perhaps they understand him better there," I ventured.

"Yes, a little better," said Marguerite.

"I suppose you miss him a great deal when he is absent," I said, with the aim of avoiding a threatened conversational pause.

Marguerite looked extremely dreamy, and shook her head. Persephone also shook her head.

"No," said the former young lady, "he is always with us."

"Always with us," echoed Persephone, softly.

This unexpected paradox quite baffled me. Perhaps Marguerite saw the surprise that I exhibited, and came mercifully to my assistance.

"Papa never leaves us," she said—"I mean spiritually, of course."

"Oh, spiritually," I murmured, feeling relieved.

"His physical absence makes little difference," said Persephone. "We often find ourselves forgetting that he is not seated at our sides."

"Oh, very often," said Marguerite.

"Sometimes we address him," resumed Persephone, "and then turn, and find his vacant chair close at hand."

"Yes, indeed!" declared Marguerite, in that placid monotone which both sisters unalterably employed, and which made their voices so alike that if you had closed your eyes you could not have told one voice from the other. "Only last evening I was reading an essay on a psychological subject, which papa had advised me to examine, when I came to a passage whose meaning struck me as obscure. 'Papa,' I said, 'pray explain this'; and I turned toward the chair in which he usually sits. Had it not been for this circumstance, the sense of his nearness would have remained unbroken for a long period."

The idea of a *Marguerite* reading a psychological essay recommended by her father, struck me as so droll a proceeding that I could not resist, at this point, a broad smile of amusement. Fortunately Mrs. Onslow, who had returned from her walk, just then entered the room.

She was a slender lady, well past middle age, who resembled both her daughters, and yet bore a marked dissimilarity to either. Her face was full of a meek sweetness that verged upon primness and timidity. Her walking-suit was something that I should have turned to look after if I had seen it in the street, though more in astonishment than ridicule.

It was certainly one of emphatic picturesqueness. The small poke-bonnet of black silk, shading her winsome yet Puritan sort of face; the high-waisted gown of like material, ruffled about the edge of the narrow, scant skirt; the dainty little semicircular cape, and the large puffed sleeves below it—all breathed of colonial times with irresistible suggestiveness. Mrs. Onslow welcomed me in a much more sociable way than her daughters had done. This elderly Priscilla, however her absent lord may have insisted upon her dressing according to her "type," possessed considerably more naturalness than either of the younger ladies. I soon discovered that Mrs. Onslow was a womanly, motherly being, full of complaisant amiability, and accepting the unique circumstances by which fate had surrounded her, with the plastic acquiescence of a model whom the artist poses as he may please.

"You have a remarkable house," I presently said to her. "No doubt it reflects your husband's artistic sympathies."

"Yes," said Mrs. Onslow, with her neatly-genial little smile. "My husband arranged it all." Then she seemed to repeat something that she had learned by heart. "He has a great taste for local color."

I glanced about me, taking in Japan, Greece, old Germany, and the colonial days of America, in a single eye-sweep.

"Oh, that is very evident," I said.

"Papa is a colorist," said Persephone.

"That is why his pictures do not please people," said Marguerite.

"Would you like to see some of my husband's paintings?" asked Mrs. Onslow.

"Very much," I replied.

A little later we all went up-stairs to a room in the back portion of the house, which had been arranged as a gallery for Mr. Onslow's unsalable works. The walls were thickly lined with paintings. The full afternoon light streamed through one large rear window. I began to look about me. I am not a connoisseur in art, but I know something of pictures. The first picture which I examined at all attentively was a canvas of considerable size, hung in a conspicuous place. My first impression was that I was not beholding a picture at all. This feeling became a conviction the longer I gazed. It seemed as if somebody had taken a large brush, dipped in a sort of brackish yellow, and struck out right and left with reckless prodigality. There was no hint of similitude to any known natural form; there was no visible attempt to produce perspective; there was nothing except a complicated interblending of zigzag daubs.

"That is one of papa's most striking pictures," said Persephone.

"Oh, sister," broke in Marguerite, "I have never cared for this as much as for his 'Orpheus in Hades.' Papa himself ranks that higher.

"I think you are mistaken," contradicted Persephone, mildly. "Papa *values* this higher as a pure, fearless, unconventional conception; though perhaps the 'Orpheus' has flashes of poetry which endear it to him, in spite of its less legitimate handling."

I waited, during these comments, in a sort of desperate expectancy that I should gain some faint clue to the 'subject' of the yellow incoherency before me. Of course I felt the pressing necessity to say something. The time had inexorably come for me to speak. And so, with the view of not making silence appear like discourtesy, I ventured a few words.

"What name does your father give this painting?" I asked, with an effort to imply that although perfectly aware what the picture represented, it would be pleasant to learn its exact title.

My question seemed to produce marked astonishment. Persephone and Marguerite both laughed; there was a ring of polite compassion in the laugh of either; or at least I so fancied.

"It seems odd that any one should fail to instantly grasp this picture's meaning," said the elder sister.

"Of course Mr. Carrington must understand that it represents a marine tropical sunset," said Marguerite. "Perhaps he merely inquires—"

"Oh, of course," I here interrupted, with a mighty sense of relief. "I merely inquired the name which your father had bestowed upon it."

"Oh, he only calls it a 'Study in Ocher,'" said Marguerite. "But I love to call it simply 'Sumatra.'"

It struck me that "Kamtchatka" would be quite as appropriate, but I did not offer this Philistine comment, and we passed on to "Orpheus."

I suppose "Orpheus" was considered by its creator a study in black. It exhibited to my eyes no discernible evidence of study, but it was certainly very black. Its opaque monotony had a tiny speck of white in one corner, which I took for granted was Orpheus himself. All the rest of the picture was no doubt Hades. I was a good deal impressed by Hades, on the whole, because it made me think of my youthful school-day tortures at the blackboard, which truly constitute an infernal reminiscence.

These are the only two pictures in that well-filled gallery of which I carried away any distinct recollection. The others, however, were equally *bizarre* and extraordinary, with two exceptions. One of these was a landscape, as commonplace as it was careful, with some accurate foliage in the foreground, a vine-clad cottage at middle distance, and a hazy effect of hills behind. The other was a farm-yard scene, with a few creditable ducks, a rather feeble cow, and a well-drawn old laborer smoking his pipe in the doorway.

"These are surely not by your father's hand," I said, pointing upward; for the pictures had been "skyed" unmercifully, like a tyro's work at an exhibition.

"Oh, yes," laughed Persephone, after her soft fashion. "They are in papa's earlier manner. He quite execrates them; he means to take them out of the collection altogether. Mamma, Marguerite, we really must remind him to do so."

I could not help silently agreeing with Persephone that these two pictures were sadly out of place in the present collection.

After we had left the gallery we went downstairs again into Japan.

"I suppose that you young ladies do not go much into the fashionable world?" I said, when we were again seated.

"Not at all," said Persephone, with amiable decision. "We have quite too much to do."

"Ah, you are closely occupied?"

"My daughters are great readers," said Mrs. Onslow. "They both make a point of reading twenty pages each day in some standard work, whether French, German, or English."

"Thirty pages, mamma," corrected Persephone, with quaint sobriety.

"Also in Italian works," amended Marguerite, demurely.

"Then they have their music," proceeded Mrs. Onslow.

"Ah, you play?" I said, looking at the sisters. "It would give me pleasure to hear you."

"Marguerite has far greater talent than I," said Persephone, with a glance toward that young lady.

"They are good enough to think so, here at home," said Marguerite, rising and going toward a piano that stood in one corner of the apartment, and represented the only un-Asiatic feature.

Marguerite now seated herself, selected a certain sheet from a near pile of music, and began to play. It seemed to me, as she progressed, that I had never heard anything so riotously discordant as her performance. I am not at all above some of the Italian composers, and at the same time I have a hearty liking for the best-known German ones; but it did not appear to me that the sounds now produced by Miss Marguerite's fingers bore the remotest resemblance to anything that can be called music. Persephone seemed quite rapt during the performance. She looked at the floor, moved her head from side to side in a sort of entranced way, and once or twice palpably fluttered her lovely, wax-like eyelids. As her sister concluded, amid a stormy clangor that struck me as nothing short of devilish, she lifted

her head again, and exclaimed with unconcealed delight:

"Charming, Marguerite! You have never done better."

"You should leave that for Mr. Carrington to say," smiled Marguerite, rising from the piano.

But instead of saying this—since there is a limit even to the most depraved hypocrisy—I compromised matters by inquiring the name of the composer? Whereupon, in tranquil chorus, both sisters uttered a certain German name which I had never before heard, and which I now fail to recall.

"Papa will paint that fugue some day," said Persephone, as though speaking to herself.

"Oh, I hope so!" exclaimed Marguerite, with tender enthusiasm.

It privately occurred to me that "papa" had painted it a good many times already; but I naturally refrained from offering any such opinion.

I am afraid that from this period of my visit I was completely under the spell of a cold-blooded curiosity which rather threw aside the best civil requirements. It was something like the impulse that prompts one to address a bearded lady or a living skeleton with questions not precisely authorized by the liberties extended him in his show-ticket.

"And so your time is quite occupied in purely æsthetic pursuits?" I said, addressing both sisters equally. "You see little of outside society?"

"We have very few friends," said Marguerite, replacing one of the big blonde braids that had fallen across her shoulder during the late musical extravaganza.

"We require very few," said Persephone.

"You see, Mr. Carrington," here observed Mrs. Onslow, becoming suavely explanatory, "my daughters find few people with whose tastes their own are congenial."

Shortly after this speech I rose, in as felicitous a way as I could manage, to take my leave. And I did so with a genuine feeling of pity; for it had occurred to me that both Persephone and Marguerite had, as the phrase goes, the making of very nice girls in them.

"You must visit us again before you go back," said Mrs. Onslow, at the moment of my departure, with serene cordiality. "My husband will no doubt return to-morrow."

"Oh, yes, we should so like you to see papa!" said Persephone.

But I did not call again. I did not see "papa." It remained with me as a durable impression for a long time afterward, that I had, in one sense, seen a great deal too much of him already.

EDGAR FAWCETT.

SOPHIE PEROWSKAJA.

Down from her high estate she stept,
A maiden, gently born,
And by the icy Volga kept
Sad watch, and waited morn;
And peasants say that where she slept
The new moon dipt her horn.

Yet on and on, through shoreless snows
Stretched tow'rd the great north pole,
The foulest wrong the good God knows
Rolls as dark rivers roll.
While never once for all these woes
Upspeaks one human soul.

She toiled, she taught the peasant, taught
The dark-eyed Tartar. He,
Inspiréd with her lofty thought,
Rose up and sought to be,
What God at the creation wrought,
A man! God-like and free.
Yet e'er before him yawns the black
Siberian mines! And oh,
The knout upon the bare white back!
The blood upon the snow!
The gaunt wolves, close upon the track,
Fight o'er the fallen so!

And this that one might wear a crown
Snatched from a strangled sire!
And this that two might mock or frown,
From high thrones climbing higher,
To where the Parricide looks down
With harlot in desire!
Yet on, beneath the great north star,
Like some lost, living thing,
That long line stretches black and far
Till buried by death's wing!
And great men praise the goodly Czar—
But God sits pitying.

* * * * * * *

The storm burst forth! From out that storm
The clean, red lightning leapt,
And lo, a prostrate royal form! . . .
Like any blood, his crept
Down through the snow, all smoking warm,
And Alexander slept!
Yea, one lies dead for millions dead!
One red spot in the snow
For one long damning line of red;
While exiles endless go—
The babe at breast, the mother's head
Bowed down, and dying so!

And did a woman do this deed?
Then build her scaffold high,
That all may on her forehead read
Her martyr's right to die!
Ring Cossack round on royal steed!
Now lift her to the sky!
But see! From out the black hood shines
A light few look upon!

Poor exiles, see! from dark, deep mines,
Your star at burst of dawn! . . .
A thud! A creak of hangman's lines—
A frail shape jerked and drawn! . . .

* * * * * *

The Czar is dead; the woman dead,
About her neck a cord.
In God's house rests his royal head—
Hers in a place abhorred:
Yet I had rather have her bed
Than thine, most royal lord!
Yea, rather be that woman dead,
Than this new living Czar,
To hide in dread, with both hands red,
Behind great bolt and bar—
While, like the dead, still endless tread
Sad exiles tow'rd their star.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

'49 AND '50.

CHAPTER XIX.

Several days of fair and delightful weather continued to favor the labors of the inmates of Camp Harrington. Neither did the remarkable fortune of the first day materially diminish. More than was theirs, they could not reasonably wish for. The situation of the tent and cabin, sheltered by a group of tall pines, could not be bettered. It was placed so as to receive each breeze that swept in cooling fragrance among the hills. Some new comfort was added from night to night. However soon or severe the storms might come, the party were out of reach of danger.

As yet there was little necessity for exposure. The gold was to be obtained without going into the water, while the food, though plain, was healthful and palatably prepared. No greedy gold-seeker came to share their spoils; no thieving Indian had as yet sought to appropriate their horses feeding in a green bottom not far below. The trapper, having visited various camps in the vicinity, returned a report of prevailing disorders of a serious nature, but they were mostly confined to miners that had been exposed, day and night, while at work upon the bars of the river. Several times the kind-hearted physician had been called to the bed of suffering; but there was, fortunately, no need of his professional services among those of his own company. He had become much interested in several of his patients, and after a visit to them, was ready with some piteous tale of suffering.

"We don't know anything about the hardships of the average miner," he would say. "Those miserable creatures that stand in the water all day, and sleep in their wet clothes at night—that eat the worst of food and drink the worst of liquor—what can be expected for them but death? In the valley, where vast areas of vegetation are rapidly decaying, there is little hope, as we have seen, of escaping the deadly poison taken into the system with every breath. Here, the cool mountain winds are less injurious; but, after all, at this season of the year, the climate is not such as to aid in

warding off disease inevitable to those that adopt the reckless habits of the miners. We must be exceedingly cautious. My stock of medicines is not large, and, when through with the cases now under treatment, I must refuse all further solicitations to prescribe outside the camp."

"What is the condition, Doctor, of that young man of whom you have so often spoken?" asked Mrs. Monroe.

"I expect to hear of his death, at any hour," was the reply.

A thoughtful mood fell upon all present. The physician had interested them in behalf of the patient, concerning whom Mrs. Monroe had inquired. For a month he had been lying in his blankets, with no shelter except that afforded by the branches of a stunted oak. There was no one to care for him for affection's sake, nor had he been able to procure a nurse by proffering exorbitant sums of money. The unnatural indifference characterizing many of the early gold-seekers was strikingly illustrated in his case. The Doctor had been his best friend; in fact, his only friend.

It was Sabbath morning, and our little mining company, looking forward to a day of needed rest, were quietly chatting about a huge rock at the entrance of their cabin, when a messenger arrived with a request from the lonely sufferer that the Doctor would come to him, and bring with him one of the ladies. Mrs. Durgin declared herself unfit for such an interview, urging her companion to accompany the physician.

"The poor man wishes kind words not only, but wise and tender counsel," said she; "I could not give it. You, Mrs. Monroe, I know, can and will speak to him words of peace."

"You will go with us, will you not?" asked the other.

"I will go conveniently near," was the reply, "if you wish; but I really cannot stand by the side of one about to die, friendless, among these lonely hills."

It was not a long journey, though one not without its difficulties, to the place where the patient lay. The trail, which had been little traveled by man, and never before by a white woman, led down rough steeps, and through gulches closely grown and entangled with wild vines. The three Samaritans were obliged to follow their guide at a slow pace. At length they came in sight of the oak-tree. Mrs. Durgin, as she had designed, stopped before reaching it, while the others went on. The report of the Doctor had been in nowise exaggerated. A wretched spectacle, indeed, met the eyes of compassionate Mrs. Monroe. Feebly the dying man raised his hand toward her, smiled faintly, and asked if he might say to her words that neither mother nor sister could hear; these being far from him in lovely Genesee Valley, in western New York. Gently she knelt beside him, and administered with her own hands an alleviating potion, prepared by the Doctor; then, in a low voice saying something to him, that brought a momentary light into his eyes, listened for what he desired to communicate.

"It is a painful favor that I have asked of you," he began; "but it seemed as if I could not die without once more looking upon the face of woman. The fear of death troubles me but little. For myself, indeed, I had no wish to live longer; but for the sake of my mother and sisters, against whose earnest entreaties I came here—for the sake of them, life might still have been sweet to me. It cannot be, however; there is no help for me. I have suffered; but 'tis not of this that I desire to speak. I had thought that it would comfort my mother to receive a letter from some one kind enough of heart to sympathize with her, while conveying the intelligence of my death and decent burial. You are a stranger to me, (and God grant that you may ever be a stranger to suffering like mine) but I trust that you will undertake this task, in view of the comfort that it may bring to my stricken mother."

His listener assured the dying man that she would obey his directions implicitly. Thereupon he gave her his name and the name and address of his mother. The contrast of the two faces—that of the suppliant and of the benefactress—caused the few by-

standers to look on in silent awe and wonder. The beautiful, radiant features of life side by side with the pale, emaciated lineaments of death! The inured physician, who had stood by many a death-bed, was affected as he had never been before. An impulse seized him to go and bring his wife, that she might be a witness of this most impressive scene. Upon second thought, however, he decided not to do so.

"I have not quite done," continued the sufferer. "At the root of yonder pine, on the eastern side, about two feet below the surface of the ground, you will find a small tin box. In it are about three thousand dollars' worth of gold, together with some letters and pictures. I desire that Dr. Durgin's charges and the expenses of my burial should first be defrayed, and that the remainder of the gold, with the keepsakes, should be forwarded, when opportunity offers, to my mother and sister. Will you do me these last kindnesses?"

There was hardly time for her to whom these words were addressed to reply. It was evident, however, that the answer was heard, for the dying man returned a look of deepest gratitude, then closed his eyes forever. The Doctor knew that the arm of mortal was powerless. He had expected the end; and it had come.

It being Sabbath day, which a few of the miners in the vicinity recognized as they had been accustomed to do at home, the Doctor deemed it proper to hasten the burial and inter the body that afternoon; the ladies were accordingly escorted back to camp by the guide with whom they came; a messenger was sent to inform those in the surrounding camps of the hour of the funeral; while the Doctor, assisted by a slothful Mexican, repaired to a little open space upon a near hillside, to dig the grave. The comrades of the dead man having gone to a trading-post to spend their week's earnings in the delights of riotous intoxication, the Mexican was the only help obtainable; and he, though demanding ten dollars for his assistance, employed the greater part of his time sitting quietly down, rolling and smoking one cigarette after another, while the physician did the work that it was agreed should be equally divided between the two. The Doctor was a man slow to anger; but had it not been for the impropriety of a broil during the performance of so solemn a duty, he could not have refrained from punishing the indolent wretch as soundly as he deserved. At length, this labor with the spade being finished, he sought the quarters of a man that was said to be leading a life of singular uprightness, and arranged with him to conduct the funeral services.

At four o'clock on this lovely autumn afternoon, small groups of miners, with washed hands and faces, looking as decent as possible in the rough and soiled garments that they wore, were to be seen coming from various directions, on their way to the oak-tree where the deceased had suffered and at last ceased from suffering. They were a wild-looking company; their long hair and bristly unshaven faces, together with the diversity of their clothing, concealed what refinement may have existed beneath. All of them well armed, they wore the mien of men come forward rather for battle than for the peaceful office of burial. Their voices were hushed, and their behavior respectful; at the same time a gloomy sternness supplied the place of that tenderness ordinarily attendant upon like occasions. One among them seemed to be regarded as a sort of leader. This man was larger, more commanding in countenance, easier of action, and more becomingly attired, than any of the others. Further than a few suggestions it was not noticed that he influenced by words the conduct of those about him; but it was evident that he was, without particular effort, the controlling spirit. It was he that offered to bear the body in his own arms from the tree to the grave. The Doctor gave his consent; and placing our friends from Camp Harrington, all of whom were in attendance, directly behind him, the remainder followed in rank, still further in the rear. The strong man bore the wasted body, wrapped in heavy blankets, with a striking dignity and strength of movement. It was observed and admired by all. The

bearer's face, too, as the body was lowered, uncoffined, to the pine boughs in the bottom of the grave, wore an expression of deferential majesty. He appeared to be aware that the eyes of the ladies occasionally rested upon him. Only once, however, did his countenance seem to change. This was when he met the steady glance of Blair. At that moment a slight scowl passed over his brow; but it quickly vanished. The beautiful burial-service of the Church was read in an impressive manner. Never before had its sublime pathos so touched the hearts of our friends. Nature preserved an enchanting stillness. Sunshine and shadow rested in pleasing alternation upon the eastern hills. All was in keeping with the melancholy serenity of the hour. An additional supply of fragrant pine boughs was strewn upon the body, then the earth was filled in, and quietly as they came the little congregation dispersed to their several places of labor or repose.

The Doctor had not yet completed his generous deeds in behalf of the departed. The box must be taken from the earth beneath the pine, and conveyed to camp. It was decided that Blair and the trapper should remain behind for that purpose, while the remainder of the party went on.

"Do you think it would be well to unearth the box while it is yet light?" asked Mrs. Monroe. "I feel great anxiety concerning the safe dispatch of its contents, in conformity with my promise."

"There can be no trouble about it," answered the Doctor. "The money certainly belongs to no one else; and should we be discovered while taking it into possession, which is not likely, I anticipate no interference."

"We will see that the box reaches camp with its treasures intact," added Blair; and the party having gotten beyond hearing, he turned for a few words with the trapper.

"Have you your rifle with you, Uncle Lish?"

"Never'll ketch me without that at a funeral or anywhere else."

"The Doctor and I are about to dig up some gold buried under yonder tree. It belonged to the man we have just buried, who requested us to take it in charge."

"Jest so."

"Now, we may not be interrupted. The severity of the punishment of theft and robbery in the mines makes it improbable that we shall be openly molested. But," continued Blair, "I am not pleased with the appearance of at least one individual in attendance at the burial. Every one present undoubtedly knew that the deceased had amassed and concealed a considerable amount of gold; and, as I intimated, I am suspicious that one person, if no more, will keep watch of our movements."

"And I'll keep the run o' his'n," responded the trapper, smoothing his rifle-barrel as if to infuse into the cold instrument the warmth of his own blood.

"That is my desire."

"Would you mind givin' me the twig, Cap'ain, as to which o' the derned scoundrels you have spotted?"

"Let that pass for the present, Uncle Lish."

"Waal," responded the trapper, squinting skyward, "when I shoots, I allers levels on the biggest buck in the herd. It is jest about time for 'em to come out and feed now, too, aint it?"

The trapper, having employed this much mysteriousness to offset Blair's reticence upon the point of the identity of the man against whom he was preparing to defend himself, stepped aside into a clump of bushes that covered a commanding rise of ground, and crouched upon his knees as motionless as the stones against which he rested. Blair, meanwhile, had struck his spade into the spot designated; while the Doctor, with the appearance of one resting rather than standing on guard, stationed himself close by. The labor was not long. Soon the spade reached the metallic box; when Blair stooped down for the purpose of drawing it out. As he did so the report of a rifle was heard, and his hat was knocked off his head. Instantly both he and the physician dropped upon their faces. This they had no sooner done than a second shot was heard from the shrubbery on the knoll above.

"Lie still," said Blair; "there is a dead man in the ranks of the enemy."

Deep silence followed the trapper's shot. It was fast getting dusk.

"Perhaps he missed his aim because of the dim light," at length whispered the Doctor.

"Not he," returned the other.

Then came the accents of a familiar voice, though neither knew that the trapper had quitted his place and crept down within hearing.

"Run, ye derned hounds," muttered Uncle Lish. "All up," he continued, rising to his feet. "Hooray for Camp Harrington! Another funeral to-morrow, which one feller I knows on wont trouble hisself to attend."

"Have you killed some one, then?" asked Blair.

"Cap'ain," returned the trapper, "when I draws bead I can't help it. Suthin' allers tumbles. But," he continued, shaking his iron locks, "I couldn't git sight o' the big buck. I heerd him makin' his way off, but he was a leetle too sly for me."

"Let us make haste," said Blair, lifting out the box.

"Oh, there was only them two," spoke the trapper. "We can take it leisurely. One o' the birds can't fly, and 'tother will be purty derned certing to take a bee-line for his roost."

"I had forgotten about my hat," said Blair, picking up that article, and examining it. "A good clean hole, isn't it, Doctor?"

"A close escape!" returned the physician.

"The varmint!" exclaimed Uncle Lish.

"Did you kill the one that sent the bullet," asked the Doctor.

"No, I'm derned ef I did," was the emphatic answer. "I was obleeged to take the feller that thought he would undertake the job that the fust one fell through on."

"But why do you say you missed the 'big buck,' if you did not see him?" inquired Blair.

"P'raps I knowed him by the sense o' smell. It was that same which put the hole through your hat."

Blair was now positive that the trapper had hit upon the man whom he himself suspected. How had he found him out? He was not present when the stranger called with reference to hiring Mose. Perhaps Mose had told him about his own meeting with the old friend of his master. The trapper, too, it will be remembered, had spent his evenings away from the cabin. Probably his absence was due to scouting expeditions, upon some of which he had learned the character of him that called himself Crowell, a man destined to be better known by our friends.

"This is something very strange," thought Blair, as the three climbed homeward. "The fellow is evidently a desperado, and intent upon taking my life. I am positive that one of us must die; at the same time there is that in the presence of my enemy that makes me unwilling to deal with him according to his merits. A kind of awe fell upon us both as we stood, face to face, in the light of the camp-fire, the night he came to me upon his insulting errand. He felt it, and I felt it as well. He is not the man to lay his hand upon his revolver without using it, nor indeed am I. A vague sense of something, to me inexplicable, restrained us both; each equally conscious of its power."

"It is astonishing how soon one learns to slight danger," spoke the Doctor, breaking the silence, and interrupting the flow of Blair's perplexing thoughts. "I always looked upon myself as more or less of a coward; but I cannot think of anything at this moment that would frighten me. As for you, one would have supposed that the wind instead of a bullet had displaced your punctured hat."

"Very true," answered Blair, "we cannot tell how the situation will affect us until, as an old soldier used to say, "we have been there."

"The Cap'ain is a born gineral," spoke the trapper.

"Men of your years and varied experience are apt to have their notions, Uncle Lish," answered Blair.

"Yaas, and sich as are purty apt to be derned straight and squar," was the reply.

"But, Blair," inquired the Doctor, abruptly, "how came you to anticipate any trouble in this matter?"

"Perhaps," returned the other, with the first smile that had been seen for some hours to light his handsome features, "it was through, as Uncle Lish calls it, 'the sense of smell.' No: let me make the explanation a little more philosophic. In all probability I am indebted for my information to what certain writers term a presentiment."

"Enough said," exclaimed the matter-of-fact physician. "The ladies must know nothing of what has happened."

"That's a perlite proposition," spoke the trapper, quickening his pace as the camp-fire gleamed in sight. "But women is tarnal cute on gittin' to the wind'ard of a secret."

"How does it happen, that you, who have lived so long with men, are informed upon this subject," asked Blair.

"My mother, Cap'ain, was a woman," answered Uncle Lish.

When the three whose actions we have been following again rejoined the party, they were greatly surprised to discover an unwonted gloom settled upon cheerful Camp Harrington. The light-hearted lady, always overflowing with girlish joy, had retired to the cabin, smitten with grief. The cause of it was unknown, unless to her attendant, Mrs. Monroe.

"What has happened to my baby, now," asked the Doctor, approaching the spot where his wife lay sobbing bitterly.

"It is a foolish illness," replied the other, striving to conquer her emotions.

"Are you really ill, Lina?" again spoke the husband, taking her hand in his o

"No, no, Doctor; I was suddenly seized with a fit of crying after our return from the funeral."

"I know you hesitated to go, but I little thought the effect would be so serious. Look up—let me see. What a bundle of nerves!" continued the physician, seeking to dispel the lady's inquietude by a mild rebuke, uttered with his customary wholesome roughness. "Come, now; no more of this. Mrs. Monroe, I am astonished that you should allow your ward to conduct herself so much like her old Aunt Polly, a maiden of fifty cloudy summers, each one bringing some new disaster, and all of them because of that hifalutin' mishap—an early cross in love. Fie! Madeline: give me a reason for this most unminer-like attack, or let that big tear in the further corner of your right eye be the last one."

The Doctor's pressure upon his young wife's forehead was decidedly more tender than his language. The kindness of his hardy nature must find vent in some manner. The lady, however, refused to be comforted.

"Mrs. Durgin is temporarily prostrated with that good, old-fashioned disease—home-sickness," spoke the lady by her side.

"*Nostalgia*," responded the physician. "This is all the pill I have for that, but it is sugar-coated," he added, bending down and imprinting a kiss upon the flushed cheek of the patient.

"That must prove efficacious," said Mrs. Monroe. "Give yourself no uneasiness, Doctor. I will undertake the radical cure of this malady, if I may be allowed to maintain perfect quiet in the cabin."

"I will leave the case, then, in your hands, Mrs. Monroe," answered the husband, taking the hint that the ladies wished to be alone. "I shall not be far away, and will make a professional call later in the evening."

So saying, Doctor Durgin whispered some fond sentiment in the ear of his sorrowing bride, and retired.

"Do you not see how kind and affectionate he is?" sobbed the sufferer, following her husband with tear-dimmed eyes, as he passed from sight. "I have not been just to him, either. What am I to do?" she cried, and again fell to weeping violently.

"One can not act better than one knows," responded the other. "My dear friend, you are very young, and should not reproach yourself for not having the wisdom that is the reward of experience alone."

"But I knew better than to wound the heart of another. Of course I did not dream that I could be working permanent harm, but I was wicked enough to triumph over the

little inconveniences my conduct occasioned to him whom we have this day buried. Alas! they were not the small hurts that I believed them!"

"Undoubtedly your course with this unfortunate young man was not altogether prudent; but from what you have disclosed to me, I can not see that you are responsible for his emigration to this country; certainly not for his sickness and death."

"I knew that he loved me; I allowed him to go so far as to ask me to be his wife. Had I been plain-spoken and just, his hopes would not have risen so high."

"But did you not say that you loved him in return?"

"True, I did; not, however, with a love that was worthy of him. Heaven knows that I never sought to give him pain. I was blind—cruelly blind."

"Admitting your conduct to be censurable, again I say that it does not make you responsible for the young man's deplorable fate."

"When he received my answer to that fatal question, his reply was, 'My hopes are crushed; I must go so far away that we can never meet again!'"

"It is a hard lesson, my dear child; you will profit sufficiently by it without aggravating your offense. You did wrong; but at your years, few, under the circumstances, would have manifested greater wisdom or charity. Your injustice to the dead, if indeed you must regard your treatment as such, will teach you to deal more equitably with the living."

The penitent suddenly ceased from the sobbing that had been renewed upon pronouncing her former lover's last words to her; and remained, for some moments, in calm silence.

"That shall be my comfort," she said, at length; "I will be to the Doctor what I refused to be to him that sleeps."

Now that she was freed from the violence of her grief, her counselor administered the reproof and admonition from which she had hitherto judiciously withheld. There was a spark of vanity in Mrs. Durgin's brilliancy of girlish life. This was the worst offense with which she could be charged. Never before had she stopped to consider the effect of her spontaneous, careless vivacity of thought and action. She was now but twenty years of age, and the experience recalled in this sorrowful manner had been that of some four years previous. It seems that Mrs. Monroe, in the course of their conversation after the death-scene, had given her the name of the deceased; which, in a moment of inadvertence, she had misunderstood. On their way home from the funeral, however, the name being again pronounced in her hearing, she recognized it as the familiar one of a man, several years her senior, that had early made her the object of his ardent affections. This first shock to her free and rather thoughtless life could not but be attended with a certain degree of remorse. It was one of those singularly pathetic incidents with many a parallel in the unwritten history of the mines of youthful California; but not the most tragic yet to befall the company of adventurers quartered in Camp Harrington.

Mrs. Monroe had fortunately omitted to mention to her companion the keepsakes that were intrusted to her care, in addition to the gold. With her habitual consideration she opened the box at a time when Mrs. Durgin was unable to be present. Having done so, she was not greatly astonished to find therein, among other treasures, the picture of a sweet, young face, an excellent likeness still of her whose sorrows she had sought to appease.

"Truly he loved her!" she exclaimed. "Little did the dying man suspect how near him, in his last moments, was she with whom he hoped to live a long and happy life!"

Only her husband and Blair were present.

"The Doctor has unconsciously performed a deed of rare graciousness," spoke the latter.

"Is it best to inform him of these particulars?" asked the Professor.

"If it were my case I should be happier to remain in ignorance of them," said Blair.

"Let us leave this point for his wife's decision," spoke Mrs. Monroe. "If she chooses to disclose to him what she knows, our further

facts may rightfully follow. Mrs. Durgin, however, must not learn that we found her picture here. Truth is not only stranger, but very much stranger than fiction."

Not long after this interview, Blair might have been heard to speak of quite another matter. He was relating to Ensign, in the presence of Uncle Lish, the attempt made upon his life, a few hours before.

"Are such characters as Crowell common in the diggings?" asked Ensign of the trapper.

"No, they're mighty scarce," was the answer. "It is jest as well for me to speak out a leetle, though the Cap'ain has made me go kinder shy by keepin' mum hisself."

"Speak," said Blair. "We will now make a clean breast of it."

"Waal, arter Mose giv me notice o' this feller's tryin' to play us by coaxin' him away, I knowed derned sudden we hed business on our hands aside from minin'; and I hev been on track o' the partic'lar derned whelp ever since. He hasn't been in the diggins long. Sence he has been here he has come the perlite, you understand, and got on the inside o' the boys. He's edicated, and stands square on his heels, and carries a good face. Sich nat'rally git the lead. But it seems that the chap don't take to Camp Harrington. To simmer the whole thing down to a teaspoonful, we've got to keep on the lookout. Do you savey?"

"What shall we do?" asked Blair.

"The first thing we ken prove on him, take his pelt," answered the trapper. "That's the law o' the mines."

"For some reason," again spoke Blair, "I would rather one of you would kill him than to do it myself."

"I will not miss the opportunity you did, the night he called," said Ensign.

"I've missed him oncet, too," concluded the trapper; "but he needn't be too derned certing thet that thar was my last chip."

Chapter XX.

Having allowed our friends six weeks of steady mining, a few rainy days excepted, the reader may look in upon them, on this bright November morning, expecting to find a considerable change in their circumstances. The five proprietors, with the assistance of Uncle Lish and Mose, have taken out from the ravines the handsome sum of twenty-five thousand dollars, over and above their expenses. Mose has received his wages only, as far as his own acknowledgment extends, though it is the opinion of those that have had the opportunity of watching his movements, that he has taken smart toll for all the gold he has contributed to the grand treasury of The Swilling Mining Company. Indeed, it has been found necessary to remind this religious free citizen of the United States, several times, of the dire penalty inflicted for theft in this particular locality of his beloved country. Once Blair compelled him to empty a certain inside pocket that he had lately inserted in his highly-checked paraphernalia, in the presence of the assembled company. This Mose proceeded to do without the slightest embarrassment; and, as the precious flow of hidden treasures ceased, he turned first to his master, then to the others, a look of child-like simplicity and innocence.

"Lor' sakes!" he exclaimed, "Massa Blair, I'se powerful sorry to 'spose o' this present 'fore your birthday. You is welcome to dis little, dis blessed minute; but as I referentiated, I should ha' been dreffle tickled to have addified to it for de two weeks comin' 'fore dat time o' jubilee."

What could be said in reply to this? No sober man could make answer. Shocking as it may sound, there was one hearer, however, sufficiently elated by intricately-concocted beverages obtained at the trading-post in Weaverville, to imagine himself capable of a response.

"Turn the fractious whelp over to me, Cousin Mor'mer; I can tender 'im just the right sort of gratitude. Mose (hic) ought to stop cooking, and take an (hic) office under the gover'ment."

James Swilling's appearance, as he dispensed this imperfectly-articulated humor, would have made the most devout and stern

Puritan laugh in spite of all effort to the contrary. His hat sat just far enough upon his head to hold its place; one glass was knocked out of his spectacles, while his lank body, cased in a shrunken flannel shirt, only less limber than his willow-like legs, swayed awkwardly forward and backward, then from side to side, as holding with both bony, begrimed hands to the lower branch of a sapling, he sought to reduce the two figures of Mose that he saw into the one actually existing. James had dug more gold, by some two thousand dollars, than any of his associates. A change in his naturally-retired behavior soon became evident. At night, instead of remaining about the camp-fire with the others, he began to absent himself for the society of some jollier miners that had commenced work but a little distance away. Several times he had returned from the festivities shared with his new companions in a state of mind painfully bewildered. Blair had extracted from his wayward relative as many promises of reform as he had committed offenses against the decorum of the camp. Both ladies had used their influence, but the boy's mind was so thoroughly imbued with the wild life inspired by success, and freedom from all the restraints of home, that his hours of penitence easily glided into those of further transgression.

"He is positively mad," said the Doctor, "and the best way is to oppose him as little as possible. If we manage his money, and leave his conduct to himself, he will come round, one of these days."

The trapper heard this professional opinion. He did not venture an open reply, but taking Blair one side, he said: "Cap'ain, when I see that feller with the lump glued to his hand, down whar we took in the b'ar, I made up my mind about 'im, right then and thar. Sez I, 'That chap 'll never see the States agin. 'Tain't no use o' talkin'. You can't stop 'em when they gits this derned twist oncet into their heads. He's one o' the cleverest creeturs God ever lost sight on; but he's a goner. Californy 'll git the best of 'im, you bet your life."

The sudden alteration in James was altogether the most striking; nevertheless there was another that must not be left unnoticed. In the few weeks that have elapsed since the burial, Mrs. Durgin has grown several years older in mien and manner. Not that the youthful bloom has gone from her cheek; that is there as bewitching as ever. But the elder lady no longer regards her as the child she was when first they met. The Doctor, who does not see the finer shades of character with any more than the average quickness of discernment, is daily surprised with the increasing worth of his youthful mate. In fact, he has said to her repeatedly:

"Lina, what *has* come over you? I don't believe you loved me at all when you used to declare you did. Now, when you say little or nothing about it, I positively believe you are getting as fond of me as I have always been of you. Upon my soul, I've a notion to do my courting all over again."

Still another proof of the swift ripening of Mrs. Durgin's character is to be found in the respect paid her by Blair and by Ensign. The latter had been a warm admirer of Mrs. Monroe from the first. Now he acknowledged that the younger lady deserved to share with her the honors of pure, delightful womanliness. There seemed to be something in the very air the miner breathed, in the early days, that could not leave him what he was. He must change, either for the better, or for the worse. Our company were not subject to the second grand cause of this alteration, namely, the exclusive society of one sex; but the first grand cause, the literal *finding* of riches, accompanied by the influence of isolation from the world in which they had been reared—this they felt with unusual directness. They had already accumulated a small fortune; they had already met many dangers. Not a sight or sound of nature or of man was familiar, while both were frequently strikingly strange. The consequence of an experience comprehending all these could not be other than reconstruction of thought and feeling, more or less complete according to the susceptibility of the individual acted upon.

Notwithstanding the general security of property in the mines, it was deemed wiser by our friends to convey their gold to Sutter's Fort. Moreover, the provisions must be replenished before the setting-in of winter. Accordingly Blair determined to undertake the two-fold task of marketing the gold, and bringing back a load of provisions. The Professor was selected as his companion for the journey; while Uncle Lish was to accompany them, as guide, to the point where his services would be no longer necessary. Travel could not be safer in any country, at any time: this was the rule. But our party, having discovered several exceptions to it, took every precaution to conceal the gold, and give the wagon and extra horses for packing back the provisions the appearance of being dispatched on the simple errand of procuring supplies. There was only one man from whom trouble was anticipated, and he was too busy working his claim to leave it. Blair thought less of himself than of those he was to leave behind. The Professor was the least available man at camp that would be of any assistance to him upon his journey; accordingly, he was chosen as companion, while the intrepid trapper and Ensign, with the Doctor as medical protector, were left to guard Camp Harrington and to press on the work.

The day after Blair's departure, it being Sunday, and the trapper having returned in the early morning with the news that he and the Professor were enjoying a quiet journey, the remaining members of the company decided to spend the day in visiting Weaverville. The ladies had seen little work in claims other than those in which they themselves were interested. The Doctor especially desired a closer acquaintance with the habits of his unknown neighbors. There was a more powerful incentive to their going than either of these. Not a letter had been received from home. It had been a week since the messenger returned from Weaverville empty-handed. Now, perhaps, the longed-for missives were awaiting them. The ladies declared that they "could *not* wait much longer"; while the men consoled them by saying it was the most cruel deprivation of life to be six consecutive weeks without the sight of a newspaper. It was thought that a letter from *home* (how sweet the word sounded!) would be as beneficial to James as it would be gratifying to his despairing associates. This angular and wayward son of fortune read his Bible and examined Mary's last gifts to him, particularly her picture, every night of his life. Certainly he could not be beyond hope.

Weaverville at this time was beginning to be a settlement of some pretensions. Miners were daily growing more numerous in the Dry Diggings of Weaver Creek and vicinity. It was too far for the ladies to travel on foot. Uncle Lish therefore arranged two men's-saddles so that they could sit sidewise upon them: and the journey was made rapidly and comfortably. It was a gala-day in town. The miners from all directions, within a radius of five miles, had congregated to patronize the bars and gaming-tables, and compare notes of the week's success. The little hamlet of log-cabins was thoroughly alive, and more than one of the wild cattle that had been for days growing thinner and thinner in flesh within the large "Starvation Corral," were led forth and slaughtered to eke out the deficient preparations of the day before. It was a festal day, but none of our friends, with the exception of James, could enter readily into its spirit. The trapper found an old comrade with whom he happily recalled a winter in the wilds of Oregon; but the mirth was too boisterous to be relished by the party as a whole. Mose, now subject to the authority of Ensign, in the absence of his master, had been wisely enjoined to remain within the confines of Camp Harrington. The ladies having been fairly stared out of self-composure, soon sought the protection of a woman that was realizing a small fortune from the sale of cakes and pies. Some of the men, more soberly inclined than the others, were engaged in doing their own private baking for the week; while others busied themselves repairing their coarse garments or driving a needed nail into the soles of their heavy boots. One subject

was eagerly discussed, even at the gaming-tables, where the requisite concentration of mind upon the "keerds" ought to have excluded it and all others; while the social groups lounging before the bars were really unable to refrain from introducing it into the midst of disquisitions on topics exceedingly remote.

"Why don't he put in an appearance?" asked one.

"What in thunder has got 'im?" inquired a second, seeking an explanation of the same problem that vexed the first interrogator.

"Treed by a grizzly," answered a third.

"Whisky," laconically responded a fourth.

Presently an end was put to these speculations by the coming of a rider, driving before him a pack-horse heavily loaded. For a few moments it seemed as if this rider, horse and all, would be crushed by the crowd that instantly surrounded him. He escaped, however; and, mounted on an ox-cart, began calling off, in a wretchedly rough voice, the names of those whose friends in the "States" had blessed them with a letter. There was no gambler stolid enough to continue his game; the tippler forsook his cups; every man, whatever occupied him at the time, joined the tumultuous throng and listened for the sound of his own name.

"James Swilling!"

"Here!" came an immediate response; and the next instant a pale youth clambered toward the cart, kicking several men's shins and falling once to the ground himself before reaching the precious missive.

"From his gal!" shouted one.

"Three cheers for his sweety!" cried another.

But James heard nothing. With the letter clenched tightly in his hand, he hurried stumblingly from sight. At length rose the cry of "Papers!" The letters being now distributed, there remained articles more expensive still, for whomsoever would "put up" his dollar.

"New York papers, only three months old!"

It is a miracle that they were not torn to pieces by the famished applicants. The supply was soon exhausted: and what a change had come over Weaverville! Such utter absorption in reading-matter will never be witnessed again until some remote region of the world brings to us another California and another "Fall of '49." The most indifferent notice read as thrillingly as a tale of blood, and the dullest advertisement animated the heart of the peruser with all the fervor of a story of love. Trade was terribly slack among the liquor-merchants, and monte-kings were compelled to sit in idleness upon their lonely thrones. Many a batch of coffee and bread was burned to a crisp that day: many a needle and thread lost, and cobbler's tool misplaced. The miners of Weaverville had turned *literatteurs*. One gentleman of letters sat reading carefully down the fine-printed stock reports of a New York daily, while his shirts, that he had started to wash, floated unchecked down the stream. Another became so bewildered by the brilliant columns of a home paper, that when he laid it down, he could not, for his life, tell where he had that morning buried a bag containing dust to the value of a thousand dollars.

Such was the general scene. One young man, however, had got too deeply into his cups, previous to the arrival of the mail, to forego his intentions of immediately destroying an imaginary foe, who, he declared, had not only insulted himself, but disgraced his entire family—one of high distinction in old Massachusetts. After several unsuccessful attempts to procure suitable weapons with which to commit his intended deed of violence upon another, he finally decided, in an exceedingly prosaic manner, to satiate his thirst for human sacrifice upon himself. For this purpose he bent his steps toward a boarding-shanty known as "Hollinger's Crib." Here he stepped into an apartment off the bar-room, that was used for the storage of saddles and bridles belonging to guests of the house. Selecting a *riata*, he returned to the bar, and leaped upon it with this implement in his hand. The proprietor, with two of his guests sat directly in front of the scene of action. The three saw this movement of the

"Maniac from Massachusetts"; but, preserving the grand rule of propriety obtaining in the mines, minded their own affairs, suffering the eccentric gymnast to proceed with his performance. This he did by first tying one end of the *riata* round his neck, then throwing the other over one of the peeled poles stretching across the room overhead, in place of a ceiling. Next securing the rope to the pole, leaving it just long enough to reach from one of its fastenings to the other, he sprang off the bar toward the floor. As he did so, the momentum of his leap carried his feet, well-suspended in air, directly in a line with the proprietor's face. This gentleman, desirous to avoid both personal injury and any interference with the programme, evidently intended for the benefit of himself and his guests, bent his head one side, and allowed the flying boots to pass uninterruptedly, and return to a state of rest, in their proper position, before him. The spectacle was not one of the most entertaining kind; for the performer did no more than hang by his neck, motionless, as any one might do should he make the attempt. Presently, however, he began to grow black in the face; which feat, though it elicited no applause, did cause a break in the conversation of the trio of spectators.

"He means business, I reckon, after all," spoke one.

"Mistook your men this time, sonny," remarked a second. "We are comfortable if you are."

Blacker and blacker grew the face of the unfortunate, drooping forlornly in mid-air. It was now that a six-footer presented himself at the door.

"That's his pard," said one of the trio.

"What in Jericho is goin' on here?" roared the new-comer, glancing at the hanging body of his comrade.

"That's what we was jest a-wonderin'," was the answer.

This reply not being satisfactory, the curiosity of the inquirer became so immediately uncontrollable, that he leaped upon the bar and began sawing off the *riata* with a dull jackknife. The task was commendable, but tedious. Finally it was completed, when the liberated body fell, as if lifeless, to the floor. The *riata* was speedily loosened, and a brisk chafing of the skin followed. Not a word was spoken during this effort of doubtful efficacy. At last, to the surprise of all, signs of life were apparent. Other restorative treatment was now resorted to; and, at the expiration of an hour, the man that in a few seconds more would have been numbered with the dead, again painfully resumed his place among the living. The Doctor's services being brought into requisition before the above restoration was effected, he had a new and highly-instructive incident to relate on his journey home.

Both ladies, having received letters, were in a condition of mind to listen to the direst tales; and, notwithstanding all the Doctor's efforts to compel them to a contrary statement, they persisted in declaring that they had "passed a very pleasant day." James was not one of the returning party. Let it not be too quickly decided, however, that he staid in Weaverville bent upon a spree. It is true that he drank before the arrival of the mail; but it is equally true that he abstained after that time. A more sober man than he became before he had read his letter from Mary once through, was not to be found in the vicinity. Every word of simply-expressed affection smote him to the heart. He could no longer endure the presence of his companions, much less that of the riotous strangers; therefore he early took his way homeward, choosing a different route from that by which he came. Whether his meditations upon the maid of Swansea were rewarded with more than a lover's bliss and pains, will not be disclosed until the reader has once more dwelt upon the shifting scenes of Sutter's Fort.

Chapter XXI.

Blair, having reached the Fort in safety, and completed his business transactions, was looking forward to an evening of quiet with the hospitable Captain. It was his second night away from camp. The Professor had a few

moments before gone down town, when the Captain, for whom Blair was waiting, came suddenly into his presence.

"I am sorry," said he in a very different from his usual manner, "to think that there is trouble among those you have left in the hills."

"What do you mean, Captain?"

"The 'Gazelle' was here, but a moment since, to ask me if any of your party bore the name of Monroe? Upon my replying that a Professor Monroe and his wife were among your number, a serious expression overshadowed her beautiful face; and for several seconds she remained silent. Meanwhile I informed her that the Professor and another of the company were now in the settlement. Having learned this fact, she appeared to be relieved of her embarrassment; and, first enjoining secrecy upon me regarding her inquiry toward all persons but the Professor, begged me to send him to her immediately upon his return."

"But why do you infer from this that misfortune has befallen our friends in the diggings?"

"She gave me so to understand. I endeavored to obtain a plain statement of fact, but refusing further disclosure, she again made emphatic the necessity of her having an interview with the Professor, and hastily departed."

"This is strange enough!" spoke Blair, running over in his mind the possible harms that could have overtaken his comrades; and wondering how whatever had happened could come to the knowledge of the mysterious young woman.

"There is something singular about the affair," rejoined the Captain; "but, after all, I am not in the least surprised. It is only one among many of the unaccountable exhibitions of the Gazelle's command of the entire region. She is informed of everything far and near, and in due season. Depend upon it, she is not acting without authority."

"The Professor may not be back for some hours. The case, if worthy of attention, should be inquired into at once. I will wait upon the lady. Where is she to be found?"

"It seems eminently proper that you should do so," returned the Captain, "in view of the urgency of speedy action. I think you will have little difficulty of gaining access to her place of retirement."

The address left by the Gazelle being given him, Blair forthwith started upon his peculiar errand. At last he was to stand face to face with the only female that had ever exercised upon him an indisputable fascination. He was to speak to her; perhaps to hear from her lips painful information concerning those for whose safety he was as anxious as if they were of his own family. Much he wondered, as hurriedly he passed on toward town. All that he knew of the mysterious lady he brought together, weighed it, and sought to come to some conclusion as to how far she was to be trusted. He inclined to view her entirely from the bright side; but his reason must also dwell upon that resting in shadow.

"She is a gambler—of this much there is no question," he reflected. "A devotee of this dangerous art certainly should not inspire implicit confidence. There may be a plot, concocted by her and unknown confederates, to get possession of the gold we have found. She shall gain no information from me, not even my own name. If she has aught of interest to communicate, well and good."

Such were Blair's final thoughts; but meanwhile, his heart continued to tell him, with its quickened beating, that he was to meet with a friend, not a foe, in her whose character he was so severely questioning. Once more among the little, fragile tenements of the City of the Plain, he would have made some endeavor to find the Professor, had he not wished to make the acquaintance of the Gazelle. Moreover, he felt that he could transact whatever business might arise, in a manner that would do no harm if it did no good. At length he came to the place whither he had been directed. It was a small dwelling, at the south-westerly end of the town. Two large sycamores stood before it; while beneath them, smoking energetically, sat a man that evidently had seen service in the mines. Blair bowed as he passed, then rapped at the door.

"Who was you lookin' for?" asked the miner.

"I have a matter of importance with the Gazelle," answered Blair.

"She aint in," was the brief but civil response.

"But she made an appointment with me."

"What is your name, if you please?"

"Professor Monroe," answered Blair.

"Go in, and knock at the first door you come to, on your left."

Blair had got in; but he did not feel as safe as he might. Involuntarily he touched the handles of his revolvers before rapping, as he had been directed. But when the door opened, how foolish he thought he had been! Never had he set foot in a more quiet, home-like place.

"La Gazela?" asked the Indian girl by whom he was ushered in.

He bowed his head affirmatively, seeing at once that the girl was not familiar with English. Immediately the servant retired, leaving him in a state of expectancy that he had never before experienced. He endeavored to put himself at ease by an examination of the prettily-arrayed apartment, here and there decorated with some curious ornament as costly as it was strange. A domestic atmosphere pervaded the room. Particularly noticeable were various brilliant effects produced by the ingenious disposition of rare articles, that told unmistakably of a familiarity with the luxury of the old world.

"She has Spanish blood in her veins," said the visitor to himself. "I had suspected that. I would prefer to be somewhat more becomingly dressed, were my errand in my own behalf."

Blair was attired in a blue shirt, dark breeches, and high boots. While this was not exactly suitable apparel for the occasion, still, no other could have given him a more commanding appearance. It did not take the Indian girl a moment to decide that he was extremely prepossessing in form and feature; for so she described him upon returning to her mistress. The latter was making her toilet at the time of the announcement, but she did not see fit, because of the glowing language of the maid, to take any further pains. How she appeared, as she presented herself to Blair, the reader must judge from the following imperfect description. The door opened into the apartment where he was sitting, and he saw coming toward him a young woman of a little more than medium height. Her remarkably graceful form was rendered still more striking by a richly-embroidered skirt, brilliant in color, and trimmed with costly lace. This was short enough to reveal a hint of ankles exquisitely molded. The lady's hair was jet-black, and hung in heavy plaits down her back. In a word, she was attired after the fashion of the wealthy native-born Californian ladies, with the exception of the *rebozo*. This, for some reason, was omitted. These luxurious habiliments, however, were not the first to attract Blair's attention. The large, lustrous black eyes, most beautiful of all her perfect features, scarcely permitted him to make further scrutiny of her person. He rose to his feet as she approached, and was astonished to perceive a slight pallor creep upon the young woman's cheeks after she had gained a full view of his own features.

"I beg your pardon, lady," said he—"I have practiced a trifling deception in order to gain admission to your presence. Professor Monroe is my near friend, and I have come, in his absence, to speak and to hear for him."

"And your name, sir, please?"

"My name is Holmes, lady; and I am at your service."

A relieved expression instantly took possession of the features of the mysterious beauty; and requesting her caller to be seated, she sat herself down by the window opposite him.

"You may know me," said she, "by the name given me by the miners. Though undeserved, it is prettier than another."

"I cannot but attest its aptness," replied Blair, "while I assure you that I will be contented with any name that your pleasure may adopt."

"We are strangers, sir," continued the other, in tones of exceptional sweetness. "My life is one of seclusion. Unless com-

pelled to make acquaintances, I never do so. My business with Professor Monroe forced me to request an interview. But I do not know that what I might say to him, could be as safely intrusted to his friend?"

Then the speaker looked searchingly into Blair's face, as if she would read his very thoughts. It was plain that there was something about him that roused her caution. To a man thoroughly honest this was a welcome discovery; for it argued a desire for honorable dealing upon the part of the lady.

"I have no means of assuring you of that," answered Blair to the question last addressed to him, "other than the promise, upon the honor of one that claims to be a gentleman, that any confidence you may see fit to intrust to his keeping will be in nowise betrayed."

"I believe you, sir."

"If I mistake not," continued Blair, taking courage, "it was you, lady, that kindly advanced to me a word of warning, some weeks since, as I stood in front of the City Hotel."

"I confess it," responded the other, blushing slightly. "I am privileged beyond the generality of my sex in other climes, here in this land where women are so rare. I had observed you previous to that night of unrestrained revelry, and judged you, in my haste, to be one habitually above the pleasures to be enjoyed upon the occasion to which you refer."

Blair now became satisfied that the respect entertained by him for the strange lady was reciprocated. For the return of a feeling somewhat more tender, emanating from him, he had not like proofs. Still, the fair creature must have taken a certain degree of interest in his welfare.

"It is earnestly to be hoped that nothing has since occurred to disturb the first good impression," he responded. "I made a futile attempt to return my thanks at the time the favor was conferred. Though at a late hour, please accept them now."

Women of the years of the Gazelle are very few that would not be moved by the gracious dignity of the Bostonian. The beauty of the lustrous-eyed, radiant daughter of mystery had quickened his rare native gift of speech and manner. It was not the inspiration of passion, but something closely allied to it. A clown must have acquired somewhat of nobility in the presence of such loveliness.

"You owe me not the smallest debt of gratitude," responded the lady to his expression of thankfulness. "I owe *you* a brief apology for the dress in which I now appear. I was not expecting to see another than the Professor, nor did I think he would call so soon. It may be necessary for me to be present at a Spanish party in the hills, ere long, and I was just examining my outfit as you came in."

Blair attempted to reply, but the speaker checked the words of compliment ready upon his lips.

"You have promised to be noble and just," she continued, with the slow accents of seriousness. "Upon that consideration I am to make known to you certain important facts. There is one condition more; which is, that you will question me no further than is necessary for a full and complete understanding of the information to be conveyed.

"I shall not intentionally transgress the laws of politeness," responded Blair.

"I believe you, sir," again responded the Gazelle. "And now to the fulfillment of my part of the agreement. *Professor Monroe's wife is not to be found by her companions.*"

"Horrors! Lady, do you speak the —— I beg your pardon, but relieve me of my suspense if it be in your power."

"I perceive that you do not altogether doubt me; and I will explain to you the matter in full. She was this morning, at an early hour, abducted from the cabin, in the absence of the other members of your company. You have met a tall, rather impressive-appearing man that has been working a claim near your own?"

"He? Crowell!" growled Blair, savagely. Then rising to his feet, and, for a moment, forgetting himself, he exclaimed: "Lady, if

you meant to render me a lasting service, why did you not acquaint me with this monstrous proceeding immediately upon our meeting? Is it your pleasure to speak further?"

"I pray you, be calm," answered the other. "I, and I alone, can assist you. The lady is in danger neither of her life nor of the sacredness of her person, at the present time. Should I not know to whom I speak before making free with my words?"

"I implore your forgiveness. I was too hasty, and knew not what I said."

"Through a strange succession of circumstances, the man Crowell has become thoroughly known to me."

"You have the acquaintance, lady, of a most hopeless villain," interrupted Blair.

"I cannot commend his character," continued the speaker. "It condemns itself in the very act considered. I received the information now given you not more than an hour and a half since, from the mouth of one that witnessed Mrs. Monroe's removal."

"Where is he?" asked Blair, excitedly.

"He has returned," was the reply. There is no time for you to doubt further. The lady, though safe, is necessarily in a deplorable condition of mind; while her friends, distracted because of her disappearance—they do not know the attendant circumstances—are searching the hills in vain for traces that may lead to her discovery."

"Sorrow—shame!" exclaimed Blair. "The lovely, innocent woman! And her good husband—it will break his heart! What is to be done? Tell me, and let me hasten back immediately."

"If you will command your patience, your friend shall be restored. I know the exact spot where she is confined," continued the speaker, rising, and exhibiting a glow of passion that she had up to this point restrained. "*Promise me protection*," said she, "and I will escort you thither."

"Though it takes the last drop of my heart's blood, you shall be defended from every peril," responded Blair, rising also, with flashing eyes.

"Meet me, then, in an hour from this time, in the oak-grove to the eastward of the Fort. Provided that you and your comrade are well-mounted and well-armed, we shall need no other assistance."

"My hand," said Blair, "is unfit to touch one so fair, but may I extend it, lady, in pledge of my good faith, and most exalted appreciation of your services?"

He did not wait for permission, but seizing in his powerful grasp the hand that was half outreached, he continued: "You conferred a favor upon a needy friend of mine, early upon our arrival in San Francisco; you did me a personal kindness, a short time since, within a few rods of where we now stand; you are presently to manifest a crowning benevolence toward another friend: for all of which I have not the language to express my gratitude. Grant me but the occasion to requite your goodness, and my actions shall make amends for the failure of my speech."

The lady, withdrawing her hand, bowed respectfully, saying:

"The secret of La Gazela is your own."

Blair, having reached the Fort, found his comrade awaiting him, breathless with excitement.

"What has happened?" he cried. "The Captain has filled me with terror, though I have but this moment returned."

"My good friend," answered Blair, "compose yourself, while I speak words that must grieve you deeply. Your wife —"

"My wife —!"

"She is safe; but that thrice-damned rascal that bore the body and afterward shot at me, the day of the funeral, has taken her prisoner, and carried her several miles from camp."

"Blair," asked the husband, trembling in every muscle, "*is she safe?*"

"Yes, I speak the naked truth. Of course her situation is extremely terrifying; but the strange enchantress that has given me the facts, assures me that if we proceed to the spot where she is concealed, we shall find her unharmed."

"Let us go at once!"

"Yes, and the lady herself is to direct our course. We are to meet her, and begin the journey in a few moments. It is a mysterious affair; but however it may be ultimately explained, the young woman known as the 'Gazelle,' understands the situation; and, what is more, the infamous scoundrel with whom we are to deal."

"Would it not be wise to take help with us? Heaven spare one of earth's sweetest and most innocent creatures!"

"No, we will first acquaint the Captain with as much as he should know; then follow to the letter the instructions of our guide. We have but to obtain good horses, and we are ready. Our own horses and the wagon must remain here until some of us return." JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

THE SECLUSION AND ISOLATION OF HAWTHORNE.

In the course of that most delightful conversation upon Hawthorne which was held last summer at the Concord School of Philosophy, I suggested the inquiry as to how far Hawthorne's shy and isolated life was reflected in his writings. It would have been a most execrable piece of bad taste to interrupt the charming flow of personal reminiscence on that fresh and serene summer morning, by entering at length upon that subject. It seems that the few remarks which I did make (unsatisfactory and fragmentary as they were) served to whet curiosity in several quarters, and I therefore beg leave to state here in full what I have to say upon the matter.

Mr. Lathrop's *Study of Hawthorne* is a most conscientious and German-like piece of historical and psychological work. The subtile thoughts that are sprinkled through its chapters, reveal a deep, and quiet, and delicate mind. The finest things in it are unconscious; show the careless ease of great strength. The whole ground is covered by the writer, and yet part of the work is not cleanly done; it is cluttered by the chips and snippings. Often the lightning of his thought falls not through the cloud like a swift sword of gold, but fills it all with dim phosphorescence. The elusive thought often lurks in the far background—like the figure in Alice Pyncheon's vision. Perhaps it may be due to this characteristic of his work that I have failed to discover in it more than an allusion to the subject I am about to treat. He wisely warns us against making Hawthorne's writing autobiographic. To do so, would be pedantic and ridiculous. May we ever be spared such profanation of the writing of our most delicate genius. We tremble lest some fool may set about the fool's task. Let me clear my skirts at once of any such crime, by stating that I intend only to maintain, in a general way, that there is a single thought running through all Hawthorne's larger dramas of sin, and through the large number of minor tales that delineate the effects of sin upon the life, namely: the thought that sin isolates the individual from sympathy with his fellowmen; and further, that this fact of the isolating power of sin, Hawthorne was enabled to understand, not because he sinned the sins of which he writes, but because of the peculiar solitude and loneliness of his early life, together with the exquisite susceptibility of remorse for any little intentional or unintentional wrong done by him, which susceptibility he possessed in common with all delicate natures. To understand how deeply the chill of loneliness struck into Hawthorne's soul in the Salem days, we have, first and always, to remember the tremulous susceptibility of his nature; and second, to have an adequate knowledge of the chief cause of his solitude—*i. e.*, the character of the society in which he lived. It is true that his inherited disposition was such that he would al-

ways have lived in greater or less retirement under any circumstances. But the peculiar relation in which he stood to Salem society intensified the natural bias of his disposition. On page 138 of his *Study*, Mr. Lathrop gives us the facts. Hawthorne was poor and a Democrat, in the midst of a proud Whig aristocracy. The town was divided up into "circles of social mummies, swathed in cerements harder than brass," to use the words of another as applied to Boston society. Hawthorne in Salem writhed under the blows of a triple-thonged lash; poverty, unpopular political standing, and apparent failure as a writer. The gentle melancholy of his nature was deepened by these things. As he brooded long and solitarily over the social stigma under which he labored, and the apparent unsuccessfulness of his literary work—as he drank the bitter wine of defeat, and day by day heard through the quiet house the trailing of the black robes of sorrow—there not only stole over his soul a poignant consciousness of the evil of aloofness from the cheerful, busy life of men, but, to his quick conscience, it almost seemed as if it were due, in his case, to some inherent defect of nature. He sometimes started like a guilty thing at the apparition of himself. And yet, after all, these moods were only occasional and transient. His robust and healthy physique enabled him to play the master over these despondent moods. In the gleaming sunny chambers of his fantasy were many doors opening abruptly upon the dark, inane, and ghost-haunted region of despair, and if occasionally he permitted the dim phantoms to troop through the opened doors, it was only that he might group them, sketch them, and then wave them back.

In the character of Gervase Hastings, in the *Christmas Banquet*, the isolated and unsympathetic nature is most powerfully personified. The character is typical—*i. e.*, it is an almost impossibly-perfect impersonation of the trait of character to be described. The character seems to be a purely typical instance, for this further reason—that the misfortune of loneliness appears not to be due to any sin of Gervase Hastings himself, but to have been inherited. The feeling is thus described by him: "It is a chillness; a want of earnestness; a feeling as if what should be my heart were a thing of vapor; a haunting perception of unreality." In a passage in *The Marble Faun*, the character is still more vividly described: "This perception of an infinite shivering solitude, amid which we cannot come close enough to human beings to be warmed by them, and where they turn to cold, chilly shapes of mist, is one of the most forlorn results of any accident, crime, or peculiarity of character, that puts an individual at jar with the world." It was this sense of chillness and unreality that made Gervase Hastings the most miserable of the ten miserable guests annually assembled at the Christmas Banquet. Year after year, in accordance with the founder's bequest, the flaring torches mingled their golden splendor with the purple of the dusky curtains in the somber, wreath-hung hall. Year after year the guests assembled, only each time to murmur at the bestowal of the cypress-wreath upon the only one of their number who seemed to have no grief. But his misfortune was the deepest of all: he felt no strong emotion of any kind. Joy moved him not; nor grief. Men passed before him like shadows on the wall. His children came coldly to his knees. His wife wept in secret at the desolation of her life. His riches, his cultivated and scholarly taste, his library—none of these things alleviated his misfortune; he was the most miserable of human beings.

The key-note of the story called *Ethan Brand* is, that the unpardonable sin is to have so seared the soul by crime that one has utterly destroyed his sympathy for his fellow-men. How this powerful story makes one shudder! In whose mind is not the picture of that white and crumbling skeleton in the lime-kiln forever indelibly impressed? *Rappaccini's Daughter* is one of the most enchanting of Hawthorne's minor stories, glowing with the richest fancy, with a perfect melody of words, like the sound of far-off mellow bells. It seems almost sacrilegious to spoil such a work of pure art with a moral; and yet in all Hawthorne's work the

ethical purpose of the Puritan lurks beneath the artist's delight in the beautiful. Almost all his fictions have a moral. That of *Rappaccini's Daughter* is, that we should avoid the baleful influence of the selfish study of art or science for the sake of personal culture, and apart from sympathy for our fellow-men. In the story of *Young Goodman Brown*, again we are solemnly warned against the sin of distrust of our fellows. The same lesson is to be drawn from *Egotism, or The Bosom Serpent.* Haunted by the dreadful belief that a snake was lodged in his breast, the hero, Roderick Elliston, was cured of his hallucination the moment his gentle wife whispered in his ear the words, "Forget yourself in the idea of another." Then did he perceive that the serpent in his bosom was his own selfishness.

In *The Blithedale Romance*, the stern and selfish philanthropy of Hollingsworth has gradually isolated him from sympathy with the warm, and loving, and erring human beings immediately around him. Sin isolates both the sinner, and also, in many cases, the one sinned against — the innocent person. For examples of the latter kind, see Hilda, Hepzibah and Clifford, and Roger Chillingworth. The case of Donatello is very interesting—very beautiful and subtile. After his sin, the nymph was frightened from the fountain of his ancestral home, and the birds refused any longer to come at his call. The fountain-nymph symbolizes the quiet and soothing effects of nature upon the innocent mind; and in his delineation of Donatello, Hawthorne has shown us how, by sin, one is not only isolated from his brother-men, but also from nature—hardest lot of all to the poetic mind. But repentance can work a change; and in the case of Donatello, we are told that "when first the idea was suggested of living for the welfare of his fellow-creatures, the original beauty which sorrow had partly effaced came back elevated and spiritualized. In the black depths the Faun had found a soul, and was struggling with it toward the light of heaven." The experience of Hester Prynne is exactly similar. Recall the scene in the forest—the meeting of Dimmesdale with Hester and little Pearl. The great master's hand (which never forgot its cunning) here showed its power, in causing the old beauty to return to Hester's face, and the sunshine to break out around her, when for a moment she resolved to break the spell that held her a solitary recluse, and share with her husband the joys of social life in some distant land. And, although she was disappointed in this plan, and the old sad look returned to her face, yet note that after the confession and death of Dimmesdale, when the guilty one had but the bond of union with her townsmen of common knowledge and confession of sin, her nature yet grew chastened, and spiritualized, and refined by her ministrations to the suffering and sorrowing. "The scarlet letter ceased to be a stigma."

In the *Seven Gables* we have the indirect effect of sin portrayed. The crime of Judge Pyncheon not only made life to him in his secret soul a dreary unreality, and sealed up the fountain of love for his fellows, but it consigned to a life of terrible sadness and solitude two other innocent souls. Were ever loneliness and bitter grief so depicted before as in the person of poor Hepzibah? What iron gates of despair had forever closed upon her, with the consignment of Clifford to prison! And was ever utter hopelessness so pictured as it is in Clifford Pyncheon? Poor, delicate, sybarite nature, so hopelessly crushed.

The conclusion and the moral of the whole matter, I am sure, Hawthorne would say to be this: Sedulously avoid everything that tends to destroy sympathy and love in your breast. This was the course Hawthorne himself pursued. The entire period of his happy married life was one of social affection and sympathy. He saw the danger of isolation in time to avoid it, and in his *Dramas of Sorrow* he has, consciously or unconsciously, warned others against the danger, and helped them to avoid it.

William Sloane Kennedy.

LITTLE MISS GILLIS'S PROTEGÉE.

Little Miss Gillis was an institution of the Port. She was an odd little person; her position was anomalous. Neither child nor woman, she occupied a vantage-ground midway between the two. To begin with, no one understood what attraction kept her queer old guardians thereabouts. The charm, and romance, and poetry of life here in the tropics surely must be lost on such prosaic old people as they were. Acquisitiveness had nothing to do with it; they were spending instead of getting money here, albeit they limited the niece's income to a degree that she dressed with mere decency. Both were in excessive health; climate was not the desideratum.

The old people were received in the best society the Port afforded. Whatever might have been their antecedents, they appeared and acted with propriety. As to slight peculiarities of speech, the native-born, with a limited command of English, could hardly be critical, and the American element was very sure not to be captiously fastidious; it was a pleasure here to meet a rare fellow-countryman, of whatever rank or grade. So they stayed on, and little Miss Gillis tramped about the Port, with Pantaleon, the small native *mozo*, behind her, and made her caustic little speeches, and watched Lane Fernald in her keen, wistful way, and had all manner of wondering comments made about her. In that land of early physical maturity, her extreme childishness of appearance enhanced her precocity of thought and expression. When she said her sharp little sayings, the natives were affected much as if a pet parrot had taken suddenly to satire and philosophy.

But little cared Miss Gillis for their looks of amaze or dismay. She was shrewd enough to understand that the fortune Uncle Dale held in trust would give countenance to antics far more *outré* than she ever thought of; and, although the least arrogant of mortals, she was wise enough not to undervalue its influence. Oddly enough, those old high-caste families—and fiercely aristocratic were some of them, with the jealous exclusiveness inherited from haughty Spanish progenitors — enjoyed and respected the whimsical side of her character; they understood that her freaks were not purposeless, but deliberate; and they understood, too, that one must be very sure of one's self and one's standing, to afford risking position by unorthodox performances like some of her caprices. Not that Miss Gillis often condescended to enter into tiresome explanations, which she considered by no means due from her; now and then, when her mood suited, she would enunciate her views on social and other subjects, with terrible, direct downrightness. But as a rule, she went her independent way with a self-reliance almost pitiable in one so young, since it showed how she had been thrown on her own resources. Indifferent seemed she to everything earthly —except Lane Fernald. Before his blonde beauty and perfect courtliness, she laid down her arms from the day when Fortunato Rangel introduced them on the swell-promenade of the Port. She pluckily kept her own counsel, however, except so much as was betrayed by her dark sad eyes, and launched stinging shafts, and made droll answers ever. Men enjoyed the little creature's talk, as they do enjoy mustard, or caviare, or any other relish after insipidity. These things please, even while they sting.

Fernald, who had been away at the mountains since Miss Gillis's advent at the Port, was not a little diverted by the impressiveness of his presentation to this atom of humanity. He had yet to learn what dire retribution befell the man who failed in any needful form toward her. Lane Fernald's manner to anything feminine was proverbial-

ly perfect, and, even before he discovered that something more than flippancy lay under her singular demeanor, he treated the girl with a distinction of courtesy and consideration that won her heart completely. He grew, too, to have a hearty liking for the strange child, for to him she was nothing more. Chance, circumstances, threw them together. Lane Fernald grew to understand the girl's anomalous character, to reconcile its inconsistencies, and to justify its *brusqueries*, as no other had done. From a casual acquaintance, they drifted into an intimacy of the best sort—one of those rare relations where each gives of his best. This friendship lasted unbroken, undisturbed, until Blanche Hershfeldt made her appearance upon the scene.

Around on that side of the Quevedo house which fronted on the *Calle del Ejercicio*, the Quevedos had rented several of their unused rooms to an elderly German who hailed from San Francisco. It was not a very regular proceeding, and some of the ultras cut the Quevedos for it; but they were poor, and creature comforts were dearer than *ton*, and so Isaac Hershfeldt fitted up his rooms as a sort of half *café*, half grocery, and dispensed the cheese and caviare, and bolognas and beer, sent down to him on every Isthmus-bound steamer. It became quite the thing for the young bloods of the Port to drop in there, to drink beer, and smoke strong pipes, and pretend they liked them.

One night Uncle Dale, who liked gossip, and who never could be made to understand the need of proprieties for an undergrown girl of fifteen, brought his niece in with him. She was self-possessed as a dowager, and by no means prudish; but there really were limits. And when Will Harris and that young exquisite, Ponce de Leon, the judge —who looked like a dandy, and gave decisions like a Daniel—and a number beside, came in, and eyed her with some discomposure, not entirely disguised, she began to fear her presence might be a restraint upon them.

Hershfeldt hoped Uncle Dale might develop into a regular visitant, and was naturally averse to his speedy departure. But, being an astute and not unkindly man, he detected the girl's discomfort at the awkwardness of her situation.

"I don't think the young girl feels pretty goot here," he said, with rough Dutch accent; "there is too many young men. Wouldn't you like to come and talk a liddle wit' my daughter, Miss?"

Miss Gillis looked at her uncle; he was totally unconscious. He had not found himself in such good company for ages. All the clever young fellows of the Port either had dropped, or were dropping, in here; he had had no idea there were so many bright boys in town. Uncle Dale beamed assent. Will Harris was watching the girl with a look of intense amusement, which could not be concealed entirely, even by all the respect he really felt for her. Ponce de Leon gazed at her with grave wonder in his solemn grey eyes. There was no help for it; she rose desperately.

Hershfeldt led her out into the square court; she could see the open doors of the Quevedos' parlor, where some evening callers chirped and chattered. In the center of the *patio*, a great white urn gleamed ghostlike; a palm rustled overhead. A galaxy of white marguerites that twinkled at their feet, seemed to reflect the tropic stars; over the flat roofs sounded the rhythmic beat of the ocean's pulse. The creamy fragrance of delicate blossoms brought the tears to her eyes, from some spring of feeling that she could not have located. Here in the soft beauty of the tropic night, every sensibility of her nature thrilled to the conditions of time and place. In the few seconds since they emerged from the *café*, she had forgotten completely the existence of her companion, until he spoke.

"It's rough walking here. You bedder gif me your hand."

He took her slim, tapering, brown fingers into his heavy palm; the clammy clasp made her shudder. She had some inconsistently dainty ways.

Before them, where a lamp burned dimly, some one was singing the "Bedouin Song." Not one of the Quevedo girls—their English

was a joke; besides, they would never grow up to Bayard Taylor's music. Its passion they might feel—its poetry was beyond them.

The ill-assorted couple came out of the flower-scented *patio*, into a faintly-lighted room, where a girl came forward to them—a girl with slim shape, with delicately-colored face, framed in Gretchen-like braids of fair, brown hair—a girl whose wide grey eyes had the accent of black brows and lashes.

"Planche," said the old German, "I hafe prought ofer a liddle girl to talk a liddle wit' you. You vill stay here wit' my Planche awhile, Miss Killis."

The old man went away to his customers; his daughter sought to make her guest welcome, and comfortable, so far as she could. But, like the woman with a restricted capacity for looking well, to-night little Miss Gillis could not be made very comfortable; she was morbidly sensitive on the score of her juvenility: Hershfeldt's "liddle girl" had aroused her uneasiness. And she had an impression that she had fallen among the Philistines.

In the eyes of the Port people, unappreciative of that artistic faculty that seeks the picturesque in defiance of the conventional, and the novel at the expense of the nice—in the eyes of those orthodox families, Miss Gillis's unconscious studies from life were her most violent outrage of propriety; for she would go with the utmost complacency, and sit in the withe-built hut of some *cargador*, or water-carrier, along the *Playa del Estero*. There she would cordially munch the *tortillas* and beans offered her; reposing, perhaps, with only a sheepskin between her and the earthen floor; oblivious of the chicken perched upon her hostess's black, unkempt head—of the eggs cooking in the bean-pot—of the inelegancy of her host's linen shirt, worn outside his wide, cotton trousers, and his bare, bronze legs rough-shod with raw-hide sandals. But here, where she was made the recipient of unwelcome hospitality, proffered on a plane approximate to equality, here she was ill at ease.

Blanche Hershfeldt had the advantages of metropolitan training, of constitutional calmness of poise, and, above all, of the tonic mental atmosphere of her native city. Her self-possession and composure saw in her guest only a shy little girl whom she was to entertain. Ignorant as she was of her subject's bent—at a loss for any theme of common interest—her mind, with its essentially characteristic turn for diplomacy, set itself to discover what topic would give leverage upon her companion's thoughts. Her aptitude for reading faces told her of ill-success with glib commonplace or pretty platitude. Then the spirit of determination awoke strongly within her, and she bent every force of her will to the conquest of this insignificant little person, who presumed to disregard her efforts at attraction. Blanche had the strongest impulse of the coquette—that impulse which is a cause, rather than an effect of coquetry—the desire to please, and, by the power of pleasing, to subjugate all who appear within the circle of influence. Miss Hershfeldt experimented with cautious anecdotes and reminiscences of mother country, sounding the younger girl's depths of devotion to the native land from which she was practically exiled by circumstance. The expedient was attended with immediate and eminent success. Miss Gillis showed no lack of interest in what she heard now. She gave rapt attention to the piquant account of Californian life—as Blanche had found it. But she displayed, also, an unalterable loyalty to her foster-home; she was pleased with even those features of the country that least accorded with her own nature. Herself brisk, nervous, active, she thought perfect this repose in the mere sense of being, this luxurious languor of life.

Promptly and wilily Blanche took issue with her, as a means adapted to awaken interest. Finally, moved by a fine calculation of the value of candor, or perhaps—for a girl could hardly be capable of such wholesale dissimulation—swayed by a sincere sense of loneliness, she admitted that much of her prejudice might be due to the solitary, isolated life she led.

"I know no ladies at all," she said; "no one comes to see me: I suppose that is be-

cause I have not yet learned the language. But I do wish you would be my friend. You ought, you know—you are my countrywoman."

"I don't think I would make a very good friend," said Miss Gillis, responding to Blanche's ingenuous enthusiasm with the depressing ungraciousness that was constitutional rather than intentional. Then, repenting, she added: "But I know a good many people, and I'll get you acquainted, if you like. You'd like the Port, if you had acquaintances. The people here are everything that is kind, but they are—well, backward about meeting strangers, especially foreigners. You see, they've been deceived so often by Americans who were impostors."

She had too much tact to intimate farther than this, that causes involving more than an ignorance of the language were concerned in Blanche's isolation. It was not, she felt, for her to expound the social creed and doctrines of the land. For herself, had she found herself in such a position, she would have gone resolutely to work to storm the barriers of the circle whose *entrée* she coveted, and doubtless she would have succeeded in securing admission. It might have been accorded with but an indifferent grace. But, after all, delicacy of tact, and perception, and sensibility—or sensitiveness, which is much the same thing—are matters of development and cultivation. Therefore Miss Gillis, in her present immaturity, would have ignored the reluctance of her recognition, while she triumphed in its victory. Her pride would hardly have hindered her from attempting to change the face of affairs; but in isolation, in abandonment or in defeat, she could never have made a moan as Blanche Hershfeldt had done. She was far too proud-spirited to expose any such weakness in her armor.

In her crude way she thought this much that night when she had left Blanche. When Uncle Dale finally finished his convivialities, and came across the *patio* for his niece, the two went out by the Quevedo side of the house, through the wide, obscure *zaguan*, and homeward through the sleeping streets. They reached the Plaza de Armas; the red, stucco benches were empty, save where, here and there, a dubious figure sprawled disreputably —erratic citizens, apprehensive of domestic disturbance, or overcome by the national beverage. One of these slumberers roused himself with energetic effort, as the two came by; the broad-brimmed hat, the wide *calzones*, the gay *serape*, were in nowise different from the every-day garb of any lower-class man; but an official badge gleamed on the gaudy waistcoat. It was a guardian of the public peace, vigilantly asleep on his beat.

"*Gringos!*" he muttered, half in reassurance, half in deprecation, and threw himself down again.

Then the two footfalls ringing along the broad flags, alone awoke the silence.

"Uncle Dale! turn around and come back. I must go up to the sea to-night."

Uncle Dale uttered a protest: the lateness of the hour; Aunt Dale's solicitude and uneasiness at their protracted stay; the solitude of the promenade at this time; the possibility of uncertain characters in its obscure nooks and turns. His niece bore down with relentless voice every obstacle to her wish. Uncle Dale was mindful of his own shortcomings to-night. His conscience was not quite clear as to neglect of his charge, and now he was fain to atone for dereliction from duty by indulgent compliance.

They went back to the sea-front. Miss Gillis left Uncle Dale on a bench by the high wall where the shadows lurked, and springing over the low embankment, she went down on the sand, almost within reach of the waves that came thundering to shore, their glassy walls gleaming in the moonbeams with phosphorescent light, their foamy crests hissing and curling before they flung themselves bodily upon the beach. This was the closest companionship of life for Miss Gillis; to the sea she brought her joys and her sorrows, her triumphs and her defeats—if that indomitable young will ever acknowledged defeat. And to the sea to-night she had brought the new problem, in which Blanche Hershfeldt was a factor.

In her efforts in Miss Hershfeldt's behalf, Miss Gillis displayed an executive talent and

a knowledge of her kind, far beyond her years; she made no apologetic explanations, no doubting deprecations. She introduced Blanche with an unconcerned, matter-of-course air that was staggering. If any disdainful damsel dared to look askance at her companion, Miss Gillis delivered a stare of such arrogant amazement, that it only needed a satirical word from her stinging little tongue to bring the offender to terms. The members of the masculine element were but too ready to surrender allegiance without capitulation. They had long considered little Miss Gillis's society a piquant variation from the rather inane prettiness, which, as a rule, characterized their countrywomen. But Miss Gillis was too indifferent by half to their overtures of admiration; she was too young for ardor they said, too childish to be other than cold. And Miss Gillis's sharp tongue was no respecter of persons. But Miss Hershfeldt, beside the good gifts of her lovely face and supple, rounded figure, had the tact or policy to accommodate herself to the character of these men who came fluttering about her, like butterflies around a rose. Gifted with tact, and even with taste—courteous, urbane, gallant as they were—many were ignorant with a crass ignorance that might have shamed a school-boy. Miss Hershfeldt carefully disguised the contempt she really felt for such, and administered tidbits of flattery with wise discrimination, sinking her own mental superiority as many a better woman could not have done. She set herself to please with the deliberation and intensity of purpose of one whose fate depends upon her powers of pleasing. And she succeeded; buoyed by Miss Gillis's determination, and her own efforts, she attained a degree of popularity that surprised herself. She had acquired a stock of small accomplishments, that stood her in good stead here, where such abilities as the young women possessed were obscured through an excess of timidity, real or assumed. Blanche played and sang, talked and danced, with a candid heartiness of enjoyment that was charming.

Her attitude toward Miss Gillis appeared admirable; in the flood-tide of her success she never forgot to whose offices she owed her impetus, and she had no notion of dispensing with such an ally. She always maintained a little display of deference, that was gratifying and flattering, shown by an older girl to a younger. Yet, Miss Gillis was dissatisfied with her *protegée*. Her own honesty was almost morbidly severe. Most of her asperities were due to this conscientious integrity, that disdained to gloss over disapproval, even with ambiguous silence. She detected and condemned the little ways and wiles with which Blanche paid her way in society: those artifices were more conspicuous to her than they could have been to the Spanish women, hampered as they were by differences of language and custom.

Indeed, the kindly Spanish women were inclined to treat Blanche with all the generosity she could desire. Those ease-loving natures were too warm-hearted to cherish the little piques and petty spites that actuate their northern sisters. A Spanish woman's jealousy is something grand; she might kill her fortunate rival, but she could never persecute her enemy with the thousand cowardly and contemptible inflictions and humiliations, the taunts and constant poisoned stings, that make life worse than any death.

It was indubitable that Miss Hershfeldt was moved by self-interest in developing an extraordinary amount of affection for Aunt Dale. Uncle Dale was a good man enough, not particularly benevolent or clever, but always amiable and obliging, when his pocket was not touched. But Aunt Dale—no one, however dutiful or charitable, if intimately associated with her, could call her anything but a dreadful old woman, miserly, vulgar, and tyrannical. Yet Blanche courted her assiduously, and, indeed, contrived to win over the old creature, who would have patronized her, to the exclusion of the niece; but this Blanche was far too shrewd to permit. On the contrary, she cleverly put herself into the position of mediator between the two, excusing and explaining to the aunt the high-handed disregard which the older woman resented as want of respect; to Miss Gillis, she more cautiously deplored and

palliated the aunt's tendency to coarseness and ill-bred flings; but all her efforts at conciliation were so regulated as to redound to her own credit and advantage.

With a rigid sense of impartiality, and a reserve of judgment, Miss Gillis suppressed her convictions, and never failed Blanche in an hour of need; this all the more resolutely when she began to discover in herself moods and motives that she deemed unworthy. The poor child's whole spirit went out in adoration of the beautiful; she would have bartered her soul's salvation for a perfect face, and sometimes she found herself maddened with a cruel envy of Blanche Hershfeldt's loveliness. It was about this time that she began to be conscious of Lane Fernald's interest in Blanche. By virtue of his official position, his private income, his physical and mental endowments, Mr. Fernald was, as an eligible *parti*, the most popular man at the Port. His attitude toward women was characterized by a discretion and a delicacy that were unquestionable.

Port people had hardly caviled at, had hardly commented upon, his attentions to Miss Gillis. By one of the consistent laws of compensation, her identity and her youth protected her from a deal of conjectural criticism that would have been sure to assail another. It was only after Mr. Fernald had transferred his interest to Blanche, that it was realized how marked had once been his partiality for Miss Gillis. Curiously enough, Miss Gillis's sensation of displeasure was an impersonal one. Lane Fernald, impressive and irreproachable in his manner toward the native maidens of the Port, yet would not have chosen one of them for his wife. Miss Gillis was aware of this feeling of her favorite, and she resented it heartily. She felt that this sweeping distrust of race, this prejudice of nationality, was unfair and illiberal. She herself was free from "know-nothing" proclivities. She knew that these women, held so lightly, had sterling merits that lifted them far above Blanche Hershfeldt, with her showy sweetness, and her superficial accomplishments; she was candid enough to admit their superiority to herself, in many respects. She esteemed them for the many virtues she knew in them.

Yet she could but confess that it was not, perhaps, unnatural that Mr. Fernald should incline toward his countrywomen as he did; and she schooled herself, with precocious justice, to treat Blanche none the worse, that she was thus preferred.

By every means at the command of a clever woman, Blanche contrived to sustain and stimulate the interest she early detected in Mr. Fernald. Fastidious, and full of convention as he was, some strain of unsuspected Bohemian blood stirred his tranquil pulses to unwonted velocity, at this influence of novelty. Miss Hershfeldt was unlike any other woman he had known; in Miss Gillis he had recognized much of originality and individual force. But Miss Gillis wanted years and training; she wanted the gift of graphic and ready speech; she wanted the ability to turn to account every accident of circumstance; she wanted the faculty to apply artifice; above all, perhaps, she wanted the will to condescend to these things. Miss Hershfeldt had eaten of the fruit of the tree of knowledge; she knew to a fraction the market value of every influence, physical or psychical, mental, moral, or spiritual. She knew the weight of a word, and the speed of a sigh. She could sway impulse, and trade upon sympathy, while ostensibly she disdained appeal to either. She regaled Mr. Fernald casually and at intervals with detached fragments of her history. He could hardly have told how he arrived at the conclusion, but he acquired the impression that Blanche derived her brightness and refinement from her mother, who in early youth had made an ill-advised marriage with Isaac Hershfeldt. The subsequent gradually-decaying fortunes of the family, the mournful decline and death of Blanche's mother, were imparted to him in like manner. He was filled with a tender, chivalrous compassion for this girl, so young, so fair—aye! *that* way pity lay—so fair, whose cup of life had been so bitter.

He was absorbed in admiration of her beauty of demeanor toward old Hershfeldt,

whose coarse and commonplace nature doubtless shone transformed and transfigured through the hallowing medium of filial love.

It was, perhaps, strange that, with this idealized conception of Blanche's character, Mr. Fernald should have hesitated to commit himself to an avowal of his sentiments. But he did so hesitate, actuated either by some consideration of caution, or by a reluctance to crystallize into tangible form the comfort of the situation.

In this state stood matters when Mr. Cyril Danvers made his advent at the Port. Mr. Cyril Danvers, if not a native of San Francisco, had lived in that city long enough to have acquired certain traits peculiar to its atmosphere. The *savoir faire* and the *savoir dire* were his. Added to this, he had an air of languid and unemotional exhaustion, that savored of European, rather than of American extraction. Mr. Danvers' errand to the Port was an interesting one. He had lately written a book, which onerous effort was supposed well-nigh to have exhausted his sluggish vitality. He now sought to restore tone to his system by a sojourn in the incomparable climate of the Port. Moreover, it was understood that, with the characteristic American faculty of combining business and pleasure, the gentleman would avail himself of such "material" as he might be enabled to study. Mr. Danvers' appearance at the Port caused a flutter of excitement, as literary celebrity always does in unintellectual circles. Every girl, though beautiful as a houri, trembled at his approach, fearing to be weighed in the critical balance, and there to be found wanting. On the other hand, every brainless dandy furbished up his scanty lore of literature, and his uncertain stock of Ollendorf English, and prepared to court a desirable intimacy with the genius, in whose reflected luster he might shine.

At the time of the author's arrival, Mr. Fernald and the Dales, with their niece and Miss Hershfeldt, had joined an excursion to the Presidio, whose white-walled, red-tiled buildings slumbered peacefully in the sunshine, forty miles inland. Thus they were deprived of the pleasure that doubtless would have resulted from an immediate acquaintance with their talented compatriot.

Mr. Danvers proceeded to inform himself of the numerical strength and social status of the American residents at the Port. Presenting his credentials, he secured an *entrée* among several influential families, who introduced him further. He made acquaintance, as in duty bound, with the churches, the beaches, the plazas, and the markets. Somewhat to the disgust of his hosts, he chose to attach to himself a guide and companion, in the person of Manuel Valencia, than whom a more undesirable choice could not have been made. Of low parentage on the distaff side, Manuel was admitted among the better families only on sufferance; and even so much toleration as he received was due to no merit of the young man, but to the unquestioned weight of his father's strongbox. Manuel Valencia was disgustingly vain, shallow, vicious, and unprincipled. Incredulous of womanly worth, he delighted to vilify any woman who could count on no strong avenging arm. Ghoul never gloated upon graveyard ghastliness, more than Valencia reveled over the remains of a reputation.

The Presidio party returned to the Port, barely in season for an entertainment at one of the chief houses—a ball, somewhat above and beyond the mild form of *tertulia* prevalent at that period.

Miss Gillis came to the ball in taciturn mood; she felt at an unusual disadvantage, and for a most pitiful reason. Among the rich raiment of the guests, her shabbiness of apparel made her conspicuous. Blanche, on the contrary, was attired like the lilies of the field; old Hershfeldt took care that she lacked no accessories of the toilet, that might enhance her charms and further her aims. Miss Gillis approached her once, early in the evening.

"Blanche, have you seen the new American?"

"No: who is he? Where did he come from, and when did he come?"

"He came while we were at the Presidio; he is an author, and his name is Danvers.

Did you ever know him in San Francisco?"

Blanche bent to smooth into symmetry the floating folds of her robe.

"No, I never heard of him before. San Francisco is a large city, my dear."

Miss Gillis had an indefinable sensation of being repulsed. She went back to her corner, and sat in silent observation, obtuse to all overtures of sociability.

"But the little *gringa* is *triste* to-night, it must be—so still. The most times she talks like a parrot," some one said to Don Domingo Hidalgo, most conservative of the native potentates.

"Talk! yes—she can out-talk Pancho Pulido, and he is the strongest-throated lawyer of all. In my day, modest young ladies of descent did not talk. But here is the result of receiving these Americans. I, for one, have always opposed them. They—the irreverent—are sweeping away the proprieties, and the lines of caste; they and that other iconoclast, Progress! Progress!" The old gentleman laughed in derision and disdain.

Little Miss Gillis still sat as a mere spectator, when Mr. Danvers and Manuel Valencia appeared. Blanche was then waltzing with Lane Fernald, and, as the two circled slowly and gracefully past him, Mr. Danvers permitted himself to utter a low, ejaculatory whistle.

"Is that young person received here?"

Manuel was instantly on the alert.

"But yes. Why not, then?"

"She is the very girl I was telling you of, as we came in!"

Manuel had his cue, and his avarice of abuse admitted of no delay. Leaving Mr. Danvers without ceremony, he plunged into the center of circulation; wherever he could secure a listener he paused, and at every pause he voiced an insinuation against Blanche Hershfeldt. Well-known as the man was—cognizant as were his hearers of his malignant and malicious nature—yet no one questioned the truth of his disclosure. Lying as it did within the range of natural probability, the only wonder seemed that the state of affairs had not sooner transpired. Manuel took care not to overemphasize his intimation. His intimation was of the character of subtle suggestion, rather than definite, downright denunciation. Blanche's security had been but a superficial one, and many points were against her: the position of old Hershfeldt; her foreign derivation; the fact that the expression against her emanated from an American, who would be apt to understate, rather than to exaggerate, charges against a countrywoman.

Wherever Valencia's insidious whispers sounded, the maidens fell back, as from the presence of contagion. Native here, where the record of each individual life was common property, anything concealed, anything clandestine, anything furtive, seemed to them more culpable than open, avowed wickedness. One by one they moved away from the accepted culprit, until she stood literally alone.

Only one advocate rose for the defense. One woman was there, whose pitiful heart harmonized with an enlightened and liberal mind. Among others, Manuel had carried his craven tidings to Alejandra Castro de Felis—the queenliest, noblest woman at the Port. She had every prestige that a woman may wield of wealth and influence. The Castros were of the old Spanish *régime*. She was the wife of Porfirio Felis, most opulent of the native merchants. She was an heiress in her own right. She was blest with the boon of beauty, polished by the attrition of cosmopolitan association, by travel, and by maturity. She might have sat for Mrs. Browning's "Court Lady."

> "Never was lady of Italy nobler in name and in race,
> Never was lady of Italy fairer to see in the face."

She knew how heavily the tide of tradition set against her purpose, but she made one endeavor, hoping against hope, persisting against possibility. She came to Cyril Danvers, stately, gracious, her fair face shadowed with skepticism, apprehension, doubt.

"Mr. Danvers," she said, in her pretty, precise English, with the soft Southern accent, "what is this Manuel has told me about Blanche? He has given you as his

authority. To be sure, we know the father: but the mother—surely she must be gentle, a lady, who made a youthful misalliance."

Danvers laughed.

"Madame, the mother is a Washington-street—doctress, so-called. Old Hershfeldt is a prince, an emperor, as compared to her."

"And Blanche has lived with her mother?"

"Blanche has lived with her always—until she came here, except when she was out at service. At one time she was a ballet-girl at a third-class theater. Mother Hershfeldt's house has always been the rendezvous of clairvoyants, of astrologers, of questionable people of every sort. The girl's whole life has been spent in an atmosphere of tricksters and sharpers."

Regretful conviction settled down on Alejandra's face.

"*Ah! lastima! que lastima!*" she murmured.

Every one knew Alejandra's generous spirit. Every one knew she would have denounced Manuel, if she could have refuted his rumors. Her failure to do so confirmed the calumny—rather accepted it as truth. When this serene lady submitted, the case, so far as regarded womanly intervention, seemed hopeless.

Alejandra went over to Mr. Fernald. After some little conversation with her, the young man left the room, without a look toward Miss Hershfeldt. His countenance was set in a strenuous effort for composure, but nevertheless it expressed an extreme degree of mortification and disgust. This desertion sealed Blanche's fate. Mr. Fernald's support might have sustained her. His attentions, and their ultimate motive, had been widely remarked. His disaffection at this crisis was recognised as a tacit withdrawal of all pretensions.

Up to this point, Miss Gillis had been neutral and inactive. Her intuitions—or her instincts, or whatever may be the prescient faculty—had made her conscious and confident of an impending fateful issue; and, from the first premonitory whispers of Valencia's [illegible]peration, she had concentrated her faculties upon the facts. Gifted with a large share of deliberation, she remained inactive, less for caution, than for contemplation and reflection. With her characteristic philosophy, she was occupied chiefly with motives. Manuel Valencia's natural malice was sufficient explanation of his procedure, even had not Blanche, like Miss Gillis herself, often repulsed the man. But Cyril Danvers—by Blanche's own protest a stranger to her—why should he have manifested such wanton cruelty, such gratuitous persecution? Evidently the injury was intentional. Manuel had been suffered as a toady, that he might be used as a tool.

Mr. Fernald's deliberate and deadly desertion of Miss Hershfeldt aroused Miss Gillis from her musings, and put a new phase on affairs. She had only arisen, when Manuel Valencia went up to Blanche, with an evil smile on his weak, handsome face. What he said, no one heard, but Blanche flushed scarlet, and with a low, dry sob of shame, went miserably out of the room. This last insolence of Valencia's put him beyond the pale of further sufferance. More than one of the Spanish gentlemen approached him threateningly. The rest of his behavior had worn at least the semblance of decency: an undisguised insult to a woman—any woman—in their presence, must receive the rebuke it merited.

In the confusion of this unwonted scene, Miss Gillis, exulting in the certainty of Valencia's chastisement, hastened to the corridor where Blanche had disappeared, and whither Aunt Dale followed, as hastily as physical conditions permitted. The pursuer overtook her niece, looking about in uncertainty.

"Come back! Where are you going?"

"I am going to find Blanche."

"To find Blanche, indeed! To mix yourself more in her disgrace? I suppose you have forgotten, Miss, that you introduced her here. Do you think these people will forget, or forgive you that? I shouldn't wonder if they refuse to receive you, or give you invitations. Go to Blanche! You shall do nothing of the sort, I say. Come back!"

For all answer, Miss Gillis went forward. In the garden beyond, she had caught a

glimpse of a white, fluttering dress. Aunt Dale rushed to her, and laid a heavy hand upon her shoulder. The girl's strength was as nothing in the power of that strong, masculine old woman. She felt herself dragged back, step by step. After all, little Miss Gillis was hardly more than a child, a passionate and petulant child, in spite of her force of thought and feeling. With an impulse born partly of reaction from her long self-repression, partly of her resolute will and determination, she turned her face to where Aunt Dale's clutch rested, and bit, quick and hard, the muscular hand. The old woman loosened her grasp with a cry of rage and pain, and Miss Gillis, released, sped away.

In the shadow of the guava-tree she found Blanche; found her, but not alone. Cyril Danvers stood there, speaking.

"I have loved you all these years," he was saying, "as child and woman. When you nursed the little Bensons, when you danced in 'Cinderella,' even when you helped your mother in those mummeries that your sense and soul revolted against. In all these months since you disappeared from my sight, I have searched for you, constantly—I have found you at last."

"You say you love me," said Blanche, slowly—"you have a strange way of showing your love. Here, for the first time in my life, I had escaped from the atmosphere of knavery and imposition that made my existence miserable, a daily humiliation and mortification of the spirit. As you say, I knew the degradation of my surroundings, but I was forced to act my part. What little education I acquired only showed me more distinctly my position. Some people are false by nature, and some by training—I think I am false by training. I would never have lied here, but for the need to conceal that past life. Oh! I looked forward to another life—a true and honest one—but you have made that impossible. Do you realize that you are responsible for whatever of ruin may come upon me? Why, I might even have been happy! My poor old father—he is common and sordid, but he is honest—and he loves me.

While Blanche spoke, Miss Gillis came close to her side. This young girl was ever intolerant of caresses, but when the dry, hard voice broke and ceased, she wound her arms about Blanche's waist. Mr. Danvers took no notice of his new auditor.

"Don't you suppose I know all that? I have counted upon just this situation. I came here on purpose to dislodge you, that you must turn to me. You would never go back to your mother and her confederates. Your father is old and infirm: your life would be well-nigh a blank, alone with him. These people will never admit you again. I doubt if they continue to patronize your father. You are ostracised effectually; a mere adventuress fares worse than a criminal. I am your only hope."

"A year ago," cried Blanche, "I thought no one could be wronged more bitterly than you wronged me. I was mistaken. This is doubly hard—this is less than human, it is brutal. But what I told you then, I repeat now, helpless as I am!"

"You mistake me, Blanche—you do, indeed. Forget what I said to you then—it was the fault of my mad unreasoning passion, and my sense of your inferiority—forget it, Blanche, as I forget that union with you is fatal to my prospects. You must trust to me; you have no one else. The *Saco* lies in the offing; her captain was my college chum. He has a brother with him on this cruise, an Episcopalian clergyman. Come with me to him, and he shall marry us to-morrow—to-night. Blanche! I have made myself less than man for your sake—you must know how strong my love is!"

Blanche stood, apparently irresolute. Life seemed very blank to the girl. She thought there must be might in a passion that would degrade its dignity to attain its object—that there must be power in an affection ready to share the contumely itself had created. "I sinned, O woman! for love of thee," has been a potent plea with womankind, since ever the world was. Strange that to man the same depreciating reason has a ring of repulsion!

Miss Gillis looked up at her companion's

softening face, with amazed scorn; then she went close to Cyril Danvers, every line in her bitter little face set in contempt.

"You dastard!"—she added an epithet in Spanish, perhaps the most stinging sound of that incisive tongue. "Before Blanche should marry you, I would kill her—I would kill *you!* Come away with me, Blanche—come away! We will defeat him, yet!"

She caught Blanche's arm, and dragged her forward. Cyril Danvers literally did not dare to follow.

Miss Gillis led her companion out by a side-door. She was furiously indignant; but, having routed the foe, she was too wise to press matters further. Her sense of justice rebelled against the precipitate and summary condemnation that had fallen upon Blanche.

"How do they know but that man lies?" she thought, bitterly. "And this is human justice! It is always so—for a woman. Men don't hang a dog without a chance for his life; no criminal, caught in the act, is condemned unheard! But a woman—let any foul-mouthed man breathe suspicion, even, against her, and her life is blasted. Ah, well! a woman can wreak no vengeance—it is *safe* to assail us."

She saw Blanche safely housed, in a state of passive quiescence and readiness to accept any solution of the dilemma, provided the elimination of difficulties devolved not upon herself. Miss Gillis was amazed at this absolute absence of energy. Whatever the faults with which she had silently taxed Blanche, want of force had not been one; yet here the girl lay, lassid, almost lethargic—willing that something should be done for her, but not inclined to do, or even to think, for herself.

Late as was the hour, Miss Gillis called up the reluctant Pantaleon, and, followed by the yawning little page, went fearlessly away to her customary comforter and counselor. The outcome of her sea-side musing was that Mr. Fernald, reading gloomily in his shadowy room at the Consulate, looked up in surprise to find little Miss Gillis at his side. It was like her to dare—rather to disregard —censure, by coming to him there, and at such an hour. Mr. Fernald was obdurate. He had been wounded in the most vulnerable part of a man's character. His vanity, no less than his sentiment, had suffered. Truth to tell, to him the case presented an excess of aggravation even beyond its aspect to an ordinary observer. Beyond a doubt, Blanche had drawn extensively upon a fertile imagination, and Mr. Fernald had believed implicitly the ingenious and pathetic little romance with which she had regaled him. His wrath, resentment, and disgust were excited, in proportion to the degree to which his sympathies had been enlisted. To remove this wrath, to deplore this disgust, to reprove this resentment, was the mission of Miss Gillis.

The office was no enviable one. A certain amount of diffidence and delicacy had to be overcome, primarily. Again, her arguments were largely against her own conviction. It was difficult to reconcile duty and disposition. But her disinclination for the undertaking made her only the more earnest in its discharge.

"If you ever — ever — well — cared for Blanche, now, when she is in distress, is the time to show it. I don't envy men their right of speech in these matters," said little Miss Gillis—"I don't begrudge them their prerogative of wooing and winning. But I do covet their power of protection. I think a man's proudest privilege is that of ennobling a woman, as he does, when he lifts her to his own station, and puts his own broad shoulders between her and the world. Now, you see, a woman can't do anything of that sort for her love's sake. If a woman love a man beneath her, she can't exalt him at all—she must descend to his level. Oh! I should think every instinct of tenderness and manhood would cry to you to shield Blanche here. It is your right, and your duty."

Then Mr. Fernald did a cruel thing. Looking into the pleading face of his visitor—pathetic and tense with a pain of its own, it might be—he laid before her a great temptation. Blanche had terribly disappointed him, he said. She could never again be the

same to him; he had learned to see her as she was. He confessed that the old love yet lingered, to his shame and regret; but it must die inevitably, since love cannot exist without the faith and trust that were already slain. While his confidence in Blanche had perished, he had found in another character the revelation of his ideal woman—all that Blanche was not. In short, with comfortable adaptability, he expressed his readiness to transfer to Miss Gillis the devotion he had once lavished upon Miss Hershfeldt. He advised her to put herself in a position to acquire the culture and training her ability deserved, and, after a time, when he should have forgotten how miserably he had been begulled, and beguiled, and befooled, she should compensate him for the past, while all that remained of his homage should be hers.

Poor little Miss Gillis staggered and shrunk as from a blow. What misapprehension and suspicion of her motives must have underlain his thought, that he could so requite her! He had not even allowed her to believe him ignorant of her affection for him; she had not the comfort of thinking her own weakness undiscovered. For a moment the poignant pain of her sacrifice was lessened by a lighter estimate of Lane Fernald. She saw in him something of selfishness, something of fickleness; worse than either, perhaps—at least more fatal to fondness—something of priggishness. But it is poor gratification to mitigate a sense of loss by cheapening the missing treasure. Miss Gillis put away such unworthy consolation. Making no retort, she replied with meek literalness. She did not ignore Mr. Fernald's declaration, she did not repudiate her own attachment. But she did show the man, calmly, deliberately, decisively, that she held herself deserving of far better things than this Barmecide show of happiness. A sense of shame, almost one of awe, crept over Mr. Fernald as he heard her moderate and mature response.

Seizing her advantage, Miss Gillis went on to press the point of Blanche's rights. Every argument she could bring to bear was made of service. She showed how they had all been victimized, to some extent, by Cyril Danvers' duplicity and treachery. Mr. Fernald almost came to concur in Miss Gillis's bluntly stated opinion that his own course of late had been somewhat cowardly and wanting in manliness; it did seem, indeed, that, but for an excess of prudence, not altogether commendable, he would have stood ere this in the position of Blanche's lawful protector. Under the power of that strong personality, and the stress of her apt arguments, Mr. Fernald ceased to plead, even to feel repugnance to the course she counseled.

However, a difficulty still presented itself—that of impracticability. Here, again, Miss Gillis came to the rescue. She had pondered that point, and was prepared to remove the obstacle. Her plan appeared so feasible, that when Mr. Fernald finally walked homeward with her and Pantaleon, to make sure no harm befell them in the deserted streets, he left her with an absolute agreement, and a definite appointment, to fulfill the morrow's programme.

In the early morning Mr. Cyril Danvers strolled down to the long wharf, built by the French during their occupation, and falling into disuse since their departure. The bay was glassy; along the crescent *playa*, a slight swell broke in miniature waves. A boat, beached high on the sand, had fast to its anchor-rope a great dun *mero* for the morning market, and the fish rolled heavily in the lazy surf. Back from the *muelle*, the *aduana* buildings lay, their great arched corridors silent, their wide doors closed. The hour was too early for the ease-loving officers of the customs to stir afield. Above, the hill of the fort loomed like a lesser Gibraltar, sharp against the turquoise morning sky; the dismantled fort at its summit standing out in bold relief. Against the hither side of the hill, dark with shadow, were nestled numerous thatched hives of the *peon* class, picturesque as even squalor can be from afar.

Mr. Danvers went quite down the rotting wharf, now and then pausing to gaze into the green water through openings where the

planks were falling away; at the end he rested on an ungeared pulley-tackle, and sat gazing about with disconsolate and uncertain air. A group of tawny urchins played near, sent abroad by the exigeant demands of digestion out of employment: one speculative youngster, hopeful of *gringo* coppers, approached the silent man, holding out a cup full of tiny shells, in shape and hue like the pearliest of pink rose-leaves.

"*¿ No quiere comprar por un real?*"

He bent thumb and finger to the dimensions of the copper coin, and indicated the number with four dirty digits.

"*¿ Tres cuartillas?—medio? No? Vaya! por cuartilla! una!*"

He held down all but one finger. The little fellow's persistency, or perhaps his hungry eyes, touched Danvers. He was a man sensitive to the sight of physical suffering. He poured out a few of the shells, and gave the boy a handful of coppers.

The little brown lad capered with ecstacy. His sharp sight caught a glimpse of something that might interest his patron.

"*¡ Mira, señor!*" he cried, with gratitude and importance in his tone.

Mechanically Mr. Danvers' glance followed the pointing finger. Far out on the water, from where the man-of-war *Saco* lay at anchor in the roadstead, came a little boat. The boy continued to ply his taciturn benefactor with eager, vivacious fire of question, conjecture, wonder. His chatter might have been directed to the dead, for any answer it won from that stern, silent man. Mechanically still, he watched the dark mote on the water, that came rapidly toward the wharf, impelled by strong arms. Ere long, he could distinguish, beside the boatmen, four occupants—two women, two men. He recognized the party at long range, but he never stirred when the boat came close to the stairs that led down to the water. Up that narrow stairway came Blanche, Miss Gillis, Lane Fernald, and Mr. Danvers' friend, the clergyman, brother to the captain of the *Saco*. When they stepped upon the wharf little Miss Gillis pushed past her companions, and bent with mocking elfin courtesy, when they came abreast of the watcher.

"Congratulate us, Mr. Danvers! Your idea was excellent. I have the pleasure of presenting you to Mrs. Fernald!"

Y. H. Addis.

AT THE TOMB OF CARLYLE.

Hail and farewell! for thee, pathetic ghost,
The doors of the great darkness are unbarred—
The darkness that the gods of silence guard:
Oh! tell us, Pilgrim, what we yearn for most,
How fares it with the pale, evanished host?
Wear they for garment yet the shadow unstarred—
The shadow of night with all its music marred?
Say, are they darkling down the Stygian coast?
Nay, bind with double-dark the perilous theme,
Lest we could not the fateful tidings bear:
Some longer yet we need the world-old dream
To shine along the sea-reefs of despair—
The starry dream that, all dark travels done,
Sweet Love will crown all sad hearts with the sun.

Charles Edwin Markham.

CORPORATIONS IN POLITICS.

Perhaps there is no topic more constantly pressed upon our attention than the influence exerted by corporations upon current legislation, both State and National. We see it openly charged, that the United States Senate has passed under the control of a majority whose interests or prejudices favor a view of the relations of the land-grant roads to the Government which is in opposition to what is conceived to be the natural and legitimate expression of those relations as embodied in the Thurman Bill. The approval of the nomination of a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States has recently been opposed on account of the views of the candidate on this question, and his opinions on the subject have furnished many an earnest leader for the columns of our newspapers. Since his confirmation, which was only secured by the majority of a single vote, mass-meetings have been held for the purpose of denouncing it. The pages of the *Congressional Record* bear further witness to the attention which the subject attracts to itself at Washington. The recent election of a Senator in New Jersey was openly charged to the account of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Everywhere our statute-books are loaded down with laws creating bank, insurance, and railroad commissioners, and with attempts to regulate the use of power when lodged in corporate hands. Charges of corruption and bribery, in the attempts to pass or defeat laws affecting the revenue of large corporations, have been openly made in many States. Conspicuous among these, the State of New York furnishes many instances where charges have been made, so specific in character, that committees of investigation have repeatedly been appointed to attempt the difficult task of their proof.

Such have been, such are, the alleged relations of a portion of our corporations to our politics. In discussing the probabilities of the future, the attempt will be made to analyze the corporation, with a view of determining whether there is anything in the act or the form of its creation which causes this state of affairs—whether it is confined to any class of corporations—and, if so, to what class? And finally, if we find that only certain classes of corporations are thus closely intermixed in politics, to ascertain the cause.

Questions of politics resolve themselves into questions of self-interest. Political arguments are addressed either to the prejudices or the pockets of the auditors. If "corporations" have entered the arena of politics in the past, or are destined to influence in any manner the political issues of the future, it is to be traced either to attempts to promote their own pecuniary interests at the expense of the public, or to a belief on the part of the people that the public prosperity is affected by the rights, privileges, and immunities granted in their franchises. The intrusion of their affairs in politics may be voluntary, or it may be in consequence of some inherent tendencies, conflicting with the interests of natural persons, to correct which legislation is necessary.

If the intrusion be voluntary, it will be through some attempt on the part of the corporation to further its prosperity by the advocacy of schemes in which the public is interested, or by resisting what is deemed to be unjust legislation affecting corporate rights. If there be any impelling cause, either in the fiction of the artificial person, the character of the field of business to which corporations gravitate, or any other reason of a broad and general nature, which tends to show that corporations are more likely to intrude in politics than natural persons, we may examine instances of their voluntary intrusion, for the purpose of deducing the probability of recurrence and the law of its cause.

We must not, however, overlook the fact that in resisting unjust legislation, or in advancing their interests by legitimate or by improper and unlawful methods, their methods will not differ from those used by individuals. They are subject to the same influences, and are to be judged by the same criterions of right and wrong. Their relations to any question of morals or propriety are substantially the same as is the relation of each individual interested in the corporation to the same subject. That portion of the question which we are now considering may be formulated thus: Is there anything in the interposition by individuals of the corporate fiction between themselves and the public which increases their power in such a way as to call for change? Certain corporations or classes of corporations may have exercised the powers conferred in their franchise in such a way as to provoke public indignation. Such instances are to be examined for the purpose of determining the probability of their repetition; of ascertaining whether the fiction of the ideal person may not be used as a shelter to protect an actual wrong-doer, and of pointing out the warning, that an outraged public may not discriminate between the innocent and the guilty, but, with the bit once in its mouth, may through the medium of politics demand that restrictive laws shall be passed which will impair the usefulness to the business world of future corporations. The motives of the corporation are not properly a subject for our consideration, even in aggravated cases. We may condemn or approve, according to our separate standards of morals; but their acts do not differ in themselves from those which might have been committed by individuals under similar circumstances. It is neither the act nor the motive that is the subject of inquisition, unless they were caused by the fact of the corporate existence, or were affected to some extent thereby.

The dispassionate discussion of this branch of the subject is almost impossible. We encounter questions of interest and prejudice at every turn. Illustrations drawn from what were supposed to be collections of well-ascertained facts are met with denials and explanations. Discussions are apt to become acrimonious, and the interest that the majority of men take in them is apt to be so intense, that we conclude that the relations of some corporations to politics are actual, rather than impending—that the intimacy is sought for, rather than avoided.

Behind the question of our individual experiences with railroads, gas and water companies, or with other companies whose transactions are interwoven with our daily life—beyond the question of individual hostilities which may be provoked by the attempts of such companies to vindicate a supposed wrong, or assert an alleged right—and outside the atmosphere of local politics in which the jealousies and antagonisms engendered by contests between citizens and powerful corporations thrive—lies a still broader question: Whether there is anything in the mere act itself of interposing an artificial existence between the community and the persons of whom the corporation is composed, which threatens to become a question of politics? Whether the politics of the future threaten to include in their discussions not only the affairs of those corporations which by voluntarily interposing in party caucuses, and by openly seeking to influence legislation, court public discussion, but also questions which will affect the interests of those as well whose corporate life is spent in the administration of their affairs strictly in accordance with the intent of their charter? Is the conflict which has shown its head from time to time in our State legislatures, and in Congress, irrepressible? Have we unwittingly created a master, whose behests we must obey, and from whose mandates we cannot escape? Are we in the position of the poor fisherman in the *Arabian Nights Entertainments*, when he uncorked the bottle and liberated the giant Afrite, whose oath had been registered that he would slay the person who liberated him?

To answer these questions, it is essential to note the differences between corporations and natural persons, and to determine, if

possible, whether there is anything in the act of forming a corporation which of itself tends to raise a political question which would not have been raised in the same way, or to the same extent, had not this legal form been invoked for the purpose of transacting business. So long as we discuss this general question, we are relieved from the passions and prejudices which might be aroused by reviewing the career of any particular corporation. We can accept the teachings of history, as to what have been considered the dangers from corporations in the past. We are relieved, except for the purposes of illustration, from the consideration of special statutory limitations imposed in the several States; and we relegate the question to the broad field of social science where persons of divergent interests may differ in their premises, and yet agree upon logical results.

We exclude, of course, from our discussion, all corporate bodies of a public or municipal character, have but little to do with those of an ecclesiastical or charitable nature, and limit ourselves almost exclusively to private corporations. Those bodies are created by special or general laws. They are composed of one or more persons. They may be perpetual, or their tenure of life may be limited, according to the terms of the law under which they are created. Their powers are, in general terms, to perform the acts for which they were created in the same way as a natural person. The responsibility of the persons composing the corporations for their debts is governed by the law under which they were created. The right to hold real estate may be granted or restricted by law, but in common practice they have the right to hold such lands as are necessary to enable them to accomplish the purposes of the incorporation. A violation of a law restricting a corporation in its purchase of real estate does not affect the validity of the title to the real estate until the State intervenes, and proceeds to a forfeiture. A corporation may commit a wrong for which it may be liable in damages, but, as a general proposition, cannot commit a crime.

In general it may be stated that a corporation is a fictitious person, created by law for the performance of particular acts, and that it is endowed with all the powers essential for the performance of such acts. If it neither abuses its powers, nor neglects to perform the acts for which it was created, its right to continue to act, subject to the reservations in its charter and the laws under which it was created, has not, since the Dartmouth College case, been questioned. It may be dissolved by consent, by limitation, or by proceedings instituted by the State; such proceedings being governed by the laws affecting the impairment of obligations of contracts.

The origin of corporations in history is not well-settled, but we find them in feudal times in the form of grants by sovereigns, to individuals or bodies of men, as privileges, immunities, and special advantages. Trade was then confined within narrow limits. Manufactures were in their infancy, and commerce had not yet spread itself over the seas. It took the business world a long time to discover that there was a value in the mere form of the grant, independent of any special privileges it might contain. With increased experience, the benefits to be derived from corporations in place of partnerships in extensive enterprises led to the granting of charters by the law-making powers, as a matter of justice, where it could be demonstrated that some great good would be worked by permitting the incorporation. To turnpikes, canals, and railroads were transferred in a limited way the right to exercise one of the highest functions of government, namely, the right of eminent domain. Legal decisions of the same class as the Dartmouth College case demonstrated the fact that the State had parted with rights which many had supposed were still retained; and this knowledge was applied in the enactment of laws, and the amendment of State Constitutions, providing against the application of such theories in the future. The belief that special charters were in some instances substantial monopolies, led to the passage of general laws permitting all there-

after to take advantage of the legal fiction of the corporate existence in any of the branches of trade, carriage, manufacture, or service, to which the law could be applied. In short, the increased and ever-increasing knowledge of the advantages of this method of doing business over ordinary partnerships, has led to its being thrown open in nearly all the States to all pursuits, in the most liberal way. At the same time laws have been enacted, guarding against such dangers as have been disclosed by experience. And we now see upon many of our statute-books limitations placed upon the tenure of existence, restrictions upon the power to hold and retain real estate, guards against the assertion of the theory of a contract with the State, and attempts to assert the liability of the stockholders for a limited or general responsibility for the debts of the corporation.

The result of all this legislation has been, that the field of transportation, banking, insurance, and telegraphy has been pre-empted by corporations; the domain of manufactures has been partially invaded; and to some extent, also, the territory of ordinary business has been encroached upon. Thus we find ourselves confronted with the fact that the wealth of the land has been attracted by the facilities which this method of doing business has furnished to the public.

The secret which has proved so attractive to capital, whether in small or large quantities, has been the increase of power arising from the aggregation of wealth. Schemes otherwise impossible from their magnitude have been transferred from the region of romance to reality through this instrumentality. Scattered risks, without the necessity of personal supervision, and without the danger of an overwhelming personal liability, have been brought to the door of the investor, and by this means improvements which would otherwise have lain dormant for years have sprung up throughout the land, in old and settled as well as in new communities. We could not to-day build railways, canals, or telegraphs, outside the confines of our own property, were it not for the powers conferred by the corporation laws; and it is difficult to conceive how such powers could be defined or limited, except through the instrumentality of the fictitious person of the corporation. Thousands of persons dependent upon their daily labor for their support are enabled to earn interest upon their petty accumulations through their savings-bank deposits; thus adding an illustration of the power of aggregated capital, the inspiring source of the vitality of corporations, now that grants of monopolies are looked upon with disfavor.

It has always been a perplexing proposition to political economists how to avoid the manifest evils resulting from the disproportionate accumulation of wealth in the hands of the few. That evils of magnitude do flow from the uneven distribution of wealth, which increase as we stray from a condition of uniform competence, will not be denied. The society which boasts a coterie of millionaires must count among its numbers some also who find it difficult to provide for their daily wants. Adam Smith says: "For one very rich man there must be at least five hundred poor." Out of this state of affairs inevitably arise social disturbances, unequal chances and opportunities for men, and such infractions of our obligations to our fellow-men as society uniformly condemns and punishes under the name of crime. One especial concomitant of too great an aggregation of wealth in the hands of individuals or classes has been venal legislation and a corrupt administration of the laws, it being inevitable that designing rascals should be among the minority who succeed in getting more than their share of worldly goods, and that they should debauch the public service by means of the power thus placed in their hands. The repetition in Rome of the pomp, the luxury, and the corruptions of the eastern courts, which was produced by the transfer of the captured wealth of those countries to that city, is a familiar illustration of this. The Revolution of 1789, in France, was the remonstrance of a people deprived of opportunity by the undue accumulation of a nation's wealth in the hands of the few.

Are the tendencies the same in the case of corporations? We have seen that they owe

their very existence to a cause against which, at almost any time in modern history, restraining legislation could have been secured. Witness instances of actual legislation of this kind, such as the abolition of primogeniture in some countries, the facilities furnished for the breaking up of entails, the removal of restraints upon the conveyance of real estate, the laws in opposition to tying it up, and those against the creation of personal-property trusts in perpetuity. Mr. J. S. Mill says: "Whatever facilitates the sale of land, tends to make it a more productive instrument for the community at large. Whatever prevents or restricts its sale, subtracts from its usefulness. Now not only has entail this effect, but primogeniture also. The desire to keep land together in large masses, from other motives than that of promoting its productiveness, often prevents changes and alienations which would increase its efficiency as an instrument."

Quite early in the history of English legislation, the relation of the ecclesiastical corporations to interests in real estate, and the impending dangers from the accumulation of titles in the names of bodies corporate, whose existence, having no legal or natural limit, would interfere with their subsequent alienation, led to the enactment of the original statutes of mortmain. This, in turn, was followed by other statutes of similar import, aimed at the overthrow of the various ingenious devices of counsel learned in the law, to evade each statute as it was passed, until finally the concentration of these statutes upon the different methods of evasion rendered it impossible for such corporations to take real estate.

These statutes have not been specifically re-enacted in most of our States, but their general intent has been recognized in the law in some way or other.

The purpose of preventing trusts and entails is to secure the occasional distribution of large estates in the natural order of events. In the case of ordinary corporations, the only restraint that has been attempted has been to limit the quantity of real estate that they can acquire. The theoretical difference between the relation of the individual owner and the corporation seems to be this: The control of the property of the individual is in himself. He can buy, sell, or give it away. The power for good or evil, acquired with the possession of the property, is his, and is to be exercised by himself alone. In the case of the corporation, however, its wealth may be scattered among a large number of owners; and if this be the case, there is already such a distribution of the property among the many as satisfies the demands of society, and anticipates the want which the laws for the purpose of forcing the occasional distribution of estates among heirs and devisees were enacted to meet. Everywhere the shares of the corporation are treated as personal property, and as such, come under the provisions of the statutes of distribution and the regulation of trusts.

Since the days of the abolition of feudal tenures, there has been no special reason why society should demand the occasional performance of a mere alienation. There is no service and no recognition of a superior involved in the act. The obvious intent of the statutes restricting the powers of individuals to tie up estates, was to secure to society the beneficial results of their occasional distribution. The laws of heredity teach us, that, however faithfully the powers of acquisition and retention may be repeated or developed in the natural endowments of individuals from generation to generation, there will be occasional recurrences to some spendthrift stock which will be likely to come to the rescue of society, and, through extravagance and wasteful habits, dissipate the transmitted accumulations. Upon that faith we build our social structure, and as yet have had no reason to doubt that it is well-founded. If corporations, through the division of their stock, effect this distribution, the fact that their lives are not governed by natural laws, and hence that property in their name can never be affected by the statutes restraining the tying up of property, is of no consequence. It matters not that the title can be indefinitely retained in the name of a corporation whose tenure of existence has not

been defined by law. It matters not that a corporation whose life is limited by law can by reorganization easily evade this provision. The substantial purpose aimed at by the law has been accomplished. There is a divided ownership, and the distribution of the property is constantly and effectually maintained. Instances of corporate bodies in which this state of affairs either wholly or partially exists are to be found in savings-banks. Especially is it true of the majority of them, which, throughout the country, are generally conducted on the mutual plan. The interposition of the stock company as a parasite upon this beneficial system seldom materially affects their relations to the public; for the theory is, that the stock stands as a guarantee fund for the deposits, and the amount of money invested in that form is proportionately so small as to have but little weight. The vast sum in the hands of the savings-banks, as shown in the report of the Comptroller of Currency, December, 1880—$819,106,973—was owned by 2,335,582 depositors, the average amount due each being $350.71.

The life insurance companies which were permitted to do business in Massachusetts, according to the report of the Commissioner, January 1st, 1879, had at that time in their possession assets amounting to nearly $400,000,000. In the natural course of events this money is to be distributed to the policy-holders; but there is a marked difference between the qualities of these companies and savings-banks. The latter are distributed all over the country, and thrive wherever a population sufficient to maintain them is to be found. For the successful management of their affairs a large line of deposits is by no means necessary—at times indeed, is a decided disadvantage. There is no tendency whatever on their part to concentrate in commercial centers. Their investments must as a rule be made in the locality where they do business. Such is not the case with the life insurance companies. The location of one in a small town would be certain death to the enterprise. They thrive best in large cities; and the larger the receipts, the greater the business, the wider the area over which the risks are spread, the more uniform the results, and the better in accordance with the calculated mortuary statistics. Local epidemics and pestilences do not disturb them. They are sure each year to meet with a certain amount of losses traceable to such causes, and being forewarned are fore-armed. Hence, notwithstanding the mutual character of most of these companies, we find them to be especial exponents of the tendency to the concentration of capital. Already this feature of their business has attracted much attention, and attempts have been made to retain within the borders of the States where the insured live the investment of a portion of the premiums paid. The manifest benefit on the one hand of affording an opportunity to those who wish to profit by life and fire insurance to have a choice of the best companies, and the great drain upon the State caused by the enormous amounts remitted in payment of risks, raises a perplexing question, not as yet finally settled, and which may at any time crop out in the politics of the future.

It will be seen, then, that even in the case of mutual companies there may be a tendency to so interfere with the natural distribution of wealth as to cause legislative interference, and that the apparent exception thus far introduced is the savings-bank. When we turn our attention to the stock companies, we find that the enormous amount of capital invested in this form is startling, and to one unaccustomed to dealing with statistics incomprehensible.

The total capital of the fire insurance companies permitted to do business in New York in 1880 was $62,205,535.

The total assets of the same companies amounted to $123,344,359.

The capital of 2,056 National banks doing business in December, 1880, was $456,000,000.

The capital of 3,798 State and private banks at the same time was $190,000,000; the proportion of the corporate to the private banks not being given.

There were on the Boston stock market,

in 1878, stocks of manufacturing corporations representing a capital of $52,920,000.

The united telegraph companies of the United States operated, in 1880, 107,136 miles of line.

The railroads of the United States at the same time operated 84,233 miles of road, the cost of which is stated at $4,416,510,847.

There are gas companies in every city in the Union, and water companies in those places where the city has not itself introduced a supply; and in this part of the world the nominal capital invested in mining enterprises is enormous, and the capital actually invested very great. In Pennsylvania, oil companies usurp a similar position. To this list must also be added the steamship companies, and the thousands of private enterprises carried on through the medium of incorporations.

The character and scope of the business of these various companies determine their tendencies toward concentration of capital, and the probability of their having collisions with interests of a public nature. In the case of insurance companies, the lessons of the Chicago and Boston fires have been accepted, and all companies hunt for scattered risks. This causes competition in the business, which—together with the fact that insurance is not a necessity, but merely a precaution—to a great extent reduces the danger from these companies in both directions. The banks are scattered over the country, and their capital is necessarily proportioned to the business which they can control. There is but little temptation to further concentration. The $456,000,000 of the National banks represents, however, a single idea; and, although the nature of their relations to the public and to the Government has compelled an acquiescent spirit during the various funding experiments at Washington, the recent sudden withdrawal of a large amount of currency by a number of them, and the panic precipitated upon Wall Street in consequence of the movement, shows their power, and their willingness to use it to prevent themselves from suffering supposed injury.

The contest with water companies is necessarily of a local and temporary character. Relief can at any time be found by the construction of separate works; and, except so far as the animosity of the public is excited toward other corporations by a contest with a water company, the history of the wrongs that it either commits or endures can only have but a passing interest outside the city of its location.

Gas companies would come under the same rule, were it not that the tendency of a powerful company in a city to absorb or destroy all opposition is so well-established as a matter of history, that these companies cannot be omitted from the list of those whose course tends to bring corporations into the politics of the future. There is this, however, to be noted in regard to their relations to a public want. What they furnish is a convenience, not a necessity; and a full and complete relief from any supposed exaction on their part is to be found in using some other form of light, without the need of resorting to legislation or public discussion. If they stood alone, it might be argued that this relief is so complete that there would be no danger of their being found in politics.

With mining companies—with the wrongs committed upon their stockholders, with the dangers to the morals of a community in which fortunes are made and lost so rapidly by the fluctuations in their stocks, with their success or their failure—we have but little to do in this connection. Their lives are apparently ephemeral. There is but little danger to society from the perpetuity of their tenures. Their quarrels, their combinations, their losses, their gains, are matters of public interest, but not of politics.

It is apparent, then, that our discussion narrows down to the relations of transportation companies to the public. It is plain that the corporate fiction can be used as a method of doing business—as in the case of savings-banks — without arousing the jealousy of those who watch for the violation of the maxims of good government. The various reasons which partially exempt most

corporations, other than transportation companies, from our protracted examination, have been found to be: That the character of the business was purely local; that there was no tendency to an indefinite concentration of capital, but that the very character of the transactions imposed arbitrary limits thereto; that the nature of their business relations compelled a public spirit; that a full and complete remedy from the supposed exactions or impositions was to be found without recourse to legislation or public discussion; that competition, and the fact that the services were not in the nature of a public necessity, but simply a precaution or a convenience, furnished a reasonable security to the public; and that the danger arising from perpetuity of titles was in some instances so remote as to cause no apprehension on the part of the people.

According to the returns, the cost of the railroads of the United States is ten times the capital of the entire number of National banks; and if it should be found that they, with the influence that they can command, are to be ranged upon one side of a political question, all other corporations exercising no weight in the decision, and if upon the other side should be found a public which believes it has some great wrong to be remedied, but which it is to the interest of the railroads to perpetuate, the contest would be no trifling one. Standing alone, these mighty corporations form a giant power. The Government of the United States has placed in the hands of seventy-seven of these the right to acquire upward of 192,000,000 acres of land. Up to January 30th, 1878, there had been certified from the Land Office 42,698,054 acres on these grants. The estimated quantity of the grant to the Union Pacific was 12,000,000 acres; of this grant less than 2,000,000 had been certified to them. Of the 47,000,000 acres estimated as comprised in the grant to the Northern Pacific, 743,493 acres had been certified to them. The grant to the Central Pacific was estimated at 8,000,000 acres: 708,862 had been certified to them at that time. Questions have arisen as to whether some of the grants have not lapsed, but a vast territory is unquestionably due to many of the roads to which it was originally granted. Some of it may probably never prove to be worth surveying, but much that was thought at one time to be worthless, to-day has an appreciable market value. Even if not another acre should ever be certified, consider the princely character of these gifts: 43,698,054 acres had on the 30th day of January, 1878, been certified to the railroad companies—68,278 square miles.

The area of Maine is		35,000	sq. m.
" " "	N. H.	9,280	" "
" " "	Vt.	10,212	" "
" " "	Mass.	7,800	" "
" " "	R. I.	1,306	" "
" " "	Conn.	4,750	" "
		68,348	" "

An area equal in extent to all New England has been actually placed in the possession of the railroads. And this land, having been surveyed and certified to the companies, represents actual value delivered in possession. Behind this, and in addition thereto, lie acquired rights, the value of which can only be conjectured. It is certain, however, that there is a great deal of nominal acreage which is of doubtful value.

Now, it cannot be claimed that the naked legal relations which exist between the receivers of these magnificent grants and the Government, differ materially from those of the pre-emptor of a quarter-section. No other obligation attaches to the ownership than that which was expressed in the law making the grant. Vast responsibilities do, however, accompany the concentration of the ownership in the hands of a few men. A condition of affairs exists which was never contemplated by the founders of our government. A landed aristocracy has been created, of such size and power as to surpass that which has perplexed the brains of legislators, and theorizers upon forms of government and questions of political economy, in Europe. The old battle which has been waged for centuries there, may be renewed upon our own soil. By voluntary act we have accom-

plished a greater concentration of ownership of landed property, than primogeniture and entail ever could have effected in England; and against the possible results of this act we have taken no precautions. We have relied upon its being to the manifest interest of the owners of these vast tracts of land to throw them open to settlement, as a sufficient safeguard against the perpetuity of the titles in their hands. We have seen, under their systems of land sales and organized emigration, the character of the population of entire States dictated and controlled by railroads. We have seen in some of these States the population, introduced in a large measure by the railroads themselves, engaged in contests with the roads from which they purchased their homesteads, and through legislatures and courts battling for the theory that the affairs of transportation are of such public import that the right of regulation of necessity ultimately rests in the State. This, however, is not the place to dwell upon this feature of railroads which brings them into politics. The battle is the same, whether the roads have been subsidized or not, and no State in the Union has entirely escaped it. The especial feature of the land-grant which brings it before us in this connection is, that the settlement of the lands is essentially a work of a political nature. The whole future of the section in which it is exercised depends upon it. If judiciously administered, a great boon may be conferred upon the State by those having charge of the matter. If, for the sake of gain, inducements should be held out to a class of undesirable emigrants, a great wrong may be inflicted. Fortunately for the country, no serious complaints have been made against the railroads on this score. Their interests and that of the State have marched hand in hand. Their lands have been freely offered and freely taken up; and the dangers of abuses, either in unduly withholding from settlement, or in encouraging an undesirable emigration, are only among the possibilities which it would be improper to overlook in a thorough consideration of the subject. That such a condition of things might arise as would provoke hot discussion on these points, cannot be gainsaid. The opposition to Chinese emigration is so pronounced, that even those who believe that they might form a desirable population for our State would hardly recommend their importation in large numbers at present. This hostile feeling is not, however, one of long standing; and it is easy to conceive that the managers of the Central Pacific road, convinced that the frugal, industrious habits of this people would enable them to utilize portions of their land-grant otherwise unavailable, might have been betrayed into the mistake of organizing an extensive system of emigration, which would necessarily have brought them into hostile contact with an intense popular prejudice. If their sagacity has proved their safeguard in the past, it does not prove that it will protect them in the future. Local collisions with private interests have arisen in their affairs, which illustrate the possibilities and the tendencies of the vast and complicated responsibilities which the land-grants have thrust upon their shoulders. The performance of a perfectly legitimate act, such as the selection of the site for a station, or the assertion of a right to locate a particular section of land, indisputably legal in its character, may leave memories of hardship and supposed injustice behind it which will endure beyond the present generation, and some day or other raise its head at some political banquet. With the assertion, which is believed to be incontrovertible, that these grants could never have been passed in Congress if the laws had been drafted specifying the names of individuals as grantees in place of corporations, let us leave this branch of the subject.

However important the land-grant road may have been in shaping the destinies of the nation and molding the character of the States whose population they have helped to increase through the agency of organized emigration, these are by no means the only questions of importance which bring railroads intimately in contact with the politics of the day. Unintimidated by the example of the State of New Jersey—which for years bore the unenviable title of the "State of Camden and Amboy," in consequence of the alleged polit-

ical power of that corporation—other States have followed in her footsteps, and have by direct legislation created lines of road of such size and importance as to control the transportation rates throughout the State. Where short lines of road forming connected links already existed—as in the case of the roads forming the New York Central line, and in Massachusetts of the Western and the Boston and Worcester railroads—they have either been encouraged or compelled to consolidate. Stimulated by this example, smaller and more insignificant roads have sought to swell their importance by consolidation; and the contagion has spread to such an extent, that the main avenues of transportation between the Mississippi and the Atlantic are to-day controlled by a few men, whose names are as well-known throughout the land as the name of the President. And the day is not far distant when a line of transportation from sea-board to sea-board, with branches to the Gulf and to the head-waters of the Mississippi, will be controlled and directed by a single mind. The power thus concentrated in the hands of a few men extends even to the making and destroying the prosperity of communities. In the construction of new lines, the question of the location of a station may involve the future welfare of the resident population of an entire village. The arbitrary change of a freight-rate may destroy the calculations of the prudent business men of an entire section of country. Discrimination in favor of individuals is not only possible, but may even be carried to the extent of affecting the relative prosperity of towns. Industries may be fostered or suppressed. The methods of management of railroads, in consequence of these facts, become matters of great public import; and, as they are essentially questions of self-interest, they come under the domain of politics. It may be that any attempt to regulate, by legislative interference, affairs so intimately connected with the welfare of an entire people, is, in the language of Governor Stanford, utterly "impossible and impracticable." It may be that these attempts come "from a disregard of the principles upon which our Government is founded, and the disregard of the rights of individuals and of property, and the assumption of a principle in the administration of governmental affairs that had its origin in robbery and the idea of the divine right of kings." It may be that "the agitator Kearney advocated no doctrine in regard to property more atrocious than the principles embodied in the 'Granger cases,' and the laws which they sustain." It may be that ours was never intended to be a "paternal government," and that the attempt at "regulating the rates shippers shall pay and carriers shall receive for their services" would stamp the Government with this unintended character. Yet the belief is general that the power exists. It is a power which has been frequently exercised; and in the popular opinion this is not only justifiable, but in some cases the neglect to exercise it would be suicidal. Whatever the opinion of students may be as to the merits of the "Granger cases," the principle upon which they are based is indelibly imprinted upon the hearts of the people, and forms the basis of our whole government. It is the public character of the use by means of which the court justified the decision. In a government by the people and for the people, a decision which respects the rights of the many, when those rights are diametrically opposed to those of the few, can more naturally trace its pedigree to a declaration of rights than to "robbery and divine right in kings." An enlarged view of political science does not recognize the right of property to accumulate at the expense of the rights of the people, and by means of a disregard of their welfare. Nuisances are abated upon a principle which is somewhat similar. The destruction of the prosperity of a community, by the arbitrary acts of a board of directors, is as thorough an invasion of their rights, and should be as capable of legal redress or regulation, as the case of a nuisance where a district is rendered uninhabitable by the noxious fumes from an acid factory. In other words: where the public is interested, uses may be regulated and abuses prevented. From Maine to Texas, from the Atlantic to the Pacific Coast, the relations of railroads to their customers

are being discussed; and so long as by their acts they shall continue to demonstrate to the people their power, these acts will continue to furnish topics for discussion, for legislation, for politics.

From the days of Magna Charta until now, the English-speaking people, wherever they are to be found, have steadily progressed in their recognition of the rights of all to live and prosper. This progress toward that desirable state of society, described by J. S. Mill as "the perfection of social arrangements," in which the "complete independence and freedom of action" of all persons, "subject to no restriction but that of not doing injury to others" would be secured, has never been permanently checked, whether the form of government under which these people are to be found be republican or monarchical. When legislatures have failed them, courts of law have stepped to their rescue, and by absurd fictions have lodged titles in the clouds, or declared that railroads operated exclusively by the builders were highways. When courts of law have proved weak and compliant, Rump Parliaments have intervened, and through armies and revolution the mighty march of popular rights has maintained its onward course. From the days of Jack Cade to Parnell, no matter how insignificant the leader of a popular outbreak—even if he were but a peddler of matches in the streets of London—if the outbreak was caused by some popular and well-understood grievance, it has not failed to accomplish something toward its remedy. Even now we see that great man, the present Premier of England, in the midst of the foreign complications which he inherited from his predecessors, treating a threatened revolution in Ireland, first, by showing that he could not be intimidated; then, when the tendencies to violence were suppressed, introducing a bill into Parliament which travels further on the road toward an ample recognition of the theory that laws of property must yield to the rights of a whole people to live and prosper upon their native soil, than the most sanguine of the agitators could have expected.

If these principles prevail in England, how much more is it to be expected that they will prevail here? Until these conflicts are adjusted, it is certain that our railroads must be plunged into the arena of politics. On the one hand, we have the published claim of Governor Stanford, that they should by right be absolutely exempt from regulation; on the other, the reiterated assertions of State legislatures, that competent and thorough supervision should be maintained.

These contests in public prints, and at State capitals, are caused by the violation of some rule of political economy which our discussion has not yet developed. We have seen that it is not necessarily an inherent quality of the fictitious person of the corporation which provokes this collision. We have seen that grants in the nature of acknowledged monopolies are no longer justified; and, as we have proceeded, we have been able partially to eliminate from our discussion the majority of corporations: thus showing that it is not the aggregation of wealth in itself which produces the result. If it is not the fictitious person of the corporation, if the perpetuity of titles in the never-dying person would not alone accomplish it, if there is no recognized character of monopoly in the grant, where will our analysis point us out the cause of this conflict?

The popular answer is direct and pointed. It furnishes a complete explanation to the condition of affairs, and is based upon the experience of the past. Whenever and wherever the gigantic corporations, whose power is a source of constant terror to the public, are spoken of, they are called monopolies; and if this title be just, we need seek no further for an answer to our question. The exclusive right to a market, acquired either by grant or purchase, to which the technical legal definition of the word would confine us, is not conferred upon these companies by any enactment of law. The *exclusive* possession of the market is, however, the dangerous feature of the transaction, if that exclusiveness is capable of being maintained. It is that which threatens the public welfare, and not the fact of its main-

tenance being guaranteed by law. Our definition of the word must therefore be stripped of its narrow technical meaning, and it must be understood to include in its terms as well the possession of those exclusive rights or powers which can be maintained in defiance of law, as those which are guaranteed in a charter or grant. The power and the danger of the monopoly rests in its exclusiveness, and not in its legal origin. The power of strong corporations to ruin opposing companies by a cut-throat policy of rates has been repeatedly practiced. Where the business is ample to justify the formation of an opposition in a field already pre-empted by a powerful adversary, capitalists are deterred from attempting it by these practices. Where the business is too small to tempt investors into an experimental opposition, the poverty of the traffic itself protects the monopoly. In view of these facts, it is begging the question to assert, as Governor Stanford does, that the field is open to the public. "The filing of a certificate of incorporation, and the payment of about ten dollars to the Secretary of State," may give to any person the right to parallel every mile of railroad in the State, but it would require no prophet to predict the effect upon the bank account of the lunatic who should attempt it. The explanation of the causes of discriminations in a tariff does not wipe out the injurious effect of such discriminations, and does not go far toward soothing a restless public, even though they may fully comprehend the alleged reason.

The statement made by Senator Windom in his letter to the President of the Anti-monopoly League—"There are in this country four men who in the matter of taxation possess, and frequently exercise, powers which neither Congress nor any State legislature would dare exert; powers which, if exercised in Great Britain, would shake the throne to its foundation"—attracted the attention to which its truthfulness entitled it. In the same way, the exposure, in a recent number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, of the power wielded by Messrs. Rockefeller & Co., under the name of "The Standard Oil Company," has startled a wider circle than the ordinary readers of that magazine. The attempt to prevent the consolidation of the telegraph companies was watched eagerly, but not hopefully, by a deeply-interested public. The recently-reported sale of the Panama Railroad to French capitalists has led thinkers to ask how far the machinery of an American corporation may be used to plunge us even into international complications?

Out of all that has been said, but one inference can be drawn. The tendency of a certain class of corporations is inevitably toward consolidation and aggrandizement in such form as to create substantial monopolies. It is an axiom, that monopolies are odious, and in a free country their ultimate overthrow is inevitable. In view of the extraordinary powers and responsibilities of some of these corporations—especially those so richly endowed by the Government with land-grants—it would be but common prudence for them to note the signs of the times, and so shape their actions as to relieve themselves from the imputation of being monopolies. Let it be granted that this course shall be pursued, and we may predict that there is no other disturbing element in the relations of corporations to the people and to the Government which will tend to make their acts subject of public discussion. Until this state of affairs shall exist; until this tendency toward consolidation shall cease; until competition shall be tolerated, and conciliation practiced; until conviction shall rest in the mind of every intelligent observer that they cannot justly be called monopolies; until the owners of wealth in such conspicuous form shall recognize other obligations to society than the payment of taxes; and until by liberal endowments to beneficent institutions they shall allay the jealousy of the laboring classes toward aggregated capital—it is inevitable that the affairs of corporations shall continue to be an element of American politics.

ANDREW McF. DAVIS.

QUESTION.

'Twas here, sweet love, beside the stream
Where tangled blossoms quiver,
And dainty-fingered fern-leaves gleam
Above the restless river;
Where redwood shadows fall to meet
The golden sun-tide flowing,
And all the air is still and sweet
With wildwood odors blowing;—
'Twas here I heard thee whisper low
Thy sweet confession—trembling so.

And yet, sweet love, if we had met,
Upon some arid plain
Where birds sing not, nor waters fret,
Nor cooling shadows reign;—
If on some desert, lone and rude,
I to thy feet had come,
And nature smiled not while I wooed,
And all the skies were dumb;—
Speak little heart, my doubt dispel:
Would'st thou have loved me there as well?

D. S. Richardson.

A KNIGHT OF THE FRONTIER.

Among the many adventurous spirits drawn by the discovery of gold in California to the Pacific Coast, where they became unconsciously and by the force of circumstances makers of history and founders of empire, was a young Pennsylvanian from the vicinity of Philadelphia, named Benjamin Wright. He was of a good family and Quaker antecedents, and had a sister who was afterward a belle in Washington society. Of the hopes or disappointments which led him to determine upon coming to California in that early day, nothing is known, and probably he was only one of the many Argonauts who sought the Golden Fleece. Drifting northward, we hear of him first at Yreka, in 1851, where he seems to have become well-known for brave and energetic characteristics, and to have been willing to lead in encounters with the ever treacherous and murderous Indians of northern California and southern Oregon; going with other citizens of Yreka to recover a band of horses stolen from the miners by the Modoc Indians.

In the summer of 1852 he is again heard of, heading a party to arrest two Rogue River Indians who had murdered a citizen of Scott's Valley, in which expedition he was successful, the Indians being taken while fleeing to the Modoc country. They were fairly tried; one was hung, and one acquitted. Wright was at this time about thirty-

two years of age; tall, lithe, with long, curling black hair falling down to his shoulders; features rather fine and pleasing, a quick-moving dark eye, and a shrewd rather than an intellectual expression of countenance. Dressed in the fringed buckskin suit affected by frontiersmen, a Palo Alto hat slouched over his handsome face, astride of his heavy black mule, with bear-skin *mochilas*, and a rifle slung across his back, he was the ideal of a knight of the frontier. Less daring and less honorable deeds than have been done by him and his class have made the knights and heroes of transatlantic history.

In 1852, there was a large emigration across the plains to California and Oregon. Those destined for the Rogue River or Shasta valleys, after parting company with the main emigration through the Humboldt Valley, took a route that led north-westerly to about the latitude of 42°, and thence westward through a succession of alkaline and marsh-skirted lakes, until it reached the range of mountains separating this uninviting region from the beautiful valleys on the other side of the Sierra. From the earliest explorations of this country it had proved a dangerous region to the unwary traveler—the more so as the Indians inhabiting it became aware of the value of the property of white men, and by occasional murders and robberies possessed themselves of fire-arms in addition to bows and arrows.

About the first of August of the year above mentioned, a train of sixty male emigrants arrived in Yreka by this route—the advance of a long succession of emigrant companies to arrive for two months later. These men represented that in passing through the country lying between Goose Lake on the east and Lower Klamath Lake on the west, ranged over by the Modoc tribe of Indians, they had found these savages prepared for hostilities, but afraid, apparently, to attack them, as they were well-armed and traveled compactly. That they would attack some weaker parties coming after them they had not a doubt.

On receiving this information, Charles McDermitt, a large-souled man, at that time Sheriff of Siskiyou County—the same who afterward, and during the Civil War, commanded Fort Churchill in northern Nevada—determined to take steps to prevent the unsuspecting and wearied emigrants from being plundered and murdered by the Modocs. Those who had lived a few years on the frontier knew the danger; those who were coming did not. And being aware of this, Captain McDermitt soon had under his command a company of about thirty men—brave, resolute and unselfish border-knights, anxious to rescue from peril their brothers from the East, and wild with the thought that perhaps even then unresisting women and helpless babes were being butchered with all the horrors of savage warfare. Arming and equipping with haste—having the countenance and support of the citizens of Yreka, many of whom expected relations to arrive that year, and by that route—Captain McDermitt, in a few days' time, was upon the road, and his company succeeded in reaching Goose Lake while but two trains were known to have passed that point. Both being well-armed bodies of men, were allowed to pass through the Modoc country with only a slight skirmish, in which two men were wounded.

The third train consisted of ten wagons, and about twenty poorly-armed men, five of whom had families accompanying them. To these Captain McDermitt explained the danger from Indian attack, and sent with them two of his company as guides. Daily, in advance, could be seen an Indian spy; and as the company approached the since famous Lost River country, signal-fires were lighted, though no Indians appeared in sight. Satisfied that an ambush was being prepared, the guides determined, if possible, to avoid the snare. The old emigrant road passed for about a mile close upon the margin of Tule Lake, where it was overhung by high cliffs, the terminal rocks of a ridge running north, and forming the eastern boundary of the Lost River Valley. Turning to the north before coming to this ridge, the guides led the wagons over it, and into the valley, by a route hitherto unused. As the

Modocs discovered the failure of their scheme of ambush, they came out of their hiding-places in swarms, howling and yelling in demoniacal rage. Previously, a Dutchman belonging to the train, who could not be convinced of danger so long as he did not see Indians, had ventured alone toward the lake to shoot ducks. The Indians waited until he was within fifty yards of the lake, when they broke cover, and made a dash in his direction. He proved to be a swift runner, however, and reached the train in safety, though he left most of his clothing upon the tough sage-brush through which he was obliged to force his way. This double disappointment greatly excited and incensed the Indians, who gathered near the train, making frantic demonstrations, but hesitating to attack. The emigrants hurried forward their teams, to take up a position in open ground; the Indians endeavoring to stampede the cattle, succeeding in which they would have had the whites at their mercy.

On arriving at a proper place for a halt, the train was brought to a stand-still, the wagons drawn up in a circle, with the cattle in the inclosure, and preparation made for a fight; an event which, at the same time, the whites were anxious to avoid. One-third of the company, with one of the Yreka men who could speak the jargon in use among the Oregon and Californian tribes, then advanced toward the Indian ranks, calling out to their chief to come and fight if he wished it, as they were ready. This apparent desire for battle, together with the mysterious appearance of the wagons, which had their covers tied down close to conceal the women and children, inspired the Modocs with apprehensions, and the chief proposed to hold a conference, unarmed, with the speaker of the whites. Accordingly both advanced, until within seventy-five yards of each other, and entered upon a pretended friendly council.

While the conference was going on, one by one the Indians on an eminence not far off were seen to fasten their bows to their feet, secrete arrows at their backs, and, making a show of being unarmed, join the chief. Of this movement the speaker was warned by his friends in waiting; and the chief, being remonstrated with, sent away his men. After parleying for some time, the Modocs agreed to retire, and allow the emigrants to proceed without further interruption. As they once more set the train in motion, a party of Modocs, mounted, made their appearance from behind the north end of the ridge, where they had evidently been stationed to intercept any fleeing members of the company when it should have been attacked at the south end. That evening the company encamped fifteen miles west of the point of attack, expecting to be followed; but a cold rain-storm setting in, which lasted nearly all night, seemed to have damped the aggressiveness of the Modocs. Starting on again early in the morning, they had not gone over a quarter of a mile, when, looking back, they could see their camp-ground covered with the savages, a second time disappointed. Soon after they passed beyond the limits of the Modoc country, and were safe.

These incidents occurred on the 19th and 20th of August. On the 23rd, while encamped, about nine o'clock in the evening, there came into their midst a most pitiable object—a half-dressed, almost wholly-starved and demented man, riding bare-backed a jaded and famished horse, whose general condition seemed in sympathy with his rider's. The man, who was hardly able to articulate, was lifted to the ground, fed, and tended until he could give some half-intelligible account of himself. He belonged, he said, to a party of nine men traveling on horseback, with pack-animals. They had been duly warned by Captain McDermitt, and on approaching Tule Lake had avoided the narrow pass, taking the same cut-off used by the previous train. Seeing no Indians, they were riding carelessly down the west side of the ridge into the valley. Suddenly from the rocks behind them came a cloud of arrows, with a few bullets—the Modocs at this time being in possession of not more than six or eight guns in the whole tribe. At the first fire eight of the men were unhorsed. The horse ridden by the ninth man fell, and

his rider, dropping his gun in the excitement, sprang upon a loose horse, which, taking fright, ran with him for miles up the valley, urged on by the yells of the Indians. Frantic himself at the suddenness and appalling nature of the calamity which had overtaken him, he used no discretion, nor attempted to control the animal until it dropped from exhaustion—as he believed, dead.

The fugitive was now near the Lost River, which he swam, taking a west course. On approaching Lower Klamath Lake, he discovered an Indian, which so alarmed him that he turned back and swam the river again; roaming about, not knowing what direction to take, until on the following day he came upon his horse, that, having recovered from its fatigue, was glad to welcome back its master. Mounting, he rode day and night, until he came to the camp, as above mentioned. He had about a tablespoonful of rose-berries tied up in a corner of his handkerchief, which he said he was saving for food, as he expected to be out all winter, and should need them. Fright, want, and solitude had fairly turned his brain.

Taking this poor creature with them, the company moved on, arriving at Yreka on the 24th, where the story of the massacre of the eight men was quickly spread abroad. A public meeting was called the same night, to organize a volunteer company to go out upon that portion of the road leading through the Modoc country, for the protection of the emigration. A courier was dispatched to Wright, who was mining on Cottonwood Creek, twenty miles distant. By daylight next morning he was seen in the streets of Yreka, and men were crowding around him, eager to volunteer under his leadership to punish the Modocs or to protect their friends. Those who could not volunteer, generously contributed arms, horse-equipments, provisions, blankets, or ammunition—whatever they possessed, that would enable those who could to undertake the sterner duty of the camp and the field.

To understand with what interest the people already on the Pacific Coast watched for each year's immigration, it is necessary to know something of their relative conditions. Those already here were the fathers, husbands, or brothers of those upon the road; and were relatives, or, at the farthest, neighbors of many to whom they were not so nearly related. Often they had thousands of dollars worth of property in stock coming overland from the States. Most of these men had made the journey across the continent, and knew by experience that after passing Fort Hall the hardest and most perilous part of it remained to be performed. By July, on this side of the Rocky Mountains, grass was dry, except in certain favored localities; water scarce, and the heat and dust excessive. The larger the emigration, the greater the suffering from these causes. Every week, as the season advanced, added to the evils to be endured. Often food became scarce in whole trains, and for other trains to relieve the want was to place themselves in the same situation. Yet the help was usually afforded and it sometimes happened that almost a whole emigration arrived in a famishing condition. Knowing this, supplies were annually forwarded to meet the later trains. The long, toilsome, wearisome journey was dreaded for their friends by those on this side, and great anxiety felt concerning their condition during the last stages of their journey. The maddening thought that to all the trials attending emigration might be added that of savage warfare was not to be borne. Even those who had no friends on the road that year sympathized with those who had, and were eager to give assistance. It was this general impulse to shield from harm the coming emigration, which so quickly set on foot the movement to raise a company of volunteers. The estimation in which Wright was held was shown by the fact of soliciting him to take the captaincy of the company. As Yreka, in 1852, was but a small town, and as preparations had to be made for weeks of service, it was three days before the horse-shoeing, the saddle-making or mending, the packing of stores, and gathering up of arms and ammunition, was completed; when at last Ben Wright, with thirty good and true men, and two friendly Indians, one of them

a servant of Wright, set out upon his errand of mercy.

In the meantime the Modocs were carrying on their predatory warfare with success, unknown to Captain McDermitt, whose men, engaged in piloting trains, were scattered along the road for a hundred miles, and unable to do military duty. The fate of some of these travelers only their bones remained to tell. About the last of August a company of twenty-nine men, one woman, and a child, arrived at Black Rock Springs, several days east of Tule Lake. They found there six of McDermitt's company; two of whom—Mr. Coats, representative of Siskiyou County, and a Mr. Ormsby, of Yreka—were sent to escort them through the Modoc country. Before proceeding far on this portion of the journey, they were joined by another company of thirty-two armed emigrants, who had for pilot a third man named Evans—an old mountaineer, well acquainted with the country.

On the 3rd of September, when within half a day's drive of Tule Lake, the latter company halted for repairs, while the former one kept on, Messrs. Coats and Ormsby riding in advance. It would seem from what happened now, that these gentlemen could not have been informed of that which had occurred a few days previously. It is certain that two of the Yreka men, named Smith and Toland, escorting a train through Tule Lake, were wounded and taken to Yreka in emigrant wagons, which probably accounts for the fact that the men coming after them were uninformed and unprepared for an attack. The guides were three-quarters of a mile ahead of the train, on the old road next the lake, and were just turning the point of the ridge which hid them from sight, when those behind saw a large number of Indians suddenly start to view among the rocks. Immediately one of the company, mounted on a swift horse, hastened in pursuit, to warn Coats and Ormsby of their danger; soon disappearing, like them, behind the point of the bluff. The train was poorly armed, there being but seven guns in the company. These were examined; the woman and child (the family of W. L. Donellen) hidden under some bedding, the wagon covers tied down, and the train proceeded, soon entering upon the narrow pass of a mile in length. As it moved along under the bluff, the arrows began to fall thick and fast. But the men kept, as much as possible, the wagons between them and the Indians, and by urging their teams, and using their guns judiciously, made the dangerous mile with but one man wounded—shot with an arrow through the back and lungs.

Hastening on to the open valley—still dogged by the Indians, who were kept at a distance by the guns—the train was halted and the cattle corralled between the wagons. They now perceived that some of the savages were mounted upon the horses and wore the clothing of Coats, Ormsby, and the third man who had preceded them, and understood what had been their fate. The Modocs, finding that the company were prepared to defend themselves, tried various devices to approach, or to force them from their position; making screens of tules, which they pushed slowly before them, so as almost to be unobserved while they crawled along the ground, and when they saw this artifice was discovered, setting fire to the dry tules to the windward. The latter danger the emigrants met with a "back-fire," and retained their position.

Thus passed the remainder of that day and night, and the next day until about noon, when the company behind came up. By the advice of Evans they had taken the cut-off over the ridge, eluding an ambush set for them at the point of rocks, and causing great excitement among the Indians, who hurried about yelling, apparently distracted with rage. After being reinforced, the whole body of the emigrants moved to the border of the lake, the first train having been without water for more than twenty-four hours. The Indians, made desperate by the prospect of losing their prey, followed, and, skulking in the tules, shot their arrows after them. As they were very numerous, the situation of the emigrants was precarious; for, whether they moved or remained to fight, there was almost the certainty of being cut off at last by the savages, who possessed the advantage

of numbers and familiarity with the country.

While watering their cattle at the lake-side, what appeared to them a party of Indians, mounted, came in sight from the west, riding down upon them, causing a hasty movement of armed men to the front. As the cavalcade came nearer, their leader, Captain Ben Wright, advanced alone, addressing them in English, and explaining his errand. Great was the relief and joy when it became known that a volunteer company from Yreka had come to their rescue, prepared to fight the Modocs. A fat bullock driven from Salt Lake was slaughtered, as an act of hospitality to the volunteers, who, while they feasted, learned the requirements of the situation in which the emigration was placed by the hostility of the Indians. Their grief and anger on learning the fate of Coats and Ormsby prepared them to mete out vengeance; and an immediate attack was determined upon, in which the armed portion of the emigrants offered to participate.

Leaving a guard with the wagons, the volunteers, with a reinforcement of a dozen men, made a reconnoissance of the lake-shore—the Indians running wildly about in much excitement, trying to intercept their course. But their inferior arms placed them at a great disadvantage, and in the skirmishing the Indians were driven into the lake, the volunteers following until up to their armpits in water. Concealed among the tules were the canoes of the Indians, in which they finally made their escape to the since famous lava-beds. One of these canoes was upset by their pursuers, drowning several of the fleeing Indians. What with the killed and drowned that afternoon, there were twenty-five Modocs less at nightfall.

In skirmishing around the lake, the bodies of the three men killed the day before were discovered, horribly mutilated. To their poor remains such decent burial was given as the circumstances permitted. The bodies of the eight emigrants massacred two weeks previous had been devoured by wolves, only their bones being found. These ghastly appeals for retributive justice furnished sad subjects for camp-fire conversation that night. The next day the emigrants continued their journey toward Yreka, escorted a day's travel upon the road by Wright's company. They carried the story of these outrages to the settlements, and the liveliest feelings of horror and indignation prevailed among all classes of people, both in California and Oregon; and a company of volunteers was raised in Jacksonville, by Captain John E. Ross, and sent out to assist in protecting the emigration.

Wright had his head-quarters at Clear Lake, a few miles east of Tule Lake, the circle upon the ground made by his horse-corral being visible at the present day. For two months the volunteers traveled back and forth, in heat and dust, escorting emigrants over a stretch of a hundred miles of road. To support them in the field for this length of time required a good deal of self-denial on the part of the people, who contributed supplies, not only to them, but to some of the emigration who had exhausted their provisions before arriving at Wright's post. In raising these supplies, Captain McDermitt was most untiring and efficient, giving of his own money and time unsparingly; while to Captain Ben Wright was left the command of the fighting-men. Wright's lieutenants were W. I. Kershaw, and H. N. White. Among his company were Messrs. E. P. Jenner, J. C. Burgess, John S. Halleck, William Tenning, William Bram, Evans, Murray, Fielding, Sanbanch, Poland, and Helm, with others whose names are unknown.

When the Modocs learned that they were watched by a force of armed whites, they were compelled to cease their outrages, and remained in their fastnesses on the south side of the lake, which could not be approached by the volunteers without boats. But from two prisoners, whom Wright succeeded in capturing, he learned enough to inform him that twenty-five known murders committed in the fore part of the season did not comprise the sum total of their atrocities. Indeed, one of the captured Indians was wrapped in a cradle-quilt when caught—an article that suggested a whole chapter

of horrors—and from these guilty wretches he obtained knowledge of two young women held in captivity by the Modocs, and a large amount of property in their possession belonging to murdered emigrants, fourteen of whom had been found at Lost River Fort by Ross's company.

To liberate the captives and recover the property stolen was now the aim of Wright. But no artifice or argument of his could overcome the caution and cunning of the enemy, who during six or eight weeks eluded all his attempts to draw them out of their caves. At one time he pretended to withdraw his men, and the whole company traveled easterly for a considerable distance. Meeting a train with ox-teams, loose cattle, and all the incumbrances of emigrants, Wright formed a plan to bring on an encounter with them, by hiding most of his men in the emigrant wagons, concealing every appearance of arms, dressing some of the volunteers in women's clothing, and permitting the train to drag its slow length carelessly along past the Bloody Point of Tule Lake, as if wholly unsuspicious of danger. But the Modocs were not to be caught. They were too well-skilled in treacherous devices not to see guile in such apparent guilelessness, and remained unmoved in their rocky strongholds.

About the last of October the emigration was believed to be all in, and the volunteers returned to their homes. Very soon after, it was discovered that some families were still missing, and probably upon the road. Wright then determined to return to the Modoc country, and to take with him lumber to make boats in which to cross the lake, and force from the Modocs their guilty secrets. On arriving at Bloody Point with only eighteen men, he found that a small train, containing men, women and children, had been driven from the road into the tules, where all were murdered, their wagons broken up and secreted, and property carried off. This discovery made Wright and his men doubly determined upon getting at the Modocs. At length, by means of a couple of boats, and with the aid of his Indian servant, and a Modoc squaw, Wright succeeded in invading their rocky retreat in the lava-beds, and putting himself in communication with the chiefs.

Here he found abundant evidences of murder and plunder: women's dresses with arrow-holes through them, and infants' socks and clothing, among them. Wright offered to make a treaty of amity and commerce with the Modocs, provided they would deliver up their two captives, and restore the cattle, horses, arms, and other property taken from the whites that season, amounting to many thousands of dollars; but otherwise, he should make war upon them, and kill as many as possible. After a good deal of negotiating, much prevarication, and deceit, the chiefs consented to a meeting for a conference, the place being fixed by Wright near his camp on Lost River. Four of the Modocs only presented themselves at the time agreed upon, bringing with them an old gun and a couple of poor horses.

With a good understanding of the Indian character, Wright regarded these four in the light of spies only, and determined upon making a demonstration of power, as the only means of inspiring respect. One of the four chiefs was required to go back to his people and bring in the two white women and the property as before demanded, while the other three were detained as hostages. The messenger returned next day, with forty-five warriors, but without the prisoners or the plundered property. Here was a critical turn in affairs; but without showing any fear, Wright proceeded with the council as if he did not apprehend treachery. The Indians were generously feasted on the same beef eaten by the volunteers. Again Wright stated his terms of amnesty and friendship, which the Modoc chiefs treated with slightly-veiled contempt.

"You held our men as hostages when you outnumbered us," they said; "now we think we should hold you."

Perceiving that the Modocs had no real intention of agreeing to the only terms on which a treaty could be made with them, Wright knew that the safety of himself and

his company depended upon anticipating the intentions of the enemy. He therefore allowed the council to be prolonged until nightfall, when the Indians encamped on the opposite side of the river, near the Stone Ford or Bridge, as it was commonly called. The usual hour of attack among Indians is early morning. During the night, about half of Wright's men crossed the river, and concealed themselves as close as they safely could to the Indian camp. Wright, to be sure that he was not mistaken, waited to attack until he heard preparations for attacking him going on in the Modoc camp, and the person of the head chief could be distinctly discerned. Then he fired, and the chief fell. At the signal the remainder of the company dashed across the river, and the slaughter commenced. Unable to see their assailants, the Indians were mowed down by the rifles and revolvers of the volunteers. Out of forty-eight only two or three escaped. Of the eighteen volunteers, four were wounded.

Wright and his company returned immediately to Yreka, the wounded men being carried fifteen miles on litters made of their guns lashed together. Arrived at that place, the volunteers were welcomed with rejoicing, the sick tenderly cared for, and the freedom of the town extended to Captain Wright. No man ever had a greater degree of popularity among his peers than Wright enjoyed at this time. Those whose lives and property were saved by the exertions of the volunteers, owed them a debt of gratitude not soon to be forgotten. Those whose wrongs they had attempted to redress or avenge, held their services in high esteem. Nor was there ever a question raised as to the propriety of Wright's conduct at that time, in extricating his company from a dangerous predicament, by surprising the Modoc camp, and killing as many as he could of the murderers of innocent persons, since they refused to accept amnesty and a treaty of peace and commerce.

But two or three years afterward, owing to some personal jealousies—arising out of Wright's popularity, quite as much as anything, apparently—it began to be said that he had not deserved the encomiums lavished upon him in 1852; but that instead, he had acted very dishonorably in the closing scene of that campaign, and in fact that he had been inspired from the first with mere blood-thirstiness of disposition; and even that he had killed the Modocs by poison and not in battle. The flimsiness of these accusations is easily shown. In the first place, he did not seek the captaincy of the rescuing company—it sought him. He arrived in the Modoc country after a large number of persons had been murdered, variously estimated from thirty-six to seventy-five, and under circumstances to render the wrong peculiarly aggravating. One of his company, writing to a citizen of Yreka, said: "No man, seeing what we have seen, and having a drop of the milk of human kindness in his veins, could refuse to give his last dollar, if required, to prevent the repetition of such atrocities as have been committed at this place. For God's sake do not be slow in sending recruits and supplies!"—which does not sound like the utterance of a man bent only on killing Indians from wantonness. Several respectable citizens of Siskiyou County, members of Wright's company, have denied over their own signatures, given publicly, that there was any treachery connected with the killing of the Modocs—but that the volunteers simply defended themselves from an intended massacre by the Modocs, who greatly outnumbered them, and might be reinforced by much larger numbers. Had there been any other way left, Wright certainly would have taken it, rather than have left the captives and the property in the hands of the Modocs, neither of which were ever recovered, the girls dying in the hands of their captors; for after having been forced to extricate his company in the manner adopted, he could not remain a day longer in the Modoc country, even had he not had four wounded men requiring surgical assistance.

Wright probably returned to mining, as nothing is heard of him in public life until in 1855, when he appears again as a Sub-Indian Agent in Oregon, in charge of the Indians about the mouth of Rogue River—the

Tootootonies and Mackanotins—Indians as savage as the Modocs, but less intelligent and brave. A bloody Indian war was being carried on in the Rogue River Valley, extending to the Umpqua Valley, and threatening to involve all the Indians on the west of the Cascade range. The Oregon Superintendent had done all that was in his power to prevent the infection spreading, by gathering up the coast tribes and placing them on temporary reservations, in charge of agents. In November, 1855, we find W. R. Dunbar, Collector at Port Orford, writing to the Superintendent:

"Ben is on the jump day and night. I never saw in my life a more energetic agent of the public. His plans are all good, there can be no doubt of it—that of maintaining peace, and that of quieting the fears of the Indian—so that he and the white man may return to their usual pursuits."

By another correspondent he is styled "Our much-esteemed and efficient Indian Agent."

The only published document signed with his name is the following letter, which explains itself.

"Port Orford, Nov. 5th, 1855.

"Sir:—In consequence of existing excitement on the part of the white citizens of this district, occasioned by the presence of warlike bands of Indians on our borders, I deem it expedient and necessary to request you to allow the present military force stationed at Port Orford to remain, as a means of enabling me to carry out my plans for the preservation of peace among the Indians of my district, and for the security of white citizens. Benjamin Wright,

Sub-Indian Agent.

Major Reynolds, U. S. A."

In another communication of Mr. Dunbar, he says:

"Ben goes at once to Rogue River, and if the whites will let his business alone, he can maintain peace in his widely-extended district. * * * He will try to restore quiet, and at all hazards prevent the whites misusing the Indians."

He seemed at this time to have the entire confidence of the Indians, whom he counseled, fed, and protected from the rage of white men who had lost friends in the Indian wars, or who, for baser reasons, wished the Indians out of their way. With the shrewdness which distinguished him, Wright had availed himself of the superstitions of the savages to strengthen his influence among them, and they believed that he could not be killed by a bullet or any missile. He had also allied himself to the Indians, after the fashion of the early fur-traders, by taking to wife an intelligent Indian woman, who acted as his interpreter, and drew a salary from the Department in that capacity. So far as one knew, and to all appearances, Wright was the person of all others to control the wild creatures placed in his charge. But Indian character is hard to understand, and seldom thoroughly reliable.

A bitter struggle had been going on for months between the Rogue River settlers and the natives of the valley, who had conceived the notion that they could exterminate the whites, and were trying to do it. The Indian Department, which, like the Military Department, often feels it to be a duty to take sides against the white race as opposed to the Indian race, and to ignore the claims of labor and civilization in humoring the demands of indolent savages, who require land enough for each individual to support a thousand by agriculture, had decided to "protect" the tribes on the coast by removing them to a distant reservation, and they had consented to be thus protected. But emissaries from the Rogue River were among them, stirring them up to suspicion and hatred, increasing the natural dread which the Indian has of any change from the locality familiar to him. Worst among these mischief-makers was one Enos, a half-breed, who had been once in Frémont's employ as a guide, and who added intelligence to evil propensities; and this man it was Wright's intention to arrest, as one means of preventing the spread of the war-spirit among the Indians of his district.

In February, 1856, the first companies of volunteers called out to protect settlements having finished their term of service, the Governor of Oregon called for several new companies to be organized. One of these had a recruiting-camp about four miles above

the mouth of Rogue River, and on the night of the 22nd a part of the men went down to Whaleshead, a small town at the mouth, where a dance was being held to celebrate Washington's birthday.

The captain of the volunteers, Ben Poland, was also at Whaleshead that night, and, in company with Wright, was at the house of a Mr. J. McGuire. Toward daylight on the 23rd, some of the Mackanotins came to McGuire's house and informed Wright that Enos was at their camp, and they wished the agent to come over the river and take him away, as he was making trouble for them. Calling on his friend Poland to accompany him, Wright, without a suspicion of treachery, did as he was desired; crossed the river to the Indian camp, in the discharge of his duty, and met his fate. No one ever knew the manner of his death, only as it was truly or falsely revealed by the savages themselves, and boasted of by Enos. That it was horrible, there is no doubt. It was said, on Indian authority, that he was cut to pieces with knives, his heart cut out and roasted, and a part of it eaten by his Indian wife, who had told the Mackanotins to kill him in that manner, since they believed he could not be shot. This part of the story may be only sensational. But it is certain that the Indians, to save whom from harm he exerted all his great energies, betrayed and foully murdered him.

As the story is usually told, the impression is given that the Modocs, or an Indian woman who was a friend of the Modocs, murdered him in revenge for the killing of over forty of their people by the Yreka volunteers in 1852. There is, however, no truth in that assertion. He was killed at a general uprising of the barbarous and murderous tribes which inhabited the coast from the Coquille River to the California line; the special treachery practiced upon him being attributable to the superstition above mentioned. It is not probable that the Indians who killed him knew anything about the Modoc affair, as they had no intercourse with that people; or, if they had any, it was only as enemies, for the Modocs were friends with no tribes east of the Cascades.

On the night or morning when Wright and Poland were killed, twenty-four other persons were murdered, others wounded, and two women carried into captivity. Every house but one in a distance of ten miles was burned—the Indians attacking at seven different points during that day. At the volunteer camp, out of fifteen men only two escaped. At Whaleshead and along the road, another thirteen were massacred. During the week following, five other persons, making thirty-one in all, suffered death at the hands of the savages. For a whole month all the inhabitants of that district, about one hundred and thirty, were crowded into a small, rude fort which had been erected at the breaking-out of the Rogue River war, only venturing far enough away by day, and under guard, to dig potatoes left in the ground over winter, or to kill one of their own cattle escaped from the Indians, for food. One of the volunteers who escaped made his way to Port Orford, where Major Reynolds was stationed with ten men. But the troops could not go to the relief of the beleaguered people at Whaleshead because the Indians threatened Port Orford, and it became necessary to fortify in all haste for their own defense. Six generous-souled men got into an open boat, and coasted along down to the mouth of Rogue River, but were drowned in the surf in an attempt to land—thus only adding to the loss of life. Captain Tichenor took his schooner *Nellie* down, but could not effect a landing; and another vessel, the *Gold Beach*, with volunteers on board, made an effort to go to the relief of the people at Whaleshead, from Crescent City, but failed. No help could reach them from the interior, over mountain trails covered with snow, and almost impassable at any time. A messenger who was sent out from Port Orford, and reached the Umpqua Valley, conveyed the first news of the massacre, which was forwarded to San Francisco; and troops were sent from here to Port Orford with orders to march to the relief of these people, of whom nothing had been heard for a month.

They were found by Colonel Buchanan huddled in their miserable little fort, and

overjoyed to be released. There were no newspapers in this part of Oregon to chronicle the events of that trying period of its history. A few letters from private individuals found their way into the public prints, and all of these spoke in terms of respect and regard of the murdered Indian Agent, Ben Wright, whose death was generally regretted. When the United States troops and Oregon volunteers had fought and punished the Indians until they were quiescent, the Indian Superintendent removed them to the far-off reservation which they dreaded, and an Agent was put over them who made them fear him.

One day he found a party of the Mackanotins howling and yelling over a white man's scalp—the ebony locks of poor Wright, whose body never had Christian burial. He ordered them to give it to him. They refused. He marched two or three of the leaders before him to the guard-house, and gave them fifteen minutes to deliver to him the scalp. They held out until the time was almost up; but, not liking the looks of the Agent's revolver, finally yielded, and the trophy passed into his hands. Ross Browne, who was sent to report upon the condition of Indian affairs in Oregon, in 1857, tells about this. About this time, Enos, the half-breed concerned in the murder of Wright, was arrested, and finally hung at Port Orford. These are all the facts publicly recorded of Wright. None of them are dishonorable to him. Why was it then, that as soon as he was dead, and could not call his slanderers to account, the story was set afloat of his poisoning the Modocs? In General Wool's report for 1856, he says:

"I will simply remark that the death of Sub-Indian Agent Wright, who was represented by General Lane, in debate in the House of Representatives, as being friendly to the Indians, was caused by an old grudge against him for attempting, before he was appointed Agent, to poison a whole band of Indians."

That this was not true is here shown. General Wool was prejudiced by some person or persons who gave him false information. The same stories were revived during the Modoc War of 1872–3, and the Canby massacre was made to be consequent upon Wright's alleged crime. But from the facts here given it is evident: first, that the Modocs required no provocation to commit massacres; second, that Wright gave them no such provocation; and third, that if he had, the fact of his death at the hands of another and distant tribe at the beginning of a great uprising could have nothing to do with it. It is only meet that justice should be done: and here upon this page let us record a verdict in favor of our Knight of the Frontier, who, so far as we know, always labored in the cause of humanity.

FRANCES FULLER VICTOR.

THE SORROW.

In summer-time the poet 'mid the grasses
And mild-eyed flowers lay;
For many hours he watched the snow-white masses
Over the blue sky stray.

With tender eyes his glance on hill-side rested,
Where swayed the field of yellow grain,
And o'er his face a sad, sweet smile attested
To love of all things, dashed with pain.

Oh, happy clouds by helping winds attended,
Sweet grasses, flowers, and golden grain,
By you the lesson has been apprehended—
Wisdom and love in you unite again.

A wandering wind, no happy cloud attending;
Clear thoughts, but lips untouched by fire:
Such, Love, before thee I am lowly bending—
Stretch out, and grant my heart's desire.

No wide-eyed little one in bosom nestling,
Of comfort taking, giving more;
No sturdy boys in gleesome spirit wrestling;
No tales to tell of childhood's lore;

No wife, whose tender life with mine uniting
Makes each completer than alone;
No low-voiced daughters, loving, thought-exciting—
Oh, nothing can for these atone!

Yet still, all lovely things on earth appealing
To wisest action for the good,
Tell me that, in its own fair time revealing,
The darkness will be understood.

B. R. Wall.

THE WILDS OF THE DARIEN.—II.

Having failed to reach Cana by the Tuyero River, we concluded to try the land route. Captain David—who was our leading and best man, and who had been over the land route several times—and another named Fio, whom David was anxious for us to get, as he knew the road better than anybody else, and whose indispensable services we succeeded, after much trouble, in obtaining, went in advance, in order to find and open the way. As that was likely to be slow work, the remainder of the party did not follow for several days. Soon after they left I had an attack of brain-fever, probably induced by exposure to the sun on the river. Fortunately, however, it soon exhausted itself, and, in a few days, I was up and around, but, like the organ attacked, rather weak, and consequently unable to go on. Reede and Deane were compelled to start without me. They took four men as packers, and after many mutual regrets at thus parting, they started on the route three days subsequent to the departure of the *picadores*. Three days after, Frio returned, and reported difficulties in the way, and that he was sick. On the eleventh day after starting, all the others came straggling in, like the remnant of a defeated army, and reported that they had failed to find their way, and had met with many difficulties and hardships, which their appearance sufficiently indicated. Mr. Reede and Mr. Deane were both lame, and the latter had been sick. "*Caballo viejo*," ("Old Hoss," as he delighted to call himself) who had been with us on the river trip, was the last to come in.

The entire party looked like a penny's-worth of soap after a hard day's wash—pretty well used up.

I, of course, was very sorry, and sadly disappointed. I immediately set to work to get up another party, as it would not do to give it up so. In the meantime, Mr. Reede was taken ill with fever, induced, undoubtedly, by the hardships he had undergone. This was truly unfortunate, and we lamented it the more as we would have to go on without him. He was to go to Panama to recuperate his physical and our dilapidated financial condition.

Mr. Deane having returned from Chipigana, where he had been to see his family, expressed a willingness to accompany us with one of his men. We were truly rejoiced, as he was not only experienced in wood-life, having been long engaged in getting caoutchouc, but was also intelligent, energetic, and persevering. A better companion could not have been desired or found. With his aid we succeeded in raising a party of four men. One of the number was the reliable and experienced guide, Fio; and his consenting to try it again induced another, who had been over the route many years since, to join us. So we congratulated ourselves on having two good guides.

The party, all made up, was ready to start bright and early the next morning, when one of the men who had been on the Reede trip concluded, just as we were ready to start, that he would not try it again. What should we do? Four men were absolutely necessary—there ought to be five. In this perplexity a friend came to our relief by furnishing a good man; for be it known that the peon system prevails here.

We started with many regrets at leaving Mr. Reede, (who was convalescing) many misgivings as to the result of the trip, and some hope to sustain us, taking the bush on the 11th March.

We were not long on the route before realizing our misgivings as to strength to endure the toil of travel. The fever had told on us. We toiled on nevertheless, dragging one wearied limb after its wearied mate—the perspiration streaming from our enfeebled bodies, and drenching our garments. Hope faltered with failing strength. We reeled and blundered along—tripping, stumbling; grasping friendly bushes to sustain us, and some not so friendly, whose long, needle-pointed thorns penetrated the hand before it reached the parent growth. We toiled on, however, with remaining strength, and hoped to reach the promised place of encampment. Weary at heart, exhausted in body, and disconsolate in mind, we could find no pleasure in those wilds, although the birds were sending forth their sweetest melodies, and the ground was strewn with fallen flowers. We tottered on, and looking down a hill, saw with joy inexpressible the long-looked-for camp for the night, on the bank of a pretty little stream. On reaching it, we removed our garments and took a luxurious and refreshing bath.

Having started without meat, further than some cooked for lunch that day, the guides went out, and soon returned with a fine, fat wild-hog.

The following day we had a practical demonstration of the knowledge and efficiency of our guides. Thus far we had simply followed the trail cut by the preceding party, and in the old road. The guides chose to leave this, and cut a more direct and better one, as they assured us; although Mr. Deane told them the one we were on was quite direct, and a good route. Fio stubbornly insisted on having his own way, if he was to be a guide. We yielded, and were led up and down hills, got into impassable places, and were compelled to retrace our weary steps, until as nearly exhausted in strength as in patience. The guides were evidently lost, and changed the course with the hope of finding the rejected trail, but without success. There we were, with not a very encouraging situation for the present, and a very doubtful prospect for the future. But in our extremity the "emergency man" (furnished us in our perplexity just before starting) came to our aid. He had been in those parts before, gathering caoutchouc—knew where we were, and how to get us out of the difficulty—which he did. With confidence in the guides much diminished, we proceeded; and finally, on the fourth day after leaving Pinegana, reached the last camp of the former party (on the di-

rect route). Here our misgivings as to the knowledge and efficiency of the guides increased. Having gone up the Croupe River as far as practicable, they were unable to find the proper place to leave it, and wanted to turn back and take a course similar to that pursued by the lost party. A kind Providence here came to our aid in a singular and unusual manner. On the preceding night, just before going to sleep, a vivid impression was made on my brain. I saw a large rock, and a large old log near it. The impression was so vivid that I told Mr. Deane of it. In our perplexity that afternoon, when Fio was intent on turning back, Mr. Deane and I proceeded up the river a short distance, when the identical rock and the old log stood out before us as perfect as if we had been there before, and had seen them with our open visual organs! Pleasantly surprised, I commenced looking for the old road, and soon found some evidence of it. Mr. Deane, who, in the meantime, had become separated from me, soon commenced calling me. I was too intent, however, on looking for the trail to heed him; but when I did finally go to him, was still more surprised at the object pointed out to me. It was a white, circular spot, on the dark face of the rock, in the center of which was a plain and well-defined head and bust of a fine-looking, bearded man, with animate expression, pointing the right hand in the direction we sought to go. I flattered myself that it was my own likeness, and a pretty fair one, but was soon relieved of that egotistical delusion; for when I asked Mr. Deane whom he thought it looked like, he promptly replied: "*Espiritu Santo.*"

His man Paulino came up to tell us that the guides were now satisfied that the proper place to leave the river had been found, and had gone back a short distance to camp for the night. He and Mr. Deane then went up to see the singular phenomenon, and, as might have been supposed, it was gone—nothing but a white patch of lichen, and the dark rock in the center forming the picture!

The next morning we directed our course for the Paca River. As we progressed, we were not altogether satisfied with the direction taken, yet disliked to interfere with the guides, as they appeared to know where they were. We reached the river sooner than we expected, but not in the proper place to cross it. Our guides told us there was but one place to cross, and that that was well-known by certain trees. We urged them to go up the river until the place was found; but they would not go a step in that direction, insisting that the road was below, and not above. So down the river they went, but soon returned with an unpleasant and unfavorable report. Fio had met with two falls, both unlooked-for—one of the river, the other of his amiable self—and in consequence he was more stubborn than ever. We succeeded, with difficulty, in making a compromise with him in the morning, by taking the medium course between those our respective opinions inclined us to follow, and crossed the river there in the hope of falling in with the road, which he was sure lay below. We soon commenced ascending the ridge he thought might be the one sought for. This was encouraging—and as we proceeded, still more so, for the ascent was as gentle and inviting as a woman's smile. Alas! we found it as delusive. We were invited on, and on we went, still encouraged with the delusive hope of reaching the summit. Obstacles and difficulties presented themselves; we overcame them. A false step would have lost all, and have landed us in the nether world. This frowning aspect being soon over, we were rewarded with a general, broad smile. The way is open and clear now—we can see the inviting reward. Yes, we are on the summit now!—not of bliss, nor yet of the mountain—no, it is but the projecting knees. Of course we are dissatisfied, and are not slow in showing it; but after dallying for a time in her coquettish lap, we are condoled and cajoled on; and on we go—up, up, up—Fio, sulky and discontented, "Never was treated dis way before; the old way was the best; ought to be on de top long ago." After many summits were thus surmounted, *the* summit is at last gained. We were high enough to satisfy the desire and ambition of any man. We looked down on the lower world, the sun-gilded forest in the

far distance, and paused to contemplate, and then take refreshment—lunch without water or other liquid. The pesky monkeys collected over our heads in the tree-tops, and, making sport of our forlorn situation, treated us with great indignity.

Well, what now? Why get down, of course—and down we go; not exactly the way we would have liked, but by the only one which appeared open to us. We were led gently down for a time—seeing a mountain on our left that should be on our right; but all would be right in the end. Murmuring waters now call us from below. We hasten down to quench our thirst, and get a sight of them: the road becomes too steep to walk, but we can slide. We find a little angry torrent (not the grand river we expected) dashing against and over the obstructing rocks—hastening onward to the bosom of its affianced. So, you little shrew, you have jilted us, too—we will see. We will follow you, and see your spouse. Down we went, clambering over rocks, boulders, and high banks; until, overtaken by night, we laid down on its banks, too weary and disappointed to take the usual ablution.

In the morning we hastened on, and were soon blessed with the sight of the long-sought Rio Grande. It did not look very grand, it is true—it was but a little dribbling stream in a large bed; but it could doubtless get up a grand demonstration when the occasion demanded it. But there need be no doubt of its identity—it could be no other—we had crossed the mountains, and that was the first stream after crossing. But, to quiet all doubts, we asked the reliable Fio, and he said it was the Rio Grande. We wanted to cross it, and go on to our journey's end that day; but as our guides were never in the habit of doing anything in a hurry, they would not depart from established custom, but must look for the proper crossing. We all went down the river, the opposite course to that we should have taken; but were not destined to go far. Mr. Deane and myself being in advance, soon found not only evidences of an old trail, (for there were bushes cut down) but an old stump of a tree, whose body time and decay had destroyed—the old stump remaining to cheer us on our dubious way. We waited for the men to come up, to enjoy their surprise; but when they did come, the surprise they exhibited was anything but pleasurable. The stump was of a caoutchouc tree, and no one had ever cut caoutchouc on the Rio Grande. They left their packs, and started down the river to explore, and soon returned with the astounding intelligence that we were on a branch of the Paca, the river we had left the day before. Our fond delusion was dispelled, and we were left to reflection, and were not slow in coming to the conclusion that we were as big fools as any who had ever been cajoled, beguiled, and deluded.

Our "emergency man" once more came to our aid. He had been in this section before, and could take us to a caoutchouc camp on the main river. The guides hastened off, nor could we stop them. They said the old road was just two bends above said camp, and they hastened to it. We wanted them to look for the road that day; but no—they knew where they were—all would be right in the morning. The morning came, but no evidence of the trail was to be found, and the guides were forced to the conclusion that, after all, the road might be above our former encampment on this river. With this last hope, we proceeded up—and up it was—over rocks, boulders, rapids, falls, and mountains. Having come to a place where the perpendicular walls forbade us to pass, and the deep true-blue waters assured us we could not, we were again all in a quandary. Finally the men ventured up and along a shelving point, and passed out of sight. We were encouraged to venture up. Mr. Deane and I commenced the perilous ascent; pulling, climbing, holding to rock, root, and shrub. I passed out of sight of Mr. Deane, and evidently beyond the deep waters and the place where the men went down, but I saw falls ahead of me that could not be passed by the bed of the river. I must get beyond them; to do so I clambered up the almost perpendicular face of the hills, with the greatest exertion, well-nigh exhausting

my remaining strength, and then crawled along a narrow shelf until stopped by forbidding walls before, above, and around. The men now commenced calling me from the opposite side of the river. I could not understand them—the roaring of the falls drowned their voices. I shouted at the top of my voice for Mr. Deane, and heard his welcome voice from below.

"What shall I do?" I asked.

"Go back—go back!" he replied.

Of course I must go back, as I could not go any other way; but how was it to be done? It had been all I could do to climb up there, and it was more dangerous, if not so difficult, to get down. My heart was failing me; but the effort must be made, even if it should result in a sacrifice; and back I crawled, succeeding beyond expectation in getting where the men and Mr. Deane had gone down, and then down I slid, safely and easily, to the welcome bed of the river, where Mr. Deane was awaiting me. I immediately entered into an examination of person and effects, with the following result: the string of my compass around my neck; the lining of my hat around my brow; my unmentionables rent in a sad way, and in an unmentionable place. My rifle had not gone off, as it might have done, but like a true friend, that could not help himself, remained firmly strapped to my back.

A look upward to the place where I had been suspended did not tend to quiet the heart's commotion. The only consolation afforded by the sight was, that had I fallen, the distance was amply sufficient to have allowed me time to repent of my many sins before reaching the bottom. The men were calling me from the other side of the mountain, but why call? How could I get up, much less climb up, there. I must go, however; and upon trial found my success greater than I could have expected. I climbed up not only the first, but many succeeding hills, until late in the day, when we struck our old delusive trail, and trailed it down to the camp of three days previous. We had completely boxed the compass.

The caoutchouc camp we passed below was the last camp of the former party. When they found it, they found they were lost and far out of the way, and it was then Mr. Reede came to the sensible conclusion of returning. But as I am, as a general thing, innocent of doing sensible things, I must needs try to go on. I thought I knew the way to Cana, and must go there.

In the morning we were up betimes, but found it difficult to get the men up, and after much delay were told that the guides would go no farther. They were willing, however, to go without packs and look for the crossing. At their leisure they came back and reported; but, as they had never yet made a favorable report, we were not disposed to trust them then, and as we were measurably certain that the place sought for was above, could see no reason for further delay. Fio had, the day before, fallen down the bank and run his little bullet-head under a root, coming near breaking his neck. He was sore in consequence, and more sulky than ever. I expressed my condolence; was very sorry, quite as much as if he had broken his neck—probably more so. The stubborn creature was not to be soothed by kindness, and the question of supremacy had to be settled otherwise. The issue between this stupid, stubborn, chuckle-headed, monkey-faced negro and my amiable self was speedily settled. We did not swear—I hardly ever do when away from home—although I think the occasion would have justified it, if it is ever justifiable. I merely told him to take up his pack and march. He packed up and marched. The question was settled, as it ever must be when arising between the two races, by Ham obeying Shem, simply by the force of will, not muscle.

We proceeded up the river, and went much farther than we expected, but, as the guides delayed, the distance appeared greater than it really was. Fio now determined to go no farther. He fortified and consoled himself with the reflection that I could do no more than shoot him, and that would be preferable to going farther. The guides had heard the wail of a bad spirit three days previous, and were determined to heed the warning and

turn back. Just at this unfavorable juncture of affairs, our "emergency man who," had gone off after game, raised a shout, and when the cause was ascertained we all shouted. He had found the road, the old crossing; there was the identical, well-known tree—no mistake now. No more doubting, no more desponding, no more turning back now; we would be in Cana the next day. The guides went cheerfully forward to open the road while we encamped. They returned and reported all right. I had no ill-feeling toward Fio now, and would have been truly sorry if he had fallen again. I patted Merchildo on the back, and told him he was "*buen hombre*," and promised him a liberal reward if I reached Cana the next day.

We are taught to believe that no one knoweth what the morrow will bring forth. We had a sad realization of this truth on the eventful day that promised so much. We started betimes, and without breakfast; the men having forgotten to bring in the game shot the day before, owing to the excitement caused by finding the road. We were without meat for the first time, but did not mind the deprivation, as we would be on the Rio Grande in a few hours, where we could shoot game, and have an abundant repast.

So off we started, with hope to cheer the way and lighten our steps. Mr. Deane was sick that morning, for the first time on the present trip, but felt satisfied that the short distance to be traveled would be no detriment to him. As the guides had to open the road, we proceeded slowly up the mountain, resting frequently. We were a long time thus toiling on, for it was a high mountain, not unlike "Mount Delusion." We soon overtook them, and found them disconcerted. It was not the "*cuchillo*" looked for. We were not on the right road.

They turned back, and looked in every direction. We followed for a time, and then determined to remain where we were until they succeeded in finding the right trail, which we thought they would soon do, as they were confident they started right in the morning. At last we got impatient at the long delay and absence of the guides, and started back on the trail to find them, leaving the two men with their packs behind, to come up when we were sure of being on the right road, and thus be saved the unnecessary labor of packing their heavy burdens hither and thither. As Mr. Deane was weak, and required rest, we laid down. After remaining a long time without tidings from the guides, I determined to take him to camp and water. I called for the men we had left behind, but received no answer. I called again at the top of my voice, with the same result. I went back to where we left them, but they had mysteriously disappeared. I returned to Mr. Deane, yelled and shouted again, but no response. Then I went back again, with the hope of finding the trail on which they had so unaccountably disappeared, but failed to find any sign: returned to my sick friend disheartened, and with painful misgivings. What could all this mean? We had full confidence in the men we left behind, yet they were gone; they could not have passed down the trail without falling in with us. We did not care if the guides, in whom we had lost all confidence, had gone to Tophet, or any other suitable place; but the two faithful men we could not do without, as they had all our provisions, blankets, ammunition, and even matches. We would be likely to perish before we could reach the settlement; but we must retrace our steps, nevertheless. We went back, sick and sorrowful, to the camp we had left with so much joy and hope in the morning. Sadly and slowly we went down, and found the descent, burdened as we were with sad misgivings, more toilsome and difficult than we had found the ascent when buoyed with hope. We did not go far before we came up with the guides, comfortably seated; and were, in spite of all ill-feeling toward them, glad to see them again. Not long after, we were truly rejoiced to meet the faithful packers. They had been all the way back to camp, and, failing to find us, were returning, with the packs still on their backs, to continue their search. When questioned as to how they had got to camp, their reply was as simple as it was astound-

ing—"They had gone down the trail." It will ever remain a profound mystery how they could have passed without either party being seen, for although we were lying down, we were not more than five paces from the trail, and should surely have heard them, if in possession of our sense of hearing.

We reached camp, and, for the first time, despaired of entering our promised land, as our provisions were nearly exhausted. We sent out the guides the next morning to see if they could find the way; but, as we had no confidence or hope of good resulting from anything they might do, we sent Paulino with them. After having been gone all day, we were not disappointed on their return to learn, from their silence, of their failure. They were unusually active in drying meat for the return trip. On the following morning I tried to bribe Merahilio, by a promise of money, to go on with us. No, he would not. I tried them all, and found Paulino alone willing to stay. Even the "emergency man" failed us; so back we must go.

We arrived in Pinegana in less than three days, after an absence of fourteen. Nothing occurred on our return trip worthy of note. Fio had another fall, but as it failed to break his obdurate neck, we can only record it as another disappointment.

In my illness and idleness, I had time and opportunity to note the condition of the people inhabiting this district. They are mostly of African descent, liberated from slavery within the last half century; and, inasmuch as the humanitarian world has made their race an object of especial care and much philanthropic love, it may be well to note the effect of liberty upon them.

Those who are deeply "dyed in the wool" are a hardy, healthy, happy race. Those of lighter dip—the mongrel stock, and they predominate, (the more healthy and prolific negro having overrun and absorbed the subjugated Indian, the Spaniard, and all who, unfortunately, have fallen in their way) are feeble, sickly, and discontented. The cross with the Indian appears, physically, less determined than with the Caucasian; but the psychological change, so apparent, is a sad one. The exalted, independent, noble-spirited Indian is sunk in the sensual, ignoble, debased negro.

They were once slaves, and are now free, and they enjoy the glorious prerogative in a way peculiar to themselves. The climate is peculiarly suited to the race. They enjoy it, and are happy—a negro paradise, with no forbidden fruit that I know of.

They neither marry nor are given in marriage. They are as free from the bonds of matrimony as from all other bonds, and are at liberty to have as much domestic felicity as they choose—just as many women as they can get. And, singularly enough, the women don't object to the plurality, but do all that women can to make their lords happy. There is but little domestic discord; probably owing to the fact that the ties that bind them together are but the feeble ones of mutual consent, which they are careful not to loosen. If the woman should prove obstreperous, or show a want of attention or affection, the man flails her, and in this way fans the feeble embers of affection into a blaze of love. The women enjoy no social privileges. They are not even allowed to sit or eat with the men.

They are industrious, whether actuated by pleasure or necessity. Their saint-days are all devoted to pleasure, and are so numerous that there are few others left, but those few necessity compels them to devote to labor; for, although nature has furnished them her products probably in sufficient quantity to satisfy the demands of nature, yet their vices and their religion (singular companions!) unfortunately demand large contributions. Their love of stimulants, in the shape of spirits, tobacco, and gambling, costs them not only much toil, but their liberty.

Like all happy people, they are fond of dancing; nor does it require harmonious or enlivening music to put them in motion: the thumping of the hand on a kind of drum, or as they call it, tamborine, is all-sufficient, and they will keep up the thumping and dancing all night: the women with a peculiar swinging motion of the arms, and wriggling of the body; the men with more leg-motion and activity. Both male and female, on such

occasions, are wont to get intoxicated, and very affectionate. They go about their labor clothed almost entirely in their birth-day suits —the men with nothing on but a rag, less than the size of a fig-leaf; the women with the same, only larger, wound around their hips. They bathe and wash in the river a great deal —a refreshing practice in a hot climate—nor are they squeamish or particular about exposing their persons.

They can't dance always, however. They must work and pay the fiddler. Gathering caoutchouc is a hard life—one of exposure and toil. They are compelled to seek it in the remote forests. Husbandry is hard work here, yet necessity compels them to provide food. Nature proclaims and maintains her supremacy in most parts, defying the efforts of man to subdue her redundant products. The small portion of ground that is cleared with great labor for seed, has to be kept clear by unremitting toil; otherwise the hardy and more prolific indigenous growth will reclaim it: thus keeping up a constant contest between nature and man.

I have said that their vices cost them their liberty. This is simply a truism, and applies to all mankind. All are enslaved by vice that yield to it, but this unfortunate race sell their birthright for less than Esau did. Although a Christian philanthrophy set them free, they have returned to their servitude, as the hog does to the mire. The peon system prevails, and there are but few who have not fallen into it. Indeed, they do not think enough of themselves to be their own owners. They prefer to belong to any one who will minister to their sensuality. It takes but little "*anisado*" (the cheapest of strong drinks) to buy their liberty, and keep them in servitude. The peons are compelled to work for their patrons, and to give them the product of their labors, yet they have their families to provide for. The patron makes no provision for the sick, or those disabled in service. They are bought and sold like any other commodity, and are generally held in the bonds of slavery throughout their lives; and, when liberated by death, are lamented just to the extent of the indebtedness.

They have their elections, the same as in the United States of America; but generally seek to gain possession of the spoils by the aid of revolutions, and they are interminable. They pay but little attention to the elections, knowing that the result must be determined by revolution. I witnessed one election, and was interested to see the result. It took place here in Chipegana, on a Sabbath morning. The old *padre* having said mass, for the first time in a long interval of dissipation, and furnished tickets, hauled out the ballot-box, and proceeded to the place of election at the house of the *corregidor*. The clerk subsequently, in answer to my inquiry, told me it was an election for president; that there were three hundred votes polled—all for one man. There were not at that time, probably, thirty men in town, and of that number not half a dozen were induced to vote. The clerk also told me that those who did vote did so with a reservation that was commendable. They said:

"Here is the paper you gave me; I don't know what it is for, and don't want to be responsible for it."

This is the way the free, sovereign citizens maintain a free republican government; nor do I see that there is less wisdom or patriotism here, than among the same class in the United States, and the controlling influences are not dissimilar. In the latter country, the clique, caucus, convention, and corrupting appliances generally, determine the result. The "sovereign people," however, in their vanity, are satisfied that they have done it all, and are maintaining the free republican government bequeathed them by their patriotic sires. The priest here, the clique there; a hierarchy here, and oligarchy there.

These people, in common with all mankind, are devotional. The Roman Catholic church has entire control over them—a profitable monopoly; as instance the innumerable churches, monasteries, chapels and cathedrals in Panama, covering nearly as much ground, and costing probably, quite as much money, as all the other buildings put together. And it is the same throughout all Catholic North, Central, and South

America. These poor souls, having a commendable fear of the devil, are willing to pay liberally to have him appeased, and devote the greater portion of their substance to this object. Not having sufficient confidence in themselves, or the assurance to look to the Creator and Dispenser of all good, they depend entirely on the intercession and offices of the priesthood: who, they are taught to believe, will, (if paid for it) intercede in their behalf with the saints; they will intercede with the Virgin, she with Christ, and he with the Father. Consequently the priests and saints claim their entire devotion; and, singularly enough, although they see and know that the priests are generally more depraved and wicked than themselves, yet, as their office is a holy one, they bow in abject obedience to them.

It is useless to attempt to reason with them, or to point out the errors in their fixed faith. I have known a very able and zealous reasoner confounded by their simple statement, which was not only conclusive, but at the same time a pathetic appeal to Christian philanthrophy—"We know no other."

They keep all the saint-days, which are innumerable, requiring a trained priesthood to instruct them in the time and manner of their observance. They wear about their necks amulets or charms to protect them from harm and the Evil One. Being very superstitious, these doubtless do good by allaying fear, if nothing more. Indeed, I have known them to be of positive service in guarding a person from harm—no less a person than the writer, who was traveling through Mexico.

I had set out alone, against the entreaties and remonstrances of friends, on the road leading out of the great city of the Montezumas to Acapulco. While ascending the mountain which surrounds the basin, I was stopped by the friendly natives, and told there was a band of robbers on the road ahead. There were three persons, who, like myself, had been thus stopped from proceeding on their journey. Their business, though urgent, (carrying a dispatch) would not authorize them to venture farther. I asked if there was not some way to get round the robbers? Yes, but it was difficult and dangerous, and they would not attempt it. I offered to pay them handsomely if they would go with me. No, they would not think of it. However, after going aside and holding a council, they returned and asked me if I was a Catholic? I had on my breast my wife's miniature, and a Catholic medal which a friend and devout Catholic had given me, and insisted on my wearing, while passing through Mexico, at least. I showed them the face of the Virgin, (my wife's) and the medal. They were satisfied, fortunately, without my saying a word, and at once accompanied me on the circuitous and difficult route by which we circumvented the robbers.

I have known them to offer a saint a definite quantity of wax to be relieved from a painful infirmity, and after the saint had performed the cure, which they were free to acknowledge, they would cheat the sainted *medico* out of his fee. Old Franco, as pious as he really was, did this. I often remind him of it; but he has not paid the wax yet, and I don't believe he ever will until he pays the debt of nature; and then, I tell him, they will "wax" him soundly.

After all, the Catholic religion, or form of worship, is probably the only one that would suit these African people, as it appeals to their physical and not to their spiritual nature. They can see, feel, and hear this religion. There are the relics, the saints, devils, and angels, all pictured before them. Then, the never-ending ringing of bells, reminds them of the Evil One's near approach —and I am sure no one can fail to be impressed with this fact, particularly if unwell, or in want of rest or quiet, or if he desires to think. The interminable, intolerable ringing of bells will put the devil in his mind in spite of himself.

O. M. Wozencraft.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

AWAY DOWN EAST.

"Kin this lady git ashore from here, if she comes on board?" we heard the voice of the native demand.

I went to the gangway, as our quartermaster replied in the affirmative, to see something between six and seven feet of solid flesh, in petticoats, unfolding itself from the stern-sheets of a small dory. When at last she stood full-length on deck, I reached somewhere about her waist, which, like the rest of her person, was large.

"I am Mrs. Young," she said, "and your'e the Capting's wife, now haint you? Well, and this is a government ship! Now, haint it handsome? You must take a sight of solid comfort, I guess."

Here she encountered the Captain, who, though a "well-grown laddie," was, to use the vernacular, nowhere.

"Waal," she continued to him, "here I am, and I brought your wife a bokay. I belong in a government vessel, too; leastwise not a ship, but a institution. I'm just home from the Insane 'Sylum to Auguster; been there six times, and now I'm goin' back er my own free-will to take a position." What position, she did not explain.

Suddenly turning about, and facing the Captain's top lock of hair, she said to him:

"Republican or Democrat? Not's it makes much matter, so you're good; but I'm not a Republican, and never has been since Abe Lincoln's time. I never took no stock in Abe Lincoln; if he'd er been to prayer-meetin' when the country was runnin' with blood, he'd never er got killed in a theater—that stands to reason, now don't it? Moreover, I bl'eve in freedom; been shut up myself, so I know what I'm talkin' about. Stands to reason I do, now don't it? But I do think, and I say, Abe Lincoln better not a gone to work and fout and shed blood to set a lot of people free as haint able to take care of themselves. I bl'eve in edication every time. Teach 'em to take care uv themselves, and set 'em free gradially—that's the way. It stands to reason, now don't it?"

Here a wild glare showed itself in her eye; and, to create a diversion, she was asked below to inspect the cabin, on reaching which, she exclaimed:

"Waal, now, haint it handsome! I'd take a sight of comfort here—more'n I do to Auguster. And you sail round? Waal, that's just what I'd admire."

Seeing the table set, she continued:

"You haint had your supper yet, and nigh six! Waal," (when I explained that we dined at six) "them's as can eat their dinners this time er night may. I like mine on the stroke of twelve."

My state-room was a world of delight to our giantess. She established herself on my lounge beside me, and in the midst of a dissertation on the pictures and bric-a-brac, turned round and fairly hissed in my ear:

"Be you a Christian?"

In fear and trembling, I stammered that I hoped so.

"You hadn't oughter," she said; "hope aint nothin' to hold on to—now is it? Be sure; 'cause I tell you no man haint to be depended on—not the best of um; and when everything and everybody fails you—when even your own husband, as had oughter take care of you, and stand up for you—and he oughter—stands to reason, now don't it?—when he stands from under, why then cling to Jesus! That's all—cling to Jesus!"

Here she made a grab in the air, flinging her great arms up over her head. "Now," thought I, "my time has come. This is her very particular insanity, I'm sure." But while I thought, she calmed down, and in the gentlest of voices, asked me to dine with her the next day, and at the same time put the question:

"Where'd you come from?"

When I told her "Washington," she said:

"Not the Territory, sure, 'mong the Injuns—now did you?"

"No," I explained, "the capital."

"Waal," she kept on, "you is used to high society, now haint you? Seen President Hayes?"

"Yes."

"An' his wife?"

"Yes."

"She haint no wine-drinker, now is she? And if she tuck a stand, you can, and I can! Now I tell you, wine makes more'n half the trouble in the world. No woman haint safe with no man after he has two or three drinks inside uv him; he can't help kissin' uv her, now can he? Stands to reason he can't, now don't it? More'n half the men's ruined by licker: not as that's the matter with Oliver Young—that's my husband—'taint licker; its somethin' else: and 'tween you an' me, I haint on none uv the best terms with him, shure's the world; he don't do right; he don't give me 's much money as I'd oughter have, seein' as I brought him all the land down to the Neck, and six thousand five hundred and fifty dollars beside. He can't tech the land, nor he can't sell it, and he wont never do it; and what's more, he needn't think, by keepin' me shut up in the 'sylum, he'll ever git me to git a divorce. Not a bit of it. I haint been livin' with him reg'lar for many a long day, and I don't never mean to agin, not if I know it; but he's not a-goin' to get a chance to marry agin; an' the reason why, 'tween you 'n' me, I haint in the market—there haint no man livin' I'd marry; and" (a gleam of sanity) "maybe if I was, nobody wouldn't want me—but that haint here nor there. Oliver Young's bought his pig, an' now he's got to keep it—that's fair, now, haint it? An' I'm better and stronger now nor I ever was in my life, and I'm nigher fifty nor forty, but my folks lives ages—they're powerful long-lived people, 'cept my brother that drowned himself. Guess Oliver Young 'd be glad enough if I'd jump off the dock, too; but I haint that crazy. Never was crazy, any more'n you; just narvous; an' 'tween you 'n' me, half the people put in the 'sylums is put there, not 'cause there's any need, but 'cause their husbands is tired of 'em, and wants to try a new departure—that stands to reason, now don't it! But I guess as how I'll be goin'. I'll expect to see you to dinner to-morrow, and my heart's real set on yer comin'. Come early and spend the day, and bring yer work."

And the darkness swallowed even her gigantic form, as two stalwart sailors rowed her ashore.

Two days' steady, pitiless rain kept us "below" with books and paint-brushes, cards and music, to make us forget the swimming decks and dismal coast, faintly outlined by cold, black rocks. I thought my friend had forgotten me, but when the sun made his appearance, the Captain came from the village with the news that Mrs. Young's daughter was coming off to call, and I was expected to return with her to tea, at six. Later, a quiet-looking girl about fourteen, with a girl friend, came shyly into the cabin, answered in a pleasant voice the questions I asked her, and seemed wonderfully pleased and interested with all she saw. I was painting when they came, and went on with my work, in which *they* saw a marvel of skill and beauty. Finally, after a little silence, she remarked.

"Did you notice anything queer about mother when she came here? Sometimes she is very quiet, and behaves nicely as any lady, as long as she is visiting; but when she gets home she's mighty wild. She's mighty wild to-day, but she counts on your coming. She likes you, but she don't like father. She gets mad at him all the time; and she's so strong when she's mad, she just lifts up her foot and slams a door through quick as look at it. She did this morning; but if you come she'll be all right. Wont you please come?"

Making myself ready at once, I went; and walking through the fields in the fresh, clear air of a bracing fall afternoon, restored some of my drooping courage. Lizzie Young walked quietly on, with her eyes downcast, and an evident dread of going back to "mother." Poor child, to be so full of care!

"Our house isn't like your ship," she said. "I like pretty things, but mother pulls things

down and destroys 'em fast 's I put 'em up, and my hired girl she's only two years older 'n I am; so don't think strange if things aint quite like you've been used to."

"Mother" met us at the door all smiles; took me at once in the best room, having about it a lingering odor of funerals and family parties, but bright with a little window-garden, where geraniums and ivy flourished in spite of mother.

"Well, I'm real proud to see you. Sit down, and take off your hat, and I'll show you my cabinet and mineral specimens. I'm real fond of rocks and sech things. Governer Davis—do you know Governer Davis?—he gave me this kortz," (quartz) "and this; and this here one come from the West Injies—ever been there? This here is a deceased foot uv an Injin; no, not deceased, but something like that."

"Petrified," I suggested.

"That's it! Now edication's good, stands to reason, don't it? You know'd that word without stoppin' to think. Have you ever shook hands with the President and his wife? Well, you do move in high society, now don't you—and I don't wonder. Seems to me if I was the President's wife I'd want you to come, if you was deaf and dumb, and jest stand round to set the room off, kinder. You're about the right size, now haint you? I used to want to be small when I was young, but now I'm glad I'm tall. I'm goin' back to the 'sylum to nurse, and when I see anything goin' wrong I kin right it. When them sassy girls don't do right by the patients, I don't stop to speak with 'em but once. Last time Mary Flood answered me back, I picked her up by the neck and lifted her down-stairs, and put her out of the door; that's the way to serve 'em, now haint it? Come in my room, and I'll show you some of the things I bought to take back to them poor souls."

Her room looked like a bazar; try to fancy toys, tools, wools, hymn-books, song-books, testaments by the dozen, and in among them all lay a battered, half-dressed doll-baby.

"Oh, you're a-lookin' at that baby," she remarked. "Well, there's a real sad story 'bout that. I guess I'll keep it as long as I live. When I first went to the 'sylum, there was an old maid there; she was down 'mong the poorest patients; she had been there fifteen years; seems like her folks had forgot her. She was just sad and gentle-like. Some said she was mournin' for her young man; he got drownded. Then she didn't take no intruss, and they put her in the 'sylum. Well, she was weak-like, 'cause they don't live none too well in the poor ward, and seems like she took to me, and I used to stand up for her, and I gave her knitting-work to 'muse her, and I'd sing to her. So one day, 'fore I came home last time 'fore this, I hired a team and took her driving. Her name was Silvey Liston—think Silvey's a pretty name? Well, she hadn't been outside the exercise-grounds in all them years. So when I took her to a toy-shop, and she saw all the things, she just laughed ('twas the first time I ever see Silvey laugh since she been there) out loud. When she see this baby, she took it in her arms, and kep' askin' if she might have it. Well, she didn't have but fifty cents, and the doll cost a dollar, but I made up the rest, and she did love that baby! 'Twarn't never out of her arms, an' she an old maid! She dressed it so nice; took a whole bottle of purple ink to dye a piece of her blanket to make it a pretty colored petticoat. Well, that was more 'n three years ago, 'n' I came home and staid a spell; but I can't abide Oliver Young, so I got kind uv narvous, and back I went. Waal, first time I see Silvey she did look powerful bad, 'n' sure 'nough she warn't long 'fore she died. An' she kept the baby in her bed, an' when she was pretty far gone, said she: 'Eunice, you'll mind the baby always now, won't you?' 'N' then she didn't say no more, but she held the baby close 'longside uv her cheek; 'n' her an old maid. Seems like a pity she couldn't hev hed her man, but Lord knows I'd fur ruther think 'bout Oliver Young dead, than be with him livin'. My children's good, though: Sissie's a real smart girl; and Frank Osgood, (that's my son) he's as good a boy as you'll find, 'n' he don't take after his father, neither. Oliver

Young he's three inches taller nor me, and he weighs nigh a hundred pounds more, but I could lick him every time if it came to blows, and I thank the Lord I ken, cause I don't like him fer nothin'. 'N' less your real fond of a man, 'taint no pleasure in life to live with him—now is it? An' I don't bl'eve the Lord calls me to go on livin' here any longer. I know I ken do good in the 'sylum; that's my work, and I'm a goin' to do it. Sissie she's real fond of her father; and she 'n' Miss White, that's the hired girl, they keep house real nice. But the tea's ready; now do come in and sit down, if so be you ken find anything you like, an' then we'll go to meetin'."

After a nice "tea" of chicken flanked with light biscuit, and cakes various and many, my hostess and I sallied forth alone in the white moonlight to walk a mile up the road to "meetin'." Sissie stayed at home "to help Miss White clear up: 'cause she's real tired, an' I couldn't rightly enjoy meetin' if I was to leave her," said the child.

"Meetin'" clock was half an hour slower than Mrs. Young's, so we sat in the bald little room, whose sole ornament was "Centenary, 1780–1880," in green letters over the pulpit, on which rested a highly-colored chromo of a female in a square-necked dress clinging to a very small cross in a very big sea.

Gradually one or two people creaked in, filling the seats behind us. At last the door swung back with its peculiar groan, and the leader walked up the aisle, and took his seat at a small table below the pulpit. Before he was well seated, I saw his jaw move, and thought he was going at once to work; but no, the silence remained unbroken. I gazed fascinated; and in a moment it began again, and lasted perhaps as long as it takes a door to open and close. The leader's face was impressive, having this peculiar movement which set his lower lip in motion and kept it wagging. As I sat and watched him, the conviction grew upon me that he and the door were in some way connected. Every few minutes, "ur-ur-ur-ur" went the door, and at the same moment wag, wag, wag went the leader's lower lip. I'm sure that if I went every night to "meetin'," and listened to that door, I should wag in sympathy. The leader had, however, a sweet voice, and the hymns which were sung at "opening" were very sweetly given. Four "sisters" sat in a pew about the center of the room, and raised the tunes. They were ably seconded by a great, burly man, well past middle-age, who sat in front of them and held a lamp, on the other side of which, and at arm's-length, he held his book.

After the song and prayer, and a very sweet one from the leader, (if only his jaw hadn't wagged) one and another of the brothers and sisters rose and gave their "sperience." One old man, nearer one hundred than ninety, said:

"Sixty-seven years since I first rose in meetin'. I praise the Lord now I'm old, but I'm ready waitin' and watchin' for him to come. Yes, I wasn't any too young when I experienced religion. Now, praise the Lord, I'm ready and waitin'; lamp trimmed, and a-burnin'."

His voice was so feeble, and his utterance so indistinct, that more than half he said was a dead loss to the "meetin'."

And now my giantess rose, and lifted her voice in the two verses of "I walk through the valley," after which she talked long and earnestly: pleading for the prayers of her brethren with real pathos; telling them of the field of her usefulness that she saw before her in that sink of wickedness, the 'sylum. Then after more music, and a prayer and short address, "meetin" was over, and we went out again into the beauty of the moonlit fields.

Said my giantess, before we parted:

"Do you know I've taken such a shine to you as I don't often take to nobody. You're real handsome and you're real easy, if you is used to high society, and I want you to write to me when I go back to the 'sylum. I admire to hear from you, cause I likes what's sensible—that stands to reason, now don't it?"

To the Captain, she said:

"Pray to the Lord day and night, and

you'll be a deal safer when you're on the seas, nor what you would be if you didn't pray. If he looks out for you there hain't no gale as kin knock you off your bogtrotters, nor bust your anchor-chains; that stands to reason, now don't it? And he must have loved you to give you such a wife, 'cause she's real sweet, and you're lucky enough —now haint you?"

And "mother" went into the house, when we heard her ask:

"An' that Oliver Young, where's he to, this time? Not as I care, but he wasn't to meetin'."

E. A.

NOTE BOOK.

Mr. D. O. Mills has presented the University of California with seventy-five thousand dollars to endow a Chair of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy. This munificent gift comes at a seasonable time. There has been some feeling naturally aroused by the changes which have been made lately; and there have not been wanting those who asserted that the institution was going to the "bow-wows," never to return. No more forcible rebuke could be administered to these malcontents than that contained in the confidence which induces a leading citizen to make such a donation. It is an open proclamation that the future of the University is such, that men of discernment to foresee and culture to appreciate believe in its coming greatness, and give of their wealth to hasten its advent. From every point of view the gift of Mr. Mills is something which every Californian has occasion to regard with gratification. It has been usual to reproach the rich men of the State with feeling none of the responsibilities of wealth—with being indifferent to the higher purposes of society. We have been rapidly acquiring the reputation of being entirely devoted to material ends, and of caring nothing for that higher intellectual and moral culture which is the true basis of the greatness of any people. We have had our sand-lot, and our radical theories as to the distribution of wealth. We have, perhaps, done about as much as we could to convince the outside world that society, individually and collectively, might go to perdition for all we cared. Now, Mr. Mills's gift will do a great deal to remove this impression, both at home and abroad. It will help the University, and that, too, at an opportune moment. It will show that there is an element in the State not wholly oblivious to those intellectual conditions which constitute what we call civilization. And it will set an example to the rich men of the coast, who perhaps need just such an example to teach them how, out of their superabundance, they may win the respect and esteem of their fellow-men.

Assassination as a means of redressing real or fancied grievances has always been a failure. In a despotic government it induces more despotism. In a liberal government it excites abhorrence of the act and the actor. Now that the President is likely to recover from the wanton attack upon his life, it is not inappropriate to emphasize the fact that he has been the victim of a system which the best minds of the country long ago declared to be irretrievably vicious. Every one will remember the humiliating spectacle which took place after the inauguration of President Garfield. The national capital was crowded with office-seekers, interviewing, beseeching, and clamoring for place. In the hotels, in the street-cars, in the halls and corridors of the capitol, in the audience-chamber, in every imaginable place—even in the churches—the place-hunters settled down like a visitation of hungry locusts. Every man of them had a "claim" to especial recognition. Most of them had elected the President by their single, unaided efforts. The administration owed them an office. They were bankrupt, and must have it. They demanded it as a right; they asked it as a recognition; they besought it as a favor; they begged it as a charity. Day after day passed, and they grew more hungry and more clamorous. Most of them had staked everything on this issue. In the nature of the case, most of them must be disappointed. After awhile they saw this and began to drop away, many of them desperate. And finally one, more reckless than the rest, purchased a cheap pistol, and attempted the life of the President. In a hundred ways, less conspicuous, this same spoils system has corrupted and sapped the vitality of the government. It is to-day America's standing reproach among the nations of the earth. Through the National, State, and county systems the same poison rankles. Men are placed in office, not for efficiency, but for party service. Men are turned out of office, not for inefficiency, but to make room for "workers." A delegate in one of the last National Conventions assembled to nominate candidates for the highest offices in the gift of the people, ridiculed the idea of reforming the public service, and exclaimed: "What are we here for but to get offices!" The party first, the country last. It is vain to pass statutes upon this subject. Members of Congress cannot be induced in that way to relinquish their patronage. The evil

will never be permanently eradicated, until it is provided in the Constitution of the United States that appointments shall be for the same tenure as that provided for the Federal judiciary—life, or good behavior. The spoils system will have then received its death-blow. Petty "statesmen" will cease to regard an election as a revolution which is to vacate all the offices of the government, and a more healthful tone will pervade the political and social system.

Mr. Samuel Williams, who died during the last month, was endowed by nature with lovable qualities such as few men possess. It is doubtful whether any one ever came in contact with him without feeling more genial and warm-hearted from his presence. He had the rare faculty of making himself immediately interesting to the most casual acquaintance. Possessed of wide information, the result of travel, observation, and intercourse with leading men, his conversation was at once delightful and instructive. As a literary man he had endowments of a high order. There can be little doubt that had he not devoted his entire life to impersonal journalism he would have been widely known as a writer of force and elegance. He was a pure-minded man. His ideals were high. His honor was incorruptible. A lady who had written a trashy book once called upon him, and said that she would like him to notice it favorably, and intimated that she would be willing to reward him handsomely. "Madam," he said, slowly, "if my opinions were for sale, they would not be worth your buying." Although of late years in poor health, he never seemed to lose that flow of spirits which was his great charm. He was always willing to give his time to young authors, and revised and criticised many manuscripts, for which work he received only thanks—sometimes not even that. He was always glad of the success of others. There was no malice in his nature. The bright things which he said had no sting. His arrows were not dipped in venom. By his death the literature of the coast has lost a strong ally, and a host of persons, who were, perhaps, mere acquaintances, feel the sense of bereavement.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

NEW MEDICINAL OIL.

A new oil is finding its way into commerce, and is said to resemble very closely cod-liver oil. It is known as "Oolachan oil," and is procured from the candle-fish, caught on the coasts of Vancouver's Island and British Columbia. The candle-fish is so named from the readiness with which the dried fish burns, owing to the amount of oil which it contains. This fish is only caught during a very brief season; is about the size of a herring, and is much esteemed by the Indians on account of its delicacy and medicinal properties. The oil is of use as a substitute for cod-liver oil for medicinal purposes.

SANITARY PROTECTION IN FRANCE.

A Municipal Laboratory was opened in Paris, on March 1st, for the protection of the public against the imposition of adulterated or unwholesome food.

The head of the department is M. Ch. Gerard, a chemist of some note, and the assistants are supplied from the School of Medicine and Pharmacy, and are chosen on competitive examination. Though established so recently, the Laboratory has already proved a success. The samples brought to the Laboratory for examination in April were about 700, mostly suspected wines. In 80 cases out of 100, adulteration was detected. Milk and chocolate were found extensively adulterated. A special branch of the department is devoted to the examination for trichinæ. A special instrument has been constructed for sampling hams, and another for trying the muscles of swine, and even of human patients, for trichinæ.

ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE.

The following instance of intelligence in animals is not unlike others that go the rounds of the press, with the exception that the Mr. Sinclair mentioned is vouched for on the authority of Dr. John Rae, F. R. S., which may give it an additional interest:

"A well-authenticated and extraordinary case of the sagacity of the Shetland pony has just come under our notice. A year or two ago, Mr. Wm. Sinclair, pupil-teacher, Holm, imported one of these little animals from Shetland, on which to ride to and fro from school; his residence being at a considerable distance from the school-buildings. Up to that time the animal had been unshod, but some time afterward Mr. Sinclair had it shod by Mr. Pratt, the parish blacksmith. The other day, Mr. Pratt, whose smithy is a long distance from Mr. Sinclair's house, saw the pony, without halter or anything upon it, walking up to where he was working. Thinking the animal had strayed from home, he drove it off, throwing

stones at the beast to make it run homeward. This had the desired effect for a short time; but Mr. Pratt had only got fairly at work once more in the smithy, when the pony's head again made its appearance at the door. On proceeding a second time outside to drive the pony away, Mr. Pratt, with a blacksmith's instinct, took a look at the pony's feet, when he observed that one of its shoes had been lost. Having made a shoe, he put it on, and then waited to see what the animal would do. For a moment it looked at the blacksmith, as if asking whether he was done, then pawed once or twice to see if the newly-shod foot was comfortable, and finally gave a pleased neigh, erected his head, and started homeward at a brisk trot. The owner was also exceedingly surprised to find the animal at home completely shod the same evening, and it was only on calling at the smithy some days afterward that he learned the full extent of his pony's sagacity."

NEW ZOÖLOGICAL LABORATORY.

A Zoölogical Laboratory is in process of construction at Port Vendres, on the Mediterranean. Its founder, M. de Lacaze-Duthiers, has obtained substantial encouragement from the municipal authorities, in the way of a capital sum of 32,000 francs, 750 francs as a fixed income per annum, and a gift of building-ground and boat. In a few months it will be thrown open to students of all nationalities.

Here is a chance for some public-spirited man to establish something similar on the Pacific Coast. The fauna of this coast is interesting and varied, and such a laboratory, established perhaps in connection with the State University, would be of interest and importance. Something of this kind has been established, though on a small scale, in connection with the Johns Hopkins University.

NEW THEORY OF THE PRODUCTION OF STEEL FROM WROUGHT-IRON.

The formation of steel from wrought-iron by the so-called cementation process has attracted much attention from chemists in regard to the method of action involved. In this process the bars of wrought-iron are heated in contact with powdered charcoal to a high temperature, and although neither iron nor charcoal approaches fusion, yet gradually a combination of the iron with the charcoal takes place, resulting in the production of the steel. The question as to how the action takes place has been answered by the usually-accepted theory, that in this case a small amount of air is always present, and its oxygen unites with the charcoal, forming a gaseous oxide of carbon, which then permeates the heated iron, and is then decomposed, giving up its carbon to the iron, and setting free the oxygen, which again in time unites with more carbon, and the process is repeated. On the basis of certain experiments, our English chemist, Marsden, has advanced a new theory of the chemical process involved, namely: that the heated iron becomes permeable to an impalpable charcoal dust, and that the union between iron and charcoal is hence direct. He finds by experiment that when charcoal in the form of a powder is heated in porcelain crucibles at a high temperature, but below the melting temperature of porcelain, the coal penetrates the porcelain, and can be detected with the microscope. He thinks that the same takes place with the heated iron, and that this is sufficient to explain the process, without the assumption of the chemical reactions necessary to the first-mentioned and older theory.

A NEW DISINFECTANT.

The crystals which are formed incidentally in the lead-chambers of the sulphuric-acid manufacture have been put to use in the form of a new disinfectant. They are dissolved in sulphuric acid, and the solution is exposed to the air in sick-rooms or hospital wards. The action depends on the fact that the crystals are decomposed, setting free oxides of nitrogen, which act as the disinfecting agents. It is recommended to place the solution in porous vessels, and to place these in larger vessels containing alcohol, as in this way the fumes of nitrous acid which are gradually evolved do not become annoying.

NEW USE FOR SAGE-BRUSH.

A French investigator, M. Poyrot, has been experimenting on the value of sage-brush as a preventive and destroyer of phylloxera. He was led to his investigations by noticing that the sage-brush on the plains are free from insects. He proposes either to bury the stalks near the vines, or to mix the brush with the manure. It will be of interest to the people of this State to see what comes of the experiments.

GERMINATION OF SEEDS UNDER PRESSURE.

William Carter, of Liverpool, has been experimenting on the effect of increased atmospheric pressure on the germination of seeds. He placed in each of two bottles a moist tuft of cotton, containing five mustard-seeds. The two bottles were connected with tubes dipping under mercury; one being kept at the ordinary atmospheric pressure, the other under a pressure of two-and-a-half atmospheres. It was found that the seeds under pressure sent out their radicles much sooner than the others;

but that the seeds under ordinary pressure had the advantage in the subsequent development, the cotyledons becoming green, and developing properly, while those under pressure were soon arrested in their development, and did not become green. On exposing both bottles to the air, the seeds arrested by the increased pressure again resumed their development. This would seem to indicate that the formation of chlorophyll was prevented by the increased atmospheric pressure.

ART AND ARTISTS.

Now that the season for spring poems is past, a small crop of spring pictures have made their tardy appearance. Rix has just finished one—a scene in the Sierra—for a well-known lady art-patron of this city. Tavernier has in the studio a deliciously-green and spring-like souvenir of San Rafael, and at Morris & Kennedy's a wood-scene of similar character. In the latter place may also be seen the greenest of spring haying-scenes, by Wm. Keith. This last is a little out of Mr. Keith's usual style, and chiefly remarkable for a very luminous sky. At the same gallery is Robinson's latest picture, a beach-scene, admirably handled, and in his best style.

Tavernier has recently finished a large study in pastels, of the "Cremation of Care," as it took place in the redwoods at the Midsummer High Jinks of the Bohemian Club. It is a bold and striking picture. The funeral pyre is just bursting into flame, casting a strangely-brilliant light against the figures of the high priest, assistants, groups of spectators, and on the crowded columns of the mighty redwoods. Through an opening in the tree-tops is seen the ghastly light of the moon in eclipse, in weird contrast to the Chinese lanterns and brilliant fire-light below. The whole is as vigorous in handling as in conception. The soft, rich colors of the pastels give a wonderful depth and brilliancy of tone, and the picture is one of the most original and striking that has been recently produced.

Mr. Brush has had on exhibition at Morris & Kennedy's a half-length, life-size portrait of a well-known lady of San Francisco. Although displaying some skill in *technique*, the general effect of the portrait was disappointing, especially in the face, which, being almost extinguished by other parts of the work, seemed flat and colorless. He was more successful in his treatment of a smaller picture, representing a young woman in a high-waisted dress of pale blue, turning over the leaves of an album.

Sanborn & Vail have had in their window lately a pair of marine paintings, both of which are good, and one of them excellent. They are the work of an artist named Harnett, who has been hitherto unknown to local fame, but who certainly deserves a place among the fraternity, as well as a better locality for exhibition than the unfrequented wilds of the south side of Market Street.

Mr. Henri Rouillier, who left San Francisco some ten years ago, and has ever since been studying in Paris, under Gérome, has recently sent several paintings to this city. Two of these, "La Liseuse" and "La Baigneuse," have already been sold here. In spite of a certain blackness in the shadows, and a slight rigidity of outline, these two pictures are most attractive. The pretty, girlish figure of "La Baigneuse" is quite out of the conventional order, and has a grace about it that is absolutely haunting. Mr. Rouillier expects to send a large picture here for exhibition in a few months.

Miss Lizzie Strong, of this city, a talented young lady, in whose career much interest is felt, is at present studying at Ecouen, a settlement near Paris, composed almost entirely of artists. Miss Strong is working hard at her chosen specialty—animal painting—and hopes to have a picture on exhibition here in September next.

The Parisian Salon for 1881 has been remarkable: first, for the large number of pictures rejected, and consequent reduction in the number of canvases; and secondly, for the large number of American pictures accepted. A third prize was taken by Hawkins, an American student in Paris—young, poor, and hitherto unknown. His picture was called "The Orphans." Harrison, of this city, who went from here three years ago, had a marine picture not only accepted but on the line, and favorably mentioned in leading art journals. Harrison will be remembered by those who knew him here as young, talented, hard-working, and thoroughly devoted to his profession. While here he worked under the direction of Mr. Virgil Williams, of the Art School.

The following is an extract from a leading French journal, and is said to be the only estimate of the kind ever made:

"The artistic world is much preoccupied with the invasion of strange artists, attracted to Paris in great numbers by the high reputation of French Art. Apropos of this year's Salon, here are the figures. The section of painting includes 1,855 exhibitors, of whom

1,439 are French, and 416 foreign artists. These latter are divided as follows: 28 Spanish and Portuguese; 19 Germans; 38 Swedes, Norwegians, and Danes; 82 Belgians and Dutch; 33 English; 33 Italians; 24 Russians and Poles; 30 Austrians; 37 Swiss; 7 Orientals, and 85 Americans."

DRAMA AND MUSIC.

ITALIAN OPERA.

For the first time in several years, San Francisco has had a short season of Italian Opera; and, in spite of three places of amusement, open all the year round, at which comic opera can be heard excellently performed for twenty-five cents, the season has been a financial success. Artistically speaking, there is no singer of first-rate merit in the company. Most of the voices are far past their prime, and one listens in vain for a pure note sustained without a disagreeable *tremolo*. Signorina Balma, whose voice alone has all the freshness of youth, is, as yet, deficient in training, and cannot execute a rapid passage without skipping many notes. But the company, as a whole, is so far from being poor, that it is a pity the newspapers have not given them a heartier support, by sacrificing some of the pleasure of appearing to be profound critics. Most people would rather eat stale bread than none at all; and for our part, after a long musical fast, we would rather hear music played on an inferior piano, or an opera sung by second-rate voices, than not to hear such music at all. From this point of view there was much in the performances of *Trovatore*, *Ballo in Maschera*, *Norma*, and *Faust*, that could be heartily enjoyed. In some respects, indeed, the performances of Signora Bianchi-Montaldo were more satisfactory than those of many a better singer might have been. Miss Kellogg, for example, could not approach her in such a part as "Norma." With an Italian woman's natural grace and fiery dramatic power, Signora Bianchi-Montaldo carried her impersonation of Norma to the level of true greatness. Of the male voices, the tenor was weak, and the first place easily belongs to Signor Paoletti, whose "Oroveso" and "Mephisto" gave much pleasure. The orchestra and chorus had not been neglected; for although the former was numerically weak, it included some good musicians; and the latter, in spite of obvious defects, did more creditably than is customary. Altogether, there was a favorable opportunity for all lovers of music to get a great deal of genuine pleasure, and their thanks are due to the enterprise of the *impresario*, Signor Bianchi.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

For the convenience of readers desiring to purchase, publishers are requested to mark price on books forwarded for review.

THE ENGLISH POETS. Selections, with critical introductions by various writers, and a general introduction by Matthew Arnold. Edited by T. H. Ward, M. A. London and New York: Macmillan & Co., 1881. In four volumes. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

In his introduction to this collection of much that is the highest glory of English literature, Mr. Arnold says: "We should conceive of poetry worthily, and more highly than it has been the custom to conceive of it. We should conceive of it as capable of higher uses and called to higher destinies than those which in general men have assigned to it hitherto. More and more mankind will discover that we have to turn to poetry to interpret life for us, to console us, to sustain us. Without poetry, our science will appear incomplete; and most of what now passes with us for religion and philosophy will be replaced by poetry." These are noteworthy words from the man who occupies the highest position among living English critics. And in accordance with this sense of the high destiny of poetry, as "the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge," Mr. Arnold proceeds to set up the standard by which we are to know what the best poetry is. The object of his essay is to enforce the necessity of judging poetry on its own merits, and never permitting this real estimate "to be superseded by two other kinds of estimate, the historic estimate and the personal estimate, both of which are fallacious." Then, in a wide survey of English poetry from Chaucer to Burns, Mr. Arnold applies those tests of excellence by which he maintains the highest poetry may always be known.

What Mr. Arnold thus does in his introduction for all English poetry, numerous other writers in these four volumes do for each separate poet intrusted to their charge. The volumes are made up of selections, not only from those poets who can endure

the test of Mr. Arnold's "real estimate" of high poetry, but also from those who occupy a position merely of historic interest in the chain of poets connecting Chaucer with our own time. In each case the selections are prefixed by a brief account of the principal dates and incidents in the poet's life, followed always by a critical estimate of his poetry in the shape of an essay by some writer of distinguished ability and special fitness for the task. Thus the editor, Mr. Ward, writes on Chaucer; Mr. A. Lang, with far too little enthusiasm, on the Old Ballads; Mr. Minto, Mr. Gosse, Mr. Saintsbury, and Professor Dowden, on many of the Elizabethans; the Dean of St. Paul's on Spenser; Mr. Mark Pattison on Milton and Pope; Mr. Swinburne on Collins; Mr. Arnold again on Gray and Keats; Dr. Service on Burns; Mr. Symonds on Byron; until the list is carried down all but to the great poets still living. Coming from such hands, the representatives of what is best in English critical judgment to-day, it is inevitable that these essays should abound in felicitous touches, far beyond our space to indicate. But we will let a few extracts from Mr. Arnold's essay stand as surety for much careful writing that follows. Speaking of Chaucer's style and manner, he says: "If we think first of the romance poetry, and then of Chaucer's divine liquidness of diction, his divine fluidity of movement, it is difficult to speak temperately. And yet Chaucer is not one of the great classics. What is wanting to him is the high and excellent seriousness, which Aristotle assigns as one of the grand virtues of poetry." Then again, of the poetry of Dryden and Pope: "It is the poetry of the builders of an age of prose and reason. Though they may write in verse, though they may in a certain sense be masters of the art of versification, Dryden and Pope are not classics of our poetry; they are classics of our prose." And of Burns he says: "We arrive best at the real estimate of him, by conceiving his work as having truth of matter and truth of manner, but not the accent or the poetic virtue of the highest masters."

It is the special glory of English literature to possess such a body of high poetry as no other literature can boast, and it has been the successful aim of these volumes to give evidence of this. They are the best collection of English poetry in existence. Every lover of literature will rejoice in them. If a young student of literature should read nothing else, he could not fail to receive many invaluable lessons in correct literary taste. We shall be surprised if their general circulation does not have the effect of restraining the lavish supply of poor verses with which the public is continually afflicted.

MUSIC-STUDY IN GERMANY. From the Home Correspondence of Amy Fay. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co: 1881. For sale in San Francisco at Gray's Music-store.

We advise every young student of the piano, male or female, to read this book. If they have any hope of going to Germany to study, they will find it an invaluable preparation. If they cannot leave California, they will nevertheless rise from its perusal with enthusiasm and a deeper sense of the seriousness of musical study. Miss Fay went to Germany in 1869, and spent four years in studying her profession. She met the three greatest living pianists, Liszt, Rubinstein, and Von Buelow, and was for a long while Liszt's pupil. Her letters, of which this book is composed, give admirable accounts of the methods of different masters for securing careful technical training. They abound, also, in bright sketches of the leading personages in the German musical world, and in many amusing adventures of her German life. Written to her family, they have an air of sincerity, if also sometimes an exuberance of feeling, which adds much to their value, and explains the wide circulation the book has already had.

A GENTLEMAN OF LEISURE. A novel. By Edgar Fawcett. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1881. For sale in San Francisco by Billings, Harbourne & Co.

Mr. Fawcett has produced another of his admirable social satires. *A Hopeless Case* prepared us to think well of his work in this direction, but in *A Gentleman of Leisure* he is perhaps more happy than in the former book. Clinton Wainwright, an American by birth, but a European by education, is called by business from London to New York, and is there introduced into "society" in that city. Expecting to find a democracy, he finds an aristocracy, founded upon birth, lineage, and other considerations, which he supposed were entirely disregarded in the politics and social life of America. This is the key-note of the book, and it enables Mr. Fawcett to do some clever writing in a line in which he is particularly clever. The story is not without a well-arranged plot, but the chief charm is the admirable vein of satire which runs all through it.

A REASONABLE CHRISTIANITY. By Laurentine Hamilton. San Francisco: Dewey & Co., 1881. For sale by subscription.

Among religious thinkers on the Pacific Coast, Mr. Hamilton has long occupied a prominent position. Even those who were not prepared to accept his conclusions, have respected the honesty and the force of his reasoning. The book just issued is made up partly from sermons delivered from the pulpit, and partly from papers read before THE BERKELEY CLUB. Both sermons and papers are distinguished by close analysis and by careful deductions.

Perhaps the most salient point advanced is the denial of special interpositions:

"Science has set aside the idea of specific acts of the Creator in shaping the forms of vegetable and animal life. The mind takes a new bent from this fact. The corollary is not yet accepted, but it is

easy to see whither the course of thought tends. It will not rest until it has set aside the idea of special 'Divine Interpositions,' 'Governmental Expedients,' 'Schemes of Salvation,' and all solemn fictions of that sort, in God's ruling of the world. Nature knows nothing of such *ex post facto* laws. Her methods are God's methods. Faith must learn to see God where science sees him, if at all, in nature, not in eccentric power, breaking now and then across her laws as a disturber of order."

It would be impossible in the space at command to give an adequate idea of the field covered. It must suffice to say, that the book is thoughtful and carefully considered, and is a valuable addition to the religious literature of the day.

MISCELLANEOUS PUBLICATIONS.

We have also received the following late works:

FROM A. L. BANCROFT & CO.

Farm Festivals, a new volume of poems, by Will Carleton; *Beauty in Dress*, containing some excellent advice, by Miss Oakey; *The Sword of Damocles*, a bright story of New York life, by Anna Katherine Green; *Journal of a Farmer's Daughter*, after the style of Thoreau, by Elaine Goodale, one of the Goodale sisters who published the admirable little volume of poems entitled, "All Round the Year"; *Co-operation as a Business*, by Charles Barnard; *The History of a Mountain*, by Elisèe Reclus, translation from the French; *!!!*, by George H. Hepworth; *Early Spring in Massachusetts*, made up of selections from Thoreau's diary on corresponding dates of successive years, and containing some characteristic and exquisite passages; *The Correspondence of Talleyrand and Louis XVII*, edited by M. G. Pallain, and covering the period of the session of the Congress of Vienna.

Bancroft & Co. have sent the following, bound in paper: *Mademoiselle Bismarck*, from the French of Henri Rochefort, by Virginia Champlin; *Mr. Perkins's Daughter*, by the Marchioness Clara Lanza. They have also the late numbers of the Franklin Square Library: *The Glen of Silver Birches*, by E. O. Blackburne; *Social Etiquette and Home Culture; The Wards of Plotinus*, by Mrs. John Hunt; *His Little Mother*, by the author of *John Halifax, Gentleman; The Life of George IV*, by Percy Fitzgerald; *Into the Shade*, by Mary Cecil Hay; *A Child of Nature*, by Robert Buchanan; *At the Sea-side*, by Mary Cecil Hay; *The Correspondence of Talleyrand and Louis XVIII; Visited on the Children*, by Theo. Gift; *A Costly Heritage*, by Alice O'Hanlon.

FROM BILLINGS, HAREOURNE & CO.

England Without and Within, a series of very discerning sketches by Richard Grant White, in his best vein; *The Emerson Birthday Book*, made up of selections set opposite blank pages; *Synnöve Solbakken*, the last and probably best translation from Björnson, made by Rasmus B. Anderson; *The Free Trade Movement in England*, a careful history of the movement, by Augustus Mongredien.

FROM D. APPLETON & CO. (NEW YORK.)

Anthropology, an introduction to the study of man and civilization, by Edward B. Tylor; *Commercial Correspondence in French*, a manual for the use of business men, by A. M. Monsanto; *Home Grounds*, the latest one of Appleton's "Home Series," by Alexander F. Oakey.

FROM PAYOT, UPHAM & CO.

His Little Mother, a volume of short stories by the author of *John Halifax, Gentleman; John Dryden*, by G. Saintsbury, one of the "English Men of Letters" series; *Christian Institutions*, a book of essays on ecclesiastical subjects, by Arthur Penrhyn Stanley; *Who was Paul Grayson?* by John Habberton, author of *Helen's Babies; The Story of Helen Troy*, by the author of *Golden Rod*. Also, the following numbers of the Franklin Square Library: *The Chaplain of the Fleet*, by Walter Besant and James Rice; *My Love*, by E. Lynn Linton; *Harry Jocelyn*, by Mrs. Oliphant; *Beside the River*, by Katherine S. Macquoid; *The Miller's Daughter*, by Anne Beale; *Robinson Crusoe*.

FROM THE METHODIST BOOK DEPOSITORY.

The Law of Creation, by R. M. Widney.

OUTCROPPINGS.

A CATARACT OF SHEEP.

The first herd of sheep I ever had charge of was in the Gabilan range of mountains, south-east of San Francisco.

It was also the last.

A herd of sheep is called, in California, a "band." The term is not as elegant as "flock." Elegance and sheep-raising do not go hand in hand.

The Gabilan Mountains are removed alike from the heavy fogs of the Coast Range on the west, and the great heat of the San Joaquin Valley on the east. A heavenly medium, while grizzly-bears furnish the contrasting hell.

They occur frequently.

I had not been reared and educated with sheep-herding in view. This fact my employer seemed to recognize. I was not accustomed to being alone in

the mountains. Didn't want to be accustomed to it. He instructed me particularly about how to herd and take care of the sheep. It was apparent that he thought more of a sheep than he did of me. He was a very large man, and his heavy beard gave him a ferocious aspect. He pointed out the direction I should take into a wild-looking region. Said that I must make a circuit of some fifteen miles or more in the hills and mountains, and come in to the ranch-house about dark or later. I thought of grizzly-bears. He didn't say who was going to take care of me.

As I was a new herder, the sheep were let out of the corral singly, in a stream, and counted. There were 2,327. When they began to stretch away for the foot-hills, it looked to me like there were a million.

We struck into the hills and spread. I spread more than the sheep. For the proprietor had especially enjoined me not to allow the sheep to scatter. He explained that if the sheep were permitted to spread over too much ground, I would be unable to protect all parts of the band, and some spur-ends of it, getting near thickets, might be attacked by coyotes or bears. I remembered this part of his instructions very distinctly. His allusion to bears made a very deep impression on my mind.

Well, the sheep had become very much diffused. I began to expand. Made a very rapid circuit of about three miles around the band, driving in the spurs. This brought them more together. Continued circling. When I had revolved about twelve miles, the sheep were more in a pile.

Moved in an orbit the rest of the day.

I had thought that the life of a shepherd was poetical. Had read poetry to that effect, I strove to enjoy the poetry of the occasion. Whistled about as a joyous shepherd-boy would. But when it occurred to me that a shepherd in California is only a "sheep-herder," my whistling became thin, and tremulous with feebleness.

Tried singing to express my gladness. One of the sheep laid down, as I thought, to rest. My singing died away. So did the sheep.

Shepherdesses are most prominent in pastoral poetry. But, then, I did not feel like a shepherdess. Being a lowering-looking thicket close by, at the time, I felt more like a sheep.

The day wore away. I thought I had got far enough out to make the length of circuit required of me. Had got into a rough country. The mountains were high, with cliffs here and there. Was rotating, something like a comet, on account of the roughness of the locality. That is, sometimes I would brush close by the band, then disappear, for a considerable time, behind a black mountain.

My orbit had grown eccentric and was nearly worn out.

At one place the sheep had climbed upon, and were moving horizontally along, the side of a mountain. They came to a place where the mountain broke into a cliff, which went down some two hundred feet perpendicularly, and ended on a floor of rock. The sheep passed along the edge of the cliff. At one point, not more than two, or three, at most, could pass at a time. Less than half the band had passed this dangerous place, when the rolling of a stone, as I supposed, startled some sheep that were passing the narrow point. I was watching them. One sheep leaped over the cliff, or was crowded over, and went down two hundred feet. If he leaped over of his own accord, he probably saw his mistake. He never did it any more.

The loss of one sheep out of so large a band did not matter much, I thought. But the passage had become blocked; the frightened sheep had their heads turned to the place where the one sheep went over, and saw his fatal leap. Another leaped gracefully over the brink into the air! And another, and another! I knew what a fool a sheep is. A fourth and a fifth sank away two hundred feet. My heart, too, must have sunk two hundred feet.

I was powerless. Felt feeble. To rush directly from where I was to the place at which the sheep were going over, would have only crowded them and pushed them over faster. To go around and come in from the other direction would have taken me a full half-hour. I would reach them too late to stay the wholesale destruction.

Hardly knew what to do. Was filled with conflicting emotions. The gigantic size of my employer went hurtling through my thoughts. His ferocious appearance luridly lit up my mind. I raised my voice and remonstrated with the sheep. But the bleating and wind were against me. Likewise fate.

They continued to wing their flight.

Each sheep as he went down, recognized his fatal mistake, and would bleat. There was despair in it. And in me. At first one despairing bleat followed another with an interval between, then closed up until there was a continuous stream of despair. Then, thicker still, until the air was full of despair and wool.

There is something weird in a bleat coming from mid-air.

I had watched the mighty leap of the water at Niagara Falls. Had seen it strike at the bottom white with wrath, and rush madly away. But the sheep, when they struck the bottom, did not rush madly away. Nor otherwise.

My condition of being mentally rent asunder remained unchanged.

Great fluctuations in provisions had come under my observation. Had even known them to fluctuate beyond my reach for twenty-four hours at a time. But I had never before witnessed such a fall in mutton.

My eyes were riveted on the roaring cataract. A sheep would sail away, and come down at the foot of the cliff on another sheep with a sickening thud. At least, I felt sick. The particular sheep fallen upon didn't seem to mind it. Nor the one on top. Neither moved a muscle.

The water of the Yosemite Falls comes, liquid silver, sky-born, through the dizzy notch in the granite it has been ages in wearing. Twice it pauses on the wall as if to breathe, and gather itself for the final plunge and rush to the welcoming Merced. The sheep did not tarry on the face of the cliff. Seemed desirous of getting the matter off their minds while they were about it. Did their gathering at the bottom.

Only one sickly gleam of sunshine relieved this hour of gloom. I saw a wicked old wether go over. In the morning, as I was leaving the ranch, he had taken occasion, while I was stooped over to pick up a stone, to butt me. In doing so, he came from that part of the world which was in the rear of me, and caused me to proceed violently. He was large and strong. He sank through the air, a wild torrent in appearance. His desperate bleat could be heard above the general sad wail. I smiled. Not vigorously.

The sudden downward tendency in wool continued firm.

A new danger appeared. One sheep with big horns ran back from the body of sheep that had passed in safety. Was it possible that they would all return! The big-horned sheep hurried up as if he was afraid he was losing some fun. He went over. None followed him from the body he had left. He didn't report that he liked it.

At last, the storm of mutton began to abate. The sky cleared. Remnants of the storm floated away till they struck the rock beneath.

All was silence and mashed sheep.

I turned homeward with a heavy heart, and about a thousand sheep. All the rest had gone over the cliff. Except one. It had died when I sang.

I made my way slowly back toward the ranch-house. My feet dragged. Although the sheep had made a circuit of only about fifteen miles, I must have, counting revolutions, traveled somewhere over sixty miles.

I wonder if I am still remembered in San Benito County, as the "Hero of Mutton Cliff"?

Finally, home was in view. The sheep were strung out, heading for their corral. I was in deep reverie. Thinking about how to break the news to the owner of the sheep without his breaking my head.

The sheep gradually left me behind. I didn't go home that night. Nor the next. Never more.

LOCK MELONE.

GOOD-NIGHT.

Good-night, beloved! Though so far away,
When tender night the tired world infolds,
Ere sleep in thralldom sweet my spirit holds,
Good-night, beloved—thus my heart will say.

Good-night, beloved! Wheresoe'er I stray,
The thought of thee my loneliness beguiles;
Ever across the parting, dreary miles,
Good-night, beloved!—thus my heart will say.

Good-night, beloved! Though the shadows gray,
Of fading life should deepen into night,
Nor clasping arms could stay my spirit's flight,
Good-night, beloved!—thus my soul would say.

JULIA H. S. BUGUS.

JUNIPERO SERRA.

Within the ruined church at Carmel's bay,
Beside the altar, with rank weeds o'ergrown,
There is a grave unmarked with slab or stone,
Where lies one who, lost sight of in our day,
Yet bides his time; and when have passed away
Our pigmy heroes, he will then be known,
And glory's heritage at last will own,
His title to which no one will gainsay.
When life was nearing to an end, 'twas here,
Seeking repose, the *padre* Serra came;
Of our fair land he was the pioneer:
And if the good alone were known to fame,
Within our hearts his memory would be dear,
And on our lips a household word his name.

RICHARD E. WHITE.

ANECDOTES OF GEORGE IV AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

Percy Fitzgerald, in his *Life of George IV*, tells the following:

"The Prince's thoughts were early turning toward domestic repose, and it would almost seem that so early as 1783 he was thinking of the serious step he was presently to take. At a dinner-party at Lord Lewisham's, the Prince drank very hard—a not unusual incident with him—and then fell into a sort of dejected mood, in which he bewailed his condition, said he envied the Dukes of Devonshire and Rutland, who were at liberty to wed two clever women whom they liked. For his part he supposed that 'he should be forced to marry some ugly German.' Turning then to Rigby, then Master of the Rolls, and a humorist, he put the significant question to him: 'What would he advise him to do?' 'Faith, sir,' was the reply, 'I am not yet drunk enough to give advice to a Prince of Wales about marrying'; an answer commended as one of the best, even to a question of this kind."

Of Lord Thurlow the following is given as the true version of the celebrated scene which has become historical:

"The House was crowded, and the leading members of the Lower House were on the steps of the throne. Pitt and his own party, the last to be taken into his confidence, expected to hear him declare his adherence to the Prince. But there was a surprise in store for all. * * * He began by dealing a stroke at Pitt, declaring that the question of right—like all abstract questions of right—was odious, and need not he opened. The real object was to preserve the King's rights, 'so that when Divine Providence shall restore him to his people, he may not find himself disabled from exercising his prerogatives.' Then alluding to the piteous spectacle of the afflicted monarch, he uttered the hypocritical burst so well-known: 'My debt of gratitude to him is ample for the numerous honors which he has bestowed on me, which, whenever I forget, may my God forget me.' 'O the rascal!' was an exclamation that broke from Pitt, as he listened. This bitter comment of Wilkes has been often quoted: 'Forget you! He'll see you damned first!' Nor was Burke's less witty or original: 'Forget you! The best thing that can happen you!'"

Beau Brummell is the subject of a page or more:

"The career of this personage is not uninstructive, or without a wholesome moral, for those who are called votaries of fashion; for a more terrible finale to incurable selfishness and heartlessness is not to be found 'in the books.' When he was only sixteen, he was given a commission in the well-known 'Tenth' (the Prince of Wales's); but when it was first ordered to Manchester, the shock proved too much for Mr. Brummell, who retired. He became the friend of the Prince of Wales, owing to his amusing and caustic style of conversation. He took the lead in questions of dress. The Prince would drive to his house in Chesterfield Street of a morning, sit there long, and then propose that his host should give him a little dinner, when the night was prolonged into an orgie.

"His father was wealthy, a man of business to Lord Liverpool, and it is stated he gave each of his children nearly £30,000. The details associated with his dandyism become sickening from their triviality and childishness. We are told that this eminent arbiter required two different artists to make his gloves, one being appointed to provide 'thumbs,' the other the fingers and hand, on the ground that a particular 'cut' was necessary for each. The valet carrying down the load of crushed neckerchiefs, which the beau had not succeeded in squeezing with his chin down into the proper folds, and carelessly described as 'our failures,' is an old, well-worn legend, but trustworthy. 'He believed that with strict economy dressing might be done on eight hundred a year.' He always went home after the opera to change his cravat for succeeding parties. Like Count d'Orsay, a later dandy, he carried about with him an enormous chest, containing every appliance for the toilet; the dishes, bottles, etc., being of silver. The use of these costly articles he justified on the ground 'that it was impossible to spit in earthenware.' Another of his pleasant, insolent speeches was to a friend inviting his criticism or admiration of his new coat: 'My dear ——, do you call that thing a coat?'

"There was a flavor in his wit, too, whether he wrote or spoke, that was quite distinct and piquant; something of a Voltairean heartlessness and finish. A good specimen is his answer to a question: Had he heard anything as to how a newly-married pair, at whose wedding he had assisted a week before, were getting on? 'No, no; but I believe they are still living together.' Another speech of his is excellent, referring to a beginner who been recommended to his patronage. 'Really, I did my best for the young man. I once gave him my arm all the way from White's to Waiter's'—*i. e.*, from St. James's Street to Bruton Street.

"It is well-known that a serious quarrel broke up the intimacy between the Prince and the Dandy; and a sort of dramatic point is given to the incident, owing to a happy repartee of the Prince's. This, like so many mock pearls of history, has been seized on by the public, who will not part with it, and prefer it to the real stone.

"The real cause of this quarrel was no doubt disgust and jealousy, the Prince probably resenting his independent airs. There was a corpulent gentlemen who used to ride a roan cob in the Park, as the Prince himself did, and Mr. Brummell, in a free-and-easy strain, got in the habit of speaking to his friends of the Prince as "Our Ben." This indiscreet jest was, of course, repeated, and the "Adonis of Fifty" did not relish such familiarity. There are a good many versions of the story. In one the beau was represented as being so familiar as to say, "George, ring the bell!"—the Prince complying with the request, and ordering 'Mr. Brummell's carriage'; on which the intimacy of years ended, and was succeeded by an internecine war. It may be said on the best evidence that this anecdote is exaggerated. Mr. Raikes, who knew him very intimately, declares that Brummell always denied the story. Captain Jesse, the writer of a curious account of the beau, now so exceedingly scarce as to be worth guineas, also says that Brummell denied it, but that the incident occurred; the hero being a young nephew of the well-known Captain Payne, who had taken too much wine, and grew familiar. The Prince rang the bell for the servants, and said: 'Put that drunken boy to bed.' Lord William Lennox, also well acquainted with Brummel, says that he also denied the truth of the story to him. This alone might show how doubtful the authority of the tale is; but Captain Crownow, an ex-dandy, actually learned what took place from a guest who was present at the Prince's dinner-table: 'Brummell was asked one night at White's to take a hand at whist, when he won from George Harley Drummond £20,000. This circumstance having

been related by the Duke of York to the Prince of Wales, the beau was again invited to Carlton House. At the commencement of the dinner, matters went off smoothly; but Brummell, in his joy at finding himself with an old friend, became excited, and drank too much wine. His Royal Highness, who wanted to pay off Brummell for an insult he had received at Lady Cholmondeley's ball, when the beau, turning toward the Prince, said to Lady Worcester: 'Who is your fat friend?'—had invited him to dinner merely out of a desire for revenge. The Prince, therefore, pretended to be affronted with Brummell's hilarity, and said to his brother, the Duke of York, who was present: 'I think we had better order Mr. Brummell's carriage before he gets drunk.' Whereupon he rang the bell, and Brummell left the royal presence."

"'I was standing,' runs another story, 'near the stove of the lower waiting-room, talking to several persons, of whom one is now alive. The Prince of Wales, who always came out rather before the performance concluded, was also standing there, and waiting for his carriage, which used to drive up what was then Market Lane, now the Opera Arcade. Presently, Brummell came out, talking eagerly to some friends, and, not seeing the Prince or his party, he took up a position near the check-taker's bar. As the crowd flowed out, Brummell was gradually pressed backward, until he was all but driven against the Regent, who distinctly saw him, but who of course would not move. In order to stop him, therefore, and prevent actual collision, one of the Prince's suite tapped him on the back, when Brummell immediately turned sharply round, and saw that there was not much more than a foot between his nose and the Prince of Wales's. I watched him with intense curiosity, and observed that his countenance did not change in the slightest degree, nor did his head move; they looked straight into each other's eyes; the Prince evidently amazed and annoyed. Brummell, however, did not quail, or show the least embarrassment. He receded quite quietly, and backed slowly step by step till the crowd closed between them, never once taking his eyes off those of the Prince.'

"At Waiter's Club, where gaming prevailed to an extravagant degree, he reigned supreme. He was particularly noted for his snuff-boxes—a mania of the time—costly jeweled and enameled and be-miniatured boxes being displayed and given as presents.

"'At this place he' (Mr. Raikes says) 'was the supreme dictator, "the perpetual president," laying down the law in dress, in manners, and in those magnificent snuff-boxes for which there was a rage; he fomented the excesses, ridiculed the scruples, patronized the novices, and exercised paramount dominion over all. He had great success at Macao, winning in two or three years a large sum, which went no one knew how. I remember him coming in one night after the opera to Waiter's, and finding the Macao table full, one place at which was occupied by Tom Sheridan, who was not in the habit of playing, but having dined freely had dropped into the club, and was trying to catch the smiles of fortune by risking a few pounds which he could ill afford to lose. Brummell proposed to him to give up his place and go shares in his deal; and adding to the £10 in counters which Tom had before him £200 for himself, took the cards. He dealt with his usual success, and in less than ten minutes won £1500. He then stopped, made a fair division, and giving £750 to Sheridan, said to him: 'There, Tom, go home, and give your wife and brats a supper, and never play again.'

"'At a dinner party on the reopening of Waiter's Club in Piccadilly, Brummell and the late Duke of Beaufort, then Marquis of Worcester, were present. Leaning back in his chair, Brummell thus addressed the waiter: 'Is Lord Worcester here?' (he was seated within two of him). 'Yes, sir,' was the answer. 'Tell his Lordship,' continued Brummell, 'I shall be happy to drink a glass of wine with him.' 'Yes, sir,' replied the servant. 'Tell him I drink his health.' This was to avoid turning his head. After the proper interval, Brummell inquired: 'Is his lordship ready?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Then tell him I drink his health!'"

CIRCLES.

I.

Coldly and steadily falls the rain,
I have shelter nor food to-night,
Lo! I tap at her window-pane;
Let me into the warmth and light.

Once I had fortune—had love—had gold:
(The old-time memories stir and ache.)
Now I am homeless—am sad—am old—
Let me in for the sweet past's sake.

Give me a bit, and a sup of wine;
Let me sit in the warmth and light;
I'll never betray, you once were mine—
I am a beggar of alms to-night.

A stir! I can see her face again;
But who is this walks at her side?
See! she stares at the window-pane;
Look at me well! thou perjured bride!

II.

Lemon verbena is in her hair,
Blush of roses is on her breast;
Whichever color my darling wear,
That is the tint becomes her best.

Give me a kiss for my lemon-flower,
Look at me with a sweet surprise;
And whisper, "Yes, in some sweet, near hour
I will," and smile with your handsome eyes.

Shimmer of silk, and a bridal veil,
Bound with pearls to my beauty's brow,
Kiss me:—why do you look so pale,
Wife beloved, and sweetheart now?

Glimmer of wax-lights, and shrouding white:
Lo! does she seem as a bride again?
Heart that broke on our bridal-night
For a dead face seen at the window-pane.

MILLIE W. CARPENTER.

HUMBOLDT BAY.

Green is the lofty mountain's wooded side,
A virgin forest, silent, dark and lone;
Through tasseled pine-boughs the soft breeze's tone,
Blends with the sullen moaning of the tide.
A narrow, circling arm of silvery sand
Stretches afar upon the waters deep,
White, silent, like a lost child fallen asleep,
Far from its mother's fond protecting hand.
Against its western side the surges beat,
And ever seek to burst its slender bound,
Now rising in a giant snowy sheet,
Then falling to the depth with thunder sound;
While the tall beacon at its utmost end
Doth to each passing sail a warning send.

ALICE GRAY COWAN.

AN AMERICAN IN ENGLAND.

Mr. Richard Grant White has been making a visit to England, and in a very bright book just published, entitled *England Without and Within*, pays an appreciative tribute to the mother country. He finds some things to laugh at, however. We make room for the following extracts:

"While I was still occupied with my beef and beer, there entered to the hostess a visitor, another stout, middle-aged woman, richly arrayed in black silk. Indeed, when she had mounted the steps, and got, somewhat in the manner of a burglary, into the little bay-window, it was an engineer's problem to determine how two such women, in two such silk dresses, could both be and move in that narrow space. The sweep of their two trains was portentous. Each was a threatening silken comet. But the hostess had the happiness of far eclipsing the other. The sheen and the shimmer of that lilac silk were not to be dimmed by the approach of any black, however much it might have 'cost a yard.' There was large performance in the way of ceremony and courtesying, which, owing to the formation of the place, had the air of private theatricals, and for which I, another hungry man, and the bar-maids were the audience. '*Ow* do you do, Mrs. ——? I *ope* you're well.' 'Quite well, Mrs. ——, an' I opes you're the same.' 'Thenk you; my 'ellth's very good. Could I hoffer you anythink?' 'Ho, no, my dear Mrs. ——, not on hany account.' 'Ho, now, indeed you must obleege me by takin' a little somethink. Jess a drop o' sherry, now, an' a biscuit.' 'Well, Mrs. ——, since you're so wery pressin', I think I will.' This performance went on amid contortions of civility. Indeed, these large ladies threatened the very existence of the little structure by the transaction of their tremendous courtesies; and I expected to see certain rearward portions of the moiré antique and of the black silk appear through the riven glass on either side. Was the contrast between the fine dresses of these women and their affectation of fine manners on the one side, and their reality and what would have been truly becoming to them on the other, peculiar to England? I am inclined to think not. The peculiarity was, that the play was played before me on Sunday on a little stage in a little tap-room.

"Leaving these *grandes dames* to the discussion of their sherry and biscuit, I walked home, and after a solitary dinner on English mutton, slept soundly upon my first Sunday in London."

"Sharply as classes are defined in England, in comparison with the uniformity in this country, (for of course they shade into each other there, and the shading becomes, year by year, broader and more obliterative of the established lines) first-class people are not always distinguished from their inferiors by English people of dull perceptions. The friend at whose house I was going to lunch, when I saw the mother with her invalid daughter in Hyde Park, told me with much amusement of his being mistaken for a shoemaker. He is the second son of a distinguished man, 'with a handle to his name,' and is himself a man of mark. A friend of his, quite inferior to him in social rank, had ordered a pair of shoes of peculiar make of *his* shoemaker, and, by mistake, they had been sent to *his* house. He was about calling upon his friend, and being a very easy-going man, and not at all fussy about his personal appearance, he took the shoes in a parcel with him. And, by the way, to do this in London, a man must be very easy-going indeed. For to carry a parcel, however small, or however elegantly wrapped, through London streets, is something which a 'gentleman' would not think of doing much sooner than he would think of walking through them in his shirt-sleeves. The tiniest purchase, which would not make your waistcoat pocket bulge, is solemnly sent home to you as a matter of course. But you may carry a book, if it is not too large, and is not wrapped up. A book is a book; but a parcel may be a pound of cheese, or a pair of shoes. At his friend's door, my shoe-carrying friend asked to see Mr. ——, and was understood by the servant to ask for Mrs. ——, to whom he was directly taken. The lady, who had never seen him before, looked up, and asked curtly: 'What have you

there?' 'Mr. ——'s shoes,' was the reply. 'Oh, yes; quite so, quite so. It's all right. Mr. —— is out, but he'll be in soon, and if you want to see him you'd better take a seat in the hall, and wait till he comes.' 'But, madam,' began my friend. 'Never mind, never mind; it's all quite right. Step out in the hall, please, and wait for Mr. ——.' The gentleman appreciated the situation at once, and had much too keen a sense of humor to spoil it by an explanation. He therefore did step out into the hall, intending to give the shoes to a servant, and go on his way rejoicing in his joke. But he met his friend coming in, and, being too considerate of his friend's wife to put her to the blush and enjoy her confusion by returning, he gave the shoes to their owner, and after a few words upon the occasion of his visit, bade him good-morning. If he should chance to read this chapter, I hope that he will pardon me for repeating a story which in all respects is a most characteristic manifestation of English habits, and not the least so in his modest carelessness about the lady's mistake, and his thoughtful care to protect her against the consequences of her blunder."

"I must pass over not a few minor points in regard to the English of England which I hoped to touch upon, and close this chapter of my English experience with a story of a little talk I had with a man on the Surrey side of London Bridge. I was passing a hatter's shop, and seeing the shop-keeper himself, as I supposed, at the door, and thinking that he looked like the sort of man I should like to talk to, I stopped, and entering, asked the price of a hat. 'Seven and six, sir, that style. Them, nine shillin'. But if you'd like to 'ave sumthink werry helegant, 'ere's our tiptop harticle at ten and six.' I thought it right to tell him at once that I did not intend buying, but that I was attracted by his hats, and wished to know the price. He was perfectly civil and good-natured, as I always found London shopmen, whether I bought or not; nor did I ever encounter among them either servility or browbeating. He answered, with a rueful little *h'm* and smile: 'Hi thought so. Hi see your 'at was too new for you to want a hother. *Would* you be so good as to let me look hat it, sir?' I doffed and handed it to him. 'H'm! Lincoln and Bennett! Hi thought so. Hall you swell gents goes to them, 'cos they've got a big name, an' so they gits big prices. But there's hother people knows 'ow to make a 'at as well as Lincoln and Bennett. Look a' that 'un,' handing me one of 'our tiptop harticles.'. Then, with a burst of enthusiasm: '*Would* you be so good as to put on that 'at, sir?' I complied. 'There! Hi do think that sets you hoff helegant. Hanythink nobbier Hi never see.' As the hat was decidly too small for me, to say nothing more, I did not agree with him, and set it down in silence. 'That 'at, sir, 's a harticle Hi'm proud of, an' I'll set it agen hanythink that hever come hout of Lincoln and Bennett's shop.' 'I beg pardon,' I said, 'but you call *at* an article; I thought it was a preposition.' The temptation was irresistible; but I did not know what might come of my yielding to it, and I prepared for a quick retreat. But I was safe in the density of his mental faculties. 'Proposition, sir?' said he, after a moment. 'I 'aven't 'eard hany; but I shall be 'appy to 'ave one, though I couldn't put it hany lower to you than wot I 'ave.' To tell the truth, I felt a little ashamed of myself. The man's ignorance was not his fault. Putting my own preposition on my head, I bade him good-day; and as I turned the corner—it was the next one—I saw him looking after me with the bewildered air of one vainly struggling at apprehension."

CUPID'S SLOUGHING.

EPIGRAM OF MOSCHUS.

Love one day laid aside
His torch and bow unstrung;
An ox-goad in his hand he took,
A wallet o'er him slung.

He placed the heavy yoke
Upon the oxen twain,
And ploughed Dame Ceres' field,
And sowed it well with grain.

Then looking up, he said,
That saucy, merry lad:
"Old Jove, that wheat must head out well,
Or I'll be pretty mad.

"You were a white bull once,
And if you fail me now,
I'll put the yoke upon *your* neck,
And made *you* drag the plough."

ALICE GRAY COWAN.

AN UNFRAMED PICTURE.

A rounded hill with trees thereon;
White, fragrant blossoms shaken down;
A rushing sound of singing-birds,
With wings of gray, and blue, and brown;

A lane that leadeth to the woods;
A narrow streamlet through the vale,
That babbles round each mossy stone
As though it told a fairy-tale;

A meadow, and an azure sky;
A purple tint of distant land;
Deep shadows near a rustic gate;
Two lovers walking, hand in hand.

E. BOYLE.

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AT COBWEB & CRUSTY'S.

CHAPTER I.

It happened at Windward. In a great metropolis it might have attracted little notice; causing no more than a passing ripple of attention in some limited quarter, and then almost at once subsiding into the calmness of indifference, and consequent forgetfulness. But in Windward it convulsed the whole population with a wild delirium of excitement lasting through many weeks, and has not yet entirely passed out of the memory of anybody. Even now there are some who still allude to the matter upon every opportunity, and, ignoring all other chronology, persistently date from it every later circumstance of village history, as a Mussulman will reckon from the Hegira.

It is a very pleasant little village, not many miles from the metropolis. It lies cosily nestling along the edge of a semi-circular sea-coast bay, originally formed by the steady washing of the ocean currents, and now protected from further devastation by a low, sandy point, which, extending from the lower side, stretches half-way across, and turns the broad indentation into a sheltered roadstead. The village can scarcely be called enterprising, yet it possesses a comfortable and prosperous population. Not a house has been erected in it for ten or fifteen years, and there is little commerce or manufacturing worth mentioning; yet the people are generally well off, and all seem happy and contented. Three or four of them are retired merchants from the city, and are reputed to be passably wealthy. Of the others, several are invalided sea-captains, who have made themselves tolerably comfortable in the China trade. The lower stratum of society is mainly composed of oystermen, and those who let out sail-boats. All these latter appear to do a prosperous business, working very hard in the season of it, and enjoying themselves in a rough, hardy manner during their occasional intervals of leisure.

Looking seaward from the village, the prospect is a pleasing one. The sandy bar that stretches across the mouth of the bay, and separates it from the sea, is wooded at the end with a growth of some hardy kind of

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pine, and thereby is projected in agreeable relief against the sky, cutting in twain a broad expanse that otherwise might seem dull and monotonous. Elsewhere the sand lies low and bare; and in certain portions is so narrow, that not only can the sea be noted over and beyond, but the wash of the surf as well can be distinguished against the farther side. It is a pleasant thing on certain bright, sunshiny days, when the breeze happens to be brisk and blowing directly in from the ocean, to watch the tossing of that outer spray, thrown in glittering showers high against the sky; and the picturesque beauty of the whole scene is then richly aided by the contrast of fishing-boats sleeping idly upon the almost unruffled surface of the inner water, with the tossing of passing ships and steamboats just outside.

Gazing from the water upon the village itself, the view may be considered somewhat monotonous, for the town differs little from other towns similarly situated. There is a slight rising of the ground behind, scarcely sufficient to be called a hill, almost bare of vegetation, excepting here and there a few patches of scrub-oak, and mainly devoted to sheep-grazing. Below, and stretching along in a curved line near the shore, are thirty or forty little wooden houses, standing detached from each other, all painted white, and hung with green blinds, and having their front courts planted with locust-trees and sunflowers, and their rear gardens with sunflowers and Lima beans. Midway is the church; a white wooden building, with two rows of little windows upon each side, and lifting in front something which was originally intended for a spire, but which, as the means for construction gradually failed, was abruptly finished off with a blunt termination, and called a tower. Toward the left the ground gradually rises, and becomes somewhat wooded; and here can be seen eight or ten residences of a more pretentious character, enjoying the comparative seclusion of a transverse street; each having its green veranda, and its ground expanded into a lawn; rejoicing, also, in a large number of locust-trees, and having trellis-twined vines in place of the beans and sunflowers. At the right the ground slopes away, and becomes low; the houses spread themselves farther apart, and gradually the village there comes altogether to an end; the cultivated gardens giving place to pastures, and these in turn to marsh meadows; and so, with the steady sinking away of the land, the water creeps up stealthily into the more depressed portions of the soil, and the grass runs out into the salt water and there grows greener and ranker, until the ripple of the waves at high tide around the clumps of turf, and the gleam of the spear-headed rushes at low tide far out from the shore, make it almost impossible to determine with exactness where the land and water properly begin or end. This comprises the whole village view; excepting that at one side rises the glaring white light-house, and at a little distance back from the wharf there stood a few years ago—and perhaps still stands—the tavern of Cobweb & Crusty.

The tavern is very old, and from accurate and conscientious calculation could be traced well back toward the middle of the past century. It was built in revolutionary times by a simple old fisherman; and at the first was such a small, low building, and with such a huge frame for nets planted directly in front of it, that it is certain the owner could never have enjoyed the seaward prospect without leaving home. After awhile the old fisherman married off his children; and, being patriarchally inclined, established the new families in two wings built for that purpose on either hand: himself continuing to inhabit the middle building, and feeling well satisfied at having his whole household thus snugly ensconced under one roof. He in due course of time dying, the children quarreled, and continued on in their respective quarters with such studied non-intercourse, that upon a fire occurring in the center building no one hastened to put it out, or to do more than to preserve his own apartments; and so the original erection perished from off the face of the earth, leaving the two wings standing apart, as distinct and separate residences. These hostile occupants finally selling out

their patrimonies to one and the same purchaser, and moving away, the new owner restored the center building, and upon a more extended scale than before; and as this improvement resulted in the construction of a larger edifice than might be needed for one family, nothing could be more natural than that at last some one should undertake to turn it into a tavern. With this view many alterations were made from time to time, and mostly to little purpose. A cupola was thrown up from the roof, but never used; and having been badly built, it soon cracked apart and fell into its merited decay. A pillared portico was carried along the front; and the pillars, being of slight construction, were soon whittled away by the guests. Other pillars of more solidity were substituted; and these remained, merely showing in long gashes their marks of ill-treatment. Here and there additions to the building were made in wood or brick, as the taste of the moment dictated. Of these, some soon disappeared; and those which lasted seemed invariably, in the end, appropriated to some different purpose than that for which they had been originally created. From all these additions and alterations there naturally resulted a queer conglomeration of styles that defied description and artistic criticism; but which, in its quaint and weather-beaten eccentricity, had something so striking about it as to attract all lovers of the picturesque, and attach them to the little tavern with almost the affection and sympathy with which in other countries the residents of a feudal city would glorify its historic castle. Add to all else a flag-staff upon which nothing had ever been thrown to the breeze within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, and a tall sign-post in front with a swinging sign, and the description of the place may be considered completed. The winds of many years had gradually obliterated whatever had been painted upon the sign-board, until at last not the slightest record of its former state remained. It was said—though rather traditionally—that a celebrated coin-collector, of skillful proclivities, who had once happened to pass through the town, had closely inspected the blurred old sign, and had professed to decipher portions of a lock of hair and of a military shoulder-knot; whence he had concluded that the tavern had originally been dedicated to General Lafayette. Upon this hint the proprietors had been half-inclined to renew the painted record; but gradually fell from the idea, as month after month passed by and no wandering artist came along. And it was full as well, perhaps; for had the old sign been freshly emblazoned with gilt and crimson, and been inscribed with the name and title of the most distinguished favorite of the day, the people of the village would have scorned the innovation, and still to the end of time would have called the place "Cobweb & Crusty's."

These, by the way, were by no means the real names of the proprietors, but were false appellations bestowed upon them in some moment of passing inspiration by a transient guest, who thus signalized his appreciation of the hearty zeal with which one partner of the establishment affected to remove spider-webs and the gathered dust of ages from the necks of bottles stored away only the preceding week, and of the gruff surliness with which the other commonly administered the duties of his somewhat inferior department. The transient guest next morning went his way, nor ever dreamed that he had done a good thing; but the names, which in a moment of playfulness he had thus bestowed, seemed to hit the popular fancy, and were at once adopted as by acclamation. First, the usual tavern-loungers began to apply them; then the boatmen; after that the villagers at large: until at last the two men themselves seemed to assent to the novel christening, and pleasantly thus answered to each other's call. Indeed, it soon came to be commonly believed that they had actually forgotten their real names, and would have been put to dire confusion had their actual appellations been required upon any occasion of especial ceremony or importance, as a wedding, or the execution of a deed.

Cobweb was a single man, and presided over the bar. There he stood each day, and with pleasant and dignified mien dealt forth

his samples and compounds, affecting rather a courtly air, and handing out the plain, unpretending glass of cider and the elaborate "cobbler" with impartial urbanity. In his manner there prevailed throughout all a certain pleased air of supremacy, as of one who held the situation in his own hands, and kept the community dependent upon his gracious will and condescension. More especially was this the case in the summer months, when at times some favorite yacht—filled with gaily-disposed amateurs of the sea, all uniformed in white-duck pantaloons, blue-flannel shirts, and glazed hats with gilt-anchor ribbons—would come sweeping in, and lie snugly moored at the wharf for an hour or so, while the buoyant crew crowded the little bar-room, and, with reckless expenditure of champagne, seemed disposed to make the fortune of the place. Then, indeed, was Cobweb in his element, and shone resplendent with festive costume to grace the occasion; and for which it had been hinted he always reserved an especially-high shirt-collar, skillfully and elaborately starched into almost superhuman stiffness.

Crusty was of a different nature; short, thick-set, and muscular. He was gruff of aspect, and seldom, on any occasion, was seen to smile. But on the other hand, those who knew him best said that the gruffness was only on the outside; that he was a good fellow at heart, and that he was the last person in the world ever to do willful injury to anybody. He was a married man; which was looked upon as a convenient feature in the establishment, since Mrs. Crusty managed the up-stairs portion of the house, and also superintended the kitchen economy. He had not the slightest talent for the composition of drinks, and therefore chose for himself the oyster department, which, though monotonous, required no excessive brain-work. Standing behind his little counter at the further end of the bar-room, he would open oysters all day long, if required; never repining at the toil, but appearing rather pleased, inasmuch as he had a favorite theory that human life could be most properly maintained upon oysters alone, and hence he looked upon each customer at his stand as an open advocate of his doctrine. He never assumed airs of condescension or dignity like his partner, and was but little given to the mysteries of elaborate dress: discarding collars altogether; delighting in heavy, woolen, blue shirts; shrouding himself in oil-skin coats and sou'-westers upon the slightest pretense of bad weather, and always going about, after the manner of most oystermen, with a cotton bandage bound closely around his left thumb.

By thus dividing the different departments of the house between them, and each taking rather an enthusiastic interest in his own, it not only happened that these two men fully agreed altogether, but that they gradually built up the reputation of keeping the best house of the kind along the coast. It was well provided with everything suitable—was neat and clean, and, moreover, encouraged no loud or unruly customers. The class of tavern-loungers who so often infest such public resorts and give themselves over to stupid drunkenness, or engage in brawls, was there unknown. Neither Cobweb nor Crusty would have anything to do with them. The bar-room, clean, sanded and cosy, was a refuge and resort for those only who could behave themselves. In it the retired sea-captains, and those few who, in a country village, by reason of their means and importance are always called "Squire," could meet and pleasantly converse, without the danger of being offended by disorder on the part of others. In fact, the occasional advent of city gentlemen in the summer season, not only for the time gave a pleasant air of refinement to the place, but seemed to shed an appearance of reflected propriety over it during the remainder of the year. This reputation must of course be maintained; and consequently an infringement of the customary good order by any of the guests was so severely resented, that he seldom failed to remain away for a long time thereafter. In cases of extraordinary offensiveness of expression or turbulence of conduct, Cobweb would glide from behind the bar, and gently expostulate with the offender—a course of treatment which generally had

the desired effect, particularly if Cobweb was wearing the stiff collar. But if the transgressor still remained obdurate, and treated the admonition with disrespect, Crusty would fling himself over the oyster-counter, and violently or otherwise, as the case might require, would put him out.



Chapter II.

Windward had no railroad, but a daily stage came in from the nearest station. The arrival and departure of this vehicle was of course one of the events of the place. There were packages to be waited for, or to be carefully intrusted to the drivers, and generally there were passengers going and coming. These, excepting in the summer season, were almost entirely from the towns-people—who were running up to the city to see about their consignments of fish and oysters—and now and then a woman starting off to do a little shopping for herself, and a great deal for all her friends. Then there was always, as a matter of course, a certain staid, dignified and prosperous city merchant, who very obstinately, and against the advice of all his friends, persisted in living at Windward, running back and forth between city and country each day in stage, railroad, and omnibus, and arriving at his office at eleven, to leave again at three. But there were few strangers ever seen in the stage out of the season; so that when, upon one bright afternoon about the first of April, a tall and heavily-bearded gentleman dismounted from the driver's seat, and walked into the tavern, his carpet-bag in hand, both Cobweb and Crusty looked a little astonished, and seemed rather aggrieved that the stranger had not written on before to announce his coming.

Passing through the bar-room without stopping at the desk to register his name, and generally conducting himself with assured deliberation, like one who was familiar with the premises, and very well knew what he was about, the stranger entered the dining-room at the end of the hall, and there seated himself at the nearest table. This ease of manner, and apparent knowledge of the situation, caused both Cobweb and Crusty to open their eyes still wider, and they would have followed to learn his name and business, but for one circumstance. This was, that at the very moment a game of checkers was being played on the bar-room counter between the champion players of Windward and Leeward, and was just drawing to an end, amid the breathless interest of an excited group of spectators. Windward had two kings left, and Leeward one king, and the latter had just escaped from double-corner, and, hotly pursued, was hurrying madly across to the diagonal double-corner. The well-understood fact that the issue of the combat was inevitably preordained, did not in the slightest degree affect the absorbing interest of the scene; and it would have been manifestly impossible for either Cobweb or Crusty at that moment to abandon his place for the purpose of learning the name or attending to the demands of any guest whatever. Therefore they remained, gaining comfort from the sight of Mrs. Crusty at the other end of the hall, slowly approaching the dining-room; and the stranger was accordingly suffered to take his seat, and await her coming in their stead.

For a moment he leaned his elbow upon the table, with his chin resting upon his hand, in deep thought; then aroused himself, and looked around, with careless, uninterested glance, from one side of the room to the other, and with the air of one to whom much of its furniture was already familiar; pausing an instant longer, however, to scrutinize with somewhat amused interest the family portraits, newly-displayed along the wall, the work of some strolling artist: Cobweb with a flute poised in his outstretched fingers, and his eyes rolled up in musical ecstacy; Crusty, with less pretense of style, taken in his blue shirt, and in the act of opening an oyster; and Mrs. Crusty in the white satin and orange-blossoms of her wedding array, and, with some intent at domestic avocations, peeling a pine-apple into an Etruscan vase. Then, turning from

the contemplation of these works of art, the stranger beheld the Mrs. Crusty of the present, standing motionless before him. A small, weak, watery-eyed woman, with an anxious, frightened sort of expression, as though in constant apprehension of some summary propulsion from behind. Dressed in a stained, ill-fitting suit of coarse bombazine, whose most flowing and generous folds could not, somehow, disguise the angularity of the figure beneath. Hair bunched up carelessly behind in one ill-shapen, tangled knot. And throughout all—manifest not merely in face, but in figure also—an appearance of care and unquietude, and ill-appreciated labor, and general weariness of her lot.

"I can have supper?" inquired the stranger.

"In a few moments, sir. You see, you have come upon us so suddenly that —"

"Right—I can wait very well. Whatever you have—anything in fact—will do."

Mrs. Crusty retired, and before many minutes reappeared with a well-filled tray; sidling along with nervous timidity, and stealthily glancing behind her, as though momentarily expecting an attack. No one molested her, however; and after arranging the contents of the tray upon the table, and pausing for a minute to recover her breath, she partially resumed what little composure belonged to her, and stood awaiting further orders.

"Not much growth to Windward of late years," the stranger at length remarked.

"No; it does not grow very fast, Colonel Grayling."

"Ah, you know me, then?"

"I knew you the minute you came in, Colonel Grayling, in spite of that heavy beard of yours. I knew you by your walk, which is like the walk you had many a year ago, when every day you came down the road on your exercising. Better than you seem to have known me," she continued, with a faint sigh; and as she spoke she sat down, perhaps being rather tired with standing, perhaps feeling that having already identified her guest, and thereby put herself into more friendly communication with him, she might venture to dismiss any attitude savoring of servility. Meanwhile, the other gazed at her intently, and, for the moment, with an air of baffled curiosity.

"Certainly I know you," he exclaimed at length, the light suddenly breaking in upon him. "You are Margaret, who —"

"Yes, sir—Margaret—she who lived with Miss Stella two years ago. Then I left her, and married Crusty. Mrs. Crusty I have been ever since, sir. And he is a good husband to me; don't you know it, sir?"

"I should hope he would be, Margaret. You deserve a good husband, surely."

"Yes, a very good husband," she continued, apparently anxious to counteract any harsh impression Grayling might have already chanced to acquire about her lord and master. "A little cross in looks, sir; but that don't matter as long as one knows that the heart is right. Speaks rather cross, too, sometimes; but that don't signify, either, for of course he don't mean it. It isn't anything at all, when one has got used to his tone, they tell me—which I have been trying to do for two years, and have almost come to it at last. But you were going to say —"

"Nothing—nothing; except to ask about all the people in the village. It is so long since I have heard from any of them. The Doctor—and Squire Peters—and—and—they are all flourishing, I suppose?"

"They're all well and hearty as usual, Colonel Grayling," she answered. "But now, was it about these you were wanting to ask me, sir?" she continued, with a feeble sort of ghastly smile. "Wasn't it about her that you was coming to ask, after awhile—gradual-like, as it were, so as not to make me think that you cared too much about it?"

For a moment the other slightly frowned and bit his mustache. It grated a little upon his feelings to be so inquisitively addressed, and his first impulse was to resent it with some cool, unfriendly reply. But looking up, he saw how the little woman sat nervous and fidgeting before him, as though herself doubting how far she might not have

offended by her boldness—glancing askant, too, toward the open door, with an apparent dread of some outward Nemesis bringing swift vengeance upon her for her iniquity—and his heart melted at once. He remembered, too, how in past times the poor woman had been his constant friend throughout trials that still kept their impress upon him.

"Yes, it was about her that I would have asked, Margaret. Or, shall I now say Mrs. Crusty?"

"Margaret it always was, sir, and Margaret it always should be. Unless, perhaps, when Crusty himself is by, when he might not like it so, being that jealous himself."

"Well—Margaret, then, let it be. And she?"

"She is well, sir. Handsome, too, as ever, excepting a little melancholy-like, as is natural. She lives at the old house—her house now—with her Aunt Priscilla to help her, and be company for her. The same house where I waited upon her until I left and came here to be proprietor's wife. You see, when Crusty first came to me, and —"

"But Stella—what about her? Tell me further, Margaret."

"What then shall I tell, Colonel Grayling? Oh, sir, why was it not to be!"

"It seems that it was not to be, Margaret; so let that matter rest. The world has had many a rough tumble for me, as it has for most men, and that one certainly was the worst. But it is done—and, likely as not, she has now forgotten me."

"Ah, sir, don't you believe that."

"No? Well, it may be that among her friends she still thinks a little about me, sometimes. But go on."

"What shall I say, sir? Or how shall I tell it? For I can't guess how much you have already heard, or how much you have not. But I will go on from the beginning, sir. I always knew, of course, that her father did not like you, and I knew that he liked Lawyer Vanderlock. And there is no denying that Lawyer Vanderlock was a very well-to-do man, whatever some people said of him, and naturally that goes a great ways with an oldish man. Anyhow, her father didn't like you, and when news came that you had died in one of the Southern prisons —"

"Then there had been such news, Margaret? I had, indeed, suspected it."

"Yes. There was a soldier exchanged from the same prison, and he came and told how he had seen you die. He must have taken some one else for you, I dare say. But when the news came, her father seemed rather glad than otherwise. Not by any means she, however. If I should tell you, sir, how she came to me and cried, (for I was always more old nurse than servant to her) and how she talked about you—she has your phototype now, sir—and how for awhile she grew pale and thin, why then you'd know better than to go and talk about her having forgotten you. After awhile, her father he was cut down in all his pride, like David's green bay-tree, and so sickened, and died. This took off her attention a little, for somehow there is nothing that balances one grief like another. And it was perhaps a greater grief yet, when the old man came to the end, and tried to make her promise to marry the lawyer. She wouldn't promise; for she is that stubborn, even at such a time, when she knows she is right. So she wouldn't promise. But what, after all, did it matter? For you see, when her father was buried, she was kind of lonely, and the lawyer was pleasant and social-like, and did not press her too much, and so got her to look upon him as a friend, though not as a lover, he being so much older; and you were supposed to be dead, and your folks didn't live here, nor know her, so that there was no one to keep an eye on her, and encourage her, and speak up for you; and having nothing left to think of, being half heart-broken as it were, she did not seem to care to whom she gave the pieces, as long as she could get kindness for them. And then she remembered how that her father, when dying, had set his mind upon it as a good thing for her, and a thing which would please him if he saw her from heaven—which I very much doubt whether he is there—and so, sir —"

"And so she prepared to sacrifice herself, and marry him. Yes, yes—I understand. It is, after all, not an uncommon story. And perhaps many who drift more leisurely into the bondage, regret it more than she would have done. For it may be that she would have been happy. How was that, Margaret? I suppose that after all she would have led a happy life?"

"It might have been so, Colonel Grayling, and then again it might not. It all depends upon the person, I suppose. There are some women, you see, who think themselves well off if they are no bused; and there are others who expect not only kindness, but love, and love on their own part, as well as from the other side. Now as to Miss Stella, if she had married Lawyer Vanderlock, I suppose there could have been no chance of ill-treatment, however some disliked him, for he was a kind man in the main. But after all, as I have said, he was older than she, and likely as not she did not care for him as she might have cared for—for some one else, perhaps. Anyhow, she was very quiet throughout all his urging, and no one could tell how she felt, except that she said nothing, and was calm-like, and what you might call resigned. And so the affair went on for awhile, and then —"

"And then—then he died."

"Died?" ejaculated the other, looking up at him with a queer kind of uncertain, puzzled expression. "Yes, he died—if you choose to call it so. Appears to me, sir, that you have not kept the run of things pretty well, after all, while you have been gone."

"Not very well, indeed. My capture, and my subsequent duties in the army, have left me but little time to glean up news. Except that he died a few days before the wedding—and I only heard that last month—I have known but little about affairs in Windward. Well, Margaret, I will leave you now, and go out for a walk."

"To see the old village again—yes, sir. It must be quite like former times to go over it once more, so little has it altered. And you will go up to the—to the house, sir?"

She looked up more timidly than ever, and with a wistful expression, as though somehow her heart was all in expectation of a responsive answer. But this he was not quite prepared to give. Already it seemed as though his confidence had gone far enough. Therefore he partly turned away, not liking to give a short answer, yet seeking some way of repelling her interest in his affairs. Chance came to his relief with a diversion, for at that moment there was a gruff hail heard in the outer hall.

"Mag, old girl! Mag, I say!"

"Yes, yes, Jotham, I'm coming! It's my Crusty, Colonel. He always speaks in that way when there's something to be in a hurry about, but he don't mean it. It's the land-fog with which he was taken hoarse, and he don't often get over it. Coming, Jotham!"

With a confused, sidelong slide, she crept out of the room; and the Colonel, after a hasty toilet, started out for his stroll.

Chapter III.

When strangers in Windward set out to see the place, they usually began by strolling down to the end of the wharf. The wharf was directly opposite the tavern door, and presented an attractive prospect—stretching out for three hundred feet past the shoal-water of the bay. At the end were corner-piles in groups; one or two happening to be short and thick, forming rather a comfortable seat, with the longer ones rising behind, and giving all the advantages of a chair-back. From this point could be seen not only the little bay, but through its broad opening the wide expanse of the ocean itself, and at certain periods of the week great steamers passing, not so very far off but that the passengers could be plainly distinguished in moving black masses upon their decks. At one side was the light-house; not as gigantic as some that fronted directly upon the ocean, but for all that the pride of the village, since its light was of the newest pattern, and a revolver at that. There was almost always a sloop or

schooner at the wharf, loading up with oysters and clams for the city market. There was never a time when there were not small boats flecking the bay, and dredging oysters and clams from the bottom. Moreover, if the stranger happened to have a taste for natural history, he could find, floating below the open timbers of the wharf, jelly-fish and sea-weeds, and here and there a stray medusa. In fine, at almost all times and seasons the end of the wharf was an attractive place—an ever-present and pleasant resort for idleness.

But upon leaving the tavern the Colonel did not, after the usual manner, seek the end of the wharf. A step or two toward it, perhaps; as one who has not fully made up his mind in which direction to loiter, and possibly might not object for the time to be considered a stranger; but after that he turned to the right, and strolled along the street, which, commencing at the shore of the bay, made a faint pretense of following its line, then diverging, wound off toward the interior. This street he pursued, assuming in his gait an air of indifference which somehow his general appearance did not carry out; for, while his advance was slow, it had rather the look of a progress constantly and artificially checked from time to time, than of a careless, purposeless stroll. There was also a shadow of troubled thought upon his face; an uncertain looking forward, as to a bourn which he felt it might not be well to reach; an occasional glance behind, and half-halting for the moment, as though sometimes he were deliberating upon the propriety of a return.

Still, however, he loitered on; and now the sun began to touch the low line of distant marsh along the west, and so gradually sank from sight. For a moment the last bright beams glittered upon the water, and then vanished, leaving new and fast-darkening tints upon the surface. A distant gun was heard—whether the sunset gun of ship or fort could not from thence be told. Then from the light-house burst the first rays of brightness, gradually increasing to a full blaze; at first motionless, and then slowly revolving, as the complex machinery beneath was put into operation. So, little by little, the gloom of evening began to close in; the houses darkening, gleams of candle-light here and there becoming visible, the more distant houses seeming to recede still further, and the clumps of locust-trees gathering closer into indistinguishable masses.

Somehow this increasing gloom appeared to give courage to the loiterer. It was at least an assurance that he could now go on with less probability of being seen or recognized. Wherever he might now go, it could hardly be observed and commented upon; and if after this evening he were to leave the village forever, there would be few who could know that he had been there. So he now walked on with a more alert step, no longer glancing behind him, but pressing forward until he had turned the upper limits of the village, and following the line of plank pavement inward, saw before him the little group of better residences.

There were eight or ten of these, distinguished, as has been said, by wider-extended grounds, and a more tasteful style of embellishment. These lay spread out upon either side of a short auxiliary street. At the farther end, and crossing the termination of the street, was a somewhat larger house than any of the others, with an elaborate fence in front, and a path winding up to the door. When the Colonel turned into the new street, and saw this house in front of him, he paused again for a moment, as though his courage had once more failed, and again he advanced. More slowly now than ever before, drawing one foot after the other with the utmost resolution, plucking uneasily at the twigs which projected between the pickets along where he walked, and so progressing until he stood within a few feet of the gate. Then once more he stopped, and now for a longer time.

For two or three minutes at the least. Leaning against a wooden post in the line of the street, he gazed up at the house in a contemplative spirit, and from his actions it would have been difficult to judge what he purposed doing. It might be that he had intended to enter the house, and now was only striving to gain resolution to do so; or, on the other

hand, he might be doing all that he had ever intended, and after a season of contemplation, reviving as it were, in secret, some olden and precious memories, might slowly and unheralded depart again. Perhaps, having come so far with the one purpose, his courage might fail him at the end, and he might adopt the other plan. But whatever conclusion he might come to if left to his own inspirations, fate was now taking the matter out of his hands and deciding it for him. For while he stood there and gazed, a dark object leaning over one of the stone gate-posts moved, and a voice exclaimed in a tone of joyful welcome—

"Kun'l Grayling! Kun'l Grayling!"

With that the negro—for a negro it was who spoke—came from behind the post and fully displayed his person. A quaint, old, shambling, shuffling negro—a little bent over—his hair somewhat flecked with white, but not immoderately so—having from general appearance rather than from any especial separate trait the look of great age—one of those down-country negroes, in fact, who with consummate ignorance of the science of numbers, and an imagination grown vivid with increase of years, always count themselves up to a hundred or so, and profess to have seen General Washington—and bearing upon his whole person, from top to toe, more surely written than liveries or insignia of any kind could have portrayed, the settled indications of being an old, patriarchal family-servant.

"Kun'l Grayling! Oh, Kun'l Grayling!"

"Hush, Tim! You will be overheard if you speak so loud. You see, I have only run over to see the old place, and to ask—to ask how they all are. Perhaps after that I shall go away again."

But the caution—if it had seriously been intended as such—had come too late. Already Tim had been overheard; for at that moment his mistress, who had been strolling in front of the house, came to the gate to ascertain with whom he was talking. A mere matter of curiosity, indeed, for Tim was too faithful and well-trusted for any one to be heedful about his acquaintances. Nor, as she looked, did she for the moment observe anything familiar to her in the tall, heavily-bearded man in the military cap who stood a few feet off; for already the dusk was ripening into full evening, and but little more than the mere outline of his person could be seen. But with him it was far different. Knowing her at once, dusk or darkness had no power to fetter his fuller vision. It seemed as though his eyes could have pierced through more than Egyptian obscurity. Not merely here, but anywhere, he would have singled her out from a thousand others, though nearly two long years had rolled away since he had looked upon her. Those years, indeed, must have changed him more than her—for the campaign toil, and the battle din, and danger, care, anxiety, and responsibility, would make many a stout frame aged before its natural time. She, too, had had her cares and anxieties—but had they not passed away? They may, perhaps, have left their faint shadow behind—their impress of fine lines of thought upon her face; but as he now stood and gazed at her—not having a long time to look, yet able in one moment to photograph her whole picture upon his heart—he could see little change in her from the past. The hair, curling down her neck as of old, was still unthinned in its wavy mass. The eyes were as bright, and with all their natural, pleasant earnestness abounding in them. Her smile was saddened slightly, perhaps, but yet not greatly altered, since never in her gayest moments was it wont to lose something of a chastened, sober expression, nor ever dissolved itself into the full abandonment of reckless gleesomeness. The graceful attitude with which she leaned over the gate was the same as ever. Why, these were all there as in the past. She seemed not like one who had endured a painful experience, but rather the young girl, still ignorant of all thought of trouble, past or to come.

So for a moment, and then suddenly she recognized him—knowing him by some slight, careless movement of his body, even as Tim, breaking away in his eagerness from the restraining touch upon his arm, was on the point of springing forward to utter the

name. There was a momentary flush upon her face, and she leaned a little more heavily on the gate, struggling within herself to determine what she had better do. It was all so unanticipated, and so much had happened since the last meeting, and in many things the present encounter seemed so unreal. Then, seeing that he stood revealed, he came forward, and touched the hand extended to him in greeting more from instinct than from thought.

"Come—into the house," she said; and he followed her around the bend of the central grass-plat, with its leafless plants yet bound in straw, and so into the parlor, stepping in through the long piazza windows, as of old. A lamp was dimly burning, shedding a faint glow about the apartment. How natural everything seemed! And now, what could he say to her—now that he would be alone with her? But for the time he was saved this consideration; for close to the table, her eyes bent over her knitting, and her face brought so near to the lamp that occasionally the long steel needles clicked against the glass shade, sat Aunt Priscilla working away as for dear life. At the sound of entering steps, the old lady looked up, peered through her spectacles, and gave vent to a short and apparently meaningless chuckle.

"And so you have come back safe after all, Colonel? And you did not die in prison, as they said you did? Well, well—to be sure! But sit down now, Colonel, and tell us all about the war."

The Colonel obeyed and sat down, while Stella silently took her place in the somewhat darkened corner a few paces off. This was certainly not what he had come for—to recount camp reminiscences to an old lady with her knitting. Perhaps, however, she would leave them before long; and meanwhile how best for her entertainment should he fulfill her demand? Should he speak about the bivouac among the tall pines lighted up by the blazing camp-fires, with the band playing its evening selections, and the soldiers lying around in their chosen resting-places for the night, or gathered in groups to discuss the events and accidents of the day? Should he tell about the march across arid wastes, with here and there the bridgeless streams to ford, guns sinking deep in the mire, and the road lined with parched and worn-out men, almost disposed in their suffering to remit further effort, and let themselves fall into the pursuing enemy's hands? Should he describe the battle-line pouring forth its fires from one end of the field to the other, the ground shaking with the rush of cavalry, and the air filled with the groans of wounded men, heard at times above the roar of artillery? Or the prison palisades, begirt with haggard, homesick men, clutching their rags tighter around their emaciated bodies, and looking longingly across the open country to the wood beyond, where might be found help from willing black hands, if only the intervening space of ditch and watchful sentinels could be passed? Or the triumphant march, repaying all previous suffering, into the captured town; the bands playing gaily, and here and there some beautiful face, born to create love, looking down with scornful glance of hatred from a half-opened window?

But he was spared any choice of these subjects, for Aunt Priscilla happened to be one of those who love too much to hear themselves talk. Moreover she had gained a certain smattering of the politics of the day, which had given her a few crude ideas that she was very fond of displaying; and therefore she had asked the Colonel to tell her about the war, merely as a necessary formal introduction to her own remarks. So as he sat and for the moment deliberated upon what he had best tell her, she saved him the trouble, and plunged at once into the middle of the politics of the country; leaving him to remain in silence, and look about him, more and more abstracting himself from the droning sound of her voice, as he fastened his gaze upon all the old, familiar objects.

How familiar, indeed! The same furniture and pictures as before, almost disposed in the same positions and lights: was it really true, that long intervening period, or was it all a dream? Over the music-stand was a

little picture painted by himself—a water-color sketch, a product of his boyish enthusiasm for art—not a well-finished piece by any means, as he was now aware. In it he had attempted to delineate the most salient features of a little nook upon the coast, where Stella and he had had many an impromptu picnic. She had then hung up the drawing with more commendations by far than it deserved, and had said that it should never be removed from that place. Had it there remained during all her late trouble? If so, had it been in consequence of any lasting sentiment for himself, or merely because the authorship of the piece had been forgotten or disregarded, and it had been left to fill a place upon the wall, like any other comparatively unnoticed picture? Or, during the past year had it been prudently removed to some more obscure place; and afterward, when it could be loyally done, been brought back again? The latter supposition he hoped was true, for then it would show better in his favor. But why should he speculate thus upon a little picture, when before him was the better picture of herself, which, if he could only get the chance, he might consult, and which so much the more truly and surely might tell him all he —

"So that you see, Colonel, that if the President had only promulgated the Wilmot Proviso, we might have —"

"To be sure, madam—to be sure," he hurriedly responded, awakened to the actual present by the glare of the spectacles, turned upon him with a partial spirit of inquiry. "The Wilmot Proviso was the very thing, of course."

Then relapsing, while Aunt Priscilla creaked slowly onward, like an overloaded stage-coach upon a sandy country road, he gazed longingly toward Stella, seated in the corner, but doing nothing; her face half hidden in the hollow of her hand, as she remained in deep reflection, almost as abstracted as himself from all outward view or sound. And, forgetting that perhaps his scrutiny should be confined to a passing glance, in that growing spirit of revery and thought he suffered his eyes to rest steadily upon her for many minutes. Yes; she, too, seemed the same as ever. He could see that time or cruel fortune had little altered her. Only upon closer gaze there seemed a subdued and saddened shade upon her face. Could that shadow ever be removed? Or was it there now firmly fixed, the lasting record of her one great trouble, and of the suffering springing from it? Why might he not be allowed for one moment to tell her how he had mourned when he heard that she was about to be lost to him; and how, though he might not exactly have sought for death, he had become for the while more reckless of his life? And then again, he doubted whether, even if he had the opportunity, he could venture to speak to her about the past. Not alone that it might be demanding confidences which he had no longer the right to ask, but that there was really so little she could tell which would be new to him. Surely he must already know most of it; and that which had not been told him he could guess. The contemplated marriage, not forced upon her, but still urged at a time when her mind was weakened by long-continued doubt and tribulation, and could not assert itself as it ought; the continual struggle to give that loyal love which she had promised, and the inward wail of the wretched soul, as day after day she feared that the struggle must be all in vain; the not unreasonable hope that the never-failing kindness lavished upon her might, perhaps, in the end win her to be contented with her destined lot; the sudden, unlooked-for relief, more bitter to her, possibly, than all the rest—since, do what she would, all her tears, and prayers, and self-accusations could not lift from her tender conscience the terrible perception that she felt it as an escape, rather than as a misfortune; her loneliness, uncheered by any relation in whom she could confide for active sympathy, so unnaturally desolate had she been left; the frequent journeyings away to gain repose through outward excitement, and the quick return as she found not that repose, but rather was drawn back to the fount of early association, her native homestead—all this he knew: or, where he knew it not, could not now ask, lest —

"And therefore, Colonel Grayling, if at the time of the Missouri Compromise —"

"Of course—of course, my dear madam. Undoubtedly then was the time to have arranged the trouble."

Then he arose and prepared to take his departure. His hope, that after a suitable series of historical and political comments Aunt Priscilla would graciously leave Stella and himself alone, was evidently misplaced. There seemed no release that evening, at least, from the infliction of her presence, and the hour was wearing on apace. He felt a cruel perception that his visit was proving a failure. What he had exactly anticipated from it, beyond a transient exploration to ascertain with what feeling he might still be regarded, he could scarcely tell. Certainly it had been far from his thoughts to talk over the philosophy of the war in front of an old lady with knitting-needles. He had seen Stella, it was true; but he had been able to say nothing to her of that which he had wished to say. He began to doubt whether, even with opportunity, he should ever muster the courage to do so; or whether, if the opportunity and the courage came, Stella would let him go on, and hear him to the end. There was as yet no token held forth to prove that she had not let him fall completely from her heart, and now ranked him only as a somewhat valued friend, whose presence had ever been pleasant to her; nothing to tell him that he might venture to come again, or whether, on the contrary, this visit must be his last. It was something in the nature of a mere chance that had ever given him this interview. Most bitter conjecture of all, it might well be that the rambling words of Aunt Priscilla had been uttered with the deliberate purpose of preventing closer conversation with Stella, and in that way indirectly letting him understand that all was over between them; and that the silent and apathetic languor of inattention in which Stella had appeared immersed had after all been the studied expression of her willing consent to that cruel intimation.

Slowly, lingeringly, he prepared to depart. Reaching the door, he saw that Stella alone had arisen to accompany him. Aunt Priscilla had again sunk back into her chair, and was once more clicking her knitting-needles against the lamp-shade. For the instant the Colonel felt exceedingly disheartened, and he saw nothing before him except to make his quiet leave-taking, with the understanding that this must be the end not only of all his hopes, but even of the past pleasant intimacy. But while fortune favors the brave, she sometimes does a little for the timid. At the angle of the hall-door, the corner of the hat-stand shut out a portion of the light, and he found himself alone with Stella and in partial obscurity. Possibly the despair of parting gave him the first impulse of unexpected courage, but certainly the dimness of the light assisted him in it. Before he was well aware what he was about, and certainly to his own surprise, he found himself taking Stella by the hand—one hand, both hands, in his own—and gazing very inquiringly into her face. For a moment she stood unresisting, her eyes lowered, and with a deep flush. Then, lifting her timid glance again, she faintly struggled as though to withdraw her hands from his grasp; so faintly, indeed, that he felt encouraged to retain his clasp, still wondering a little at his own assurance, and perhaps secretly somewhat pleased at it. What kindly expression he then read in her eyes to induce him to persevere he might scarcely be able accurately to define: it may be that he read nothing there at all, but was listening to the prompting of his own eager spirit, urging him to say something to the point, before it became too late. It was after all not a very elaborate speech, consisting merely of the repetition of her name, in an inquiring tone.

"Stella?"

"They deceived me, Allan. They told me that you had died in prison."

"I know. And I suppose they really thought so. But you see that it was not the case. And so, Stella," and with new courage he passed his arm around her, and drew her closer to him, "since you are now free again, it seems as though the time has come when you might listen to me, and treat the months

just passed as an idle dream, and all that. And I do not see why we should not put ourselves back to where we were two years ago, when we might have understood ourselves so much better if we had only looked a little deeper into ourselves. And therefore —"

"No, no, Allen, you must not speak any further in that way. It cannot, it must not be—that is, as yet."

The words of limitation fell from her lips ingenuously and unguardedly. Possibly she might have wished, the instant after, to have recalled them; but after all it was best as it was. There was nothing that she could have better said to lay open the whole position of affairs. The Colonel understood it so, and immediately felt his heart quite at rest. He rightly looked upon it as no repulse to his plea, but rather as her unwitting confession of assent. He must not as yet speak about love—so he interpreted her words. Not at this first interview, certainly, when her heart was so bewildered with the sudden surprise of seeing him, and when she could not comprehend, perhaps, what answer she ought really to make, or how to clothe it in proper terms. Not now, at having seen him only this once—and so give a suspicion to the ever-watchful world around her, that she must have carried her regard for him locked up in her secret heart of hearts through all the past months of trial, ready to leap forth at the very first appeal. Rather should they wait a little longer; so that it might seem as though from his continued presence a newer love had been suffered to grow up. Then, perhaps —

"Enough, Stella. I will not press you for an answer now. But to-morrow—well, to-morrow I will come back again."

He strained her once more to his heart; and then, aware that he had not been very eloquent in his avowal, but all the same well satisfied with the result, slipped away into the garden, and thence into the high road, and so became lost to her sight.

LEONARD KIP.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

THE INDIAN PROBLEM—MR. SCHURZ REVIEWED.

This article had, in the main, been prepared for the press when the *North American Review* for July was issued. In that an article on the same question appeared from Hon. Carl Schurz. From the superior advantages derived in the Interior Department during the Hayes administration, not less than from the known ability of the author as writer and statesman, his review of the subject is opportune and valuable. Four years of intimate relation and practical experience with the present status of the Indians have given him both ample opportunity and exhaustive knowledge of the facts of Indian life within the territory of the United States. But while we would approach a review of a paper from so prominent a statesman with hesitancy, resulting from admiration of the genius displayed in the victories of a remarkable life, the magnitude and importance of this question should be a license, even in a forum of taste, for the free expression of the opinions of every American citizen.

To a certain extent we think Mr. Schurz's theory, in substance, a correct solution of the problem. To devote the affections and attach the interests of the Indian to the soil, by granting him fee-simple estates in severalty, is the first general step in his advancement. Yet there are grave considerations opposed to placing him at once in the midst of the whites, unprepared as he is to contend with them in the arena of their own civilization. That he has shown the natural capability of embracing a higher standard of life, as cited by Mr. Schurz in the examples

of the educational institutions at Carlisle, Hampton, and Forest Grove, establishes only that abstract fact. When, however, those instances are relied upon to sustain his theory that Indians would as readily embrace and adopt the methods of life of the whites, when settled in severalty among them, we think the proofs signally fail. We must not overlook the conditions environing those pupils, of fostering care, of the guidance and guardianship that is the proper purpose of those institutions; nor fail to compare that with the condition of less-protected Indians, struggling for subsistence among the clashings and strifes of more-educated whites, with many of whom to win bread is the sum of victory. Under Mr. Schurz's system he would have no guardian to lead him, no hand whose sole purpose would be to protect and direct, no superior wisdom to think and plan. He would find himself thrown into a contest, ignorant of its conditions and methods, and powerless to comprehend its intricacies. It would present to him a mystery of mysteries. He would cease to struggle, accept the inevitable, and fail. The imposing presence of civilization would be too much for him at once to grasp; instead of stimulating, it would paralyze his powers. Such has been the fate of the few left in Georgia, Florida, Mississippi, and Alabama, when their tribes were carried to the Indian Territory. They made miserable failures in the midst of the whites, and the only remnants left of them are in the everglades of Florida, hid from contact with civilization. The trouble consisted in too much being demanded of them at once. The condition in which they found themselves demanded that they lay aside barbarism and take up civilization, as one coat is laid aside and another put on. The bow and arrow, the war-hatchet and war-paint, the love of revenge, the thirst for blood, the chase, wife-slavery, and all the habits and traditions of ages, must be laid aside, and at once. They must as readily adopt civilized life; one bound was to take them from one extreme to another; each must skip an era, an age, in natural process; must, by his own will, like the fisherman's genius, transform his life, his character, his thoughts, from shadow and smoke to a well-proportioned individuality. It was impossible. Nature never permits such things. And so it would be with the Indians under Mr. Schurz's remedy. They would be swallowed up, annihilated in the contest, for which they are unprepared and from which there would be no escape. Their fate would be scarcely less cruel and inevitable than that of the gladiators, who were sent into the arena without armor or weapon, to be slain in an unequal contest with the armored and armed Roman emperor. Mr. Schurz establishes the existence of power in the Indian, capable of receiving civilization, but at the same time admits the weakness of his remedy by the confession that even their ablest men, as Chief Ouray, are unable at present to cope with the whites. While the Government may protect them on the reservations, even surrounded by whites, it could not in the same way protect them when mingled with whites, holding lands as they, and otherwise bearing the same relation to the common social organization, which they were entering. Such a special protectorate of individuals would not only be a hurtful practice for Government, but would defeat its own object. To apportion the lands in severalty to the Indians, and admit the whites to purchase of all reservation lands not actually occupied by the Indians, would be as fatal to the Indians as if sent into the heart of Ohio and dispersed to do as they could. To feed, foster, educate, and protect them, requires that special attention and care which demands reservation of the territory, so that they may learn the ways of civilized life, uncrushed by its power in an unequal contest.

The Indian question has ceased to be one of special importance to the soldier, and is relegated to the consideration of the statesman. The scattered fragments of once-powerful tribes, unemboldened by numbers and with their wild spirits broken, are lounging around reservations, trying to learn to become citizens by first being paupers; or awaiting that death that inevitably follows ignorance and indolence. The days of Minnehahas and Leeluenas, of Osceolas and Tecumsehs, of Captain Jacks and Cachises, of the heroic and

poetic in fact and dream, have passed away forever. The problem now is, How shall we deal with a broken, scattered, whipped, dirty, brutal, ignorant, and semi-vicious race; a race whose record places them low in the scale of mankind; a race that would fight now because blood-thirsty; that is at peace because cowardly; that, from choice or natural inaptitude, but slowly adopts civilized methods, even under the most favorable circumstances?

But be their faults and defects what they may, we have them, and must do something with them. There is no appreciable difference, in the consideration of this question, between the motives, purposes, means, and methods of the philanthropist, the philosopher, and the political economist. From each stand-point all roads lead to the same conclusion; for, consider it in the interest of the Indian, of an unfeeling mathematical solution, or from considerations of public economy both for the near and the distant future, the solution seems to lie in the same general remedy. Though armed resistance against the ever-pressing and inevitable tide of white encroachment, each year drawing closer the cordon of invidious life-methods, is ended, the Indian question is almost as far from a successful and permanent solution as it was twenty years ago. The death of Captain Jack and Cachise, the defeat and overthrow of Sitting Bull and Victoria, (the last brave heroes of a barbaric race) but mark the era of a new method of dealing with this question. So far from being its solution, it environs the Government with responsibilities greater and more delicate than ever before. It is now not to deal with an enemy in the field, but to discharge a guardianship; to protect an ignorant, thriftless, defenseless people, and lead them from the darkness of barbarism to the light of civilization: a task far more difficult than to kill them. It is the difference between the methods of the bayonet and the plowshare—the power to tear down, and the art to build up.

We need not regret the repression necessary to deal with barbarism, or recall the old abstractions concerning original domain. These questions have been settled by the process of natural laws. It is a useless waste of time to consider, in this practical age, as living elements in human affairs, any event or policy settled by those natural processes that constitute the "destiny" of mankind—the inevitable of the world. "America for the Americans" is not only the shibboleth of the demagogue, but as well the certain voice of nature. Not only America, but the rich and fruitful places of earth, all belong, by the laws of human life, to those who can use and hold them. When Pluribustah gave Liberty his reason for enslaving Cuffee—"*He has no right and no business to be a nigger*"—he spoke the doctrine of natural laws as practiced by mankind, and crystallized the philosophy of America's Indian policy for the last two hundred years. While we do not subscribe to the morality of the doctrine, we recognize that life is too short to quarrel with the inevitable, or live in castles builded upon abstractions. From the dawn of recorded time this selfish doctrine has robed Might in the raiment of Right. The powerful have always indulged in the luxury of refuting pure morality with man's decrees, even to the extent of forcing the weak to go to heaven a particular way, and often try to justify it by sophistry that the blunted intelligence of a Digger Indian could penetrate.

Almost all the acts of the Government at Washington, in Indian affairs, except alone those of actual hostility, have been under the express declaration of consideration for the Indian; which he has been, in his weakness, forced to assent to, and appear to believe, though he knew them to be arrant falsehoods. Always coming—always invading, pushing, encroaching; advancing under the strong arm of power—the significance of this white tide has been understood by the Indians, and they have fought it until the flower of savage heroism bleaches the expanses of a thousand lilied plains. They have simply done as other people in the face of aggressive foes, whose methods of life were separated too widely for willing assimilation.

This phase of the contest is passed. Small bands of desperadoes may here and there

break out, but such will be only the spasmodic efforts of a doomed people—the last surge of the waves in a dying storm—the last whistle of the subsiding winds. There is no autonomy left among them; tribes are decimated and broken, not only in spirit, but, in most instances, in tribal relations; and often fragments of several tribes are found on one small reservation. On the White Mountain reservation in Arizona are Aravapais, Chilions, Chirikahwas, Koioteros, Mienbres, Magollons, Mohaves, Pinals, Tontos, and Yuma Apaches. On Hoopa Valley Reservation are Hunsatungs, Hupas, Klamath Rivers, Miskuts, Redwoods, Saiazs, Sermaltons, and Tishtanatans. The former reservation contains three thousand nine hundred and fifty square miles, the latter one hundred and forty. From British America, down the mountain ranges, through all the Territories, are scattered these small reservations, upon which the fragments of tribes are penned in. There they live, mostly in a state of vagabondage, upon the bounty of a Government whose hand wrought their downfall, and which feeds them more from a shame that they should starve, than from all other considerations combined.

The present Indian system, stripped of fancy and bombast, is to set apart by executive order a tract of land for a reservation, and appoint an Agent to reside somewhere thereon, who is invested with power to protect, feed, and look after the Indians. He is the governmental representative, to whom is intrusted the duty of discharging such treaty obligations as the Government may be under. He receives and issues the supplies, and has general control over everything done on the reservation. These agencies are generally in the heart of the reservations, and far removed from civilization. Here, almost alone, with his band of Indians, the Agent is supposed to labor to comfort them for the loss of the free life of the plains; and if their reports are to be taken as true, the cause of Christ *and* civilization is either flourishing or just about to bloom, while the Indians are tractable and progressing. One remarkable feature of all these reports is the fact that, if they had been written for the purpose of retaining positions, they are masterpieces. Every one knows that ordinary human nature would not go into those wilds and repulsive associations for health or pleasure; and unless Indian Agents are of a superior material, they must be held to this truism. Coupling this with the fact—the fact well-known to the average American—that but few posts on this earth admit of so many chances and such latitude for peculation, and we may have an explanation why so much heart-ache for the welfare of the Indian, is expressed by agents in their reports. The temptation to feed the wards on damaged supplies at short weight is stimulated by two considerations. First, the Indian has probably never had better, and oftentimes worse; second, the vouchers can be as easily returned, covering a more liberal supply of "creature comforts." Far from the prying eyes of an interested, intelligent population; dealing with those who neither read nor write, whose ignorance and poverty tie both hands and tongue when they would right the wrong by appeals to the Government; this temptation becomes too strong for poor, frail humanity—especially that portion that believes in original depravity and falling from grace. The writer has twice heard an Indian Agent pray, and was each time impressed by the prominence given by the petitioner to the frailty of human nature when subjected to the temptations of this wicked world; and he wondered by what singular psychological process that particular idea of all others weighed so heavily upon him.

It is practically impossible to prevent peculations in the management of these reservations. From the nature of the employment the Agents are generally men of such mental caliber as to be unable to make a living in the competition of industries, and of such flexible morals as to believe there is such a thing extant as a "legitimate steal," and hence believe its application to themselves as their due for their banishment from civilization. With all the appliances and favorable conditions afforded by such positions, it is not a difficult matter to receipt contractors for beef-cattle weighing 400 pounds at 800

pounds, and cover up the peculative tracks by issuing beef rations short, till the issuance covers the deficit. A lively appreciation of future turns in the same way keeps up a first-class code of honor among thieves.

Insufficient food has played a part in the affairs of the world more than once; and while high living conduces to the gout, even among people for a hundred generations accustomed to it, nothing can be plainer to the acute mind of the scientific Agent than that a lower grade of food is necessary to prevent the prevalence of gout among the Indians, and their advancement toward civilization be thereby materially retarded. Besides, the culture of the brain has been supposed to be stimulated by a very simple and moderate diet. Such has been taught at our boarding-schools, where the idea is traced back to the poet who cultivated Roman verses on a little oatmeal. And if we needed any further proof of its wisdom, and the peculiar benefits to be derived therefrom, the example of Mr. Squeers at Dotheboys Hall, places the question outside of the debatable, and elevates the abstemious system of the Agent into the shining guild of philanthropy. It has been urged, and may hereafter be mentioned by the mendacious, that the Government should not pay for full rations when not received by the Indian. Here again the logic and humanity of the Agent is seen. It would be a source of great pain and uneasiness to many individuals in the East, who have the welfare of the Indian at heart, and who believe implicitly in the reservation system, to know that short rations were being issued to the nation's wards. The sleepless nights and visions of their grandmothers that a conscience remorseful for a nation's failures would visit upon them, is happily saved by the reports of the Agents, who wisely conclude that these things are too long to explain to a public not posted on Indian affairs; and hence they crown the good work with just such reports as will make agreeable reading by the Eastern fireside, and which will instill into the minds of the rising generation reverence for a generous Government, and a desire to emulate the noble work of those who suffer the privations of frontier life for the benighted savage.

We can scarcely overestimate the loss of time and money, and delay to enterprise, caused by the obstruction of reservations, and the settling of bands of Indians along the frontier. Whenever on the two frontiers, of Eastern industry pushing westward, and Pacific industry pushing eastward, any enterprise is originated, it often finds an impediment in some phase of the Indian question. If a railroad, its most natural route is blocked by a reservation; if a wilderness to explore, a band of Indians interposes with the fear, often well-founded, of the frailty of treaty regulations. These obstructions demand at once of the originators of those enterprises an abandonment, or their removal. To effect the latter over the opposition of Agents, (and such opposition will generally be met) by a prosecution through the departments, hedged by red tape as they are, involves a loss of time that may be often fatal to the enterprise. Besides, it is expensive, and as the relief rests at last in the peculiar views held by the head of the Indian Department, and after all the expense, delay, and labor, the opportunity of usefulness and profit may be lost.

Yet with all this, the Indian is giving way; his rights exist more in name than in substance or observance; while the reservations are being reduced, shifted, and opened up. As the conditions of the contest will remain much the same, it is not difficult to see that this system must end, and that, too, disastrously to the Indians; and—if the past give us a criterion from which to judge—without his having received any permanent benefit. If enterprise is to be impeded, some benefits should go to the Indian. If our purposes are to develop and better him, we should adopt any other system sooner than the one we have. The herding of bands of Indians upon prescribed tracts leaves the impress of captivity upon the red men's natures, while that of feeding them in idleness upon Government's bounty makes them more and more each year thriftless paupers. The American people have had enough bitter

and recent experience of the brutalizing effects of captivity and subjection upon human nature, to have a wholesome fear of any more of it. We take it for granted that the only decent purpose to be entertained in this matter is to so manage the Indian as to relieve legitimate industry from the depression of his opposing presence, as much as may be, and at the same time to environ him with such conditions as will in every way stimulate him to adopt the ways of industrious civilization. The writer has seen the Indian in his life on the reservation, and has been unable to discover more than one good result likely to flow from the system, and that a temporary one. It gives him employment so far as his appetite for eating goes, and with the government ration removes from him the incentive to murder and pillage that hunger gives man in a savage state. But for cultivating those arts and methods of life that will remove the cause of the trouble—his savagery—it is a dismal failure. It is no wiser than the policy of the physician who administers only narcotics to the patient who is suffering from gangrene. Though savage, and ignorant of many of the motives and sentiments so well-understood in men of advanced culture, he has still that quality of a common humanity that feels a sense of humiliation and degradation at being penned upon reservations like so many cattle. And that sentiment will forever keep him back. It hampers efforts in the strong, it palsies them in the weak. It takes from him the senses of individual importance and self-confidence, both of which are absolutely necessary to his success. With such a system thrown around him, extermination is his lot. Were he stronger in moral and intellectual powers, he would find it scarcely possible to rise above them. Weak as he is, powerless as his hands are, the work of extermination will be rapid and inevitable.

While his tenacity to the bloody traditions of his people are strong, it is the strength of ignorance that knows no better, being the resultant of education and congenital defects. He may be made a factor in American life. Not a high or very important one; not one that in the near or distant future can rival the white man in arts and sciences, but one valuable in a humble way. It may, and doubtless would, under favorable auspices, require many generations of attrition with civilization to bring him up to that standard in the industrial scale, to that individual importance in the economy of the nation, that is to-day held by the negro. He has adopted some of our customs; why not the rest? He has learned the use of the gun; why not that of the plow? That it will require time, those who even faintly comprehend the science of human progress will not deny, nor will they be disappointed and despondent when he plods slowly along the weary, ascending hill. If left upon the reservations, time will be wasted, opportunities squandered, and each year close its cycle with the problem no nearer successful solution than before. If nearer a solution, it will be alone because nearer in point of time when the surplus population of the Atlantic and Pacific States shall meet in an inevitable impact, and crush him out forever.

To talk of treaty rights for so defenseless a people is to commit a folly: they bind duplicity with a rope of sand. To believe that any treaty can devote a section of country to a few Indians, and that future Congresses, filled with the representatives of a constituency demanding those lands for themselves and their children, will forever respect that devotion of soil, is to fly in the face of human avarice and history—especially American history on the Indian question. It is a cardinal fact of human relations, that the only protection the weak have against the strong, under such circumstances, is to assimilate in methods of life. They must have common purposes, common hopes, and common aspirations; they must have the same kindred or coordinate industries; and, in fine, so adapt themselves to the strong, that they prevent those jars and conflicts of antagonistic elements which the strong will never fear or shun. Thence it follows that the only tenure of soil by which the Indian can perpetuate his race must be that which will enable him to assimilate its uses to that of white civilization.

How often it is said on the frontier to-day, when valuable minerals are discovered on a reservation, "If the Indian could or would use them, it would be all right to protect him; but it is an outrage to permit him to play dog-in-the-manger with them." And in the spirit of selfish acquisition that has always characterized man, and to the greeds and wrongs of which we largely owe our present wealth and greatness, it is a correct enunciation of men's ideas of *meum* and *tuum*. To say the least, right or wrong, it is folly to quarrel with it: better not make its opposition a life-mission. The destiny of a nation, so far as human power is concerned, is inevitable. Individuals, to say the most, even when great, only hasten, retard, or in a sense shape what nature, in obedience to her own rules, has already destined. Great men, by fortuitous conditions, are assigned the function of applying the match to the magazine of combustibles, already prepared by the antecedents of their people, and which if not performed by them would be by others; for nature always raises up fit instruments for her work. The Rubicon of Roman downfall would have been crossed had Cæsar fallen in Gaul; and the Empire, by virtue of the forces of reaction, would have risen on the ruins of the Reign of Terror had Napoleon died while teething at Ajaccio. It is but another name for Necessity, in its remorseless march. Caught in the automatic state of reservation life—widely separated—for the most part degenerated by pauperism—untaught in the tastes that would render assimilation in contact possible, in a destiny of impending contest with whites drawing closer, cruelly closer—no fate seems probable for them save that of being ground to powder, annihilated, between the mill-stones.

It may be urged that the safety of the whites demands the reservation system, thus parceling the Indians into small bands patrolled by troops. In reply it may be safely stated that no condition would so stir to life a desire to get free; and to get free means to take the war-path. The reservations are generally large enough, and of that peculiar character to arouse this desire. But few of them are adapted to industries the Indians are capable of pursuing. Too remote from the example of scientific labor; hemmed in by the solitudes of nature; ruled by Agents, too often utterly incompetent; with no tenure in the soil, but having only a use in the few spots of good land; covered by the shadows of executive orders, ill-defined, and subject at any time to change—they have not a single incentive to permanent industry and improvement. The incentives claimed by the friends of the system are such transparent humbugs as to make even the savage smile. Wastes of sage-brush, cactus, and alkali; barren, sun-scorched rocks; mountain ranges; places where scarcely a raven or coyote can find subsistence; where the mule-rabbit has to exert himself for a bare subsistence—constitute the chief characteristics of most of the reservations. The valleys of which we read in the sophomoric reports of Agents, whose fertile imaginations stretch them away for miles, blooming in virgin verdure, upon which herds in numbers graze and fatten, are mostly narrow, untillable gorges, not large enough for grazing, and if tillable, so in such homœopathic proportions as render success, under the most fortunate conditions, highly problematic. Such are the Elysiums of the Agents' reports under the lens of reality. Could the Eastern enthusiast on Indian affairs, after reading of the Happy Valleys in the heart of the great mountain chains, quit his cosy fireside, and lay aside the dream for a view of the reality, he would forevermore be a skeptic. The smiling valley would become a narrowed waste of yellow *socation*; the genial landscape would bristle with cactus; the laughing river would shrink to a muddy, sluggish branch; while the whistling birds would give place to the croaking raven; and a sun-scorched, blistered chain of volcanic rocks rear around their eternal cordon, saying with their Sphinx voice, "There is no change."

Under such conditions the Indian cannot really advance in permanent civilization. Why he cares nothing to erect comfortable houses and prepare fields, is found in the uncertainty as to whether he will be permitted

to enjoy them. The labor of years—in the event of his desire to have a decent home—of love and care, may be swept away at any hour, without so much as observing, "By your leave." It may be laid down as a fundamental maxim, that no people can advance without homes. As agriculture furnishes the first arena for action in the progress from barbarism to civilization, the two conditions of land fitted for that industry, and of sufficient tenure therein, become imperative. Human advancement is marked by the appearance of the homes of people more than by any one other thing. Churches are but incidents. Cemeteries speak louder than they. Regard for death and the memories it entombs proclaims regard for achievements in life, and tells the story of emulation in a generous contest for a higher existence, that belong to the rising people. The "*vermis sum*" of the church may not indicate progress. It walks with, but does not create its comrade. It may polish and round off, but never is of the essence. Faith never made a people. It may under certain conditions arouse to even the sharpest activity the manhood that has existed dormant perhaps for centuries. It conserved for the purposes of temporal empire the restless manhood of Arab and Copt under Mohammedanism; it aroused feudal Europe to the Crusades. But in the ways of peace—the ways that lead to the plow, reaper, hammers the engine, or chains the lightnings—skepticism, the spirit that does not believe in the dogma of "*vermis sum*," the restlessness that says to itself, "Not in eternity alone, but here on earth as well, shall be my kingdom," becomes the motive power of progress. To work well and quickly this spirit must have the tools and the material at hand. In the case of the Indians, agriculture must come first; the plow must be his first implement. Husbandry grows up as the first fruit of progress. It follows upon the heels of the last stage of barbarism—that of the grazing nomad. From the earliest days of which we have any account, the aspirations of men for a higher life sought it in the soil. Agriculture gave plenty at home, and opened the avenues of commerce and manufacture. The fruits of the earth, corn, oil, and wine, were the first factors of commerce. What is true of the early days of the world is true of each nation. They all began at the same rung of the ladder. Those who came first had to grope in darkness from rung to rung. Their story became light to those who followed. The Indian is no exception to the destiny of all people. In this dawn of his progress he must begin to climb from the bottom. The way through agriculture to mechanics and the higher and ornamental arts and sciences is for him lighted by experience. The child of the most favored genius must in effect pass the same way. Not through the rudiments of dawning civilization, but through the grand elementary principles that form the basis. Before the sails of commerce bent their folds to the winds of the English Channel, yellow grain-fields smiled in Kent and filled the granaries on the banks of the Thames.

To wisely administer the Indian Department, the conditions for successfully adapting this first industry should be presented in manner and method most conducive. Give him the soil that will yield fruits for his efforts, and in its rich sheaves prove the wisdom of his new life. None but visionaries and Indian Agents believe it possible to grow wheat, corn, and potatoes among sun-bleached rocks and on cactus barrens. We read of the swarms of northern Europe pouring across the Rhine to plunder the rich cities dotting the fertile and sunny plains of southern Europe, and finding them good remained and founded empires. Southern Europe, rich in natural agricultural resources, grew rich, and profligate because of the plenitude of wealth, while north of the Rhine was too poor to be known. Thus was demonstrated the advantage of favoring conditions, in the progress of development, on the grandest scale of which history gives account.

While some Indian bands occupy fertile sections sufficiently watered and extensive to enable them to rear everything necessary to sustain life and further their development, for the most part the reservations upon which

they are herded are entirely unfitted for agriculture. And it matters not in what other respects they are rich, such resources cannot be utilized by their unskilled labor. For instance, the White Mountain Reservation, in Arizona, covers a vast district of 3,950 square miles, or 2,528,000 acres, which is held for the benefit of 4,878 Indians. This gives to each Indian man, woman, and child, 518.20 acres. If the soil, or even one-fifth of it, were good for anything for which the Indians could use it, this would constitute a handsome patrimony. But it would not be much, if any, under a correct estimate to put the agricultural land in this vast area at 5,000 acres. The remainder is hills, mountains, cañons, and barren *mesas*. In the mountains is untold mineral wealth, but so far as its benefits to them are concerned it had as well not be. The Indian is not a miner, and never will be. He must be educated for years before he can enter this field. What folly then to keep this country for the benefit of the 4,878 Indians, when it is not of the character they can use; while other and appropriate lands can be given them, in the use of which they can make plenty, become satisfied with peaceful methods of life, and learn how to prepare themselves for a civilized and competent existence. When they cannot use the boundless resources of copper, silver, gold, and coal on the reservation, and when other qualities of the reservation are not sufficiently favorable to their welfare and advancement as to outweigh the other considerations aroused by the demands of enterprise, the reservation ceases to be a wise devotion of the land, and should be set aside. If, as Mr. Schurz suggests, the reservations were to be conveyed in severalty to the Indians, which under proper conditions is advisable, what could the Apaches of the White Mountain Reservation do with their land? Not more than one-tenth of them would have water on their portions, and hence grazing as well as agriculture would be impossible. They could then only sell the tracts in their unimproved condition, and if it should occur that from peculiar circumstances any one holder should realize a fortune in the sale, what would he do with it? Because powerless to protect himself, he would become the prey of sharpers and swindlers, and in two years would be as poor and miserable in fortune as before.

The true solution of the trouble is to remove all the Indians occupying reservations not purely agricultural, wherever found, to some section where lands of that character may be had, and then vest in each one title in fee simple to such sized tracts as may be necessary to enable them to pursue agriculture successfully. To protect them in their ignorance, in their possession, until such a time as will reasonably enable them to make homes and become attached to them as an inducement not to alien them, inhibit sales for twenty or twenty-five years. Nothing gives man a better sense or conception of his own importance, or more surely lays the basis of good citizenship, than ownership of land. It localizes his interests and attachments, while every effort remains as an accretion for future use or comfort. It gives that independence that perfects manhood, and strengthens the character, while it generates love of peace both as a sentiment and a precaution of interest.

There are in the United States 240,136 Indians. Of this number 76,585 are in the Indian Territory, and of these 59,187 belong to civilized tribes. In the settled and agricultural States of Iowa, Kansas, Michigan, Minnesota, and New York are 22,517 more. This leaves 141,034 in the sparsely-settled States and Territories, exclusive of the Indian Territory. Of these it may be safely assumed that 10,000 are settled on agricultural lands, and are doing as well as could be expected. These it would not be advisable to move, or in any wise molest. They, as well as the 22,517 in the above-mentioned States, having begun to practice the arts of civilization, should be given lands in severalty fee simple where they are, and otherwise aided in developing themselves as may be advisable in each particular instance. The 131,034 left from this estimate as unprovided with agricultural lands, should have that necessity supplied, and the reservations which are

mostly valuable for mining opened for skillful labor to render fruitful.

The Indian Territory furnishes the best lands, in large quantities, and best adapted to the use of these Indians. In almost every light in which it may be viewed, this is the most favorable country for them. This country is a natural water-shed, traversed by numerous streams, which, with a generous and uniform rainfall, fructify and grow to splendid perfection one-third of the vegetables of prime use to man. Its eastern and middle portion is covered with a splendid growth of forests upon a soil of great and durable richness, while to the westward stretch the same rolling prairies of north-west Texas and Kansas, upon which innumerable herds can be grown and fattened for market upon the products of untilled virgin soil, and which will some day wave in ripening wheat like a billowy sea. The genial seed-time and fruit-time meet the gulf winds, warming vegetation to life and richness; while the winter winds from the north-west bring cold, not to freeze and destroy, but to harden animal tissues, and thoroughly repair the laxity of summer. In the numerous streams are teeming supplies of trout, bream, perch, jack, pike, cat and buffalo fish; while their waters idly await, with amplest facilities, the day when the factory will chain them to its wheel, and the hum of mechanical industry break upon the almost virgin solitudes. In the forests abound deer, hogs, turkey, and other smaller game; while the bison, fleeing before the impetuous march of Saxons, have gathered on her western plains, as if to say to the Indian: "We knew you first; we come to you in the twilight of our race."

In this Territory at present are 76,585 Indians, of which number 59,187 are called civilized. They are far advanced, and each year are making rapid strides toward a high and successful state of industry and education. These for the most part occupy the eastern portion of the Territory, along the head waters of the Wichita and Red Rivers. Those tribes colonized there from Tennessee, the Carolinas, Georgia, Alabama, and Florida, consisting of the Creeks, Chickasaws, Choctaws, Cherokees, and Seminoles, have already practically solved the troublesome part of the problem placed before them. Towns have sprung up, school-houses abound, postal routes obtain, and even the newspaper has sprung up, printed in both Indian and English.

Southward lie the rich cotton and wheat fields of northern Texas; northward are the grain plains of Kansas. Here agriculture has kept pace with the restless genius of invention, always keeping before the inhabitants of the Territory the greatness that crowns the advancement of agriculture and mechanics. Touching them on either side are achievements that prick aspiration into its liveliest pace. Indeed, nowhere on the map of North America can be found a land better adapted for their purpose than this. By soil, climate, geographic location—by every consideration—it invites the adoption of civilized methods.

By giving to each his lands in severalty, there would be scarcely any reason to fear troubles among the tribes, or across the border. The troops at present kept stationed at forts along the great chains of the Rockies, from British Columbia to Mexico, would be quite enough to patrol and preserve quiet among them.

It may be objected that it would be too expensive to transfer them from the many distant reservations to the Indian Territory. Let us see. There would be in round numbers 131,000 to thus settle. Taking into consideration all the probable cost of transportation—distance, some more and some less—the numbers of those very remote—the sum necessary to effect this colonization is not so great as to stand in the way of a wise provision for the Indian. When the Cherokees were moved from north Georgia to westward of the Mississippi River, in 1838, it cost $65,880 to every thousand persons; and at those figures 18,000 Cherokees were colonized in the South-west. That made an expenditure of $65.88 to the individual. It is remembered that so far back as forty-three years many dangers and troubles attend-

ed such an exodus. Nearly everywhere the country was new, for the most part sparsely settled; roads in precarious condition; broad rivers to cross; morasses and swamps to bridge and causeway; and, in fine, all the trouble incident to the movement of a large body of men, women, and children through a half-wilderness for many hundreds of miles. Taking into consideration the improved methods of transportation, and that transportation of a private character across the open country, necessary to be traversed to reach the Indian Territory from the reservations, is much easier and less laborious and expensive than would be such as taken by the Cherokees in 1838, and we may conclude that $100 per head would be sufficient to carry every one of the 131,000 Indians safely into the Indian Territory. This makes an aggregate of $13,100,000; a large sum, but insignificant in comparison with the advantages to be derived. Settled in a land where every inducement to civilizing and civilized pursuits are almost forced upon them, it is not too much to assume that from the first the cost of maintaining them would be decreased by their own labor and industry; until, as in the case of the Cherokees and Choctaws, it would ultimately cease entirely, or become only nominal. It is equally as certain, settled as they are on unproductive reservations, that the cost annually of supporting this 131,000 Indians will be equal, if not larger, than the cost of transporting them to the new home. And when we consider that this maintenance must go on as long as they remain on these reservations—for generations, if they still are kept there, that there will be no rebate of that annual charge upon the national treasury—a still greater consideration arises in the future of the Indian himself. We see no avenue that he can travel on the reservations that leads to a higher and self-sustaining existence; and it is folly to expect him, uneducated in the arts of life, to wring by his crude efforts a success where skillful labor could but fail. If the development of the Indian into civilized, industrious, self-sustaining citizenship be an element in the problem—a matter desirable to the Government—then the mere temporal cost of this transportation, with its incidents, should not deter action. The opening up for mining purposes of the reservations, with their millions of gold, silver, and coal; the destruction of the annoyances of petty reservations contending with advancing civilization; the saving of the immense sum spent in transporting supplies over long distances by trains; the peculations of Agents and contractors; the future development of the Indian into a self-reliant and competent factor in American industry;—all alike go to prove that this is perhaps the plainest and most advantageous of all proposed solutions of the vexed question, What will we do with the Indian?

James Wyatt Oates.

THE PADRE ROMO.

The year of our Lord 1789 puffed away its summer along the bay of Monterey in idle western breeze. The tiny cove of Salinas, even out to where the open ocean flecks the Pinos Point with foam, was smooth and peaceful; its swell shimmered lazily the white, reflected shadows of the adobe walls; the breeze was heavy with sweet odors wafted from the Mission gardens; and as the Padre Romo gazed thoughtfully across the low wall of the church inclosure, he saw the fragrant air from the distant pinery ruffle the golden lakes of grain to oft-succeeding waves.

The Padre, I have said, was looking musingly from the door-way of the cathedral. He may have been recalling the incidents of the half-year just passed; for, like the unregenerate of his flock, there were many to give

heed to. This six months, far more than preceding years, had been fraught with eventful interest. The weeks had come and gone with ever-changing variety of incident, busy with watchful cares. The novelty of Californian life, the instruction of his infant flock, the incarnation of Christian precepts in stolid pagan hearts, the smoothing of penitential death-beds, and the pleasing walks and the pleasanter talks with his friend, the Señor Ignacio Duarte, had been but the mile-stones of his industrious existence. There had been much to do, and the Padre had certainly done it. Patient exhortation and pious fervor had planted seeds which now returned a four-fold harvest to the church. Cut off by his vows from the ambitions of the world, the consciousness of these duties faithfully performed was to him more than social gains or honors; the pleasures, the passions and the attachments of the intense Spanish world around him had for him scarcely an enticement. In short, the circumstances of his life had led him to that comfortable feeling of gratified ambition which occasionally rewards the ascetic devotions of the religious enthusiast—that mellow self-satisfaction which follows consciousness of duty thoroughly performed.

The Padre stepped from the door-way, and moved toward the western angle of the building. An irregular vista of low, white houses —the dwellings of his pious charge—lay among the trees at his feet. As he glanced over the scene with a fatherly interest, and noted here and there the industry and activity displayed by his flock in the prosecution of their daily rounds of toil, his eyes lit with a gleam of pleasure, and his thoughts took on an audible expression:

"A fair day for thy fishing, Antonio; but thy prices will yet ruin thy soul! Whither ride you so fast, Bautiste? Oh, thou art reckless —reckless!"

He paused a moment to gaze at two near-approaching figures, and continued:

"And is it thus thou comest to the confessional, Doña Luisa? Thy father shall know of it."

A frown of virtuous indignation furrowed the forehead of the honest Padre. He turned abruptly, and re-entered the church; and for some moments stood repeating to himself:

"Thy father shall know —"

He stopped; for there was a light step in the bone-paved court-yard, a shadow in the door-way, a rustle of skirts on the threshold of the church, and the young girl entered. With the severe instinct of a Franciscan, the Padre, without a glance at the new-comer, felt a monitory rebuke rise on his tongue. But he remembered that with his present flock the simple exchange of civilities between the youth of his charge was looked upon as nothing worse, at farthest, than a mildly dangerous indiscretion. He therefore hesitated; and finally contented himself with frowning severely upon the intruder.

But the maiden's air, though coquettish, was decidedly innocent of guile. In person she was small, with a tolerably well-filled figure; perhaps a little too full in the waist, and possibly long in limb. She had a quantity of blue-black hair, a slightly sallow complexion, a straight nose, and a swaying, unstable bust that spoke an unfamiliarity with stays. But the whole expression of her face lay in her big, velvety eyes. And as study of these usually incapacitated the critic for farther judgment of her charms, the defects, if any, in the remainder of her features passed unnoticed.

Her name—as she informed the Padre, in half-drawled, musical Spanish, that made up in melody what it lacked in emphasis—was Luisa Duarte. Her father was the Comandante, the Señor Ignacio Duarte, whom the good Padre now blessed with his close and honored friendship. It was she who had just returned from the seclusion of a Spanish convent-school; and it was her father, who, in his preoccupation and in her ignorance of Californian ways, had sent her to implore the Padre's favor, and crave his future counsel and direction. Confession she did not now need, having been shortly since shriven by the chaplain of the ship in which she had taken passage. To-day, she desired merely the assurance of his friendship, and the promise of future advice. She knew the strictness

of the Franciscan monastic rules, and yet felt fully assured that in his searching watchfulness over her conduct she would find only the loving interest of a second father.

There was a slight trace of demureness in her tone as she glanced at the slender figure and pale, classic face of the Padre: and, in point of fact, I fear she was thinking that for all his forty-seven years the Padre was not yet utterly uncomely; and that, under other circumstances, she might have found him interesting otherwise than as a father.

The Padre considered. With the general rules to be urged for the spiritual guidance of his flock he was undoubtedly familiar. But he was not used to overlooking their private, daily conduct, and beyond the desultory admonitions he had occasionally given to Pepita, a ten-year old Indian convert of his household, there was no precedent to guide him in the exercise of parental authority. The necessity seemed urgent, and a sentiment of gratitude toward his friend, the Comandante, who had before hinted this desire, moved him to grant the request. In justice to the Padre, however, let me say that the compromising nature of the petitioner's age and sex carried no weight in fixing his decision. Such was his self-confidence, that without a disturbing thought he accorded to this young girl the same frank openness he would have shown toward the oldest and most wrinkled matron of his flock. He stipulated only that, where feasible, her father's judgment should first be consulted.

"And as for me, Señorita Luisa," he continued, "believe in the sincerity of my motives. My friendship and loving interest are yours, so long as it may please God and your noble father to honor me with the direction of your life": and with priestly courtesy, he stretched out his hands as if in a fatherly blessing.

Señorita Luisa Duarte grew more demure as she thought of the Padre's reputed sanctity, his ascetic life, and his carelessness of all temporal affairs. A wild plan of accepting in a different sense the Padre's proffer of affection, born of the thoughtless spirit of a school-girl who never lets pass an opportunity of conquest, for an instant passed through her mind; but the seasonable thought of the difficulty and comparative barrenness of the venture checked her. She contented herself with turning upon him, with a pretty assumption of innocence, the bewitching force of her velvety eyes—the force of habit is sometimes irresistible—and, after a few simple words of thanks and a low-bending, graceful courtesy, retired modestly from the church.

What passed between the Padre and his ward during the long months of intercourse that followed, it becomes me not, as a man unused to the guiles of women, to attempt to tell. I have said that the Señorita Luisa was flighty and coquettish, and under the influence of this close companionship with the pious Padre, she became still more romantic. And, think of conquering a man whose heart through forty-seven years had never yet been softened by the touch of woman! The Padre learned for the first time that there was æsthetic life outside the dogmas of the church; that there was pleasing warmth in the pressure of a seemingly unconscious hand; that there was a divine beauty in the soft, full curves of a well-developed, healthy female form, that was perhaps more highly-colored than was called for by the orthodox illuminations of the Franciscan code. And when the Doña turned her full attention to the matter, the Padre was fully at her mercy. She gradually made herself mistress of the details of his humdrum existence, the condition of his charge, the conversion of the Indians, the status of the Mission schools, the disbursements of seeds and stores, and, above all, his patriarchal cares and anxieties; and displayed therein a sympathy and interest which, to one who had no insight into her motive, appeared remarkable in contrast with the lightness and frivolity of most young women of her age.

It is stated that, at this period in the case, the Padre himself noticed that the Señorita Luisa required no small amount of attention; that her judgment seemed uniformly at fault and in need of direction; and that her requests were commonly preferred with a bashful timidity of tone and glance, and yet,

withal, a certain expectancy of manner, that was not always proportionate to the actual amount of service she required.

It is further alleged that under the beguiling influence of the Doña, and the anxiety to be winning even while severe, the Padre gained much in freedom of deportment, and behaved in a manner seemingly unseemly for a bachelor and Franciscan friar; falling into the occasional use of rather florid terms of endearment; and even indulging, to the danger of his decorum, in divers glances and caresses of an amorous complexion; confined, however, chiefly to such hand-pressings, chin-pattings, and other mild demonstrations, as might still retain a somewhat fatherly flavor. These allegations, however, being simply hearsay evidence, should be received with proper caution and allowance, and are offered here merely as being the points that in my ignorance seemed most salient in the case. That the Padre so far forgot himself in one of these interviews that the peal of the Angelus and its attendant call to prayers passed by him unobserved, has been denied.

Enough for the purposes of this tale, that finally the Padre found a time when his overcharged conscience pricked him into the certainty that the Donna Luisa had become to him much what she was to the score of secular gallants who sighed and languished daily for her favor. I do not think he arrived at this conviction suddenly, nor at any particular time. The sternness and vigor of his former discipline, the asceticism and previous sanctity of his life, the intensity of his self-assurance and his pride, all served to render this impossible. More probably it came upon him gradually.

But when the certainty was reached, the intercourse between the Doña and the Padre, though externally the same, became really of another character. The Padre's intellect at once marked out his future path. Strong in the firmness of a life-time of religious self-denial, he set his face resolutely toward a return to the orthodox straight and narrow path.

And I think perhaps he would have succeeded, had not an unexpected turn of affairs served to balk this scheme. I have said that the Doña Luisa entered upon the conquest of the Padre's heart through coquetry. The change in his demeanor had not escaped her notice, and it had brought home to her two convictions; that her own warfare had been successful, and that unconsciously during the conflict she had struck her own colors to the enemy. Herself troubled by no scruples, and urged by her inclination, she now became not a spectator only, but a leading actor in the Padre's interior world. But her influence was established with a subtility so perfect, that the Padre, though he had continually a vague perception of its presence and dread of its increase, could never bring himself to feel the necessity of entirely casting it off. True, he sometimes came to look doubtfully, fearfully—even at times with terror, and the bitterness of dread—on the moral and physical beguilements of the Doña. But avoid her as he might, her form, her gestures, her tones of voice, the glances of her dark eyes, her smallest and most indifferent acts—nay, even the careless habit of her dress—haunted him, and rose continually in his most secret thoughts; a reliable evidence of a deeper feeling in the bosom of the Padre than he was willing to admit.

But as these mental reviews failed to sustain any well-defined reason for such presentiments of fear, the Padre generally ended by taking himself to task for them as being merely outgrowths of the germ of evil he was conscious of in his own heart. And so, disregarding the lessons he should have drawn, and reconciling his duty to his inclination, he would return to his habits of familiarity with the Doña; thus giving her constant opportunities for carrying out the purpose to which—passionate creature that she was—she had devoted herself.

But whatever might be the Padre's inner defection, it did not detract from his rigid outward attendance to the duties of his sacred office. On the contrary, it served to render him more popular and successful. This was no doubt due to the prick and anguish of his daily life. The sense of guilt and sin

that rankled in his breast had thrust him down from the old hights of his sanctity, and left him apparently on the moral level of the lowest of his kind. For the first time in his life the Padre felt that there was a common bond of sympathy between him and the sinful brotherhood of mankind; perceived that his heart beat in unison with theirs; found that their pain and anguish might be his; and, forgetting the easy walks and nasal dronings of his former invocations, spoke forth in tones so commanding, so severe, yet withal so urgent and convincing, that his hearers could not but be stirred and frightened, even while they failed to recognize the power that moved them.

Yet the change in the Padre had hardly excited their surprise. They had before regarded him as well-nigh a miracle of holiness, and this quickening was accepted as one of those rare instances of spiritual award that Heaven sometimes vouchsafes to a holy saint in life. That the pious Padre should be the recipient of such heavenly grace and favor seemed peculiarly fit and proper. The strong men of his flock revered and blessed him for his loving aid, and good example. And many a virgin, other than the Doña Luisa, trembling under his eloquence, or flushed beneath his penance, fostered a tender passion in her timid heart; and—innocently sure that it was wholly religious in its conception—poured it out, freely and lavishly, like incense on his head.

The Padre himself was silent in the matter. He could not tell a falsehood—he feared to tell the truth. And then, if the worthy people of the Mission could draw increased holiness and consolation from his weakness, was it right or politic for him to undeceive them? For the first time in his life the Padre condescended to hypocrisy—for the first time he tripped upon the rock which has been the stumbling-block of so many well-meaning but easy-going Christians—dissimulation.

Thus passed the summer of 1790. With the breaking-up of the dry season, and the approach of the winter rains, the dusty hills that shut in the low white walls of the Mission lost their leathery hue, and came more and more to resemble in color the rusty cassock of the Padre. And the weather itself seemed to have patterned after his hypocrisy. The sunshine mingled with and was as fickle as the rain; the wind blew cold and raw, in fitful, unexpected gusts; and the frost, much prayed against and dreaded, dealt havoc to the vines. The sky was gray and cheerless as the Padre's inner life. Qualms of conscience, stings of disappointment, and turns of policy, still moved his heart: he only set his face the more rigidly, grew in the vivid sternness of his exhortations, and came more often to avoid the Doña.

One of these days found the Padre standing, at the hour of evening, alone in the doorway of the cathedral. He no longer found pleasure in companionship and walks with his friend, the Comandante, but continually shrank away to some solitary spot, where he spent the hours in moody meditation.

The sunlight played upon the dingy steps and door-way, but left the thin, stooped figure of the Padre in shadow. Standing thus, he felt a light touch fall upon his arm, and turning, recognized the figure of the Doña at his side.

"Ah, little one!" said the Padre, with something of unconscious tenderness, lowering his voice in the tones of endearment—"Dear one, what dost thou here? Hast thou not yet learned to be afraid of his direction of whom all men speak as severe?"

"No," said the maiden earnestly, "not for myself. I hear your voice, kind and gentle as it hath ever been; I feel your touch, caressing as of old; but yet you seem to avoid me, and I no longer see you smile. That only I fear. And tell me, oh Padre!—oh my father!" said the girl, clasping her hands upon his arm—"in what is it that I have brought to you such sorrow?"

The Padre gathered himself quickly, like a man taken in a mood he is reluctant to confess. Then recovering himself, he took the Doña's hands gravely between his own, and drew her within the shadow of the doorway.

"Little one," he said—he spoke faintly at

first; then louder, but hoarsely—"Little one, should I tell thee, thou wouldst not understand it. Have I not told thee, as others, that I am not what they make me! It is the thought of my own sinfulness that burdens me."

"But why should that burden make thee vexed with me?" said the girl, sorrowfully.

The Padre hesitated. For a long time it had been on his mind to own the truth of the matter to the Doña, and her words here offered him the very point of circumstances in which to interpose the confession. His grasp upon her fingers tightened painfully. He drew in a long, deep, tremulous breath, and when he breathed it forth again it came laden with the uneasy secret of his heart.

"Because, oh littlest of all, I love thee."

I have no words in which to describe the conventional explanations and more unconventional tendernesses that followed. Suffice it to say that the Doña remained mistress of the situation. Among the many virtues of this admirable young woman was a steady self-possession. She was too much a woman not to immediately understand her victory; and she was too clever to imperil a single inch of her present vantage-ground by any unreflecting act. Yet I would not have the reader think that during this tender interview she was unmoved. Her hands trembled discreetly in the Padre's; her head nestled occasionally, at proper intervals, upon his shoulder; and for a moment—yes, fully a moment—her lovely eyes flooded up with tears as she spoke of the pain her foolishness had caused him. But then it must be remembered that the Doña's own heart was interested in the issue. She took it upon herself to suggest the plans of action necessary to the successful culmination of their desires—something the Padre's confusion and remorse unfitted him to do; combated, with wise tact and soothing assurance, his religious scruples and his dejection; and only rested when he had committed himself to assurances of eternal constancy, and the promise of flight as soon as opportunity should offer.

It was near a month before, in the chance presence of a trading-vessel in the harbor, this opportunity came. And it was the necessity of making final arrangements with the Doña that took the Padre through the straggling town, up the hill, and within the gateway of the whitewashed adobe wall that marked the outer court of the establishment of the Comandante.

A few hurried words in the corridor served to complete his business with the Doña, and the Padre turned to greet the Señor Duarte, who, recognizing his voice, advanced with well-bred courtesy to receive him. The Comandante's greeting was warm and hearty; the Padre's somewhat constrained. But at the Comandante's earnest request he accompanied him into a long, low-ceiled apartment, whose church-like semblance found corroboration in the faint odor of tobacco-smoke that pervaded it like incense.

"I would speak to thee of my daughter, Padre Romo," said the Comandante, abruptly, as he drew up a settle for his friend and seated himself beside him. "There is change in her, and I think for the worse. I fear that she hath lost the purity and innocence she had a year ago. It is a somewhat hard thought, though, for a father," he continued, with a bitter smile. But thou canst help me in this, Padre, canst thou not?" and he leaned forward, and, resting his hand heavily on his shoulder, looked wistfully into the Padre's unresponsive eyes. "I should have come to thee before with this," he continued, "but for the dread of waking idle curiosity. Yet why should I fear the publicity of that which to-day breeds common talk! Nay, do not go, Padre. I have more to tell thee."

The Padre settled himself again uneasily in his chair. The Comandante rose, paced the floor nervously, and continued:

"If it were not my daughter—my only one—there would be no care. It is the love for her, and seeing her day after day grow away from me, with no one to prevent, that makes anxiety. But thou hast counseled her, and thou canst help me, Padre—thou canst help me!"

In his excitement he crossed the room, and again laid his hand upon the Padre's shoulder. He would have kept it there, but the

latter shook it off by a careless motion, and asked, hoarsely:

"And how long hast thou felt this to be true?"

"From the hour she came here; from the day she came from Spain. There was wrong there, Padre, for I left her to herself. It is now, too, I am wrong; but I knew not then how dear to me she was. And she hath not been the same child since. But there is more, Padre—and in this most of all I need thy sympathy and help. I care not that she no longer shows obedience and affection, nor if she listen to the vows of every gallant in the Mission, for it may be that my carelessness hath made a forfeit of my privilege; and though my daughter bend an ear to flattery, she hath a pride that will defend her honor. But for all that—hast thou not noticed it?—I fear—I fear that she hath given her heart away to some one. Do not move, Padre, I can see thee here."

The Padre's pale face grew paler, but he faced the Comandante, and listened in a sort of desperation as he wandered on.

"It is now a half-year that I have thought her wrong and absent in her mind, and dreamy; and of late she hath again been timidly affectionate, and is sorrowful in regarding me; and for a month past she hath had sudden starts and nervous looks, like one expecting tidings; and to-day I came upon her gathering up her clothes, as if for a sudden journey. It is this last that hath made me sad. I could have borne the rest. But that she should think to steal away —"

He turned away toward the window, and for a period the huskiness of his breathing alone broke the silence. The Padre rose, and pouring a glass of wine, drank it off quickly. The sun had gone down, and its light had almost deserted the room, and even the figure of the Comandante at the window was in shadow.

"Canst thou give me no counsel, Padre?" said the voice from the quiet.

The answer came slowly and hesitatingly from the spot by the table:

"If thou couldst learn the intention —"

"How could that do good?"

"Thou couldst prevent it."

"But would that better her?"

The Padre did not answer, but passed from the table to the door-way.

"Do not go, Padre. Bear with me a little. There is comfort even in telling thee this my trouble."

He crossed the room as he spoke, and stood beside his friend.

The Padre hesitated, but finally passed on into the corridor, and so out of the house. The Comandante followed. The coolness of the evening was grateful after the closeness of the interior, and the fresh breeze stung up the color in the Padre's sallow cheeks.

The Comandante leaned silently against the gate-post. The peaceful calmness of the night and the sympathetic influence of the Padre's presence wrought their perfect work upon him, and he grew calm. Before them the little hamlet lay resting peacefully, its white walls gleaming in the moonlight. In the quiet they could hear the water rippling on the beach, and the rustle of the pines beyond the town. And the Padre, looking across the bay, saw the beacon-lights from the Yankee trader glisten and flicker in the wind.

The air grew calm, and the Comandante was still silent. The Padre recovered himself, and again moved as if for departure. His friend turned at the movement, and anticipated him.

"Art thou going, Padre?"

"Yes."

"Canst thou not stay? I have been dreaming, Padre—of the future. Dost thou know what I would wish concerning thee? That thou wert not a churchman. I would give thee my daughter, Padre, and then the trouble would be gone."

The Padre quietly shrugged his shoulders, and turning to his friend, grasped him by both his hands.

"*Amigo mio*," he said, looking him steadily in the eyes, "it is but a moment longer I am with thee. Since thou hast asked it, this is my advice: Send thy daughter to the mother Spain, to friends, to any place but here.

This is no country for a motherless girl. Tell her it is thy will; command her if she refuse. Sorrow not that thou wert careless and she unfilial. Be a father—and deal with her as a daughter. Keep up thy courage. Farewell."

He snatched his hands from the Comandante's, and hurried away like the wind. At the foot of the hill he stumbled blindly against a passing figure, with what, if the astonished woman had not recognized the Padre, would have sounded strangely like an oath. A moment later, to her bewildered eyes, he was but a dark shadow in the winding road, that trailed out bright and silvery in the moonlight till it seemed a pathway to the stars.

But in the morning the worshipers at early mass found a pathos tender as sorrow in the Padre's chanted prayers. They who were innocent and young bent reverently to dream of hope and love and life. And desperate souls, and hard, callous hearts, already brushed of their first bloom of innocence, forgot their sinfulness and cares, and felt a glow of youth, in listening to the penitent supplications of this saintly sinner, pleading for them with God.

WARREN CHENEY.

UNREST.

The sun shines over the morning hills,
And gems the snow on the sleeping rills—
The day is glad;
But the sun goes up and the sun goes down,
And a cloud hangs low o'er the dismal town:
My heart is sad.

A laugh comes up from the giddy street,
I hear the din of a myriad feet—
There is no rest;
But the march and mirth have a hollow sound,
For the world is waiting the marbled mound
To still each breast.

A step falls near on my chamber floor,
A face looks in at my lonely door,
A hand I hold:
Ah! the step is void of the olden thrill,
The face has only a wintry chill,
The hand is cold.

I've waited well, and I've waited long,
To catch a footfall amid the throng—
I only wait;
And the eyes I meet have a vacant gleam,
And the eyes I seek are a haunting dream:
This is my fate.

An ocean ever a surging deep,
A sea that never is rocked to sleep,
An endless sigh,
An autumn breath on the blush of spring,
A song that saddens the lips that sing—
No more am I.

Yet I can wait, on this lone, wild sea,
A sail that may never come back to me
Until we stand,
Her feet and mine on the distant pier,
Forever one and forever near—
Love, hand in hand.

WILDER MACK WOOSTER.

THE HILLS OF SAN BERNARDINO.

There is indeed "a pleasure in the pathless woods"; but Byron never felt it. Neither did Wordsworth, Thoreau, nor any one else who has never spent a year or two in the lowlands of southern California. And many a one spends the best years of his life in those lowlands without realizing—nay, often without suspecting—that the hills that loom with an air so drearily barren through the dreamy haze of the eastern horizon, are full of shades as deep and solemn, of vales as fair, of springs as cool, of brooks as rushing, of woods as pleasant, as ever lapped a weary soul in the elysium of restful peace. And of all these hills, none surpass in grandeur and simplicity, in variety and intensity, the great mountains of San Bernardino County.

Visible from nearly every point south of the Sierra is a high ridge in the eastern sky; in winter like a floating fleece, in summer like a high dome of reddish sand on the shore of the blue sea above. The world can show many a mountain higher than this one; but the world can show few, and America can show no other, that, like this, towers away two miles above the country all around its feet. Nearly all the high mountains of the world rise from a country already elevated thousands of feet. But from a country of plains nearly level with the sea, Grayback—or, as it is known to the U. S. Survey, Grizzly Peak—soars heavenward nearly 12,000 feet, bearing with it a mass of forest-clad and stream-embroidered shoulders and foot-hills that leave far behind them the most imposing mountains of the Atlantic States. On the southern face of this mountain, Mill Creek, at the bottom of a great cañon over a mile deep, whirls its swift current around snowy bowlders, and sleeps in pools of grey granite. On the other face the Santa Ana River, in a valley thousands of feet deep, marches seaward through a long, winding line of bright green alders.

For beauty clear-cut and sparkling with primeval freshness, for grandeur of surroundings, for purity and coldness of its waters, Mill Creek is hard to excel. It also contains trout enough to satisfy any one not gifted with the spirit of butchery or brag. But the greatest variety of scenery, the finest woods, the best fishing, and the most game, are on the Santa Ana.

The Santa Ana can now be reached only by bridle-trail from Mill Creek; the mouth of its cañon, where it leaves the mountains, being impassably choked with a huddled mass of immense bowlders, the work of the great flood of 1862. Up Mill Creek, for

several miles into the heart of the mountains, runs a tolerable wagon-road to the place of Mr. Peter Forcee, where one can have good camping, get plenty of fruit and vegetables in season, and find a good and reliable guide if he fancies he needs one. From here, winding up cañons where the deep shades of immense alders shut out the glare from the hills above; where the music of rushing brooks keeps time to the sigh of the breeze through gigantic pines, and along ridges from which the eye wanders over peak upon peak arising in the distance on every hand; over the mountain's back, through a tall forest of somber pine, cedar, silver spruce, and mountain oak —the trail runs some ten miles long, and rising some four thousand feet, till it plunges down the pine-bristling hights of the Santa Ana. From the first crossing of the river to the place of L. S. Jenks—where the heaviest timber begins, and the ravages of that pest of California beauty, the sheep, begin to cease—it is about four or five miles. From here on one may find good fishing, in Jenks's Lake, if nowhere else; and though the shooting cannot be highly praised in any part of these mountains, a good and patient hunter can still do well.

But aside from all questions of fishing or hunting, these mountains well reward the tourist's toil. If there be any spot where one can lie down and dream away existence in perfect content—if there be any cure for insomnia, any relief for overworked brains, any place of refuge when fortune and friends have fled thy house—it is here, where time and trouble are annihilated, and a blissful indifference sinks softly into the soul.

The first important feature that strikes one here is, that these mountains are timbered just heavily enough for beauty, and not heavily enough to conceal any charms or curiosities of formation, to make it laborious to thread them, or to put the inexperienced rover in any danger of lying out overnight. Nearly every gulch, ridge, slide, rock, and crag is still plainly visible. Wherever a cloud-burst has dashed its swift way down the mountain-side, or a part of the mountain-side itself has given way under the weight of soaking water and snow, and parted from its anchorage of ages, the great gleaming scar is still plainly seen. Hence, when we climb the lofty ridge that forms the shoulder of Grayback, known as Mount San Bernardino, and look down into the valley that a mile beneath lies spread like a garden, we see a combination of features rarely or never found elsewhere. We see great washes where the torrents of former years have heaped the glistening gray bowlders in a wild huddle of confusion, and down their center long winding ranks of bright-green alders locking arms over some bright, rushing stream. Great rifts yawn along the mountain walls, white or gray at the bottom and sides; great stretches of shingle lie bare and bleak along the upper slopes; little *cienagas*, or meadows, shine brightly green here and there; little *potreros*, or fertile basins, lie scattered around like gardens hung in air, so soft and transparent is the scene in this clear air; little valleys of all shapes crawl everywhere among a profusion of benches and *mesas;* great cañons wind in every direction into the huge walls on both sides of the valley, divided by vast ridges that sweep and curl in all directions; while here, there, and everywhere, all around the valley, shoulder jostles against shoulder, and point rises upon point, crowned with looming turrets of sandstone or granite, with pyramid mounting upon pyramid, and head upon head, till the whole vast bulk carries the soul heavenward along with it.

Nearly all this is covered with a veil of misty green, that obscures its beauty just enough to highten it. The lower benches are covered in some places only with *chaparral;* but with a few hundred feet of elevation the pine begins to nod upon the scene; the silver spruce rears its bright, glistening green; the great cedar, with its flat leaves of yellowish green, and long, shaggy-barked body, towers aloft; black oak, white oak, mountain live-oak, and other hard woods, fill up the gaps; and higher up the fir begins to elbow the rest aside. The pine springs luxuriant from the white sand of the washes that furrow the mountain's breast, and stands

massed in thick, dark ranks in the chasms of the great breaks and slides. There are few piles of rocky sterility that afford no foothold for the spruce; few castellated crags above on whose ramparts the fir has not planted its victorious standard. And all down the slopes, over all the benches and plateaus above a certain altitude, stretches the timber almost unbroken. And yet here and there through it all we see golden spots where the ripened foxtail sleeps among the pine-needles; reaches of brown where the alfileria lies thick and dry along the ground; little meadows, darkly verdant, and little gardens of yellowish-green ferns; and here and there the winding line of alders above some water-course.

These, too, are genuine woods, and not a scattering of trees relieving a general barrenness. Whether you wander along some bench or plateau, thread some cañon, climb some long ridge, or wind along steep hillsides, there is ever present an overpowering sense of woods, vast, complete and refreshing. All around you is that soft aroma, which, if all other senses were closed, would instantly tell you where you were; and that soft sighing of the wind among the pines, like the low hiss of distant brooks, that speaks your whereabouts in still louder tones. Here are beds of pine-needles or fern, upon which you may lay your lazy limbs in the cool breeze, and let a blissful "don't-care-a-cent" feeling steal over you. All around you stand aged monarchs of the forest; some in all the pride of manhood, others tottering to their fall, others slowly sliding into decay; others, charred and preserved by fire, still standing as tombstones of themselves, like one who has outlived a fair record of years, and stands in old age charred and blackened with evil deeds.

These woods are more open beneath than one would suppose; a pleasant feature for the wanderer in their halls. There are few places where the eye cannot reach full three hundred yards over a carpet of pine-needles, alfileria, or ferns, down long vistas of heavily corrugated trunks, and under arcades of dark-green leaves.

Yet one must not suppose that the flora of this region is limited to trees. There is, indeed, no such thing as profusion, either of shrubs, undershrubs, or herbs, except along the creeks. But there is variety enough to prevent any sense of monotony or barrenness. The manzanita reaches out its arms more red and rugged than in the lowlands, and full-hung with its bright green fruit—so large, plump, and tempting to the eye, that one is almost disposed to try it again. Here, too, is the lilac, dressed in the whitest of all shades of green, with some of its lavender-pink flowers still in bloom. The mountain-elder begins to show, at long intervals, its snowy stalk; high along the upper slopes a kind of chincapin forms a dense mat of low shrubbery, on which one can almost walk; the wild gooseberry—hairy, prickly, and disappointing—nearly locks arms with the wild currant, equally fraudulent in its fair promises. Here, too, we find, occasionally, the wild raspberry, and the blackberry—fair enough to the eye at all events; and in and around the little *cienagas*, where rivulets of icy water trickle through tufted beds of long green grass, grows, in luxuriance, a kind of mountain willow. Nearly all the kinds of bushes that characterize the *chaparral* of southern California are lightly scattered over the open places, and many more, in more or less modified or exaggerated types, stand among the heavy timber.

The wealth of flowers is not oppressive; though, considering the nature and dryness of the soil, it is perhaps greater than we have a right to expect. The bright crimson snow-plant appears occasionally among the dark trunks, catching the eye from afar like a red star at night. The scarlet fluting of the nodding columbine is seen in nearly all damp places, and occasionally in very dry ones; while the cardinal-flower outshines it in the former, and the painted-cup tries hard to rival it in the latter. The wild-rose unfolds its delicate pink along the creek bottoms, perhaps with the sweet-briar standing in fond fellowship beside it; the soft lavender tulip sways proudly upon its tall stalk; the *yerba santa*, above its dark-varnished green leaves,

rears its showers of white; the lupin, still in bloom, and running through all the shades from lavender to crimson, rears its tall spires here and there; the *penstemon* seems almost musical with its gay blue-mouthed trumpets of pink; the larkspur yet lingers with its dark indigo-hooded flower; the scarlet *mimulus* and its golden brothers laugh at us with their flaring lips; the false honeysuckle occasionally reaches out across your path its long stem, full-hung with crimson trumpets; the morning-glory's white bells shine among its vines of trailing green: away up the mountain-side is a flower like it, but with leaves like those of the grape-vine; and along with this we find a delicate little creeper with an orange flower, another with little bells of white and pink; and here we soon become lost in a maze of others, unknown to our lowland eyes.

And is there no other life but vegetable life in these great hills? Yes. From almost the highest point to the lowest valley there is company of some sort along your path. We have left far behind us the mellow flute of the valley quail, but his double-plumed and gay cousin of the mountain well supplies his place. From the lowest valley to the loftiest point where vegetation grows, you often see his mottled waistcoat of white and cinnamon, his bluish coat, and long nodding plumes; may hear the gentle patter of his little feet on the pine-needles as he steals softly away, and hear his ordinary *quit-quit-quit-quit-queeah* changed into a dismally-anxious *queeeee-awwk*, as he leads the little brood from danger. Gone is the liquid note of the lark; but from here and there rolls through the wood the *woo-ooo-woo-woo* of the dove; and oft you see him sitting, mild-eyed and melancholy, on some dead limb, or see him with whistling wing dart like an arrow through the openings. No mocking-bird, with his cheery tones, awakes the dreamer in these shades; but the oriole is full of song, though his *repertoire* is brief. Here is a tiny woodpecker, no bigger than a wren, with brownish coat, and breast of yellowish gray, flitting from tree to tree, and skipping up and down the great, shaggy pine trunks as nimbly as a squirrel. Here are others yet larger, in mottled jackets of white and gray, with red top-knots; plenty of the red-headed, white and black dandies, keeping up a steady squealing and drumming, and an unmerciful amount of *qu-qu-qu-qu-qu-qu*-ing; while the golden-winged woodpecker, or high-holder, adds to the general racket his clear-voiced *cla-cla-cla-cla-cla.* The robin occasionally adds his carol—a feeble echo of the cheery spring song of the old friend of our Eastern days—yet a robin song, nevertheless. Once in a while a starling twitters out a faint reminder of other days; and there's never a lull in the general din that is not well-filled with the everlasting, grating *waak-waak-waak-waak* of the mountain blue-jay—a gaudy scamp, resplendent with indigo finery, top-knot, and sky-blue tail, and a bigger rascal—if possible—than his lowland brother.

The animals are in less variety and quantity than the birds. There is about a square mile of up and down hill to each deer; extra good measure being given to all customers. Gray squirrels trail their long, bushy tails here and there over the carpet of pine-needles, or whisk them up the shaggy bark of some tall pine as you approach. Here, there, and everywhere the little chipmunk — a mere electric spark of life—flashes for an instant on the sight. His clumsy bob-tailed brother occasionally shows himself; and up to an altitude of about 5,000 feet we still occasionally meet the everlasting ground-squirrel of the lowlands. And these practically close the list. There are no bears nor panthers, except upon such rare occasions that they may be thrown out of consideration.

Sweep him out! Mere rubbish in Nature's tabernacle is the man who cannot enjoy these scenes without either rod or gun. Yet we must confess that the waters and their flashing tenants are to the lowlander the best part of everything here. He can stand on his heated plains and gaze on lofty-enough mountains; he can any day satiate his eyes on rock and cliff and crag; he can soon find heavy enough shade in the beautiful oak-filled cañons or *montes* of the lower hills and *mesas.* But it is only in mountains like these,

far away from the flat and warm stuff of the lowlands, that he can refresh his soul with a drink that recalls the old oaken bucket, and can see the flash of a fish bright enough to illumine those pictures of happy by-gone days by the rushing stream that have long hung dim and dusty in the dark rotunda of memory. Scarcely any one is of soul so dull as not to be overpowered by the mere change of scene alone. To sit in the deep shade beneath the interlaced arms of the great alders and willows that line the brook in double and triple ranks of dark, dense green; to see the swift volume of icy crystal come shattered and sprawling in white flakes over some flat rock; to see it driven on by momentum, climbing some heavy bowlder and sliding in a thin sheet over its top; to see it spouting in sparkling jets through lodged masses of drift-wood; to see it gather itself, all in one column of green, for a charge on a barricade of rocks, and dash through them tattered and torn into a dozen streams of foam; to see it rush against some backward-leaning rock, whirl up with a backward leap, and turn a somersault into a bed of froth; or in some quiet pool to see it sleeping by the water-line of dank moss along the granite rock over which the columbine hangs its brilliant head; —this, this alone, repays the long trip into these mountains. And how much this pleasure is hightened when your line and bait join in the gay gallopade of the waters sparkling down the rapids, in the waltz around some central whirlpool, spin a moment through the boiling foam below some plunging sheet, or skip along the surface of some place where the waters gather for a roaring leap into some basin below! For this is the home of the silver trout—a bright, shining beauty, pure as a beam of light shot from an iceberg. There are other fish whose fiery energy and brilliant dash strike our admiration more; but none that win the heart quicker than these delicate little gems of silver and opal—as fair a coinage as nature turns from her mint. They are found in all the streams in these mountains, in numbers that will quickly repay the angler's toil; though, simple-minded as they are, they possess some of the knack natural to their race, of disappointing the bungler and blockhead.

Nearly nine-tenths of those who have hitherto visited these hills have gone away with benighted souls. For, however he may fancy himself pleased with the scenes below, he who has not ascended Grayback is like a savage who listens to the tuning-up of an orchestra, and goes off pleased—thinking he has heard the concert. Until within a very short time a strangely stupid idea has prevailed, that this mountain was nearly inaccessible, and vague notions of its terrors still haunt the minds of those who have had full opportunity to know better. There is probably no mountain of its size so easy to climb. From base to top one never needs to use one's hands in climbing. There are no precipices, no windfalls, no little brush, no dangerous masses of sliding shingle or slippery rock; there is nothing but a steady, even grade, at the maximum of not over two thousand feet to the mile. Every one familiar with mountain horses knows what this means. Two years ago, after an ascent on foot, I declared that a horse could be ridden to the very summit. And since that time a lady has actually ridden one there. Once there, one looks down two miles upon a breadth and variety of scenery probably such as no other mountain in the world can show. From the high outposts of the Sierra in the north to the ragged mountains of Mexico in the south, and from the blue-looming hills of Arizona in the east to the islands of the Pacific—dim dots on a silver line—the eye sweeps a circle of over three hundred miles in diameter. Great glaring tracts of desolation, larger than some Eastern States; bright green valleys, where the wondrous power of water has made Beauty burst from the sleep of ages; great bodies of pine, looking almost black with intensity of greenness; golden stubble and hay covered plains; bright-yellow slopes, where the live-oaks stand like apple-orchards above the ripened wild-oats or foxtail; long, wavy lines of green, where water-courses thread the sun-baked plains; great cañons, filled with the everlast-

ing shade of live-oaks that were pioneers of the land before Columbus was born; green little *potreros* that lie like lakes in a girdle of hills; vast reaches of tumbling hills, darkly blue with *chaparral* and distance; great fir-plumed mountains, that look as if born to command; others standing grim and gray, like old warriors that have breasted a thousand storms, but given way at last;—all these, in a thousand varieties of detail, lie far below the gazer, swooning in that vast, oppressive solitude that broods over this southern land.

T. S. Van Dyke.

IN THE CAÑON.

Here, on this sun-touched sward awhile to rest;
By soft wind-fingers tenderly caressed,
From aching temples soothing grief and pain,
Sweet Mother Nature! once, yet once again
Cometh thy child to thee! Thy kindly ways
Might bless existence with unshadowed days,
But that the world with false and feverish touch
Claimeth allegiance from us overmuch.
'Twere happiness beyond its gift, to lie
In summer hours beneath the tranquil sky;
Sentinel grasses waving—elfin spears,
Now tipped with light, now dark as human fears;
O'erhead, the swaying foliage of the trees,
White wealth of laurel-bloom—blue, distant seas—
The changeful loveliness of light and shade
Sun-smiled, and shadow-frowned upon the glade.

Let the crowd strive, dear friend: our world is here,
Far from its haunts, in this glad atmosphere;
Leave we awhile life's heritage of care,
And gain new strength that heritage to bear.
It may be hard to bear; we yearn for heaven,
And though unworthy all, are yet forgiven—
If to hate evil, and to seek for good
Be—well, God never hath misunderstood.
He is all-gracious. Wistful souls have missed
The apex of the hills of amethyst;
His love waits still. Gaze those far hills around
And yet beyond; still doth that love abound.
If, not demanding what our pleasure is,
His care hath framed a world so fair as this,
Whereto birth brings us—past Death's shadowy veil,
Is His transcendent love at once to fail?

Isabel A. Saxon.

DON CARLOS.—I.

The principal misfortunes which have befallen Spain during the last fifty years may be traced to the reign of Ferdinand VII. This monarch, without a fixed system of government, the sad sport of a weakness and a vacillation that have become hereditary among the Spaniards, followed unresistingly the course of events, satisfied with correcting an evil without ever thinking of preventing its recurrence.

Ferdinand, when Prince of Asturias, refused to marry the sister-in-law of Godoy, the favorite minister of Charles IV., who had been raised from the humblest walks of life to become the dispenser of state favors, and the most opulent subject of the King. The refusal of the Prince to marry into the family of the Prime Minister suddenly altered the daily scene about the court. From being the subject of the most magnificent eulogiums, and being praised as the most noble, wise, learned, and valiant prince Spain had ever beheld, Ferdinand came to be looked upon by Charles as willful and disobedient, and by the advisers of the King with all the malice that deadly hatred could inspire. The court were by the ears, as if a golden apple had been thrown amongst them. The young damsel herself, who had aspired to be the object of Ferdinand's affections, also changed; her love for him was turned to hatred, and her ambition had so tyrannized over her mind that her usual cheerfulness and mirth were changed to the deepest melancholy. In this emergency Ferdinand committed an error that resulted in great evil to his country. To secure himself from the vengeance of Godoy, the Prince wrote to Napoleon for protection, and at the same time sent a letter to his father, asking permission to participate in the government of the kingdom. The King and Queen were enraged at the supposed treasonable conduct of their son, and by order of the Queen he was arrested and placed in confinement; while King Charles took the disastrous step of addressing a letter to Napoleon in relation to the conduct of the Prince. Ferdinand was soon released from imprisonment, but Napoleon, taking advantage of his position as umpire between father and son, invaded Spanish territory with large bodies of French troops. The Spanish provinces generally espoused the cause of the Prince, and Godoy was obliged to fly from the country to escape the indignation of the people. Charles abdicated in favor of Ferdinand, but immediately thereafter sent secretly a protest to Napoleon against his own act, and this was subsequently made a pretext by the Emperor for his schemes of conquest in Spain. Ferdinand VII. made a triumphal entry into Madrid, and commenced his reign apparently under very favorable auspices. But Ferdinand was induced to visit France to consult with Napoleon about Spanish affairs; Charles accepted a like invitation, and both fell into the snare of Napoleon, who made captives of his guests, and insolently denied the right of Ferdinand to the throne. The crown of Spain was thereupon laid at the feet of the Emperor, who transferred it to the head of his brother Joseph.

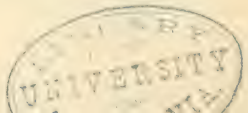
The events of 1814 restored Ferdinand to the throne, but he had no taste for public affairs; incompetent ministers were appointed to office, whose acts were directed by degraded parasites around the throne. There was no established policy of government, and everything seemed left to chance, the sovereign himself often giving up his days to idleness and pleasure.

Ferdinand was educated in the school of regal absolutism, a system not correctly understood by most writers of the last fifty years. This system had its roots in the Reformation of the sixteenth century, and in France received, unfortunately, such strength

and consistence from the policy of Cardinal Richelieu and of Louis XIV., that it became, in the course of the eighteenth century, the fashionable kind of government in most European countries. This was the case in Portugal, where, if I except the sixty years of foreign domination, the Constitution of the Three Estates flourished from the origin of the monarchy down to the beginning of the age in question. This was the case in Austria, too, where in the course of that century the provincial Diets were gradually set aside. Of the despotism of Prussia it is needless to speak; Germany is even at this day little better than a military camp. In looking to the causes of that leaning to absolutism which marked the eighteenth century, I find them in that spirit of moral and intellectual effeminacy that pervaded that age, as well as in the spirit of extreme jealousy of clerical and aristocratic influences that characterized the policy of Louis XIV., and of sovereigns that afterward took him as their model. This political system, by estranging the nobility from public life, by denying to the middle classes a legitimate scope for their activity, and by bereaving the state of the salutary influence of the clergy, facilitated the progress of irreligion in Europe. This system of irreligion, which had sprung from the Deism of the seventeenth century, made France, in the following age, the chief seat of its operations; till, growing every year more powerful and aggressive, it produced that frightful revolution, which, after convulsing all France, extended its ravages to other lands.

After Ferdinand had been restored to his ancestral throne by the heroic effort of the Spanish people and the victories of the allied forces, he issued an ordinance dissolving the revolutionary Cortes of Cadiz, and promising to convoke the Cortes of the Three Estates. Ferdinand committed a great error in not having fulfilled his pledge for the convocation of the legitimate Cortes, and made another mistake in having pursued a policy vacillating between extreme rigor and extreme weakness toward the revolutionary party. These errors of judgment, and the King's indifference to state affairs, led to numerous conspiracies to overthrow the government, some of which were quenched in blood. The *camarilla* acquired great influence over the King, and this produced dissatisfaction throughout the provinces, whose interests were sacrificed for the benefit of court favorites. Disorganization followed, and bands of *banditti* swarmed over the country, setting magistrates at defiance, and committing all kinds of atrocities. In the short period of six years there were twenty-five changes in the ministry; and to remonstrate with the King would have resulted in being thrown into prison or sent into exile. The press was silenced by suppression, or bribed into the service of the court; and the greatest venality prevailed near the throne. Freemasonry and some other secret societies were abolished, and effectually kept in check; but a far more dangerous association was secretly formed by the Communists, to overthrow the government. They held meetings in the principal towns, and kept up an active correspondence with lodges in other countries. Through these corresponding societies France and Italy sought to make Spain the field on which to fight their battles, and the memories of the dead *Communeros* were not invoked in vain, for the worst sentiments of the French Revolution became the watchwords of the revolutionary doctrine in Spain.

The Communists had their clubs and secret societies in the principal cities of Europe long before their operations were extended to the south of the Pyrenees. These organizations not only plotted the destruction of all monarchies, but the establishment of a democratic republic, based upon an equal division or community of property, with all the visionary and wicked projects of pure socialism. The most fearful oaths were taken by the members, binding themselves to obey all the orders of their chiefs, and to sacrifice their lives, if necessary, to carry out their plans. The communistic oath, after binding the members of the order to submit themselves, their property, and their lives to their superiors, concludes as follows:—



"I swear that if any *Caballero Communero* violates his oath in all or in part, *to put him to death* as soon as the Confederation shall decide him to be a traitor; and if I shall fail in all or in part to perform my sacred oaths, I will acknowledge myself a traitor, deserving of an ignominious death at the hands of the Confederation; the doors and gates of the castles and towers shall be closed against me; and in order that nothing shall remain of me after my death, I agree to have my body burned, and the ashes thereof thrown to the winds."

The *Communeros* tried to excite disturbances along the Mediterranean, and even undertook to stir up a rebellion in the interior of Spain. But the more cunning and calculating joined hands with the Liberals, and looked forward to more important and certain changes than the lodges, with any reasonable hope of success, had contemplated; they directed their increasing labors toward changing the line of succession to the Spanish crown in the event of the death of the King without male issue.

Ferdinand VII. had been three times married, but his wives had all died without being blessed with children. His third wife, Amelia, a Saxon Princess, died in 1829, under circumstances that created an extraordinary sensation at the time. The revolutionists then desired to procure for the King a wife who would side with them in their schemes of government, and who, if she failed to have male issue, would join them in changing the line of succession. The Neapolitan Princess, Doña Louisa Carlota, wife of Don Francisco de Paula, openly took part with the Liberal and Communistic element, and under her auspices a fourth marriage was projected for the King. The chamberlains and members of the royal household nearest the King were gained over by large sums of money. Ferdinand was advised to marry no Princess without the prospect of having children, and the females of the house of Naples were particularly recommended to him by reason of their prolific qualities. One of the King's courtiers, who had entered into the plot, actually placed a portrait of the Princess Christina of Naples, elder sister of Carlota, upon Ferdinand's dressing-table, whilst nearly all Madrid was still in mourning over the dead body of Queen Amelia. This audacious act was at first properly resented, but the King soon relaxed his severity, then softened, and, before the funeral breakfast was fairly cold, consented to receive a picture of his future wife. Ferdinand asked the advice of his confidential councilors concerning the proposed marriage, and Father Cerilo and Señores Erro and Pio Elisaldo advised against the propriety of an alliance with a Princess who, from her private character and by her public demonstrations in favor of the Neapolitan Communists, had made herself so notorious. This advice, however, was overruled; the councilors who gave it were banished from the court; and on the ninth day of November, 1829, the King signed the contract for his fourth marriage.

The old Don Carlos, known as Charles V. by his followers, grandfather of the present Don Carlos, was the brother of Ferdinand VII., and, in the event of the King's having no male children, was his heir to the crown; for the Salic Law prevailed in Spain, which provided that no female should ever sit upon the throne of the Spaniards.

The Salic Law became a part of the fundamental law of Spain by virtue of the sixth article of the Treaty of Utrecht, which closed the Twelve Years' War of the Succession. This war was the result of the act of Charles II., who, having no children, left the Spanish crown to the Duke d'Anjou, one of the younger sons of the Dauphin of France, and who was afterwards known as Philip V. This disposition of the throne was objected to by Austria, who claimed the succession; and by England, for fear that the crowns of France and Spain might one day become united upon the same head, and that the naval power of the two countries combined might be too great for that of England. For this latter reason, the Tory government in England demanded the insertion of the sixth article into the Treaty, by which the crown of Spain was to descend only to male heirs. At the time of the Convention of Utrecht, Philip V., to whom the Spaniards had become greatly attached, was desirous

that his adopted country should never be sacrificed to the ambition of France, for his interests and sympathies were no longer beyond the Pyrenees. And, in order to provide against the contingency which had laid desolate so much of the beautiful portions of Europe with blood and slaughter, he proceeded, in accordance with the proposed sixth article of the Treaty, to alter the law of succession. The King laid the projects of the new law before the Council of State and Castile, and it met with their unanimous approval. The Deputies of the Cortes were then sitting at Madrid, and, by the order of Philip, mandates were sent to every privileged city and town, directing them to send to their Deputies full and sufficient powers to deliberate upon this subject, as appears by the *Auto Acordado* of May 10th, 1713. This law was enacted with all the requisite solemnities and constitutional forms, and could not be abrogated except by a resort to the forms required to change a fundamental or constitutional law of the country. The Salic Law was strictly observed from the time of its creation until the death of Ferdinand VII., a period of one hundred and twenty years; when, through the cunning of Louis Philippe, who desired to obtain the throne for one of his sons by his marriage with a Spanish Princess, England was induced to give her consent to the bestowal of the crown upon the Princess Isabella, to the exclusion of the legitimate heir, Don Carlos V.

The Princess Louisa Carlota went to the frontier to accompany her sister Christina to Madrid, and to instruct her in the part she would have to play in the scandalous drama intended, in the event of Ferdinand's death without male heirs, to be set on foot, to unjustly exclude Don Carlos from the throne. The marriage of Ferdinand and Christina was hastened forward, and took place on the 11th day of December, 1829. Very soon after his marriage the King ceased to have any will of his own, and no persons were allowed to have access to him except those who were in the interest of Christina. The Queen, in course of time, had two children, but to her great regret they were daughters; and the disappointment of the King was plainly apparent at the birth of each of these royal infants; inasmuch as his brother, Don Carlos, had already three fine and promising sons, to whom the nation looked with pride and confidence.

On the 16th day of September, 1832, the King's life was thought to be in danger, and he sent the Count d'Alcudia to Don Carlos to ask him to act as councilor to the Queen, whom the King proposed to make regent in the case of his death. This proposal was declined. But the Count again returned to Don Carlos, to know, in the name of the King, if he would serve as co-regent with the Queen, to which request he also gave a peremptory refusal, declaring that the rights which the King was attempting to bestow upon the daughter of Christina were legally vested in himself. Three times more the Count came to Don Carlos, to urge the affair upon him; but the characteristic answer of Don Carlos was that he would not assent to a proposal which tended to the abandonment of his own rights, those of his children, and the other members of his family, to the crown of Spain. The rectitude of Don Carlos made him avoid the snare that was laid for him. The Count of Alcudia then told him that his refusal would expose the country to the risks of civil war.

"It is in order to avoid it," said Don Carlos, "that I am resolved to defend my rights, and to make an appeal to the nation which will hasten to respond to it, convinced as I am that nothing could justify my brother in attempting to destroy the fundamental law of the State, which he had sworn to maintain when he ascended the throne. The whole diplomatic body joins me in this conviction; and in case it should please the Almighty to call my brother to himself, I will assert my rights, if any attempt be made to set up any unjust pretensions in favor of my niece: the result of the struggle cannot be doubted."

The King was greatly alarmed at the dangers to which he was exposing the monarchy. He consulted Alcudia, who advised him to revoke the will by which he had undertaken to annul the Salic Law.

"I cannot hesitate to make the derogation," said the King, "since it must contribute to secure the tranquillity of Spain."

Ferdinand directed the Count to draw up the decree of derogation. This decree was signed by the King on the 18th day of September, 1832; and when the act of attestation was concluded, Ferdinand affectionately pressed the hand of Señor Calomarde, and said:

"My heart is now relieved of an enormous weight. I shall die in peace."

The King's health improved, and Don Francisco de Paula and his wife arrived at the capital from Seville. Their disappointment was great on learning what the King had done. But it was not long before they entered into still deeper plots than ever to defeat the real wishes of the King, and to this end they found it expedient for a time to temporize. The health of the King was still precarious, so the Queen, and Don Francisco and his spouse, Louisa Carlota, sent for the representatives of Austria, Naples, and Portugal, and requested them to effect a reconciliation between the King's family and Don Carlos. The latter was implored to pardon and forget the past, to which the readiest assent was given. Don Carlos and his family were then invited to visit the bedside of Ferdinand, although permission to even enter the anti-chamber had until then been denied them by the Queen's order. So long as the King's illness was considered dangerous, the Queen and her co-conspirators treated the other branches of the royal family with feigned kindness; but the moment he was considered convalescent, this awkward deception was thrown off, and open warfare proclaimed against Don Carlos and his friends, they being again excluded from the presence of the King.

Ferdinand VII. was now induced by the Queen to call together his cabinet, and he informed them that he wished to annul his decree of the 18th day of September, 1832, left to their care. The ministers absolutely refused to take any part in the proposed measure, and stated to the King their objections. But they were all soon dismissed from office, and pliant partisans of the Queen were appointed to their places.

On the 6th day of October, Ferdinand made a decree, authorizing the Queen to conduct public affairs during the continuance of his illness, and this she continued to do after the bulletins had proclaimed the perfect restoration to health of the King. The dictatress annulled the decree of September 18th, 1832, and promulgated acts never before contemplated; provincial appointments, from the governors down to the lowest officials, were conferred upon her own followers; and all officers in the army believed to be opposed to the revolutionary doctrine were immediately dismissed.

Foreign governments became alarmed at the rapid progress made by the Communists in Spain; whereupon Zea Bermudez, President of the Council, issued a circular, December 3rd, 1832, to the diplomatic representatives of Spain abroad, in which he said:

"The Queen has learned, that for some time erroneous reports have been circulated in foreign countries regarding the actual condition of affairs in Spain; that intentions have been imputed to her government which it never entertained; and that it has been supposed that a project had been formed to change the system of government. Her Majesty, desirous of correcting these errors, has charged me to make known to you the invariable course which, with the consent of her august consort, she is resolved to pursue."

Then follows a denial of the revolutionary measures which were imputed to the government. It is plain that this minister deliberately deceived others, or was himself deceived; for while this circular was being penned, schemes were actually being devised to subvert the fundamental laws of the country, and the revolution was making very rapid strides. The Liberals, aided by the Communists with their corresponding societies in other countries, were straining every nerve to establish a revolutionary government at Madrid. Louis XVIII. had also to contend against the Communists; and it was not the cause of the Bourbons alone he found himself thrown into the breach to sustain, but the thrones of all Europe.

When the Queen assumed the sovereign power, the most shameful persecutions were directed against the Infante Don Carlos. In October, 1832, while the royal family were at La Granja, a scheme was projected to banish Don Carlos to the palace of Arenus, but the threatening of the troops prevented this outrage. After the arrival in Madrid of the royal family, the notorious Andalucian bandit, José Maria, was sent for to manage the abduction of Don Carlos. He was concealed in the stables of one of the Queen's favorites, and one night, just before the new year, was secreted in the ambassador's room in the palace. Fortunately Don Carlos was informed of this—his family was well guarded—and the villainy frustrated. Soon after this a plot was formed to send Don Carlos and his family off to the Philippine Islands, and if they had once been embarked on board the frigate "Lealtad," as intended, they would, said some of the newspapers of the day, never have reached their destination. The Spanish people at large had a detestation for these plots, as appeared from the action of the Madrid troops. On the 1st day of November, the King had an epileptic attack; and on the 3rd, the Madrid garrison, including the royal guards and royalist volunteers, by a spontaneous movement appeared under arms. The officers of the garrison sent a deputation to Don Carlos, informing him that their object was to take the reins of government out of the Queen's hands during the King's illness, and have him appointed regent. Don Carlos disapproved of this act, and replied:

"So long as my brother lives, I will not be concerned in any act of hostility against him."

After this the officers of the garrison were dismissed, and the royalist volunteers disbanded.

The shafts of the revolutionists were continually directed at the family of Don Carlos, the Portugese Princess of Beira, his sister-in-law, as well as at the whole Conservative party. The Queen's hirelings persecuted and insulted the Princess with all the indignities they could invent, until finally she received an official notification that her brother and sister desired to see her in Portugal, and her passports were handed to her. Disgusted with the scenes that were transpiring beneath her eyes, being in momentary personal danger, and foreseeing the calamities that must inevitably burst upon Spain at no distant day, she decided to leave the palace and the country. As it was necessary in those days in Spain to travel in large parties, accompanied by escorts of armed men, Don Carlos, whose life was daily endangered by remaining at the palace, decided to accompany the Princess to Portugal. The Spanish people were now compelled to look upon a picture of plots and counter-plots, of schemes and plans of the most disgraceful character; for the Queen's followers had boldly proclaimed their determination to accomplish their aims, even though it were "in the blood and ashes of the country."

Official application was made to Don Carlos in Portugal, to know if he would take the oath of allegiance to his niece Isabella. In reply to this request, he addressed a declaration to the King, in which he said:

"Convinced of the legitimate rights which I possess to the Crown of Spain, so long as Your Majesty has no male heir to the same, I do aver, that neither my conscience nor honor permits me to take the oath, or recognize any other than those rights, and this I solemnly declare."

On the day appointed for taking the oath, the Deputies assembled at Madrid, but the Patriarch of Toledo, who from time immemorial had always administered the oath of allegiance to the members of the Cortes, when asked to do so on this occasion, plainly refused, because, as he declared, he could not lend the sanction of his high office to what he knew to be a violation of the established law of Spain, and a positive fraud upon the rights of Don Carlos and his male heirs. The King of Naples also protested against "the fraudulent attempt to effect the eventual right of succession to the Spanish throne," as he expressed it. But the form of the *jura* was finally concluded, and then followed a pageant as brilliant as several days of amusements, fireworks, and bull-

fights could make it. The friends of the Queen thought this was enough to establish the unjust claims of her daughter Isabella to the throne, though the law of 1713, limiting the succession to the male line, had never been repealed or annulled by any competent authority.

Ferdinand VII. died September 29th, 1833, and the Queen immediately took the reins of government into her own hands as Queen Regent during the minority of her daughter, who was then two years old. The property of Don Carlos was confiscated by a decree dated October 27th; he was outlawed, and a reward was offered for his head. From this moment the revolution was successful, and the monarchical principle was abandoned.

On hearing of the death of King Ferdinand, Don Carlos proceeded toward the frontier to claim his right to the sovereignty. He sent word to General Rodil of his intention, and expressed a hope that the troops would receive him in his proper character; but Rodil replied that he would have him seized if he attempted to cross the frontier. Rodil then hired a company of two hundred freebooters and smugglers, the most desperate characters in the country, and ordered them to cross the border and either take or kill Don Carlos. Orders were sent to Rodil from Madrid to fire on all armed parties entering Spain, without distinction of persons, notwithstanding it was the custom for all families to travel with armed attendants. The Christinos, as the army of the Queen Regent was called, soon crossed into Portugal, and followed the Carlists from place to place, shooting at them whenever opportunity offered. At Guarda, the family of Don Carlos, including his three sons and the Princess of Beira and her suite, had their carriages, baggage, and plate captured, and barely escaped falling into the hands of their enemies. They were then without even a change of linen, and were forced to avoid the main roads, and travel over a great extent of barren country; their female attendants were on foot, and all were in danger, not only from the pursuit of General Rodil and his army, but from the troops of Don Pedro, who had expelled Don Miguel from the throne of Portugal, and was acting as regent for the infant Queen Doña Maria.

In the Spanish provinces Don Carlos was proclaimed King, and the people rose quickly to arms in support of his claims. In the north of Spain the brave General Zumalacarregui soon found himself at the head of over thirty thousand men. After various vicissitudes, Charles V., as Don Carlos was now called, on the 1st day of June, 1834, embarked on board the "Donegal," a British man-of-war, for England. But before he left Portugal he wrote to Zumalacarregui that both England and France had made proposals to him to renounce his rights to the throne, but that he had not only rejected their proposals, but made known his firm resolution to render those rights available by every means in his power, compatible with his honor. The King having received a messenger from Zumalacarregui, sent him word that on the 9th of July he would place himself at the head of his troops in the north of Spain. While in London, Don Carlos stopped at Gloucester Lodge; but just before his departure for Spain he repaired to a house on Wimpole street, near Mary-le-bone lane, where he assumed the necessary disguise for the journey. In that same house ten years ago still lived the gentleman who on the night of his majesty's departure entertained him, and assisted in arranging his disguise in order to escape recognition while passing through French territory; and although more than fourscore years of age, he related to me with great vivacity the story of their unnecessary precautions. On the appointed day Don Carlos entered Spain, and took the command of his army.

On the death of Ferdinand VII., Queen Christina was unable to ask the assistance of the European governments, as that would have involved an inquiry into the rights of the respective claimants to the throne; but England was equal to the emergency, and took the lead in unjustly interfering in Spanish affairs, even more boldly than she had lately done in the internal concerns of Por-

tugal, and without any question as to who was the rightful successor to the crown. The Quadruple Alliance of 1834 was the result of this interference.

General Sarsfield had been sent to command the troops of the Queen regent in the north, but before he had been long in the provinces he informed Christina's ministers that it would be impossible to put down the Carlist rising by force. He was relieved of his command, and General Valdés appointed in his place, and the latter was in turn succeeded by General Quesada, whom Christina had bribed to desert the cause of Don Carlos. Quesada was an officer of great military ability; he served through the Seven Years' War against Don Carlos V., and was killed at the battle of Lacar in the late Carlist war.

The Queen regent had given the officers orders to exterminate her enemies. The most wanton butcheries, assassinations, and public massacres were carried into all parts of the kingdom, and fire and destruction in the Carlist provinces was the general order. Quesada was not cruel enough to suit the taste for blood of Christina, therefore he was transferred to another post, and Rodil, whose bloody record on the frontier of Portugal had excited her admiration, was given the command; but even he was soon displaced by General Mina, who received an ironical commission from the Queen Regent to *pacify* the insurgent provinces. Mina was well known as a most brutal character. In his autobiography he says, that in one of the old campaigns in Catalonia he raised the siege of Cabrara, and took possession of Castel-Fullit; that he ordered all the buildings to be destroyed because of the manner in which the inhabitants had replied to the messages he had sent them; and he says:

"Upon its ruins I ordered the following inscription to be placed: '*Aquí existio Castel-Fullit. Pueblos, tomad exemplo. No abrigueis á los enemigos de la patria.*'" (Here stood Castel-Fullit. Towns, take warning. Shelter not the enemies of your country.)

The atrocities which disgraced the early annals of the old Carlist War were commenced by the Christinos. The first proclamation of General Rodil to his army on arriving at Vittoria from the frontier of Portugal contained the following:

> "Death to any person who relieves a wounded Carlist; root up every vineyard, level every crop, and burn down every house; for our gracious Queen devotes the Carlist provinces to slaughter, rapine, and fire."

It was attempted to carry this policy into effect, as was shown by the blackened and ruined walls of the Marquis of Valdespina's noble palace at Ermua, in Biscay, and the destruction of the Monasteries at Vera and Abarzuza, in Navarre, which were burned to the ground with all the important books, works of art, and manuscripts they contained. On the 19th day of July, 1834, seventy-nine friars were murdered by the Queen's followers, in their own convents in Toledo. Forty years after this event I stood upon the steps of St. Isidoro, and was informed, in all seriousness, that the brains of some of these innocent priests were fried and eaten by the populace in the streets opposite the church, amidst the most uproarious shouts. Although the story of the killing of the priests was authentic, I positively refused to believe that friars' brains could possibly have been a favorite dish even with the Christino Communists. In Tarragona, priests were killed upon the same blocks where the sheep were slaughtered; and in Barcelona and other towns they were burnt. These savage acts forced upon England and France the necessity of looking into the conduct of their revolutionary allies in Spain, and led to the Elliot Convention of 1835, which materially lessened the horrors of the war.

Don Carlos V. would have succeeded if it had not been for the armed intervention of France and England, by which the latter was induced to join in wrongfully establishing a revolutionary Queen upon the Spanish throne, in the face of the most solemn obligations of the Treaty of Utrecht. When the Sevens Years' War was brought to a close, Don Carlos took refuge in France. He ab-

dicated at Bourges, May 18th, 1845, in favor of his son, Charles VI., and died at Trieste, March 18th, 1855.

About the time of the close of the Seven Years' War, Don Francisco de Paula and his wife, Louisa Carlota, were banished by Christina, and Zea Bermudez became a fugitive at the same time. The war had only just closed when Christina found herself stripped of all power by the revolutionists, and she determined to quit Spain before the arrival of Espartero, the new military dictator. She saw Espartero, however, at Valencia, and he insisted that she should leave Isabella to his guardianship. This Christina was obliged to do, and Isabella accompanied Espartero to Madrid, where he had himself proclaimed sole regent of Spain during the minority of Isabella. In the beginning of 1843, Espartero's conduct produced another revolution, and he was obliged to fly from the country. In July of that year, Castaños, Duke of Baylen, assumed the guardianship of Isabella and her sister; and Isabella, then twelve years old, was declared of age by the Cortes. Christina, who had been living in exile at Paris, was then permitted to return to Madrid, where, on the 13th of October, she publicly married Señor Munoz, a former soldier in the Guards, for whom she had long entertained a passion that had been a matter of great scandal in the Court.

The politics of Spain were for a long time divided into French and English parties; the first were called Moderados, and the latter Progresistas. The French party was almost invariably successful. In 1854, an insurrection broke out under General O'Donnell, who made a fusion with the Progresistas, and demanded the establishment of the Constitution as it stood in 1837, the dismissal of the Queen mother and the Camerilla, and the embodiment of the national guard; this was agreed to, and Espartero returned from exile to form the government. It was then resolved to impeach Christina, but she sought safety in flight. Espartero was overturned by O'Donnell in 1856, and he, in his turn, was ignominiously sent into exile soon after.

Don Carlos VI., known also as the Count de Montemolin, was born in 1818, and in 1850 married the Princess Caroline, sister of Ferdinand II., King of the Two Sicilies. The Carlist risings of 1848, 1855, and 1860 were made in support of his claims to the throne. Don Carlos and his spouse both died on the same day, January 13th, 1861, and left no children. Don Juan de Bourbon, brother of Don Carlos VI., was born in 1822, and succeeded Don Carlos in his rights to the crown of Spain. Don Juan married the Archduchess Maria Teresa of Austria, Princess of Modena, February 6th, 1847, and in October, 1868, abdicated in favor of the present Don Carlos.

EDWARD KIRKPATRICK.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

'49 AND '50.

CHAPTER XXII.

The new moon was showing its bright rim above the dark hills, far to the north-east, when Blair and the Professor reined in their horses near a somber oak grove, a short distance from the Fort. No sound except that of the thick leaves, moved evenly and slowly by the south wind, disturbed the stillness of this November eve. The horses, pricking their ears to catch the slightest stir, soon became convinced of the profound quiet, and stood motionless.

"We are three minutes too early," spoke Blair. "No, we are none too soon: I hear the rapid falling of hoofs upon the bridge

crossing the creek. Remember that you are to address me as 'Holmes.' We will each endeavor to learn all in our power of the particulars known to our guide; but whether that be much or little, we must obey her without hesitation."

"O my friend," replied the other, "you cannot imagine the condition of my mind! I have read of like situations, but never realized them until now."

"Take courage; your worthy wife shall again be yours, or the dictations of my instinct and reason deceive me utterly."

"Hark!"

"Yes—the Gazelle. See, she has a companion. They check their horses. Undoubtedly we have come a little farther than we should have done."

A few seconds more, and the advancing riders had arrived.

"This, lady, is Professor Monroe," said Blair to the Gazelle.

The latter, saluting the Professor, responded:

"And this, gentlemen, is a faithful friend to whomsoever is in need."

The third horseman bent his head in recognition of his new acquaintances; when the speaker added:

"To him we shall be indebted for safe guidance into the fastnesses of the hills. He speaks no English; but we have little time for talk. Señor—"

This word was no sooner pronounced than the Spaniard spurred his horse, and led the remaining three at a swift pace along the level trail running eastward.

"We must ride rapidly until we reach the hills," spoke the Gazelle. "Señor is familiar with every rod of ground between here and the place we seek."

"Too great haste is impossible," responded the Professor.

The Gazelle dashed forward in silence. A long time the party rode without a word being spoken. The moon had risen above the hills; the light was now like that of tempered day. Each tree and shrub could be distinctly seen; while an enhancing glamour concealed all roughness of outline, making the landscape one vast scene of smoothness illuminated by subdued glory. The shadows were fainter than those of the afternoon; and where the flooding moonbeams fell, it was with a radiance so much paler than that of the sun that the line where light and shadow met became almost imperceptible. The strange and impressive beauty of vagueness dwelt far as the eye could see; while there was not a touch of the spectral to inspire the sentiment of terror. The scene was one of harmony and loveliness. Nature, unmarred by the improvements of man, having fashioned her own dim shapes at pleasure, appeared to rest and gaze in quiet delight upon the perfection of her work. All her creatures, too, were awed into silence. Scarcely anything of life was abroad. The hare, at long intervals, leaped noiselessly from the wayside into the dense shrubbery.

Not yet had the riders materially slackened their speed. The airy form of the Gazelle, clad in close-fitting garments of somber hue, was invested with a magic grace as she sped on behind the Señor in silence. Blair, though a lover of nature, could not feast his eyes wholly upon the landscape. Forest and hill were fair; but the flying lady was fairer. The almost silent voices of Nature were sweet. He would like to have stopped and listened to them; but with far greater pleasure would he have heard gentle tones from the lips of the Gazelle. At length this opportunity came. Suddenly the Señor darted from the trail, and the lady beckoned to the gentlemen to do likewise. Together they halted their panting horses, some distance from the road, when she said:

"Señor perceived riders coming over the top of yonder hill. It is better that they should pass us, ignorant of our presence."

"Might they not have her among them?" asked the Professor.

"No," responded the other, lifting her veil, and looking into the face of the distracted husband. "Two hours' brisk-riding yet, before we arrive at the cañon where we are to dismount and proceed a short distance on foot to our place of destination."

Here Señor addressed some words to the

lady in his own tongue, and moved cautiously away. The sound of loud voices was now heard; and soon the character of the travelers that our friends were avoiding became evident. They were passing very slowly.

"What's the use o' talkin', Bill?" asked one.

"That's what I say," remarked another. "We've ratified her, and she's a go."

"Go and be hanged!" retorted the first speaker. "What in thunder did we want of a constitution? What's the good of a governor and a legislatur'? We were all right without 'em. Let well enough alone. Them's my sentiments."

"Why, man," was the reply, "California ought to be recognized as a member of the Union."

"Union be blowed!" was the final response; and the politicians were out of hearing.

"The recent election does not meet with universal approbation, it seems," whispered Blair.

"Señorita," interrupted the Spaniard, who had returned to her side. This was a signal for a renewal of the journey; and in a moment the riders were again galloping forward. Presently the moon lighted up the red soil of the foothills, now but a short distance ahead. It was at this point that the Señor, after holding a brief council with the lady, turned abruptly to the left, and led the party along a narrow path running at right angles to that previously followed. Whether it was because of closer contact with the various shapes of the hills that had worn up to this time a pleasing mien, or whether it was because they were approaching the dreaded cañon, a chilling sensation crept upon one and another, and the dead silence became painful. Progress was necessarily much slower. A quiet conversation would have been relieving; but none of the lonely riders appeared inclined to begin it. Finally the Gazelle, seizing a moment when Blair was by her side, said:

"It may be that bloodshed will be necessary in order to accomplish the object that brings us here. I warn you of the danger in time, that you be prepared. The man Crowell, though highly educated, is desperate and revengeful. He is skilled in the use of arms, and does not hesitate to sacrifice the life that stands in his way."

"I know something of him from personal experience," replied Blair, revolting at the thought that as peerless a creature as the Gazelle should ever have learned of so vile a wretch's existence. "I trust that fortune has never permitted you to suffer one moment of his detestable presence?"

"He has the reputation of being exceedingly agreeable to women. Indeed, he is a favorite among the better class of Spanish-speaking ladies. Upon this fact," continued the speaker, evading an answer to Blair's question, "I base my opinion of the present safety of his last captive."

"And has he made a practice of dragging to some den of infamy whatever beautiful women he has been able to lay hands upon?"

"I believe that this recent exploit is not without a parallel in his lawless experience."

"You speak as if you were acquainted with his history."

"Unfortunately I have learned much of him since he came to California, something more than a year ago."

"May I ask you a further question?" asked Blair, fearing that his curiosity might lead him too far.

"Have you forgotten, sir, the condition upon which I undertook to guide you upon this expedition?"

"It was my deep interest in yourself, Señorita," replied the other, "that tempted me to pass the bounds prescribed."

The lady glanced at the honest, handsome features of the speaker, and gave no further answer.

"Blair," spoke the Professor aside, after they had been informed by the Señor that they drew near Anthony Cañon, "either that monster or myself must die. Every moment seems to bring a deeper feeling of dread. I fear the worst for some of us."

"It is but natural that you should. Heaven is just, however, my friend; and the victory shall be ours. Let the fearlessness of

this young woman inspire you, as it does me, with confidence."

"If I perish, you will see that she is rewarded as far as the gold that I have earned will go; that is, beyond my wife's necessities. My wife! What may not have befallen her? If she still live, it may be that she would have preferred death to what she has already undergone."

A rustling was now heard in a cluster of bushes directly to the right of Blair.

"Stand forth!" he commanded, covering the place with his rifle, "or you are a dead man!"

"Lor' sakes! Massa," came a voice, and immediately after it the upright figure of Mose.

"What are you doing here?" demanded the other. "Shall I shoot you for the worthless boy that you are?"

"Upon dis livin' nigger's soul, I'se lost. All de folks in de camp am gone. Missus Monroe am gone fust; and not a human bein' 'specting where she went to. We has been huntin' her all dis day. I'se powerful scare fur her."

"Where are Ensign, the Doctor, and Uncle Lish?"

"Lor, Massa, dey is, as I speechified, huntin' Missus."

"Are they near by?"

"Dey is a thousand miles from heah, for all dis nigger am knowin'."

"But what are you here for, again I ask?"

"Massa, I tole ye—I'se lost. Uncle Lish he tole me to ride down to de Fort and tell you de news. 'Bout dark I started, and dis unknown region is as far as I'se got. You nebber seed how tired dat hoss am. He's come five thousand miles, 'cordin' to my ripemtic."

"Is this your servant?" asked the lady of Blair.

"I am sorry to acknowledge it, but such he is. He never gets anything straight, nor has he one idea of honesty; though I think he is trying to tell the truth now. Mose, come here."

The latter made an effort to obey, but his old legs were almost too limber.

"You've been drinking, you rascal," exclaimed Blair.

"I nebber denies the plain troof," replied Mose, winding his way toward the group. "Massa Swillin' he gib me his pizen; and, for fear I'd starve to deaf, I gib some to de hoss, an' tasted de least swallow myself."

"It is evident that Mose knows no more than that Mrs. Monroe is missing," said Blair; "and that the remainder of the party, ignorant of the cause of her absence, are all in quest of her. I will instruct him to remain where he is, and we will go on."

"That is the proper course," spoke the Professor. Mose was accordingly assigned a place upon his blanket under a tree, with orders not to leave it until permission had been given him.

"Señor is already returning," said the lady. "He should have met a friend during his brief absence. We will first hear what he has to communicate."

After a short consultation with the guide, she continued:

"It is as I informed you, Mr. Holmes. The captive is safe, not only, but has been treated with every mark of respect consistent with her situation. She and her captor are not in the cañon, however, where they made their first stopping-place. There being a festive assemblage of native Californian men and women upon the hight of land on the other side of the ravine, Crowell has taken the lady thither, an unwilling witness to the gayeties of the hour."

"Perdition catch his soul!" exclaimed Blair. "Let us on."

The party had soon gone as far as possible with their horses, when, dismounting, they fastened them in the bottom of the ravine, and began to scale its precipitous side. This attempt would have been impracticable, had it not been for the guidance of the experienced Spanish mountaineer. It was as if the excited and way-worn party (for they had ridden fifty miles) were suddenly set down in an unknown land of chaos. The great gorge yawned as though every moment it would close its mighty jaws and crush them between the huge, hanging bowlders

and gnarled trees among which they were threading their tedious path. It was now midnight. Still the moon shone in peaceful splendor; but the beauty of nature had been transformed into grandeur that did not stop short of the terrible. With hearts beating faster, and with shortened breath, the little party climbed tardily upward, not daring to look behind them for fear the hight would make them dizzy; when, their foothold being lost, they would plunge down and down into the rocky depths below.

At last the top was reached, when the Gazelle, stepping to Blair's side with a nimbleness that proved she had experienced no more inconvenience from the journey than the men, directed his attention to a scene but a stone's throw from where they stood. A pretty sight it was, and particularly so to those who had that instant removed their eyes from the brink of the black abysm of Anthony Cañon. Upon a level spot of ground, within the radiance of a cheerfully blazing log-fire, stood a company of natives. The men, clad in short, snug jackets adorned with lace, and velvet breeches with a lustrous sash about the waist, were extending an invitation to their several partners for the next dance. The ladies, dressed as was the Gazelle when she met Blair in her own house, wore in addition the famous *reboso*—the magic scarf wreathed about their agile persons in folds of exquisite grace. Softly now rose the inviting melodies of the guitar, and the picturesque group at once was set in easeful motion. The dancers had been sipping coffee and more inspiriting beverages between their rhythmical exercises for several hours. The blood was flowing fast through their veins; and the present was their favorite figure, a waltz of so gliding and undulating measures that it seemed as if the staid old pines ought to raise their strong roots from out the earth and move in obedience to it, as did the trees of fable to the lute of Orpheus. The large black eyes of the Gazelle glistened as she gazed; the color mounted to her rich olive cheeks; but she stood immovable in her place. She looked not upon the dancers alone. A majestic featured man of another race sat apart from them, apparently absorbed with the alternate red and yellow volumes of flames consuming the piled logs. Absorbed in these? No; for he turned now and then to look upon a silent woman, bright and golden as a star, seated by his side. He apparently addressed an occasional word to her, but it could not be observed that she returned any answer.

At last the Gazelle, closing her lips firmly, turned her back and moved noiselessly to the great gray rock, against which leaned the Spanish guide. The Professor, pale and wearing so wild an expression that he was scarcely recognizable, pressed Blair's arm in the agony of the silence enjoined upon him.

"In the name of God," he whispered hoarsely, "can I stand here mute much longer? Let me kill him, or I myself shall die!"

"Hold a moment more," replied Blair. "Our plans must not fail. The Spaniard that we did not see is in readiness; and there are now four of us. They number but nine; and should all give us battle, we, having the advantage in point of arms, must conquer."

"My self-control is fast deserting me," responded the other, drinking in the immaculate fairness of his wife, as she sat resignedly to be breathed upon by the criminal whose blood his heart had sworn to spill. At this moment he felt the pressure of a gentle hand upon his shoulder, and heard a sweet, low voice saying these words:

"La Gazela prays you to be patient."

Blair, turning to the speaker, saw that she had slipped off her plain, outer garment, and now appeared in the costume in which he found her at her home.

"La Gazela, indeed!" he exclaimed in hushed accents, forgetting the peril in which they were so soon to engage.

"I am going forward to join the group," continued the lady. "Mr. Holmes, I have given instructions to the señors to have their rifles in readiness, with yours and the Professor's. You had best stand closely together in the shadow of yonder pine. Should I raise my hand, you are to fire upon Crowell.

Otherwise you are to remain perfectly silent until my return."

"Are you not risking your own life?" asked Blair.

"Fear not for me," answered the Gazelle, exhibiting for the first time the handle of a pistol studded with gems.

"Do you regard the Californians as friends or foes?" again inquired Blair.

"As strangers," was the reply. "Should they be in league with Crowell, though that is next to impossible, I shall soon find it out. Provided I cannot win them over —"

"We will do it," interrupted Blair. "The first intimation of offense, and he that offers it falls."

"You will wait for my signal."

"Yes," answered Blair; then bending his head close to her own, he whispered still more softly, "*I have the secret of La Gazela.*"

The men now took their positions; and lightly, as if dropped from the floating clouds, the Gazelle glided forward and suddenly presented herself in the midst of the group, as they were about seating themselves for a final chat before separation for the night.

A more picturesque and thrilling scene cannot be well imagined. It was a picture of fairy-like beauty; the black shadows intermingling only to highten its charm. Blair had never before found it so difficult to maintain his self-composure. For the Professor, this was impossible. He leaned forward, clenching his rifle in his rigid hands—a statue embodying the double passion of revenge and despair. The señors, wrapped in their dark mantles, stood motionless. The Gazelle, after saluting the señor that appeared to be the elder of the party, dropped upon her knees at his feet. She must have spoken, for instantly all eyes turned towards Crowell. It was then that the latter rose, and, drawing himself up to full hight, addressed the señor before whom the suppliant stranger still kneeled. So loudly did he speak that Blair caught the accents of the Spanish tongue. It was evident that Mrs. Monroe, who sat calmly in her place before the grand, high-leaping fire, could understand nothing that was being said.

"The issue will lie wholly between Crowell and the Gazelle," whispered Blair. "Your wife cannot speak unless through the Gazelle as her interpreter."

The Professor appeared like one that retained the sense of sight only. He made no answer, nor did he move. Presently, the speaker having finished, the Gazelle rose and requested the golden-haired captive to draw near. Although the men under the shadow of the pine could not distinguish any words, they could easily follow the course of proceedings with their eyes. The company who had encircled the Gazelle now stood back, making room for Mrs. Monroe to come forward. As she attempted to do so, Crowell gently but firmly resisted her progress. At this instant the Gazelle sprang forward and confronted him. Haughtily the captor stood between the two women. With a satanic smile, taking Mrs. Monroe by the arm, he introduced her with great formality to the Gazelle. The bright eyes of the latter now flashing with a terrible light, she drew her jeweled pistol and demanded the captive's release. Two of the señors approached, but she waived them back.

"Would that she would shoot him to the heart!" exclaimed Blair, ready with his comrades to fire at a second's warning. Crowell, though heavily armed, had not up to this moment attempted to make use of his weapons. Now he laid one hand upon his pistol, and placing Mrs. Monroe back of him with the other, so stood in an attitude of proud and insolent defiance. Blair almost forgot his promise not to fire without the signal. Anxiously he waited for the uplifted arm. Nothing but absolute confidence in the Gazelle could have restrained him. He did not dare take time to glance at the señors by his side. He knew, however, that they were prepared as was he; and breathlessly he abided the result. It was not long in coming. Crowell had held Mrs. Monroe behind him but a moment when a shot broke the silence of the night among the hills. Crowell reeled and fell. As he did so, the Professor sprang forward, and midway between his hiding-place and the spot where his victim went

down, he also sank to the ground. Instantly Blair and his companions rushed forth; the señors of the company drew their weapons, and the scene became one of wildest confusion. Presently the magic words, "La Gazela," were heard; and immediately all signs of hostility vanished. Every man knew that a cause in which she was engaged must be just. Eagerly the women thronged about her, and, in their own melodious language, begged of her an explanation of what had happened. A few words sufficed. The wounded man soon had not a friend among those by whom he was surrounded. Prostrate he lay, unconscious and undoubtedly dying. At last, however, he opened his eyes. His senses were called back by the pronunciation of a name that he had not heard pronounced by a stranger for many years. Mrs. Monroe, having discovered the form of her husband as he fell on his way toward her, flew to the place. Repeatedly she besought him to rouse, and bathed his pale face with her tears. All was in vain. The Professor had found his wife, but separated again from her, not to return. Tenderly they lifted him up and bore him to the light of the fire. The Gazelle immediately pronounced him dead. Having been predisposed to heart-disease from his birth, the terrible excitement of the past few hours had terminated fatally. He had fallen with his foe.

"Oh, Mr. Blair! My husband! my husband!"

It was this cry from the lips of the despairing captive that had gained her freedom at so dear a price, that roused expiring Crowell.

"Who—where? Who is Blair?" he asked, faintly.

"I am he," responded Blair.

"My God! My God!" gasped the other. "You are Mortimer Blair, and I am Julius Blair, your brother!"

"Just Heaven!" cried the young man, taking the hand of the speaker in his own, "how could this have been permitted!"

"Forgive me," continued the elder; "and God be thanked that I did not succeed in doing you the harm I intended!"

"All is plain now. Something has continually prevented me from revenging the wrongs you have committed against me and those dear to me. Kind nature warned me, in mysterious but emphatic language, not to take upon myself the guilt of so unnatural a deed. I see in your face the old family features. Julius, would to God that we might have remembered one another only as children!"

"It is too late to explain. Grant me your forgiveness, and I will cheerfully yield my miserable life in expiation of my crime. All the years since we were boys together have not been passed in deeds wicked as was this my last. I would ask charity from none but yourself and one other."

"And who is that," returned Blair, bending closely over his brother, his own face pale as that whereon lay the blight of death.

"The Gazelle!" was the faint reply. "I have wronged her above all others. She is pure and beautiful as the sky whence I brought her hither. My brutal assaults against her spotless virtue—all of them has she baffled. She may not speak ill of my entire conduct toward her; but it has been base enough. Let me crave her pardon, and commend her to your care; then leave me to die as I deserve, alone in my wretchedness."

"Brother, I forgive you, from my whole heart."

"No more! No more!" answered the other, in a much weaker voice than that in which his last words were uttered. He was suffering intense agony, though not a muscle of his face quivered in response to the inward pain. "I have but little time left," he continued. "In my pocket you will find a paper, showing you the place near the cabin I last occupied where is concealed a quantity of gold and precious stones, and several thousand dollars in money. Do me the kindness to take it in keeping for the Gazelle. It will amply supply her needs for the remainder of her days. Let me but look upon her once more, and hear from her lips some word of pardon; then I pray that you both will forget that I have ever lived."

It will be remembered, that when the Gazelle came into Blair's presence at her house in Sacramento she changed color, and did

not appear at ease until she had asked his name and been answered that it was "Holmes." Frequently thereafter she cast inquiring glances into her visitor's face, which the latter naturally mistook for endeavors to become satisfied of his honesty of purpose. The truth was, she detected in his handsome features a resemblance to those of the man whose nefarious plans she had determined to frustrate. Blair's precaution to conceal his name, though he had small reason for so doing, proved, therefore, of the highest importance to his success. Had he acknowledged the name of Blair, probably he could not have gained the confidence of the Gazelle; and even had he won it, the situation would have been trebly intricate and embarrassing. The Gazelle was not less astounded than her wounded enemy when Mrs. Monroe, during her lamentations, uttered the name of Blair. Upon hearing it her former suspicion revived, and she knew the men that she had lately addressed as Crowell and Holmes to be brothers, before the elder openly avowed the relationship. Oppressed with conflicting emotions, she immediately retired a short distance from the company, and resigned herself to saddest reflection. In this condition she was found when summoned to the side of Julius Blair. The color had gone from her cheeks, her black hair flowed back from her forehead, showing with strange beauty beneath the beams of the setting moon. The dying man turned towards her an imploring look as she approached. An expression of genuine sorrow and contrition overspread his features. The bold and hardened adventurer was now tender and penitent as a child.

"I am dying," said he. "I have wronged you beyond the power of speech to convey; and yet I was blessed with the momentary hope that your generous nature could not deny some slight token of forgiveness before I go to answer for my offenses before the final tribunal."

These words were uttered with an almost resistless power. The speaker was one that possessed the rare faculty of bringing the mind of another into unison with his own. Notwithstanding the grievous injury the Gazelle had received at his hands, he had always been able to exercise a certain mental control over her. He was to her an object of hatred; still, unless in a moment of highest excitement, she could not have done him harm. If it were possible, it was her purpose to save his life upon the present occasion. Hence the strict injunction given those under the shadow of the pine to await her signal. The frenzy of the Professor, however, had prostrated her design. Nevertheless, it was perhaps better that he did so; for as she stood before him and demanded the release of his prisoner, the remembrance of his offenses rushed upon her with such vehemence that she all but resolved to destroy him with the costly weapon she pointed at his breast. It was his own gift to her, and he himself had trained her to use it. At that moment the blood mounted hot into the flushed face of the Gazelle. Now, having taken the sober afterthought, and being called to hear the fallen man beseeching pardon from her with his last breath, she appeared, as has been said, an altogether different creature. Her ashen lips quivered as she made reply.

"Heartless mortal!" said she, in tones that caused Mortimer to shudder as he listened to them, "it was you that bore me from my home and kindred; that robbed my youth of its innocent joys; that imperiled my life, and what is dearer than life. It is because of you that I have been left alone in this strange and savage land; because of you that I look forward into a dark future unlighted by a solitary gleam of hope. Such is our relation; and, conscious of it, you now ask my forgiveness. Take it. In the presence of your honored and broken-hearted brother; of this beautiful woman of whom you sought to make another slave to your desire—she that now bends speechless with agony over the body of her dead husband; of these friends whose blood is kindred to mine own; and last, in the presence of Him that is the Maker of all, the Ruler and Judge of all—I utterly absolve thee!"

"Let me die!" gasped the wretched man. These were his last words; and the pale

face of the Gazelle was the last vision of earth that he beheld.

Chapter XXIII.

It is now December. Our friends, all but the missing one, are again together in Camp Harrington. The Professor lies buried where he fell, not far from the grave of Julius Blair. For several days Mrs. Monroe could not be induced to leave the place; finally, however, she was persuaded to again rejoin her companions. It was feared by the Doctor that she would be prostrated with severe illness; but her strength of mind and will soon carried her out of the reach of danger. She clings closely to Mrs. Durgin. The latter is to her an angel of healing. Not yet has she rehearsed the terrible trial of her captivity. Her thoughts all center upon the one that is no more among them. Mrs. Durgin continually strives to direct their conversation into diverting channels; and in this effort she is occasionally successful. The protracted absence of Ensign gave her an opportunity for much conjecture foreign to the one theme occupying her friend's mind. He left the camp to search for Mrs. Monroe, in company with the other men. Soon they separated, taking different routes. The Doctor and James, having traveled until night, returned to camp.

The trapper came back early the next morning. Ensign, however, whom none of the other three had seen since the separation, did not come. Three days passed, but nothing could be seen or heard of him. It was not until some days after both Blair and Mrs. Monroe had returned that he presented himself among them. So great a change had overtaken him that the party looked upon him as one risen from the grave. Supported between two miners, he showed the thinness and pallor of a ghost. The Doctor immediately took him in charge, while the miners told his story as he had told it to them. It seems that, after having wandered far from any white settlement, he found himself without a mouthful to eat. Lying down upon the damp ground, he passed his first night in deep sleep. When he woke, late the next morning, he had contracted a severe cold, and was scarcely able to walk. He took, however, what he supposed to be a homeward path, and traveled, as best as he was able, until the second night. Having found nothing but a few nuts to eat, upon the third day he was nearly famished. He had his rifle and saw plenty of game, but he had no means of starting a fire. The directions that he had taken thus far, all appeared to be equally misleading. Once more he took his reckoning from the sun, and made another attempt. Night came, finding him still a wanderer, suffering terrible torture from the pangs of hunger, and scarcely less from his swollen feet and limbs. As the darkness fell, he sought refuge in the hollowed trunk of a tree standing upon a hill. Presently he discovered a light. This gave him new courage; and summoning all his remaining strength, he pushed forward toward it. Fortunately it proved to be not far distant; and, in the course of an hour, he was safely housed in the cabin of the men that finally conducted him to Camp Harrington. For several days he lay in the strangers' quarters, fearing that each one would be his last. His vigorous constitution conquered, however, sufficiently to enable him to be moved; when, after a painful journey, he was, in the condition before described, again restored to his friends.

It affected Mrs. Monroe deeply to witness the effect of the hardships endured by Ensign on her account. She omitted to do him no kindness in her power.

"My only regret is," he replied one day, to her expressions of sympathy, "that after all, I could be of no service."

These words were the first that served to rouse Mrs. Monroe, and lead her back upon the brightening path that brought her to her former self.

After Ensign, the most frequent subject of the ladies' conversation was the Gazelle. Why, in consideration of her intense interest in Mrs. Monroe, could she not be persuaded

to make them a short visit? She had remained with her until her departure from the Spanish camp; when, in spite of the united entreaties of Mrs. Monroe and of Blair, she returned to Sacramento. Mrs. Monroe considered herself indebted to her for an escape from the sickness that Doctor Durgin thought must necessarily follow her cruel experience.

"What is she like?" asked Mrs. Durgin.

"I know not how to make any comparison," was the reply. "She is wedded loveliness and wisdom. I have defined her features as best I could; but she is surrounded by an atmosphere of mysterious grace wholly new to me, and beyond the gift of description. As she stood defying him that now fills a dishonored grave, I knew that I should never again behold another sight so beautiful. With all her sweetness of expression, a wild and truly terrifying light flashed from her black eyes, that should have struck the coward to earth. At once I recognized in her an injured woman." Here the speaker became silent.

"Mr. Blair is unwilling to speak of the Gazelle; I wonder why," returned Mrs. Durgin, both to gain information and to break the spell that had fallen upon her companion. "She must have made a lasting impression upon him, whatever was its character."

"His brother's death is cause enough for the silent moods so frequently visiting him."

"Poor man! His noble nature has received a frightful shock. I never knew one so thoroughly unselfish. His efforts are ever in behalf of others, at whatever inconvenience or sacrifice to himself. I do not see how the Gazelle could help loving him. Perhaps it is foolish, at any rate I have been led to believe so of late, but I am unable to separate love and romance. Nothing would give me more pleasure, than, after all this mystery and sorrow, to see La Gazela become the bride of Captain Blair."

"I have thought of it with much the same feeling; but there is small chance, I fear, of so happy a union. Nature is exceedingly jealous of our joys. Often she withholds them from us; and, not less frequently, takes them back to her own breast just at the time that we have learned to thoroughly love and appreciate them."

The speaker again became silent, and the cheering words of Mrs. Durgin proved once more unavailing. The way of life looked too dark as yet to the bereaved one. The denser blackness had broken, but the light struggling in was still feeble. Camp Harrington had already seen sorrow enough for a lifetime. All had suffered; Mrs. Monroe, Blair, Ensign, and Mrs. Durgin receiving the deeper wounds.

Pecuniarily, they were prosperous. The late disaster threw them into temporary confusion, causing considerable delay; but the work was again going forward, and the yield as plentiful as before. Ensign, though unable to labor, received his daily proportion of the gold taken out, while the widow was credited with a double share. Blair now felt himself charged with new responsibilities. Indeed, he considered that Mrs. Monroe had been left in his care. At once he volunteered to escort her back to her home in the East. It was her preference to remain. This decision being made, he had but to manage her finances, and see that she enjoyed every possible comfort.

There was a further duty, equally sacred, imposed upon Blair. His brother had intrusted to him a large property, to be held for the use of the Gazelle. Aside from and beyond this duty, he cherished the hope that he might be permitted to make the Gazelle his own, the one object for which he was to live. He had used every endeavor to have her come for a short time to Camp Harrington. This she positively refused to do. They had a long and earnest conversation previous to her return to Sacramento.

"No, Mr. Blair," said she at this interview; "you deceive yourself. I should not contribute to your happiness. Though I am innocent, you must ever associate me with the fall of your brother. True, he abandoned himself to wickedness; but he was your brother. Now that he cannot hear them, I cannot make charges against his charac-

ter; and without doing so, I should be unable to make fair my own reputation."

"Dear lady, I ask not a word of your history: I know enough. We met in an evil hour; but pray let good come of it. Permit me at least, as far as I may be able, to repair my brother's wrongs. He took you from your home; let me give you another, or go with you in search of the one you left behind."

"I can never go back to my people; and I am not worthy to accept the proposed alternative. My life were better lived alone. So situated, I may do a little good; certainly I need bring no harm to another."

"You pain me," replied Blair. The intensity of Blair's speech touched a new chord in the heart of his hearer. She looked upon him with an expression of most melancholy loveliness, then answered:

"I would lay down my life more willingly than I would do that with which you have now charged me. It was the nobility of your nature that made me speak as I did. It may be that I err; if so, 'tis unknowingly. Think a moment. My mother endowed me with beauty: it is impossible for me not to know it. It is that—my face, not my heart—that you see; and that the years will soon change."

"A more cruel judgment was never pronounced upon man," returned Blair, the fire leaping into his large eyes. "During the few hours that we have been together, have I spoken, have I acted, as a boy? Never before did woman hear like words from my lips, and never—"

"Pray let your speech be calm," interrupted the other. "We cannot be both impassioned and wise."

"I know my own heart," continued Blair, eloquent in manner as in language. "I have laid it bare before you. And it must not be stained with a blot that, thank God! could never fall upon it. It is *you* that I love. Your face indeed is beautiful; but dear to me only because it is a part of you. Your heart, which you declare I do not see, has risen again and again into that face. To know the one is to know the other. We are both alone in the world," continued the speaker, solemnly. "In contemplation of what we might be to each other, is it right that we should so remain?"

Blair involuntarily extended his hand, and again clasped that of the Gazelle. She raised her soft, lustrous eyes to him, and said: "Would, then, a man of your lofty principles be content with a waif rescued from the tables of the gamblers?"

"Never a syllable of your history need be made known to me. I ask for your present and your future. The past, both yours and mine, I would obliterate."

It was all that Blair could do to keep from folding the Gazelle in his arms. Perhaps she felt this; for she withdrew her hand, saying:

"If you know me, sir, you will understand my meaning when I ask you to give me a short time for reflection. The woman that might have taken the life of your brother must further prove to herself the purity of her own soul before she would dare to entrust it to the keeping of one too just to be his avenger.

Such was a portion of Blair's final conversation with the Gazelle. Naturally enough, it was continually in his mind. She would not touch the gold and jewels left to him in trust for her. She would not give him a positive answer as to her future course. Nevertheless, he believed she loved him; and the more he dwelt upon her hesitation, the more magnified did her intrinsic worth appear. He was to meet her again on the 8th of January at her own home. The time seemed long; and it could not be expected that Blair would be wholly himself during this trying interview. He was a man that took no pleasure in confidants. He hinted to Ensign something of the nature of his feeling toward the Gazelle; further than this, he kept his own secret. James asked a thousand questions, and even Uncle Lish evinced a decided curiosity to learn many facts exceedingly slow to be discovered.

"I told you, Cousin Mortimer," said James, "that the Gazelle had a beautiful face. Whatever you may think about it, Mrs. Monroe cannot express one-half her admira-

tion. Why will you not admit the fact, and give me credit for sound judgment? There was some excuse for your smiling over my enthusiasm at the *Oro;* but now that you have seen her with your own eyes, and I doubt not talked more with her than I shall ever be able to prove, you have no longer the right even to *think* a smile."

"Would you like to see the Gazelle again?" asked Blair.

"I would give one-third of my gold to be with her an hour," was the response.

"Could you look her in the face and tell her that you had been leading such a life here as would fit you for her presence?"

"Cousin," responded James, slowly, "I have been a little wild, but never unkind. If the Gazelle had been here, I know my conduct would have been better."

"And Mary! Should she not have been constantly with you in spirit? How dare you say again that you love her?"

"I forget," sighed James, removing his glasses and wiping them upon his woolen sleeve; "forgetting, that is my fault! Is a man to be cast off from all good influence simply because his memory betrays him? A certain Roman located his faults in the stars; another placed his in himself; I put my own in my memory. No matter to what extremes I may have gone, often as remembrance brings back Mary I become as sober as the most sedate deacon."

There was a slight accent of jest in the pronouncing of the above words. A few weeks before, James could not have entertained the thought of employing it upon so serious a theme. Blair perceived that his sensibilities were somewhat dulled. Generous hearted as he was, already he had imbibed enough of the prevailing indifference pervading the very air the miners breathed to cause him to take matters as they came, and to give himself little further thought or trouble. The abduction of Mrs. Monroe, the loss of her husband, and the death of his own cousin— none of these disturbed him as much as they did any other of the company, Mose excepted. No amount of training could lead him to the countenance of crime, much less to its commission; but he was so absorbed, so wrapped up in his prosperity, that, as he himself expressed it, it was easy for him to "forget."

"Certain things have got to come," he remarked to Uncle Lish, when he learned what had happened at the Spanish Camp. "And," he added, digging vigorously, "let 'em come."

The last words bringing to his mind the famous utterance of Patrick Henry, he entered into a lofty eulogy of the patriot. When he had finished, the trapper laid his brown, hard hand upon the speaker's shoulder, and said:

"Young man, whisky is a fust rate thing to limber up a feller's tongue with, but it sets his morals stiff as a ramrod. It's got the best o' smarter chaps than you be; and ef you will take an' ole coon's advice, jest drap it. I tried drinkin' onct. I had ten squar' years on't; and, to make a long story short, them let me plumb out. Any man with gin in the head scatters like an old shotgun. I wouldn't trust him with the pelt of a jackass-rabbit. Yes, sir; in some o' his cursed tantrums he would as likely as not swap his own grandmother for a squaw— derned if I ain't talkin' gospil."

The trapper was in a fitting mood to deal somewhat sharply with the wayward son of Swansea. After waiting a long time for Blair to recover his spirits, he had, a few hours before, made bold to apologize for certain offenses that he imagined himself to have committed. He did not succeed to his own satisfaction, and his reflections upon his failure induced an unusual irritability of temper.

"Cap'ain," said he, "I feel too dern sheepish to keep still any longer. The upshot on't is, I've broke my contract."

"How so, Uncle Lish," asked the other.

"Why, dern my hide! what good was I when we turned out to hunt Miss Monroe? Arter all, near as I can diskiver, it was left for another woman to find her. I swings, I hev lived with the Injuns so long that I've forgot how to foller a white man's trail. Another thing, I ought to a knowed better

than to have been huntin' your own blood relation under any circumstances. You are younger than I be. You has excuse for not seein' differences in folks like what we hev in this yer country. 'Tain't so with me. I ought to a knowed, and stopped this whole dern business. Cap'ain, I'm dev'lish sore on this p'int. I hate to trouble you with a word o' this sort; and I hain't said, now, the first thing I started out to. I never was no talker; but I vow, I thought I could *do* suthin' when called on; partic'lar as the job was right in my line o' business."

"I am well aware," said Blair, taking advantage of an embarrassing pause, "that you have not expressed your thoughts. I can easily decipher them without further words. You have done your duty, Uncle Lish; I could not have asked more of you."

"Thankee, Cap'ain," returned the trapper, edging away. "I knowed you'd understand me. Beg parding for sayin' it to your face, but you are the likeliest young man I ever laid eyes on. Fact is, that's why I can't talk. Arter all, it's you instead o' me that I'm so derned sorry for."

Chapter XXIV.

The month of December brought frequent rains. These somewhat retarded the labors of the miners, and induced, with the aid of improper food, an increase of various forms of disease. There was much less sickness, however, in the hills than in the settlements upon the plains. The suffering in Sacramento, for example, was not appreciated until the disaster of January 8th caused a general exhibition of the wretched patients that had been slowly dying in by-places where few found occasion to inquire. It is not surprising that the Gazelle was anxious to return to her home. She gave reason enough for so doing; but there was the further duty, imperative as it was distasteful and dangerous, of caring for the helpless victims of most horrible disorders. Had Blair suspected the exposure to which she was constantly subjecting her life, he could not have suffered her to leave him. Our friends at Camp Harrington, using every caution for the preservation of health, toiled on, through sunshine and rain, until the opening of the new year.

"The sun comes up and the sun goes down,
And day and night are the same as one;
The year grows green and the year grows brown;
And what is it all when all is done?
Grains of somber or shining sand
Sliding into or out of the hand!"

This sentiment was experienced by Mrs. Monroe; but, altogether, the hours were passing more happily. Ensign was nearly well again, while Blair had largely recovered his usual spirits. A shadow now and then crossed the latter's face; but once more his conquerer's smile was seen, and his encouraging voice heard both in labor and in rest. The Doctor having endured great privation for some weeks past, now occasionally opened his pent cisterns of jollity, infusing robust merriment into every heart.

"I declare," said he to Blair, "when I recall the vicissitudes through which we have passed, I actually find more to laugh about than I do to cry over. Maybe I am impervious to despondency. If so, thank Heaven for 't! I tell you, my glorious fellow, there is no philosophy in continuous moaning. I am far from advocating Brother Swilling's views. After all, there is a good fat kernel of truth in the crude optimism. I deeply sympathize with you; but when I reflect upon your untiring performance of every duty, of your disinterested effort in behalf of those by whom you are surrounded, I know that you must feel a mighty consolation, able to support you under the direst affliction. The man that does his part earns his peace with his fellow-creatures and with his God. It cannot be withheld from him. Mrs. Monroe has been visited with a most bitter experience; but it could not crush her. She is too healthful. Naturally her thoughts and feeling lean toward the one that can best supply the fallen pillar that was her stay. Does it detract from her womanhood because, all but unconsciously, she permits Ensign to feed her

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starved condition? A philosopher has said, that in order to live we must *eat*. The mind, the heart, must take its nourishment; and until appetite returns, the patient remains a mental, spiritual, or physical invalid. When nature says, 'Be healed!' I claim that we ought to use every effort to effect restoration. Two courses only are open to the man or woman that thinks: either to get well or die. Self-imposed invalidism is an affront to the benevolent Physician and Father, the Creator and Preserver of all that he has made. Now do you know what I am coming at?" continued the Doctor, putting his arm inside Blair's, and walking slowly toward camp.

"I have my suspicions," was the reply.

"Certainly," responded the other, laughing very moderately for him. "I have hinted as much many times before. Now see to it, my brave boy, that you do not return to these diggings without the little angel doctress. Madeline prays for her every night, and her prayers must be answered. Lead hither the Gazelle, and we'll all be happy yet!"

Blair made no promises, except that, if life were spared him, he would safely convey the second earnings of the company to market. Uncle Lish was fearful that he would be unable to reach Sacramento, because of the swelling of the streams by the late rains. Blair must have an assistant; and James was the only one that could be spared. Accordingly, the two made preparation for departure. Uncle Lish did a vast deal of squinting skyward.

"Cap'ain," said he, "ef you don't git wet 'fore we meet agin, I'm no prophet. You needn't be alarmed about things in Camp Harrington. It's a derned sight safeter place than Sacramento this time o' year, or any other time. That thar town is a comfortable spot for water-rats; but 'tain't no place for human bein's. I know the lay of the land above, and jest how the streams run. I told some of the big fellers last summer what to be lookin' out for this fall. I didn't charge nothin' for 't; but maybe they'll wish they hed listened a minute to the opinion of the old trapper. Cap'ain, don't lose no time. When business is done, do you git for the hills."

Uncle Lish's advice seemed rather uncalled for to James Swilling; but before he reached the Fort he began to realize its propriety and value. After many hairbreadth escapes, wet as the water through which they had waded and swam, the cousins finally arrived safely at the Fort, on the evening of the 8th of January. Their horses were so exhausted that they could have gone little farther; and they themselves were not in a much better condition. Blair had hoped to arrive in the morning, for this very night he was to meet the Gazelle. It was now nearly nine o'clock; but, fatigued as he was, he procured dry clothing from the Captain, and at a late hour sought the home of his hopes and of his heart.

He had no more than reached the outskirts of the settlement when he was informed that the waters were backing into the lower part of the town. The night was dark. He knew not how far he would be able to go, but he pushed on. Soon the raging flood prevented his progress. People were flying wildly in all directions. Huge boxes of merchandise and disjointed fragments of buildings swept by on the resistless current flowing through the streets. What was he to do? It was impossible for him to reach the house whither he was hastening. He knew that the waters were already dashing against the little tenement occupied by the Gazelle. "She will be drowned!" thought Blair, forgetting his own imminent danger. Just at that moment a man hurried by him, saying:

"Follow me, and we will go up into the top of that two-story building."

There was no alternative; and he hastened, with an aching heart, to the proffered place of refuge. Upon his arrival he found that many had preceded him. These were cursing and carousing in a manner impossible for him to understand. Some of them knew that their property, much of it very valuable, was being swept beyond their reach; but they greeted the destruction with jest and laughter.

"Got my wife and babies out in time," said one; "that's all I care."

"I had no wife or babies to get out," said another; "and that's all I care."

"Well, I managed to corral a two-gallon jug of somebody's whisky," spoke a third. "I am satisfied."

Upon this the liquor was passed. Though Blair was glad enough to partake of it, for he had eaten nothing since morning, his thoughts revolted against the spirit of revelry by which he was surrounded. His was not an exceptional situation; nor was the conduct of his companions different from that of the majority of the flooded inhabitants. On all sides, amidst the rushing of the waters and the crashing of the heavy burdens they bore, sweeping one against the other, could be heard cries of defiant mirth. Little could be seen; but through the darkness ever came the shouts of a reckless multitude, taking pains to save nothing except their own lives and those of their immediate friends. In an hour the town was under water, the current running along many of the streets with great swiftness.

"Is there no such thing as procuring a boat?" inquired Blair, exceedingly anxious within, but cool in his demeanor.

"A boat!" answered one. "I know where there is one to be had for a thousand dollars."

"Where is it?"

"You don't wish to pay that sum for it, do you?"

"I will give that amount for a safe boat delivered at this building within ten minutes."

"It's a bargain. Put up your mud."

"Bring your boat," responded Blair, counting out the gold pieces.

"Here it is," was the reply; and the speaker, opening a door leading to the attic, exhibited a new boat that had that day been first used upon the river.

"Is there a sailor here?" asked Blair.

"Ay, ay, sir," responded a burly fellow.

"Will you row for me, or do any other work that I may require during the night, for fifty dollars an hour?"

"Ay, ay, sir."

"I thought I should find a sale for the 'Julia' by holding on a little," spoke the former owner of the boat, jingling his coin in his trousers pocket as Blair and the sailor descended the stairs, bearing the expensive article upon their shoulders.

"A way-up price," spoke another. "That fellow means business. He's got something on the string."

"A mighty peert appearin' cuss," said a third.

"That he was," rejoining a fourth. "He will waltz something or somebody through before morning."

"Isn't there a light in that shanty sailing along there?" interrupted the first speaker.

"By jove, there is!" cried a man that knew the structure by the peculiar shape of the window through which the light was visible. "And it's Greer's hospital; full of the worst lot of dying wretches that I ever saw in my life. I was there with Dr. Gray just this morning."

"That's rough, by thunder!" exclaimed one that had not opened his mouth before.

Blair and the sailor, having struck out in the direction of the Gazelle's house, crossed the path of this shanty but a few feet in front of it. The current was so strong that they were obliged to remain very near while it passed. As it did so, Blair caught a glimpse of a form that he knew but too well. He could not be mistaken. It was she; it was the Gazelle! Instantly he ordered the boat veered about; and after a vigorous struggle succeeded in jumping upon the veranda of the floating dwelling. First satisfying himself that he was correct in pronouncing the flitting form to be that of the Gazelle, he lashed the boat to the building, and, leaving the sailor outside, climbed to one of the upper windows and entered. The sight that then met his gaze was enough to daunt the heart of the strongest man. Stretched upon the floor lay a dozen living bodies wrapped in blankets; while moving among them, in their filth and disease, glided the Gazelle, followed by a young man, her only attendant. Foul smells pervaded the apartment, and

groans continually rose from the hopeless sufferers. For a moment Blair was spellbound. The Gazelle looked careworn. Frequently she cast her eyes out into the darkness; then renewed her ministrations toward the distressed.

"Thank God, I have found her!" Blair exclaimed, scarcely knowing that he spoke.

Unable to wait longer, he now crept inside, and suddenly stood beside the Gazelle, who, her back being toward him, was unaware of his presence. As she rose from the side of her patient, Blair gently put his arms about her, saying:

"I have come."

The Gazelle made no reply, but leaned with uplifted eyes against his breast. It was a dire situation for the betrothal of lovers. A crash was heard, and the two were hurled to opposite sides of the room. Instantaneously the waters rushed in. Blair saw that the house was separating. He sprang across, and seizing the Gazelle bore her to the porch to which the boat was fastened. Fortunately, the half of the dwelling on which they were became wedged between two trees, and was brought to a stop. The other half was already torn away and carried out of reach.

"We must save some of the sick," cried the Gazelle.

"Not one is left," answered Blair. "The small space upon which we stand is the only dry spot remaining."

"Every man of 'em is overboard," cried the sailor, from the roof.

"How dreadful!" sighed the Gazelle.

"We have but to care for ourselves now," returned Blair. "Those poor wretches will soon be out of their misery. We are not yet safe."

"I know; but think how woefully sad! I too must have been swept away, had it not been for you."

"Heaven is just," answered Blair, "You were preserved for me. But we must hasten. The boat is unharmed. Sailor, do you suppose we can pull safely to that light?"

"Ay, ay, sir. If you will take an oar with me, we can hold her steady to any point you say."

"Would there be any use of trying to get to your house?" asked Blair of the Gazelle.

"None, whatever," was the answer. "Fortunately, yesterday I moved my furniture into a large two-story building, where it will be safe."

"The gods are with us," responded Blair. "Now let us take the boat."

It was midnight. The "City of the Plain" consisted of a few of its former buildings, into the tops of which were crowded its inhabitants. These could be distinguished by the lights gleaming above the on-rushing sea. All had been warned, but no preparations had been made against the disaster that at last had come. The majority of the frail, low tenements were either already swept away or biding that near fate. There was neither time nor means to secure anything more than human lives; and not a few of these were lost. Greer's hospital did not share a destruction without its parallel in the lower lands of the settlement. There was this alleviating fact, that death came in the guise of a blessing to like wrecks of slow and torturing disease. The reader would shudder at details that might be given from memoranda taken down by the Gazelle during her experience as physician to those unable to pay doctors' bills. More shocking deaths than many that occurred in Sacramento during the fall of '49 are not upon record.

Vigorously Blair and the sailor plied their oars. It was not very long before the sound of the mad waters was left behind, and the Gazelle safely brought to land not far from the Fort.

"I pity my poor Indian girl," said she. "She is in the building with my furniture; and though safe herself, she will cry the night long for me."

"We will go to her early in the morning," replied Blair.

"Cousin Mortimer! Heaven be praised!" suddenly came a deep, croaking voice, and, close in its wake, a tall youth overcome with joy. James had not missed his opportunity to partake of the Captain's fluid bounties; but he was enough himself to be anxious for

the safety of his relative, and greatly rejoiced at his arrival. He swung the lantern in his hand very recklessly; nevertheless, its uncertain beams soon revealed to him the form of the Gazelle. His language and manner after this discovery were too ludicrous to form a part of so melancholy a chapter.

Blair was thoroughly fatigued. He could do no more himself; but he sent the sailor and one of the Captain's men to perform whatever kindness they might be able. This done with thankful heart, his soul filled with purest happiness, he once more entered the hospitable home of Captain Sutter, leading with him the fairest of women, the angel of mercy, known as "The Gazelle."

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

[CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

BE HAPPY, HAPPY LITTLE MAID.

Be happy, happy little maid,
Under the rose in blossom!
Whitely flutter its petals down
Over thy whiter bosom.

Beauty and sunshine thine to-day,
With never thought of sorrow;
Though barren thorn and a cloudy sky
Be thine upon the morrow!

INA COOLBRITH.

THE WILDS OF THE DARIEN.—III.

Having failed three times to reach this Cana of the Wilderness, having three parties lost, demoralized, and defeated, I began to mistrust the reputed charm in this odd number, and to be somewhat disposed to believe, with the natives, in supernatural agencies.

It is a common belief with these people, that there are evil spirits which haunt the abandoned mines at Cana, and which defeat the purposes of all who attempt to reopen them. The many attempts and failures but confirm them in this belief. But we were determined to try once more. With some difficulty we succeeded in getting two men for packers, and decided to take the bush this time without guide or compass, trusting to that kind providence which intervened in my behalf on a former occasion.

We were industriously engaged in gouging out, by the aid of knife and magnifying-glass, innumerable infinitesimal insects imbedded in our ulcerated feet, when in stalked Mr. Reede, much to our surprise and pleasure. He was accompanied by Sylvester Newcomb, a man in every way suited to the occasion. He had been frequently mentioned as more experienced in bush life and mining than all others in these parts. I was pleased with him, and rejoiced when he told me he wanted to go to Cana with me.

The following morning we were off. We went without Mr. Reede, and our emergency man failed us in our emergency. We had to take *Caballo Viejo*, and although old and infirm we concluded that he might be of service, as he had been at Cana. We found

Mr. Newcomb all and more than report had made him; intelligent, genial, and altogether agreeable, as well as useful.

We retraced our steps over the trail, and reached the old camp on the Paca River in five days. In the morning we ascended the mountain. So far, all was plain sailing. Now we were to find the way down, and to the Rio Grande. There appeared to be no trouble about this, and down we went on a plain, direct ridge, congratulating ourselves on the fortunate discovery. It became rather steep, but that was nothing. We were cheered by the sight of a *cabrado*, which we were told crossed our route about this place. After lunch, Mr. Newcomb and Paulino concluded to make a reconnoissance before going forward with the packs. They were gone a long time, and, when they returned, reported that they had followed the *cabrado* down to the old camp, and saw no way to get on the adjacent mountain. We returned to camp, and determined to make it a base for explorations, until the proper route was found. In the morning Mr. Newcomb and two men started for explorations. They were gone two days, and reported having traveled a great distance, and having evidently reached a great hight, as the water running out of the side of the mountain was as cold as ice. We started the next morning with Mr. Newcomb, Paulino, and "Old Hoss," leaving Solano in camp. We went up the mountain again to try and find the hidden route. We had not gone far before we heard the admonitory thundering challenge of wild hogs. They were preparing for fight. Being thus warned, we proceeded cautiously, looking in the mean time for a favorable tree to climb. Here they came, a full troupe, charging down on us, pellmell. We at once exercised our usual discretion by climbing up a friendly vine. Mr. Newcomb and the men all followed our wise example. My feet were just free from the ground when the infuriated animals were at my heels, gnashing their tusks, and foaming with impotent rage. They in all probability had never seen man before, and when they saw us up the trees, like so many monkeys, they were evidently disconcerted; and must have concluded, after due consideration of grunts, that, if we were not monkeys, they were at a loss to know what we were, and fortunately gave us the benefit of the doubt. They retired disconcerted, and we were allowed to proceed on our exploration.

We cut our toilsome way up the mountain, and continued to cut all day, until night overtook us, and we were compelled to lie down on the mountain-side. In the morning we cut on down the mountain, and came to a creek; following it down, taking advantage of its bed to avoid the dense growth of grass, which lines its banks with the sharp saw-teeth.

This *cabrado* evidently emptied into the Rio Grande, and we followed down its tortuous course, turning hither and thither, dallying and delaying, as if reluctant to part with its waters. We found ourselves swallowed up in it. No escape now; we had allowed ourselves to be charmed on, and here we were taken in and done for. The only way open to us now was the mouth, if we could ever get to it. So on we crawled, waded, and groped our way, clambering over logs hour after hour. The stream now became narrower. We were evidently in the neck of the monster. We crawled through it, and were at the mouth; but instead of rejoicing, we could but despair, as there appeared no way for us to get out. There we were, all huddled up together in water up to the center of our bodies. The mouth was closed, and not likely to be opened soon. There was a huge tree, which the monster had attempted to swallow, but having taken it lengthwise, it had choked up the mouth, so that we could neither see under nor over it, nor how to get out. Mr. Newcomb finally clambered up the bank, and shouted out to us:

"Here is the spirit-land."

We all followed; and I may say, that if the place of my future abode is as inviting as this, I will not complain. There at our feet was the long-sought haven of our hopes, the Rio Grande, quietly and placidly meandering over its pebbly bed. We were thankful

for the timely deliverance and bright prospects. Jonah could not have been more thankful when disgorged by the marine monster, than we were when delivered out of this. We had been all of six hours hard traveling through its body. I started to take a bath in this beautiful river, and hastened out faster than I went in, the pesky little fish nipped me so unmercifully.

Mr. Newcomb and Paulino went down the river to explore, and soon returned with the joyful intelligence that all was right. They had found the old plantain walk, and that indicated the proper place of crossing the Rio Grande. As the day was well spent, and we entirely, it was determined to camp there, and return the next day to the camp of supply.

In the morning, "Old Hoss" was lame and unable to walk; consequently I remained with him while Mr. Newcomb and Paulino returned to bring up the supplies. Mr. Newcomb had thoughtfully stored away four crackers in his shot-pouch, and Paulino a box of sardines. Three crackers and the entire box of sardines were left with us, and, as they expected to return the same day, that would be plenty.

The day passed, night came, but no men. The second came and went, but no men. Animals came near the camp, but they were not the kind I would like to hunt, for the siena is more combative than the wild hog. Bands of both came near us; and as we ventured out to look at the hog, we saw a much more unwelcome visitor—a large tiger, leisurely walking across a sandbar just below camp, evidently after a hog for dinner. The tiger preys on all animals, but the hog is the easiest obtained. The tiger follows after a band of hogs, and the porker that lags behind is caught. His squeals for help bring the band to his relief, the tiger goes up a tree, and so soon as prudence permits he is after his hog again, practicing on the saying of the "devil catch the hindmost."

The night is closing in again, and no sign of the men. What can have befallen them?

The perduice, (a bird about the size of the domestic guinea-fowl, and somwhat like it) with its shrill, mournful note, proclaims the setting sun, and every hour of the night wails out the dismal requiem. This doleful, wailing note is supposed to resemble that of a lost spirit; and thus its name. The owl puts in his too-hoo. A large bug, with pipes laid over its back, both out of tune, pipes a dismal accompaniment; altogether the most doleful serenade we have ever heard. We have observed, of all animals, birds, or insects that give note in these wilds at night, that it is inharmonious and sad; while those that announce the approach of day rejoice in the most cheerful notes. This *concerto inferno* is now suddenly checked by the commanding voice of God. In tones of reverberating thunder he bids them be still, and all is as silent as death. It comes on to rain. We are sad and dejected; fearful that the swollen river will come down on us. It is a gloomy prospect. Thunder, lightning, and rain continue. Our camp is in the bed of the river, near the water. How shall we escape the coming flood in this dark, wild night? We go to sleep and banish the forebodings. I awake to find old Franko sitting up, wide-awake, and watchfully looking for the coming flood. He tells me he has heard a tiger near the camp, and requests me to keep a lookout while he sleeps. What can I do if the tiger does come? My gun was left with Solano at the camp of supply. Old Franko's gun would not go off. There we sat, now looking up the river for the expected flood, now looking down the river by the lightning's glare for the dreaded tiger. Taken all together, a more dismal, doleful, and dreadful night was never experienced.

It is dark, and storming heavily; and now we have notice to quit. The swollen river is rushing down in his anger, and will occupy our bed. It is his bed, and we are but squatters. He had left it but for a season, and we must get out of it in season. We take to the bank in the pelting rain, build a shelter, and try to make ourselves comfortable and cheerful, but it proves a sad failure. Wet, cold, and hungry, enough to have "brought us out strong"; but we evidently did not possess Mark Tapley's gifts in this respect.

"Old Hoss" looks sad and long-faced. We divide the remaining cracker and sardines. All we can do is to resign ourselves, and trust to that kind providence which has ever been at hand in our need.

The third day is passing, and no relief. What could have happened? There could be no difficulty in finding the way back; having traversed the intervening mountain in all circuitous directions, we were now sure of the direct route, and Mr. Newcomb had determined to go by compass. We can but despond. Here we have been for eleven days (the former expedition included) trying to find a route between two points not more than eight or ten miles distant; have been led in all directions but the right one. Old Franko has despaired of ever getting back to Pinegana again, and I begin to think it unlikely.

While thus speculating on the chances, I was agreeably surprised by the appearance of Mr. Newcomb and the men. Nothing had happened but the difficulty of cutting their way. The old road was found. Short and direct, and perfectly plain after it was found. And, as might be expected, it was the only place left unexplored.

We think we are right now, and we will try to keep right. All are jubilant. Old Franko is howling. It is true, he thinks he is singing, and is actually dancing about on his lame leg. When asked about it, he assures me all is right, and that he will get back to Pinegana; yet the lame leg appears as bad as before. He explains, by saying that he has agreed to give *Espiritu Santo* (the presiding spirit of the Cana mines) two pounds of wax to cure him, and all will be right now. It occurs to me that the physicians in the spirit-land are not actuated by mercenary motives, if two pounds of wax are to be the only fees in this case.

In the morning we were off, with the expectation of getting to our destination in less than one day; but as usual found we were mistaken. The difficulty of cutting the way was still greater; and although we found no great trouble in keeping the right course, yet it was hard and slow work, requiring three days to make the distance that can be traveled in three hours when the trail is open.

When we got in the vicinity of Cana, our Ariel (in the shape now of old Franko) led off in the wrong direction, causing much trouble and delay; but we finally got to the Cana River. Indeed, its roaring waters called us. Old Franko became unusually oracular. Having been there before, he knew all about it.

Having arrived at the haven of our hopes, after many months of hard toil, it now remained to be seen whether or not time, toil, and money had been spent in vain. We felt and acknowledged our indebtedness to Mr. Newcomb. I found on my way here, that he was familiar with the vegetable kingdom. He pointed out the different and innumerable trees valuable in commerce; plants valuable for their medicinal properties, among which were antidotes to poisonous bites of reptiles; and, as he informed me, there are different antidotes for the different species of snakes. Thus our travels with Mr. Newcomb were made pleasant and instructive; and now we found that we had only passed through the vestibule of the great storehouse of his accumulated knowledge. Here it was laid open. Every rock was but a labeled index referring to a closed page. Thus the law and the leader to the concealed treasures were pointed out. The prospecting was very gratifying, particularly in finding a desired place; but as I do not intend writing a history of these mines, I will make no mention further.

The men went prospecting after fruits, and returned with abundance of bananas, canes and other comestibles. Among the game were some large, fine Muscovy ducks. The cane and fruits were brought here by those who came and opened these mines, and have continued to propagate. The duck is a native of the country. All was now accomplished; we were rested and refreshed, and returned to Pinegana, having been absent twenty-six days.

I have made several other trips to Cana, being rather curious to learn whether it was an elephant, or some more manageable prize;

found much of interest, if not of profit. The mines are extensive, and have been extensively worked. A large amount of gold has been taken out, in olden time; and I indulge the hope that a corresponding amount remains to reward us for our toil, privation, and perseverance. The old works, canals, ditches, and excavations show a knowledge of mining hardly to be surpassed in modern time. It required only powder for blasting, and the hydraulic power, to make ancient and modern mining equal. They were evidently as familiar with all the occult evidence of geology as we are; and it yet remains to be seen whether our knowledge extends beyond this.

Being far removed from the habitation of man, or the base of supply, we had much to contend with. It is conceded that the subsistence of an army or body of men is a consideration paramount to placing them in fighting position. We experienced the full force of this; and found our greatest difficulty in transportation, which as yet had to be performed on men's backs. We indulged the hope of relieving them from this animal treatment soon.

We become somewhat familiar with the denizens of the forest; and found that here, as elsewhere, the least and most insignificant things are the most annoying, the little tick, or *agara pato*, causing more trouble and dread than the tiger, hog, or serpent. They will cover the body, and their irritating, poisonous bites throw you into an irritative fever, leaving a crop of pustules that might be mistaken for a neglected case of smallpox. The remedy is to wash them off with a decoction of tobacco. One species of the *agara pato* is so small that they are imperceptible to the naked eye; and yet their bite is the most poisonous. The desire to scratch is irresistible, and yet the more one scratches, the greater the irritation and suffering.

Returning from the mine, on one occasion, having two men with me, we were ascending from the bed of a stream, in a trail made by the animals; happening to look up, there was a beautiful black tiger, or cougar, in the crotch of a tree. My rifle failing to go off, he sprang down and ran away—my dog going after a deer at hand, rather than the cougar, who doubtless was waiting to pounce down on the deer when it approached the creek to drink. The natives dread this species of tiger more than all other animals. Soon afterwards we had a perilous venture with the wild hogs. The dog having disturbed a band of them, they pursued him and he ran to me for protection. It was in an open wood; there was nothing I could climb, except a grape-vine curving up from the ground. I got on it, and it bent down so that my feet were in dangerous proximity to the infuriated animals. I had great difficulty in retaining my place; but they left me finally, to my great joy.

Mr. Deane and myself set out from Pinegana for Cana, accompanied by one of his men. It was now the summer, or dry season, and we went by land; through the winter months we would have gone part of the way by water. We anticipated no trouble in finding the way, as the Caoutcharos had kept the trail open, as far at least as the place where we had formerly gone by water. We found no difficulty until the second day; then our troubles commenced. We had stopped for a few minutes on the bank of a stream. Mr. Deane's men continued on, as they had a cargo, and we none; we thought there could be no difficulty in overtaking them. We found, however, there was difficulty; so much so, that we did not succeed in finding them. We not only lost them, but lost ourselves by taking the cuttings of Caoutcharos for the trail. We finally, however, got to a stream, followed it up until we came, as we supposed, to the well-known crossing. There was the old trail, the place where we had slept on the first trip out. There was the *rancho* subsequently built in the identical spot. The bed of the stream looked different, but the winter's freshets had caused that. There was no doubt in our minds about the location. We subsequently learned it was the right stream, but not the right location. Should we go on, or wait for the missing men? We were not hungry, yet a little something would not go amiss. We

had an ample supply, or rather the men had them all, as well as our clothing and bedding. We saw a fresh track, ascending the opposite bank of the stream. We could soon overtake them. We hastened on, but could find no track; could not find the creek that we knew the old trail went up; but we found a trail recently cut, going in the right direction. So we hastened to take it, rather than spend so much time looking for the other. Doubtless this was a shorter cut; the old was circuitous, anyhow. The trail was plain enough at first, but soon lost itself, and us too, in the forest. But as yet we did not know it. We hastened on, rather than turn back, that we might reach the Saturo River before night; clambered up and over steep hills; found a caoutchouc pit that we thought familiar; got down to the river just in time before the mantle of night fell to clothe all in obscurity. We were cheered, and felt assured with the familiar place on the river. We lay down in our saturated clothes. We were tired, and probably would sleep the better for having nothing to eat. It is a bad plan to sleep on a full stomach. We did sleep soundly, as evidence the pool of blood which was drawn from me by a vampire bat without my knowing it. We didn't believe in bleeding, in this instance particularly, as we had no food to replenish the loss, and would doubtless require all we had to sustain us. I would thank Mr. Bat if he would only stop the leak after gorging himself next time.

We had an early start in the morning; no detention with cooking, eating, and other camp troubles. There were no doubts in our minds as to where we were. We determined to take the old trail across, if we could find it, instead of going down the stream to its junction with the Croupe; it was shorter, and we must hasten to the camp where Mr. Deane's men are, and where we expected to find our lost men and the provisions. We found the old trail, as we supposed, without much difficulty; the cuttings were rather obscure, and soon disappeared. It wouldn't do to turn back. We could surely find our way to the next stream, and that was but a short distance to the Croupe, on which the camp was situated.

We followed down a small creek, and kept going all day, much to our surprise and disappointment. It gradually grew larger and deeper. We feared it would carry us down below the provision *rancho*, yet we dared not leave it, as it was a sure guide. In the hills we might get lost.

We waded on, sometimes through deep, slimy holes—delightful places for alligators—until finally we could not have left it if we would. The banks were lined with a dense growth, among which was the formidable grass with its sharp saw-teeth. We toiled on, and were rejoiced to find deliverance on the banks of what we at first supposed to be the Croupe. But it didn't look familiar, and was larger than that river. Yet it could be no other. We went up it a short distance, but found no familiar place. Then we went down it—why, I know not—and not only found nothing familiar, but were confounded by coming to a still larger river, rushing along, as it receives the waters from this one, in angry whirls, under the overhanging, frowning precipice.

What rivers could these be? The day was closing, and we were lost. We roasted a few almond nuts that Mr. Deane had gathered, and ate them; then lay down in our wet clothes in the wet sand, on the bank of the river. The rivers were dark in their deep bed—fit place for alligators, which infest these waters. Our dog lay uncomfortably close, a tempting bait for these monstrous creatures. We went to sleep, hoping they would not take us before morning. In the morning we were delighted to find they had not taken us, or our dog.

An early start again; nothing to detain us in the way of eating, though I could wish there had been. I would have been very grateful to any one who had invited me to breakfast. A singular fact in connection with this singular affair, we saw no game; not a bird or beast in these dense wilds, where they usually abound. This added to our distress. If we could have only got something to eat, we could then have had

strength to continue on our unknown way. We crossed the mouth of the deep river, and climbed up the precipitous rocky bluff. We continued on down the larger river, climbing up and down steep hills bordering the deep and angry river, getting fainter and weaker every step. Good luck now came to us in the shape of a turkey, which Mr. Deane fortunately shot; we were not long in roasting and eating it. We then continued on our wild and unknown way, going down to the river, and determining to build a raft, if we could; but soon abandoned this, as we could find no suitable wood. We could only trust in a kind providence; and that trust was not in vain, nor did we have to wait long for the fulfillment. There appeared a canoe, coming down the river with three men in it. When they landed, our first question was:

"Where are we?"

"On the *Rio Grande*, of course."

We knew that all the time, yet could not believe it.

"What river is it that empties into this, above here?"

"The Paca."

We knew this, too, but could not realize the fact. There were no rivers of their magnitude in this section of country. But we had been completely bewildered. We were kindly taken into the canoe, and it was only after passing the mouth of the Croupe River that we were disenchanted. Puzzle our brains as we would, we could not conceive how it was possible for us to get to the Paca without crossing this river. We must have been transported by some invisible agency, and yet we know we did not pass through the air; we had a painful sense of reality of having traveled on land and in water. How could it have happened? Why, in the simplest way imaginable, like all mysteries when revealed. We had reached the Croupe River the first night, below the junction of the Saturo; mistook it for the latter stream, they being nearly equal in size; and were looking for the Croupe until we reached the Paca; and then became so bewildered that we did not know where we were, or what to look for.

The next day we reached Pinegana, but had no tidings of the lost men. Exposure, fatigue, and want of food produced another more severe and protracted spell of sickness, in which one of Mr. Deane's men—kind fellow—showed much distress. They had thrown his blanket over me, in my extreme illness; and these people will never use any article of clothing which has been about a dead person, or one who has given up the ghost, which it was supposed I was about to do. He—poor fellow—came to the conclusion that his blanket was gone, and was much distressed. His joy can well be imagined and measured on my recovery. It was just equal to the price of a blanket.

To conclude this eventful series of mishaps: the missing men got lost, too; the second day, however, they found their way to the *rancho* on the Croupe, where their companions were; gave the report of our loss, when one of the men hastened on to Cana, and gave the report there; when all the men there employed hastened away in search of us, spent some time and ammunition in the fruitless endeavor, and finally came in to Pinegana, to find me lost in the maze of a brain-fever. And all of this was nothing in comparison to the troubles that followed, all incident to this adverse current of events, leaving us at a loss to know whether this is in payment of any particular sin we may have committed, or the aggregation of them all. I am in hopes it is the latter. It is to be hoped they are all now compounded, and settled up to date.

O. M. WOZENCRAFT.

[THE END.]

A FLOWER IN A LETTER.

Strange that this poor shriveled thing
Came from all that wealth of spring—
From her garden loud with bees,
Pink and purple with sweet-peas!
That from all that warmth and brightness,
Red of rose and lilies' whiteness,
This was sent, a very part
Of the garden's fragrant heart,
Wan and lifeless though it be
Ere this letter reaches me!

Ah, my friends! these songs I write—
Could you know from out what light,
Warmth of love and wishes glowing,
All a wild heart's eager growing,
I have tried to send a part,
Bright with love, from heart to heart!
Long the way; my blossoms, too,
Wan and lifeless come to you.

MILICENT W. SHINN.

SCHEMES TO ANNEX THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

Monday, October 2nd, 1854, the steamer Sea Bird, Captain Lovell, left San Francisco for Honolulu, to take her place in the line of steam vessels to navigate the sea waters of of the Hawaiian kingdom, in the service of the Hawaiian Steam Navigation Company, a corporation which had been organized under royal charter, with the grant of exclusive franchise for the inter-island traffic of the kingdom. Garrett W. Ryckman, formerly of New York, a prominent citizen of San Francisco, was president of the company. Captain John T. Wright, a noted steamship owner, had been induced to become a stockholder in the company, and had put his steamers Sea Bird and West Point into the line. Among the passengers who sailed in the Sea Bird were Mr. Ryckman; Sam. Purdy, Lieutenant-Governor of California; Captain Pendergast, of the California Steam Navigation Company; George S. Wright, son of Captain John T. Wright; and the writer of this sketch. On the tenth day from San Francisco it was discovered that the supply of coal was almost exhausted—a cheat having been practiced in filling the coal bunkers in San Francisco. That day, fortunately, a vessel was sighted, run for, and overhauled, which proved to be the whale-ship Oregon, Eldridge master, on her return from a successful season in the Arctic. From her a large lot of whale-blubber scraps were obtained: enough, it was thought, to supply fuel to Honolulu, then about two hundred miles distant. The island of Maui was sighted early on the morning of the twelfth day; and by noon the passage between that island and Oahu was reached. But the coal and blub-

ber scraps were by that time exhausted, and there were yet about thirty miles to make to reach Honolulu. All sail had been set to help on the vessel; but she was poorly calculated to make headway under sail. To keep steam, the bunks in the steerage, and every bit of wood-work that could be spared, was broken up for fuel. Off Diamond Head, eight miles from port, all this wood supply had been consumed. Kegs of butter were then resorted to; and finally, at half-past six o'clock, on the evening of Saturday, October 14th, the Sea Bird steamed into Honolulu harbor at very slow rate, with steam barely maintained by the last keg of butter on board, and was made fast at the custom-house wharf. She could not have gone another mile, except by tow; and the only means at that time of towing vessels in and out of the harbor, by the deep channel which coursed tortuously through the expansive flat coral reef on either side, was by means of teams of oxen, which waded belly-deep over the smooth coral washed by the waters of the sea.

Franklin Pierce was then President, with Wm. L. Marcy his Secretary of State. David L. Gregg of Illinois, an eminent lawyer, was United States commissioner to the Hawaiian kingdom. He was admirably qualified for the post. During the administration of President Taylor, in 1850, a proposition had been made, on the part of King Kamehameha, for the transfer of the islands to the United States; but it was not entertained. Now the project was renewed; and it was on this mission three of the gentlemen who went from California on the Sea Bird were intent to aid in and promote it. The proposition had this time come from the United States Government, through Mr. Gregg, who had gained the friendship and confidence of the King, and also of the heir-apparent to the throne, Prince Alexander; his elder brother, Prince Lot; the ministry and most of the other high dignitaries; and the great native chiefs or nobles of the kingdom. Treaty negotiations had already begun, and the project was commonly known as a scheme to "annex" the islands to the United States.

King Kamehameha was the third of the line of Hawaiian kings. Kalama, a favorite daughter of Kamehameha I., the founder of the kingdom, was his Queen. They were without issue; and, according to the law of succession, the King had chosen for his successor Prince Alexander, the youngest of the two sons of M. Kekuanaoa, governor of Oahu, distinguished alike for his bravery and gallantry in the wars of the conquest under the first Kamehameha, and in the troublous period when Captain Paulet of the British Navy made forcible seizure of the islands, in 1843, from which sprung the acknowledgment of the independence of the islands by England and France. Alexander was a young man of fine figure and fair intellect; tall, of a robust constitution, which had been impaired from excesses, and of dark complexion, even for one of his race. His elder brother, Prince Lot, was his superior in mental qualities, and of handsomer general appearance. The two princes had, in 1850, when lads, made a partial tour of the United States, and also visited portions of Europe, under the guardianship of Dr. Judd, an American missionary, then Minister of Finance, and the ablest and most influential of the ministers, who more than any other possessed the confidence of the King. Dr. Judd had come to the islands nearly thirty years before, as an American missionary. He had become in his time the first and most potential of the Ministers of State. In the troubles with the French, and subsequently with the British naval commander Paulet, healed by the discreet conduct of Admiral Thomas and the British Government, he had been the statesman of each occasion. He had been Minister of Finance for years, and he had retired to honorable private life. Still the warm and trusted personal friend of the King, as well as of the two Princes, he was the ablest advocate of the treaty, and he wrought with great influence with many of the chiefs. At Pittsburg, in New York and New England, and generally in the Atlantic States, notwithstanding the public announcement of their race and rank, they were classed and treated as negroes, and often subjected to

slights and insults on that account. It was still a mortifying and exasperating recollection to the Princes. But in England and elsewhere in Europe they had received cordial welcome from royalty and the nobility, and were accorded the honors due to their station from all classes, which they gratefully held in memory.

The Ministry was thus composed: John Young, a native chief, bosom friend and boon companion of the King, was Prime Minister; R. C. Wyllie, a Scotchman, Minister of Foreign Relations; Elisha Allen of Boston, Minister of Finance; Rev. R. Armstrong of Pennslyvania, a missionary, Minister of Public Instruction; and A. B. Bates of New York, Law Adviser to the Crown. Wm. L. Lee, a native of New York, beloved of and greatly trusted by the King, was Chief Justice of the Supreme Court; and one of the Associate Justices, John Ii, was a native Hawaiian. Lot Pakee, the oldest, the mightiest, and the grandest of the ancient line of chiefs, was Chamberlain. He was nearly seven feet high, of magnificent proportionate frame, had the strength of a Hercules, and often in his early manhood had he performed prodigies of valor and surprising feats of athletic nature. He was now the greatest of ruling chiefs, the most dignified, and the possessor of a larger area of lands, and had a more numerous retinue of native tenants and followers than any other in the kingdom. Of all these, Pakee and Judge Ii were the only ones who stood opposed to annexation. Mr. Wyllie was zealous in promoting the project, and Chief Justice Lee sanctioned it.

King Kamehameha had passed the prime of life, and his habits were such as to forbid the probability of old age. He was himself impressed with the conviction that his years would not be many, and he would not therefore do any act by which the future of his government might be involved, without it had the acquiescence of Prince Alexander. He was a man of really noble qualities; a good king, beloved of his subjects, the natives, and greatly liked by all the foreigners resident in the islands; of whom the large proportion were Americans, mostly from New England, interested more or less in the whale-fishing traffic, which was then at its hight, and of which the Sandwich Islands, with their convenient ports, were the chief depots for the annual outfitting of the whaling-fleet, and the sale and shipment to the Atlantic ports of the season's catch. This trade employed an aggregate of nearly five hundred ships, and thousands of men, as masters, officers, seamen, agents, shippers, etc.

Commissioner Gregg had won the friendship and confidence of the King and of the Ministry. Alexander and Lot greatly liked and trusted in him, and the Princess Victoria, their sister, who filled an important place in the government, took counsel of him in State matters. Next in order to the United States, in the estimation of the King and his Ministry, stood Great Britain. That nation had been the first to demonstrate its friendship and protection to the island kingdom; the first to acknowledge the supremacy as its ruler of the conqueror Kamehameha; the first to send him kind messages, and to greet him as King. His son and successor, Liholiho—Kamehameha II.—had visited England with his Queen. There the pair had been received with royal pomp and ceremony, and laden with princely gifts upon their departure for their native land, which the King never lived to again behold. And the spirit and promptitude in which the British Government had acted in the affair with Captain Paulet of the Royal Navy, in 1843, in restoring the island government to its rightful authority, and acknowledging the independence of the Hawaiian kingdom, had made King Kamehameha III. the friend of that great power.

General Wm. Miller, the British Consul-General at Honolulu, was an intrepid old soldier, who had served with great valor in the Bolivian struggle for independence. He was dean of the diplomatic corps at the Hawaiian Court. But he was not a favorite at the Palace, nor on cordial terms with the Ministry, on account of his overbearing manners; and among the people he was very much disliked for the same reason. He so strongly hated democracy as a governing

principle that he lost no opportunity to manifest his contempt of a government so founded; and he therefore bore no good-will toward Americans, notwithstanding that he always treated Commissioner Gregg with the utmost courtesy and consideration.

The French Government was represented by M. Perrin, Consul-general. He was a man of mediocre ability, with more of the politician than the diplomatist, and very little of the statesman to recommend him, and he was unfortunate in his temper. He did not stand well with the King in a social way; and the ministry were not generally disposed to cultivate intimate personal relations with him on account of his peculiar temperament and manners. At best, there was not much in common between General Miller and M. Perrin; but as England and France were then allied against Russia, in the war of the Crimea, the two were brought into closer relations, and upon the uppermost local subject then agitating the Government to which they were accredited—the treaty with the United States for annexation—they were in thorough harmony in vehement antagonism to the scheme.

But in spite of all opposition, the negotiations for the treaty progressed favorably. In the Privy Council old Lot Pakee fought it at every turn, but unsuccessfully and without actual effect. Other chiefs and nobles favored it. Nehalekea, the finest of the native orators, and Kaawai, the Cincinnatus of his race, alike members of the legislature from their respective districts, both battled for it with much force. The draft of the treaty, which had been carefully revised on each side, was agreed upon. By it the United States was to pay the sum of five millions of dollars, the payment to be made in the form of annuities, up to the sum of $300,000 per annum, or the yearly interest of the grand total, at the rate of six per cent. per annum; with a proviso that as life ceased the annuities terminated, except alone in the case of the King and Prince Alexander. The schedule provided for the King $50,000 per year, to fall to Alexander on Kamehameha's death; to Queen Kalama, $18,000 per year during her lifetime; to Prince Alexander $12,000, to cease on the death of the King, and the payment thereupon to himself of the $50,000 annuity; to Lot, $10,000; to Princess Victoria, $8,000; to Pakee, $7,000; and so on down the list of chiefs, until the last and lowest was reached, the annuities descending to $500 per year for the lowest class. The King was to make over to the United States all the crown lands and possessions, and public property of every kind and description; among which was the harbor of Pearl River, already selected by Captain Dornin of the United States sloop-of-war Portsmouth as the most eligible place for a naval station and dry-dock, or navy-yard, about six miles to the westward of Honolulu.

Among the few special grants made by the King, which were to be acknowledged and perpetuated by the United States, was that which had been secured by royal charter already to the Hawaiian Steam Navigation Company, or to Garrett W. Ryckman and his associates—the water-front of Honolulu from the city to the sea, embracing the whole line of coral reef through which the inlets and outlets of the harbor coursed and extended. It was a grant then of immense value, and likely to become worth millions of dollars in the event of American occupation of the islands, as it was virtually the ownership of the harbor of Honolulu, the chief commercial and shipping port of the entire group. The sum of annuities was never to exceed the total of five millions, in any event, while the relief to the total amount by death of the annuitants was to fall to the United States. A computation of the bills of mortality among the native chiefs, many of whom were prone to dissolute habits, gave a reckoning of a little more than three millions as the aggregate cost of the islands to the United States.

Very naturally, the Princess Victoria was not in favor of the scheme. Prince Lot did not wish it consummated, but he deferred to his brother Alexander, willing to be governed entirely by him in the matter. The

old King favored it—wanted it; but he would not sign the treaty unless Prince Alexander consented to it. Alexander wavered. He was in great need of money, and heavily in debt. He was addicted to exhausting excesses of body and purse. He kept a corps of fifty dancing-girls, and their wild orgies were the scandal of the islands. His constant companion and evil spirit was a young man named Neilson, of good family in New York, who possessed great influence over him, and participated with him in the hullahulus and lauaus, or bacchanal and nymphean saturnalia. Neilson hoped when Alexander should be King to obtain high place in the government, or to be the power behind the throne. He therefore labored to set the Prince against annexation.

There was another potent influence which prevailed with him somewhat from a better and totally opposite direction. It was an influence of subtle nature, which appealed to his pride and ambition. For years the King had planned and prepared for the marriage of Alexander to Miss Emma Rook, the daughter of an English physician, long a resident of the islands, who was the King's family physician. Dr. Rook had married the daughter of a great native chief, who had taken for husband one of the most noted white men that had been raised to the distinction of a noble by the King, and Emma was the only issue of that marriage. She was a young lady of fair personal attractions, about Alexander's age, a great favorite of the old King, and had been carefully educated. Good, accomplished, and in every way worthy of Alexander's love and of the exalted position to which the projected alliance would elevate her, she awaited with becoming patience, yet with much concern, the disposition of her royal betrothed to fulfill the engagement. His orgies had delayed the nuptials; still he was devoted to her, and measurably influenced by her wishes. From proper self-pride and self-concernment, she was averse to the treaty; and in this she was strenuously urged by her father, who, as a loyal Englishman, as well as an adopted Hawaiian, vehemently opposed the project, in common with all of his countrymen of the islands.

But there was, besides these influences, still another and more powerful in laboring and scheming to defeat the annexation. This was the American whaling and merchant element of the population, combined generally with the missionary establishment, almost wholly from the United States. The large number interested in the whale-fishery, and in mercantile pursuits in Honolulu, Lahaina, and Hilo, the three principal ports for whalers and commerce, as well as the missionaries, were from Boston, Nantucket, New Bedford, New London, and New York; and they comprised the wealthiest, the most influential, and the most formidable classes of the inhabitants. The whale-ship owners and agents controlled the financial affairs of the kingdom, because the revenues depended mainly upon that traffic. This element very naturally dreaded annexation, for the simple reason that the possession of the islands by the United States would subject them to the evils and costs of the operation of the United States laws in respect to their ships and crews, which are common to every considerable seaport of the republic. The laws of the kingdom had been so framed that there was no encouragement in any Hawaiian port for the class of lawyers who prosecute claims for sailors, and hence there was no difficulty with crews. The United States consul heard and decided all cases between the ship-owners or masters and the men; and from his judgment the only appeal was to the commissioner. The consul fixed the rate at which oil and whalebone should be computed in the settlement of accounts between the ship and the crew; and he determined all other matters of complaint, grievance, or dispute between the parties. It was a prompt and simple mode of settlement, and the cost was inconsiderable to the ship-owners, consignees, and masters. "Jack" generally came off the loser or grumbler. But the system had the virtue of excluding "shark" lawyers from the islands, and of bringing the sailors to submit to that which they could not successfully offer resistance.

This valuable advantage in a money point of view overcame the patriotic impulse of the whale-fishery element generally, and led them to prefer the voluntary expatriation they so profitably endured to the transfer of territory which should bring over them the protecting panoply of their native country.

A similar disposition on the part of the owners and agents of the whaling-fleets in New England led to the preparation of a letter at that time, by Senator Charles Sumner of Massachusetts, to be used in antagonizing the treaty projected in the Privy Council, and among the native chiefs. The letter came in October, 1854. It warned the chiefs and the Hawaiians against any movement which should bring their kingdom or themselves into the possession or jurisdiction of the United States; as to do so would deprive them of their lands and homes, and reduce themselves to a degraded condition, if not to actual slavery. Mr. Sumner cited to the Hawaiians the pregnant fact that the American people, or the dominant element at that period, had always degraded, if they would not enslave, the races of darker shades; and he predicted a similar fate for the natives of the islands, chiefs as well as commoners, in the event of annexation. The letter was given to Lot Pakee, the mighty chief of the olden time, to use and to read in the Privy Council; and it required all the power and persuasion of Mr. Wyllie and the other advocates of annexation to overcome the impression it created at the outset.

Another set-back had been given the treaty negotiations just about the same time, and for a while it threatened to break them off entirely. Filibustering had alarmed Cuba in 1850. Since then, on the Pacific coast, there had been expeditions of similar character, rumored or attempted, against portions of Mexico and Central America. California was the rendezvous and starting point for these expeditions. The Sandwich Islanders were a peaceful, inoffensive, submissive, patient race, averse to turmoil or war. The Europeans and Americans resident there had no sympathy with filibustering or violence. The military force of the islands was ridiculously meager; more for show than for real service, although ludicrously feeble and insignificant in the way of show. There was, however, a very formidable foreign naval force in the harbor of Honolulu: the United States steamships Mississippi and Susquehanna and the sloops-of-war Portsmouth and St. Mary, the British frigates Trincomalee and Eurydice, and the French frigate L'Artemise.

During October, the schooner Caroline E. Foote arrived at Honolulu with about one hundred passengers, mostly of an adventurous, desperate class, and among them, as a sort of leader, was the notorious Cris. Lilly, prize-fighter and sporting man. Some turbulence—the natural consequence of so large a number of reckless persons suddenly landed in a port such as Honolulu was then, where sailors freshly discharged, and native women were loosely sauntering, after a two or three weeks run from San Francisco, with opportunities to guzzle down liquor so long as they had money to pay for it—created a good deal of alarm in the city, and the intemperate remarks of some of the disorderly crowd awakened the suspicion that their threats to "take the town" were more in earnest than idle vaporing. The authorities became apprehensive of trouble, and Consul-Generals Miller and Perrin lustily plied the fuel of their mischievous surmises and admonitions to fan the flame to danger-heat, until Governor Kekuanaoa, thoroughly convinced that it was a filibustering foray, issued proclamation for his troops immediately to assemble at the fort.

Very happily, before this could be accomplished, Captain Dornin of the Portsmouth addressed an official letter to Commissioner Gregg, requesting him to tender to the King a force of two hundred men, armed and equipped for effective service, to be sent on shore at once, or in the case of any emergency, to quell disorder and maintain the peace. It had instant good effect. The native troops were on duty only a single night; all cause of alarm disappeared the next day; and Cris. Lilly and his entirely harmless "filibusteros"

were prevailed upon to leave the port, on the return voyage of the Foote, in a few days.

But other difficulties still beset the progress of the treaty. Ben. Moulton of San Francisco had opened the Honolulu theater. One Saturday night he specially invited Commissioner Gregg and several American citizens of distinction to attend the performance. In the pit were hundreds of English sailors of the Trincomalee and American whalers, about evenly proportioned. In compliment to Commissioner Gregg and the other invited guests, the orchestra played the national airs of the United States. The British sailors demanded "God Save the Queen." The orchestra played "Yankee Doodle." The Britishers then yelled for their national anthem. "Hail Columbia" was given instead. A rush was made for the orchestra by the incensed Britons. Instantly the whalers interposed. Blows were exchanged, and a general fight was precipitated. It lasted a quarter of an hour, and the whalers were left in possession of the battle-field. That night, at a late hour, Captain Houston of the Trincomalee ordered the ship's fine band ashore, and a long line of her crew were marched to Mr. Gregg's residence, where the band played all the American national airs, at the end of which the sailors were required to cheer lustily; and the officer in command tendered to Mr. Gregg the apology, regrets, and compliments of Captain Houston for the misbehavior of his men, a number of whom were afterwards soundly punished on board.

Yet another *contretemps* was occasioned in a most unexpected manner. Word had come from San Francisco of a signal victory of the allies over the Russians in the Crimea, and a magnificent banquet at the Globe Hotel, in Honolulu, had been ordered for a Saturday evening. It was fully prepared by host Franconi, himself an ardent Frenchman. That very morning the American brig Zenobia arrived from Petropauloski with intelligence of the reverse there sustained by the British attacking force at the hands of the Russians, and a letter from the British commander, narrating the event to Captain Houston. The Americans in Honolulu generally sympathized with the Russians, and the annexation treaty project had intensified this feeling among those who favored the treaty. The chagrin at the morning's news was so great that the British and French officers did not come on shore from their ships; and the French and English residents kept within their domiciles. But the banquet was enjoyed, notwithstanding. A large party of Americans had arranged to feast upon the sumptuous furnishment, and the wine that was to toast the allied victors was quaffed to their confusion and the success of their foes.

These several disturbances and annoyances had so wrought upon General Miller, in conjunction with his hot-tempered and overzealous efforts to defeat the treaty, that he became incapacitated for official duty; and a survey of the French, British, and American surgeons in port, chosen from the several war vessels, ended in imposing upon the indomitable and exhausted old warrior a complete retirement and rest for the period of one year, at the peril of his mental faculties.

As General Miller had been the most powerful and most impetuous and pertinacious opponent of the treaty, and there was no one to take his place to effect anything, and as M. Perrin was unable to accomplish much, the only opposition made in government circles was that which came from Pakee, from Princess Victoria, and from the less powerful and influential chiefs and officials. The King had more than ever resolved upon annexation, and had measurably prevailed upon Emma Rook to cease antagonism to it. He had dispatched messengers to Hawaii to summon Prince Alexander to Honolulu, then to definitely decide whether to assent to the treaty or not. Alexander was with Neilson, hunting wild cattle in the great exhausted crater of one of the spent volcanoes of the island, and it was with much difficulty he was found. But the King's message was at length delivered to him, and he obediently responded to it by taking passage for Honolulu. He arrived on Monday, signed his assent to the treaty

the following day, and on Thursday in Privy Council it was determined that on Tuesday, December 14th, the treaty should receive the royal sanction.

Man proposes; God disposes. On Saturday the King complained of indisposition. A cargo of ice, the first ice ever seen in Honolulu, arrived during the warm days of November. It was a luxury of untold gratification to the American and European residents; a marvel of uncommon curiosity and interest to the natives, from the King to the lowest, excepting the Princes Alexander and Lot, who had seen and enjoyed it in their early-day tour of the United States and Europe. Peck Cutrell was shrewd enough to discover and utilize this novelty. He made a large punch-bowl full of champagne cocktail, iced and decocted to appetizing completeness, and sent it to the Palace, for the King's own delectation. Kamehameha III. was bibulous, and liked new things in that line. So heartily did he delight in the fresh provocative to the peculiar excitation he most reveled in, that that very day he dispatched a standing order to Cutrell for a similar treat every day. And in a few days he did the saloon of the old California volunteer the distinguished honor of visiting it, and there imbibing a repetition of the exhilarating mixture. Kings are human, of the flesh, and subject to the seductions and temptations of the common world; and the truth is, that King Kamehameha III. never more in his brief life refrained from the free indulgence in champagne cocktails, which his civil list allowed him.

A visit that day to the United States war vessels in the harbor, and his fondness for wine, had overcome him. Sunday he was recuperating. Monday he was able to sit up. Tuesday morning his faithful personal attendant was giving him a hand-bath of brandy to brace him for the noonday audience, and the great business of the day. At 10 o'clock, Dr. Ford reported to Mr. Gregg that he had just left the palace, and that the King was "all right." At half past 11 o'clock the signal announced from the Palace that the King was dead. In a few minutes the Punch Bowl battery, which commands Honolulu, confirmed the fatal announcement by its roar of great guns. By high noon Governor Kekuanaoa, father of Prince Alexander, at the head of his body guard, was parading the streets of Honolulu, proclaiming on every block: "King Kamehamaha III. is dead! Long live King Kamehameha IV.!" All that afternoon, throughout that long night, and thence onward during every day and night, the devoted, loving, loyal, deeply grieved, and earnestly mourning natives assembled around the Palace yard walls, there wailing and moaning wildly and terribly in their semi-barbarian custom; the older ones knocking out their front teeth, or any still left to them, in memorial honor to their late King and master. His body, kept in state until then, was entombed with extraordinary pomp, and ancient custom observed at the funeral, on Thursday, January 4th, 1855. The next day, Friday—ill-omened in some respects—Alexander was crowned as King Kamehameha IV., at the old stone church, before an immense assemblage, with all the foreign legations present in full force. It was the grandest coronation scene ever witnessed in the kingdom up to that time.

That Friday evening, Commissioner Gregg had invited to a grand dinner the American naval officers in Honolulu harbor, Consul Pratt, G. W. Ryckman, and the writer. Just before the cloth was removed, there came a messenger from the Palace, with a note of official character to Mr. Gregg. He opened it, read it, and it was manifestly displeasing. Then he asked the earnest attention of all present to its contents, as he read this substantial portion of it:

"SIR: All negotiations pending between the government of the United States and the Hawaiian kingdom, in relation to the subject of annexation, are hereby declared at an end."

The message bore the royal signature—Kamehameha IV. The attendant of the old King, who had given him that brandy hand-bath that morning of Tuesday, December 14th, 1854, had left the bowl containing the brandy—then wasted to less than a pint

—upon a table at the bedside, to get a fresh towel in the adjoining room. The old King, who had been vainly commanding the attendant all the morning to bring him liquor—against the express orders of the physicians—had seized the opportunity and the bowl of brandy, drank it down at a draught, rolled back on his bed, choking and retching, and in a few minutes gasped his expiring breath. With it went out also forever the project then so nearly accomplished, to bring the Sandwich Islands under the government of the United States. Kamehameha IV. lived and died as King. His elder brother Lot succeeded him, the last Kamehameha—the fifth of the title. Emma Rook was Queen to each. She was subsequently Pretender. Old Lot Pakee came near being Usurper. He would have made a great King. Drunken "Billy Kenino" succeeded Lot. He reigned only a brief period. Now reigns Kalakaua. He declares he will never sell his kingdom. It remains to be seen what he will do with it. JAMES O'MEARA.

CLOSE THE UNIVERSITY.

Thirteen years of trial have proved that the University of California is a failure, and has no probability of success in its present plan. In one sense it is a university, for it has literary, scientific, agricultural, legal, medical, and pharmaceutical departments; but it is not a respectable university, for it has few eminent men in its faculty, few books in its library, little apparatus in its scientific departments, few students in its classes, no income adequate to its needs, and no reputation as a first-class institution of its kind.

It was a mistake to open the university in 1868; and this idea is not a recent one with me. When the announcement was made that the institution should make its start in October of that year, I was a journalistic guardian of public interests, and I complied with my duty of investigating the question whether it was politic to establish the University of California at that time. I went to the public libraries and studied all the books treating of university education. I hunted up Americans and Germans who had attended German universities. After a careful examination of all the material within reach, it was clear to me that the income was insufficient to pay the salaries of a respectable faculty, leaving all the other expenditures out of consideration. The revenue of the money fund was twenty-six thousand dollars; and to sell the land at a time when it might be located and held for ten or fifteen years, with great profit, was to sacrifice the capital. It may sound somewhat egotistical for me to speak thus of my opinions; but it appears to me that there is no other way in which I can impress my ideas better on the reader. The phrase, "I told you so," is often very offensive; and yet there may be cases when it becomes necessary to show that one person at least has understood his subject from the first. I repeatedly protested against the proposed mistake. The following is an extract from an editorial article published in 1868:

"Everything should be made subordinate to a great ultimate success; nothing should be hazarded for the sake of putting a petty college into running order this year or next. Nothing can be gained, and much may be lost, by haste. If there is any risk, safety lies in delay. The property will constantly increase in value, especially if the land be well located; and the income will soon be sufficient to remove all fears of failure. Let us look, now, at the expenses. The buildings, including dwellings for ten professors, even if made of wood, for a university cannot be erected for less than two hundred thousand dollars. Even for a little college, including the dwellings, they would cost one hundred thousand dollars or more. The laying

out of the grounds will cost ten thousand dollars; the chemical and other apparatus should cost fifty thousand dollars at least; not less than one hundred thousand dollars should be given for a library, and many of the universities have libraries which could not be provided here for twice as much. Here we have three hundred and sixty thousand dollars expenditure which should precede the opening of the university. There ought to be not less than forty professors; and to support these, and keep the library, the museum, the laboratory, and apparatus in order, will require one hundred thousand dollars a year. Cornell University has, we believe, near that amount; Harvard has more than one million dollars of invested funds; and Yale has probably as much. Besides, they own their buildings; Harvard having fifteen. The University of Michigan has a clear income of forty thousand dollars; and the expenses there are in many respects less than half of the expenses here. As we look at it, policy requires that we should not start till our annual income amounts to at least one hundred thousand dollars. That may require the postponement of the opening for a long time; but when the university is established on that basis, it will be a great institution. Failure will be impossible. The State can take pride in the anticipation. Wealthy citizens will feel called on to assist it, because they will know that their donations and bequests will contribute to enrich a university worthy of the name. The legislature should declare the funds or the principal inalienable, and permit the expenditure of nothing save the income."

My objections found no support. So far as I recollect, no governor, no regent, no public journal, no friend of education, came to my aid. I was not even honored with a reply. I was treated as if my facts and opinions were unworthy of serious consideration. The university was started. The magnificent estate in land was sold at a time when settlement and land values were advancing rapidly. The receipts—less than the annual income would be now, under good management—were not made part of an inviolable principal to be held as a source of revenue, but were spent. Not only was the capital thus reduced, but the income from other sources has diminished; and this is the chief cause of the recent trouble.

I have high respect for the character and capacity of the advisory committee. In my opinion, there are no better men in California—none better suited for the office of regent by education, tastes, public spirit, and honorable motives, than such men as Horatio Stebbins and George Davidson. But they seem to think that the university has enough money to maintain an existence creditable to the State. I think not; and I appeal to the people. Let them decide through the next legislature. I solicit a discussion and consideration of my side of the question, and indeed of both sides.

The university has done better than I expected. It has regents much above the average of political appointments in fitness. It has had respectable professors; that is, respectable as compared with the average of American professors. Its funds have been administered honestly and judiciously—leaving out of consideration the fundamental mistake of opening the institution in 1868. Its buildings are well-planned and well-situated. It has been extremely fortunate in obtaining the generous gifts of Mills, Hastings, Toland, Harmon, Tompkins, Bacon, Reese, and perhaps others whose names do not occur to me. These donations, which could not be foreseen, have enabled the institution to wear the title of "university" with some show of right; without them it would have remained nothing but a little college.

But it is not enough for the respectability of a university in our day to have all the educational departments; it must have, in addition, a number of eminent professors, so situated that while teaching they can continue their studies, and maintain their reputations on a level with the advance of learning. That is the plan of the universities in Germany, which has three-fourths of all the first-class universities in the world, and the best of all. There are fifty professors in a

German university superior in ability to any at Berkeley, save, perhaps, two or three. The German university depends for its success, not on its skill in lobbying, not on its president or rector, who is often, so far as his presiding office is concerned, a very insignificant personage; but on its faculty as a whole. Where Billroth, Rokitansky, Virchow, Liebig, or Bopp lectures, students must go; because no man of their time could surpass them in their respective specialties. A German university is not simply a place for the dissemination of knowledge, but also for its discovery. A multitude of great ideas have been first given to the world from the lecture-rooms of German professors. My conclusion is, that the only way to build up the university is to close it, and let the fund accumulate until the income amounts to one hundred thousand dollars. I know of no obligation or vested right to prevent the adoption of that measure; and local and personal interests, though they deserve careful consideration, should not be allowed to outweigh the great object of ultimate success. The people, and the sincere friends of the institution, would undoubtedly chafe over the closing; and some of them may be indignant at the man who ventures to suggest such a course; but better be resentful now, and better chafe for twenty years, than fail for a hundred. So soon as the doors are shut with a fixed determination that so they shall stay till the university of Berkeley can have a faculty as large and able and learned as that of Berlin, so soon the public opinion of the State, the editors, the men of the class likely to be appointed regents, will begin to learn something of the business of university management. And when, after the long-hoped-for day of reopening arrives, after the income of one hundred thousand dollars is secured, then there will be no difficulty in getting a board of regents who will understand their business. Able men throughout England and America will regard the professorships as specially desirable. A great faculty can be obtained with little difficulty. The Pacific slope will then have a university worthy of its enterprise and intelligence, creditable to its past and future, in full sympathy with modern progress, and with all the glorious guaranties of our political, religious, and social liberties. JOHN S. HITTELL.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

FISH MORTALITY IN THE GULF OF MEXICO.

At intervals since 1844, there has been an extensive destruction of fish in the Gulf of Mexico, quite probably from the occasional eruption under the water of noxious gases. The phenomena occur along well-marked lines. The years when the mortality has been most marked are 1844, 1854, 1878, 1879, 1880. The poisoned waters occur in streaks or patches. The sponges, sea-anemones, mollusks, and fish which live on the bottom, are killed first, and then the fish swimming nearer the surface. The stench of the dead fish along the shore is said to be intolerable.

REMARKABLE SOLAR PROTUBERANCE.

L. Thallon noticed on the 30th of August, about 11 A. M., a small and brilliant jet near the sun's equator. About 12:45 it had attained prodigious dimensions, still preserving the form of a luminous jet from a direction nearly perpendicular to the border of the sun. The result of frequent measurements indicated a hight of protuberance at least equal to the sun's radius, or more than 200,000 miles.

COMETS' TAILS.

M. Flammarion, at a recent meeting of the Paris Academy of Sciences, read a paper on the nature of the tails of comets. He inclines to the opinion, that the tail of the comet is not material, but rather an excitation of the ether which pervades space. The perfect transparency of the tail, notwithstanding its enormous dimensions, seems to favor this view. M. Flammarion also calculates that the tail of the comet of 1843, at the distance of the earth from the sun, must have swept space with a velocity of 64,000,000

meters per second, (nearly 210,000,000 feet per second, or something less than 40,000 miles). Any molecule of matter flying at such a rate of speed would not remain for an instant within the sphere of solar attraction, but would fly off into space, and not move in a closed orbit around the sun.

TEMPERATURE AT WHICH STEEL BECOMES WEAK.

It is well known that a steel that is very flexible when cold, breaks at the blue annealing temperature. It has generally been considered that the purer the iron is, the less subject it is to this defect; but the workmen of the Ural Mountains, who use iron of remarkable purity, have often observed the same fact. Mr. Adamson has found that the metal becomes powdery at a temperature between 260° and 370° C. (500° and 698° F.) or the temperature at which willow twigs take fire. This phenomenon seems to explain a large number of accidents, such as the breaking of tires under the action of brakes, and the fracture of riveted moulds, and of machine arbors which become heated by friction.

CYANOTYPE PHOTOGRAPHS.

The perfect production of a blue photograph on a white ground is a comparatively new invention, although the principle was announced in 1842 by Herschel.

The process as at present conducted by Captain Pizzighelli yields good results.

A solution of gum-arabic and water is mixed with an aqueous solution of citrate of iron and ammonia, and a solution of perchloride of iron. The mixture is applied with a brush to well-sized paper. Any tracing or drawing may be employed as a negative, and after printing a few minutes, the print is developed by a solution of ferrocyande of potassium, applied with a brush. The picture at once appears as a dark blue positive. The print is then rinsed and immersed in a dish of dilute muriatic acid. It is then washed and dried. By this process the picture is produced in clear blue lines on a white ground.

ARTIFICIAL SOIL.

M. Dudouy of Saint Ouen has prepared an artificial manure which, applied to pure sand, has given remarkable results in horticulture. It consists of nitrogen, phosphoric acid, potash, magnesia, and sulphur, in some form of combinations, requiring dilution with twenty thousand volumes of water. He has experimented successfully with the mixture for five years.

COSMICAL DUST.

Dr. Lasaulx has investigated the mineral dust which at various times has been collected at different points, and which has been sought to be accounted for on the basis of a cosmic origin. The doctor finds, on examination of a specimen from Greenland, that the dust is not homogeneous, but composed of particles of quartz, mica, feldspar, garnet, orthoclase, and other minerals, mixed with brownish specks of organic nature, probably microscopic algæ. The investigator concludes, from the absence of augite and chrysolite, that the dust is not of volcanic origin, but is probably derived from rocks on the coast of Greenland.

A specimen of dust from Catania, Sicily, also usually regarded as cosmical, has also been investigated and found to be probably derived from Mount Etna. He considers that the so-called cosmical dust is not such in reality, but is of terrestrial origin; and that it will be necessary to make much more thorough microscopic investigations in the future than have been made in the past, if other than a terrestrial origin is to be established for any such dust.

INFLUENCE OF COLORED LIGHT ON ANIMAL DEVELOPMENT.

The subject of the action of different colored lights on the development of plant and animal organisms is one which has excited the attention of investigators for many years. One of the latest investigators is M. Yung of Naples, who has investigated the influence of different colored lights in the development of the eggs of frogs, trout, and lymnæ, and finds that the different colors promoted development in the following order: first, violet, then blue, then yellow and white, (about the same) then red, and last green.

In most such cases, when forcing by some such artificial method is resorted to, the action is injurious if too long continued; and rapidity of development is at the expense of other equally important vital activities, like the rapidity of growth of plants in darkness or extreme shade, which is at the expense of flowering, fruit, and strength of tissue.

SEPARATION OF IRON-SAND.

At the exhibition of electrical apparatus at Paris, Edison the inventor has an apparatus for separating the iron-sand from sand which contains it, so as to make it profitable to work it for iron. It depends on the attraction of a magnet for the black sand, which is the magnetic oxide of iron. The mixed sand is allowed to fall from a V-shaped box, with a slit at the bottom, into a box below. The distance it falls is about four feet. The sand would fall naturally into one side of the box, which is divided into two parti-

tions. When a powerful magnet is placed at the proper distance on one side, the iron-sand is deflected just enough to fall into the other side, while the rest falls vertically into the other compartment.

A company has been formed for extracting iron from the sand at Long Island, and is now at work with its first machine, costing $700, which takes one boy to manage it, and keeps busy six men and two carts to bring the sand. It is said to treat one hundred tons of sand a day, producing twenty tons of pure iron, at a cost of one dollar per ton, and selling at six dollars per ton.

NEW SANITARY MEASURES.

The National Board of Health have commissioned Professor J. W. Mallett of the University of Virginia to conduct an examination of the methods in use of determining the dangerous or non-dangerous character of drinking-waters. Several methods are in use, all more or less empirical, and there is room for reasonable doubt as to the real value of the tests as an index of the dangerous character of drinking-waters. Hence the investigation by a chemist so competent and experienced as Professor Mallet is a desirable object.

It is also announced that the New York Board of Health is about to conduct an investigation into the extent of the adulteration of foods, drugs, and other articles in common use, the adulteration of which may prove dangerous to health. The result of the investigation is to be published in a report. It is to be hoped that the examination will be thorough and impartial, for the public are much in need of exact data on this important subject.

ART AND ARTISTS.

Deserted studios and neglected art-galleries are the order of the season. At this dreary time, Mr. Narjot, prolific and uneven, has placed on exhibition at Morris & Kennedy's his last and best effort. Although strongly reminiscent of a similar picture by Tavernier, "The Pioneer" is not without some excellent qualities of its own. The picture represents the interior of a miner's cabin, with gray-blanketed bunk, primitive furnishings, and all the well-known accessories of pioneer life. The miner, a stalwart, handsome fellow, with tawny beard, sits by the bedside, his left hand holding a letter he reads, and his right caressing a dog at his knee. The light, admitted through a small window on the right, falls across the figure of the pioneer. The picture is an attractive one, pleasing in composition and fairly drawn. Mr. Narjot seems to be on the safer side when he omits the very crude landscapes that sometimes mar his efforts. There are at the same gallery two or three pictures in water-color, by foreign artists, that are well worth a visit. The very best are three flower-pieces by Madame Vouga. For delicacy, grace, and technical skill, these flower-pieces are not surpassed by any that have ever been exhibited in San Francisco. They should be seen by every one who would realize the brilliancy and beauty of skillfully handled water-colors.

The gem of the oil-paintings in this gallery is a twilight, by Harvey Young, a one-time San Franciscan, gone to Europe and to glory. The pictures that Mr. Young sends here from time to time show rapid and steady improvement. Now, as always, the last is the best, and the "Twilight" surpasses any of the many excellent attempts of the same subject exhibited here. It represents a simple landscape, cattle in the foreground, a cottage in the middle distance, and miles away, across brown, barren fields, the last of the sunset—a faint, golden afterglow, that seems to fade as you look. There is in this picture a breadth and simplicity of style and a delicacy of sentiment that stamp it as a genuine work of art. There has been a great mistake made in the framing. The broad mass of gilding has the effect of lighting it up, and half destroys the feeling of gathering gloom, which is the true sentiment of the work, and should be enhanced rather than suppressed.

F. Marion Wells, the sculptor, has about completed a statuette of Mr. Sheridan, the tragedian, as Louis XI. The *pose* chosen is taken from the first act, where Louis, seated in his chair of state, leans his chin upon his left hand, and seems to reflect upon the document he clutches in his right. Shut out by the type and character of his model from that tendency to over-prettiness which has sometimes marred his work, Mr. Wells has devoted all his energies to making a vigorous character portrait. He has admirably succeeded. The beetling brows, half-closed, relentless eyes, strong nose, drawn upper and projecting under lip, square, seamed jaws, the high-set, stooping shoulders, and nervous muscular hands, unite with all the other features of this marvelous impersonation to form a subject the like of which is most rare. Our artist has appreciated it, and attacked it *con amore*. It is a compliment to Mr. Wells, that this statuette, although not quite finished, has given

such satisfaction to many who have seen it that duplicates have already been ordered. It is fitting that a Californian artist should succeed in making so successful a portrait of the character in which we were the first to extend to Mr. Sheridan the recognition he has since met with elsewhere.

There are also to be seen in Mr. Wells's studio two busts, one of William the Silent, Prince of Orange, and the other of Admiral Gaspard de Coligny. They are historical portraits, modeled from engravings, etchings, and authentic descriptions. They show research, patient care, and skill, and are modeled with grace and character. They are designed as ornaments for the library of a gentleman of culture, and are a great credit to Mr. Wells, as well as to the good taste of the gentleman who ordered them, and who has taken a personal interest in their execution.

Mr. Julian W. Rix, one of the youngest and most successful of our local artists, is about to leave San Francisco. Mr. Rix goes to New York, and thence, after a season, to Europe. It does not require the gift of second sight to predict success for this energetic and talented young artist, nor to say that, like Bloomer, Welch, and Young of the landscape, and Rosenthal and Neal of the figure, painters, he will always be a credit to the city he calls home. Mr. Rix, with his wonderful gift of color, has that "fatal facility" which might have been a drawback to his progress in San Francisco, but which will only stand him in good stead in cities where standards are higher, competition more active, and criticism keener. There is among the majority of San Francisco artists an assiduously cultivated Bohemianism, that is paralyzing to the faculties of those who remain too long among us.

The day seems to have come when we may be proud of the fact that David Neal was once a member of our community, and calls San Francisco "home." The success of the year in Munich has been his picture of a nun at her devotions, kneeling in a crypt into which the light streams from above. The picture was suggested by Uhland's Poem, "The Elm of Hirsau," and the line which may be freely translated, "O ray of heavenly light, thou penetratest every depth." The German art journals unite unanimously and enthusiastically in pronouncing this picture the finest of the year. As we are obliged to rely entirely upon the opinions of those journals, it may be well to give one or two of them *verbatim*. They will doubtless interest Mr. Neal's many friends on this coast, and more especially the fortunate few who own pictures by him.

The renowned German art critic, Friedrich Pecht, says of him: "It is a singularly remarkable fact, that the strongest representative of the modern romantic school is an American, David Neal."

From a Munich art journal, *apropos* of the "Munich Art Union Exhibition," we have this: "There is, under our present predominating art influences, a tendency to return to a greater severity of style, which is sure of producing excellent results. That the power of making that deep and lasting impression which a real work of art must do, is not to be gained by the painting of mere realistic imitations of nature, but by a direct appeal to our ideal feelings, is plainly demonstrated in the picture exhibited by David Neal. * * * The painter illustrates the lines in a highly poetic manner by the figure of a nun wrapped in devotion. The rays of sunlight which stream down into the crypt illuminate with delicate warmth the beautiful, noble form of the kneeling girl."

From another: "The most important of all the works on exhibition is a nun at her devotions, by David Neal. She is most beautiful, but with that spiritual beauty which is, in contrast to mere superficial elegance, the reflection of a glorious soul. None of the pictures on exhibition approach in any degree the formal requirements of a work of art as this one does. The general arrangement of the picture is remarkably natural, the drawing correct, and the technical execution carried out with a skill and adroitness seldom to be met with."

As the foregoing is a very small part of all that has been said in favor of this, no doubt, remarkable picture, it is safe to conclude that Mr. Neal, already fortunate and famous, will from this time forth be ranked among the European masters.

Mr. Theodore Wores left San Francisco seven years ago to study painting in Germany, and spent six years at the Royal Academy of Munich, and the last year at Venice, Florence, and Rome. He has now come home, and adorned his studio with many interesting studies, which give evidence of the industry of his academical work; but above all, with a picture which completely indicates his mature power as an artist. The subject, carried out in figures of life-size, is Juliet in Friar Lawrence's cell. Juliet is almost as popular for painting as Ophelia. We have seen we know not how many Juliets on a balcony; and many painters have been content to dispense even with that little accessory, and to paint merely a pretty model, and call her Juliet. Mr. Wores has shown his originality by choosing an unhackneyed incident, and the manner in which he has carried it out shows that his imagination and feeling were equal to the task.

Juliet is represented sitting against an old Gothic desk, which supports her elbow, while her chin rests heavily on her hand. Behind her on the right is the wall of the cell, covered with the rich colors of a dilapidated fresco; on the left stands Friar Lawrence. The right side of the foreground is filled up with the folds of Juliet's dress; and on the left are seen the carved end of the desk, and an old Bible, parchment,

and copper vessel on the floor. Nothing could be finer than the expression of Juliet's figure. Everything about it indicates hopeless despair. The head pressing heavily on the hand, the left arm nervelessly lying on the lap, the body sinking on the hips, the feet thrust weakly underneath the body out of sight—all emphasize the description Juliet gives of herself in the play, as "past hope, past care, past help." The pallor of the face harmonizes also with this description, and is thoroughly consistent with her Italian type of beauty. In the painting of the dress, Mr. Wores has given an example of his technical skill. The glossy satin linings of the sleeve, and the soft velvet trimmings, are admirable studies of texture; and the painting of the folds of the dress from the knees down is masterly.

With his conception of Friar Lawrence, however, we cannot altogether agree. With folded hands the Friar stands looking down upon Juliet, without a particle of sympathy, and with no other expression in his face than that of an unmoved, attentive listener. This satisfies, we confess, the conventional idea of a friar as a man withdrawn from the worldliness of life, and bent only upon preparing for eternity. But the Friar Lawrence of Shakspere was a man of human sympathies; and we expect, therefore, to see portrayed in his countenance the pity of age for those heart-sufferings of youth which it has once endured itself; and yet a pity that can almost break into a smile at the thought of the solution, quickly suggested by experience, which shall turn all this sorrow into joy. But Mr. Wores has thoroughly carried out his own conception, and the head and hand of the Friar are excellently painted.

Nothing in the whole picture is more admirably done than the old fresco on the wall. This is a masterpiece of coloring. There was danger here that the figures should attain too great prominence, and so distract attention from the picture as a whole. This has been carefully avoided, without preventing one from distinguishing the Virgin and Child surrounded by the Wise Men of the East. There is nothing labored, and everything refreshing, in the spirit with which this fresco is painted. Similar praise is due the old Bible and copper vessel on the floor; though the tone of the desk seems harder and colder than it need have been. The whole picture, in short, is a work of which its author has every reason to be proud. It would make a young artist's reputation in any part of the world.

OUTCROPPINGS.

DIPS AND SPURS BY LOCK MELONE.

Surprising a Jack-Rabbit.

One morning, over three years ago, I was taking a walk with John Sidebottom from the Suffering Moses, one of his mining claims, to another, the St. Bill. It was in Utah, and in January, as well. He wanted to see how some work was progressing on the latter claim. Had invited me to go along for company.

He was not particular about the company he kept.

The morning was very cold. The night before was the coldest of the winter. One of the miners at the Suffering Moses had through sympathy for the thermometer taken it to bed with him.

The exercise of walking, and the keen air, made the blood tingle. John was filled with frolicsomeness. It seemed that he was not only not ashamed of being alive, but was actually proud of it.

"See that jack-rabbit," said he, pointing to one sitting by a sage-brush about a hundred yards from the trail.

"Yes, I see it."

He whistled a prolonged whistle, to start it. But the rabbit did not appear to notice it. Then John fetched a "barbaric yawp," with no better success.

"He's asleep," said John.

"No, he does not hear you, or is too cold to be easily frightened," I answered.

"He's asleep; and I'll bet I can catch him," he continued.

"Oh, let the rabbit alone. It's so cold, let's not be fooling around here."

But John was overflowing with gladsomeness. His life currents were surging. He replied:

"I can do it in a minute. Just you be right still while I creep up on him. Don't move about and disturb him."

He started toward the rabbit in that half-bent position, and with that bowing motion, which one assumes when moving stealthily.

He could have walked two-thirds the distance in an upright position, and at an ordinary gait, so far as I could see, before it was necessary to begin to creep. But he wanted to take all the precautions, and leave nothing undone to insure success.

When he had got about one-fourth the distance, he stopped. He looked back at me, I suppose, to see if I had changed my position. I had not. He probably thought he saw the rabbit move a little, and glanced back to ascertain if it was caused by me. I was keeping perfectly still, for I had already begun to get interested in the outcome of the undertaking.

John did not walk any further. He got down on his all-fours. Doubtless he thought of the cat, and concluded he would imitate its movement. He made long, silent reaches with his knees and hands; placing his naked hands flat down on the hard frozen snow. There was a little snow on the ground.

When he had accomplished fifty yards of the journey, he again looked at me, motioned me to be still, laid off his hat, and got down on the front of his waistband. He slid now.

He was warmed up and excited. I could see his breath steam forth on the crisp air. It looked like a pyramid with the apex resting on the perforated end of his nose. I, too, although shivering when the chase opened, began to feel comfortable.

It is singular how mental excitement will warm one up, until he gets on a welding-heat.

I sweated.

Fifteen yards farther, John rested his chin firmly in the snow, and took off his coat. It was getting summer with him.

He glided noiselessly twenty yards more. Once more he looked toward me. He seemed to lack confidence in me. Excited to the highest pitch himself, he felt that I was not remaining still, or could not. He said, afterward, that he thought he saw the rabbit shake its right eye, and wink its left ear. Under the excitement, I was inching up a little; but it must have been imperceptible to him. I felt as if I was moving a little in my clothes. Not budging the clothes.

I was as silent as a dumbbell.

He frowned on me a frown deep and wide. Then turned slowly and cautiously over on his back, and pushed off his boots with his toes. Next he turned back to his original position, resting on the front of his vest.

I could not see the wisdom of his taking off his boots. He was not traveling on his feet. Rather on his waistband button.

He was now getting pretty close to the rabbit. I could see that his face was flushed. It was the excitement of the chase. His eyes, intent on the prey, had pushed somewhat ahead of their usual position. They constituted the advance guard of the expedition. I feared they would defeat him, after all his trouble, by touching the rabbit, and awakening it before he could reach it with his hands.

He neared the unsuspecting game. For the last twenty yards I had noticed that the pyramid of fog formed by John's breathing had disappeared.

He was holding his breath.

I saw him raise his hand so slowly that the motion could scarcely be perceived. Thought I could see the rabbit open its eyes, and elevate its head a little. I scringed, for fear John would miss it. Involuntarily I stretched forth my hand, and clutched the thin, cold air. His hand came down like the pounce of a cat. He had the rabbit.

It was dead.

Frozen!

Facing Death Backwards.

A gentleman employed me once to work on his cattle-ranch. It was in western Nebraska. My ignorance of the cattle business was fathomless: an abyss. But the proprietor of the ranch was short of help, and my circumstances were such that I felt willing to encourage the progress of the world in almost any capacity.

He had a number of men on the ranch. They understood the business. Their proficiency in throwing the lariat, or rope as they frequently called it, was wonderful. Some of the men could, at will, throw the rope over either the head or any particular foot of a cow. One Texan from the Brazos frequently asserted his ability to lasso a flying wild-goose, if any one would furnish a rope long enough.

One evening at supper, all the men being present, I made the remark, that when a man becomes accustomed to herding with cattle, and associating with horses, and learns to throw the lasso well, he is not fit for anything else. When I look back now, after the lapse of years, I think possibly there might have been some jealousy rankling in my bosom. The remark didn't increase the love of the other hired men for me. They didn't seem drawn to me.

I had heard, more than once, my inability to use the lariat spoken of; and had heard references made to my general uselessness. Finally, one day, having some time of my own, I concluded to go out and practice alone with the lariat. The other men would use the rope a-foot or on horseback, indifferently. I preferred the ground for my field of operations; because I knew, if I attempted to use the rope on horseback, I might, in my ignorance, get the horse or cow, or both, and maybe myself, entangled in the rope. Then some one of the party would probably get hurt. I might be the member.

I selected a long rope, so that I could remain at a good distance from any animal that might be lassoed by me. The steer of the plains is not affable. A steer is frequently met whose education has been neglected in those refinements which make one's presence agreeable.

After many trials, I succeeded in throwing the noose over a nervous-looking steer. He was blind on one side. I lassoed him from that side. He saw at a glance that he was in trouble.

A very impressive scene ensued.

He made a leap or two, which entangled me in the rope. I could not extricate myself, and, to prevent being dragged to death, ran entirely around a tree with my end of the rope, leaping, in the circuit, the part of the rope extending from the tree to the steer. This gave me a kind of hitch on him.

The steer was frantic. I was distraught.

As he reared and plunged, his end of the rope would sometimes slacken a little, and I would gain some rope from him; at the same time making the most strenuous efforts to disentangle myself. This I

was unable to do, for the rope had tied itself about one of my legs. I wanted to gain rope, until I got him up against the tree; and had succeeded in getting about two feet more of the rope—this I learned a minute afterward—than the steer had, when it caught in some way on a knot—the stump remaining on a tree of a decayed and fallen branch—and would not slip any more either way.

The steer, finding he could accomplish nothing by bull-headedness, stopped a moment, seemingly to consider. His one eye fell on me. That was the first he knew of my being around. Each one of us made a mad rush: he at me, I from him. I ran round and round the tree. He followed with deep earnestness. As we wound the rope round the tree, our respective ends of it got shorter and shorter. Finally, we wound up all the rope we had.

I had been told that one of my duties on a cattle-range would be to occasionally assist in what was called a "round-up" of cattle. Evidently my time to assist had arrived.

The tips of the steer's horns were within two feet of my back, and I could have kicked him in the flank. I refrained. I didn't want to irritate him. His one eye glared furiously. There was murder in it.

The situation was annoying.

Not being able to reach me, he started back the way we had come. Of course I started too; and we unwound with great rapidity, only to wind up again with like rapidity. Again and again we rushed madly around until we closed upon the tree, then would swing furiously out as far as the rope would allow us. It seemed to me we did this hundreds of times. The livid moments grew into lurid ages.

I began to get a clearer idea of eternity.

I was becoming exhausted. The steer was becoming madder. The noose of the rope around his neck would sometimes tighten, and he would breathe loud and with difficulty. Then I would begin to hope he would die of suffocation before I died of fright. But every time, just before he dropped dead, he would draw back to make a lunge at me, and in the act get a little breath—enough for his purposes.

I observed at the end of one wind-up, which we wound up with the speed of the wind, that the points of his horns were a little closer to me than they were at the preceding wind-up. The rope was slipping perceptibly, and in his favor.

Away we went again. The horns were getting closer. The steer made a spurt. I did too. When we reached the end of the track, his horns touched my back. They were sharp. I could feel his hot breath on the back of my neck. Death was only a question of rope. My life was limited to a few more round-ups.

I felt uneasy in my mind.

Just at that moment I was overjoyed to see two of the men employed on the ranch gallop up. In a twinkling one of them had a lariat over a leg of the steer, and held him firmly, while the other rode up and removed the noose from his neck. The steer ran away from the presence of horses.

The men alighted. As soon as I found my tongue, I rushed to them, and, embracing one, said:

"Jim, how can I ever repay you?"

"Oh, that dollar you borrowed from me! You needn't to worry about that."

Then turning to the other, I threw my arms about him, exclaiming:

"Dear old Tex, what can I do for you?"

"You can let me loose."

"Oh, boys! if you could only have been here an hour ago, when this started, and saved me this horrible experience!"

"We've been here two hours," replied Tex.

"Where?"

"Sitting out here on our horses, watching your new style of rounding-up cattle."

I ceased to embrace them.

William Comeback.

William Comeback, as he was called, lived in what was known as Jeff Moody's Camp. He was also called Billiard-ball Billy; why, was never explained to me. Only he had a very small head. Not a hair on it. He couldn't stay away from the camp any length of time.

Jeff Moody's Camp was not an inviting place, either. Jeff started the place, located the first claim in it, and, when he died, it took his name. He died of giant cartridge in the pocket. The camp led a sickly existence. Locators were waiting for somebody to buy their prospects. The demand for holes in the ground was not stiff. No rush. Generally there was only one saloon doing business. Never more than three. Camp had no graveyard. Only one game of poker. But Billy liked it.

He wore a pair of buckskin pants. They were fringed on the outside seams of the legs from hip to foot, fastened at the waistband by a big brass button, and had a patch on the left knee. Those were the only pants he ever wore in Jeff Moody's Camp. The big brass button was shiny. So was the top of Billy's head.

Billy went to an excitement in Idaho. In six months he returned.

Some of the fringe was worn off the right leg of his buckskin pants. On being asked why he did not like Idaho, he said:

"Couldn't stan' it to stay 'way. Had to come back to the ole camp."

His next trip was to Montana; in a few months he was back. All the fringe was off the right leg of his pants, and some missing from the left leg. His story was the same:

"Couldn't stan' it. Wanted to see the boys."

He then prospected in Utah. But had been ab-

sent only two months when he returned. The fringe was all gone. The big brass button was not. He reported:

"Got homesick, you know."

He next tried Arizona; but was in Jeff Moody's Camp again in a short time. The patch on his left knee was gone. A bigger one was there. He was asked what was his objection to Arizona.

"Got lonesome. Le's take somethin'."

The boys did.

Finally, Billy took the mountain-fever. Sometimes he was delirious. Day after day his strength waned. The top of his head grew less and less shiny. Billy's days were numbered. He passed over into the unknown land.

There was no graveyard. A grave had to be blasted out for Billy. Jeff Moody's Camp was built on a rock. A point a little elevated, and in full view of the one street of the camp, was selected for Billy's long sleep. Two men were set to blasting. They would drill three holes in a row, about a foot and a half apart, charge them, and fire them off. Thus they went on down. Some one remarked that they would have to blast a deep grave, and bury Billy securely, or he would come back. When the fuses to the last three holes were set off, Billy and his friends were on the ground. Two of the charges exploded, the third failed. Some wanted to wait and see if the third charge would explode, but the majority thought it would never go off. So Billy was planted in the sterile place.

Billy, when alive, always liked to have Tom Gildersleeve drink with him. Tom liked it too. Tom put up a board at the head of Billy's grave. He fastened the big brass button, his dead friend's waistband button, and which had flashed in many a mining excitement, in the headboard, near the top, by driving the eye of the button into the wood. Under the button he wrote:

"Billy Cumback
Lit out July 16st 1869."

The next morning it was noised around that Billy had returned during the night. People glanced up toward the grave. Something was wrong up there. Parties went up. Billy had come back.

The third charge had exploded.

Lock Melone.

DENARIUS CONSULARIS.

In pensive mood, I hold
Upon mine open palm a Roman penny;
A little disk of silver, bearing strange
And rugged characters, quaint legends that
Reveal in fitful gleams the storied lore
Of other days. Upon the bright obverse
The artist hath portrayed, in soft relief,
The profile of a noble lady, staid
And prim, the luster of whose beaming eye
The turmoil of a thousand years twice told
Hath not bedimmed; but cold and sphinx-like still,
It sharply peereth on, as if to scan
The depths of fathomless futurity.
Behold, a pearly necklace setteth off
The contour of her swelling bust, while from
Her classic ear-lobes pendant jewels gleam,
A gauzy veil hath caught her flowing hair,
And, turreted in stately grace, her brow
Beseemeth well the bearing of a queen.
"C. FABI. C. F. CAIVS FABIVS" —
Aha! I have it now! The comely wife
Of *Caius Fabius*, the Consul! *He*
Whose family doth claim direct descent
*From mighty Hercules!**
How passing vain
The cherished hopes and impotent the pride
Of boasted royalty!
Who now can sift
The powdered *débris* of mortality,
And gleam from mingled dust of autocrat,
Plebeian, page, and slave, the elements
Of regal birth, or desiccated blood
That coursed patrician veins?
How farest thou,
O strange sojourner from a former world?
What tidings from the dim agone? What cheer
From mystic realm of olden-time?
Thy years
Are many and replete with garnered sheaves;
Thou hadst attained a venerable age,
When He who spake as never man did speak
Sojourned among the sons of men. Thenceforth,
Adown time's rugged causeway hast thou come,
Till now thou playst the role of *fêted* guest
Around our firesides of to-day.
O that
Thou hadst a tongue! and I could talk with thee,
As, face to face, I hold sweet converse with
My neighbor friend. Then would I in thine own
Vernacular accost and surfeit thee
With queries touching all those marvelous
Events, those mighty deeds of men whose fame
No pen of scribe hath ever chronicled
Nor monument preserved.
But list, my soul,
Methinks I hear a solemn warning now
From out the graves where resteth in great heaps
The dreggy dust of those whose finger-tips
Have pressed this self-same Roman penny:
"Dust
We were, and unto dust have we returned;
So art thou 'Dust and unto dust shalt thou
Return,' O man!"

L. P. Venen.

* The classical scholar need not be reminded of this extravagant assumption on the part of the *gens Fabii*. To the general reader, however, it may be amusing to know to what straits the members of that family were put, in tracing their name and lineage. Evander, the reputed son of Hercules and Carmenta, an Arcadian nymph, emigrated from Greece into Italy, and settled upon the Palatine hill. The daughter of Evander so inherited the marvelous beauty of her earth-born mother, that her grandfather, Hercules, became violently enamored of her. As the fruit of their *liaison*, a son was born to her, who became the immediate progenitor of the Fabii. So much for the kinship of the gods. This son, having settled down to the arts of peace, became extensively engaged in the cultivation of pulse, (faba) and hence the cognomen which he transmitted.

AN AMERICAN BEFOGGED IN ENGLAND.

Joseph Hatton, in his *To-day in America*, just published, tells the following:

"Do you call this a London fog?" asked a newly imported citizen of the Great Republic, as he stood by my side at a window of the American Exchange.

"Yes, something of that kind," I answered.

"Well," said the little fellow, looking upward with a sigh, "I wouldn't live in London if you would give it to me."

"No?"

"No, sir! I think I have met you in Massachusetts?"

"Perhaps."

"You are an American?"

"No, unfortunately," I said.

"Well, you may say that," replied my casual acquaintance, "though, mind you, there is plenty to admire in this country. I have only been here a week; most of that time I have spent at Westminster Abbey. We've got nothing of that kind home. That Westminster Abbey is a thing to be proud of, I tell you. But what has astonished me most is your banking-houses; must have been a thousand clerks in the one I was at this morning, and they was shoveling the gold about in scoops as if it was dirt. Never seen so much money in my life as I see them chucking about in that office; no, sir!"

"In what vessel did you come over?"

"The *Parthia;* fifteen days; sick all the way; they gathered round to see me die, but I concluded to come on. It was a pretty bad storm, but 'safe, if slow,' is the Cunard motto. And this is a London fog, is it? Well, how do you manage to live here? that's what I can't understand. There's one thing that I like, that's the civility you meet with. Now, in America, you wouldn't have sat down and talked to me like this. No sir, you bet! And that's what is very pleasant here. Now, at Liverpool, when I landed, I wanted to get on to Cardiff, so I asked my way of a gentleman in the street, and he says, 'By Birkenhead'; but another comes up, and he says, 'That track is blocked with snow,' and he gives me another direction, and in a civil, nice way. I shall have some funny things to tell them home. I see a notice about tickets, and I asked for one to Cardiff, and he says, 'It's a pound and two.' I give him two pound, and he hands me the change. When I get into the depot I says, 'Where's the train?' 'Here,' says a sort of policeman, pointing to a row of things like second-hand coffins. 'The cars, I mean,' I answers, and he says, 'Them's them.' So I says, 'Which for Cardiff?" And he says, 'This; are you booked?' and I says, 'No.' 'Then you can't go in unless you're booked,' he says, and I began to think that I had neglected something in the way of papers, and would have to go to the American consul about it. 'That's very awkward,' I says. 'It would be very awkward for you if you got in and went on without being booked,' he answered, in a way that made me feel timid, and I began to think of the high-handed style you Britishers have of dealing with foreigners, and so I thought I would make a clean breast of the affair and tell him that I did not know what he meant; and he says, 'Come this way and I'll show you,' which, he being a big fellow and me a little one, as you see, and a stranger, rather increased my trepidation, and the weather so bad and all; but he only took me to the place where I had bought my ticket, and he says, 'There; that's the bookin' office,' and I says, 'What shall I do?' 'Why take your ticket,' he says, and I answered that I had bought a ticket. 'Why didn't you say so afore?' he says, and I said, 'Why didn't you say so before?' and he says, 'I did ask you if you was booked, and you said "No"'; and then I laughed, and told him I was an American and didn't understand, and then he laughed, and we had a drink; but the difference between what you call things and what we call them is wonderful."

THE SCHOOL FOR MEN.

These bending skies that close earth round
As barred and mystic prison-ground,
 Are wider far than all our ken;
For mind is here—the soul of things—
And truth in endless anthem sings,
 And God himself hath school for men.

Brave hearts reach forth their little hands
And take the book that open stands,
 As oracles and leaves of life;
They con the mystic lessons o'er,
And read the word of things, nor more
 Waste all their day in bigot strife.

They break the clasp of strata-folds,
And find the stony page that holds
 The buried past of men and things;
They see in rock and tree and flower
The holy truth, the eternal power—
 The thought from which all order springs.

Sweet sunbeams paint the art of God
On all that dots the springing sod,
 In colors each divinely mixed;
And through their tangled hues reveal
The truth that grosser forms conceal,
 In lines Almighty law hath fixed.

And force, in myriad wonder-ways,
Now slow as life, now swift as days,
 Is shaping out the eternal plan;
Breathes in the winds and moves in storms,
And throbs in all earth's vital forms,
 And, God-like, thinks and feels in man.

In things we thus find holy books—
Vedas in stones, Bibles in brooks—
 The light is wise old Hermes' pen;
Sweet psalms from every tree resound,
And in each clod the Word is found;
 For God himself hath school for men.

J. D. Strong.

THE MORAL COMPRESS.

During a somewhat extended tour through the north-western portion of British Columbia, I have devoted a good deal of time to the study of the mind and habits of the Indian, which has resulted in my forming a theory, or, to speak more correctly, a plan, by which, if it could only be patented, the whole race of mankind could be improved, and all sin and sorrow taken from the world.

Of the numerous and characteristic tribes which people this new world, that called the Flat Head has charmed me most, and afforded me the greatest field for thought. These people are stunted in growth, weakly in temperament, hideous in feature, and their heads being flattened in infancy has caused them to be duller of comprehension, more sullen and stupid, than those neighboring tribes who have not been subjected to the *head-leveling* process; thereby proving that a board tied on the forehead in early youth compresses the spiritual and nobler qualities of the mind, while the lower and more animal tendencies have power to develop.

My idea, then, is this: Let us make a model of a perfect head, a specimen of the phrenologist's greatest skill, in which all the virtues stand out large, and all the vices are left out in the cold; from this model form a hollow mould or compress, and let these be made in all sizes, to fit all heads from the new-born infant to the oldest inhabitant. Let the child's head be incased in this helmet of virtue, and let it grow in grace. Of course the texture must be flexible, so that the brain and virtues must not be prevented from enlarging, and when that compress becomes too small, change it for number two; for as one's babies grow out of their clothes, so naturally would they grow out of their mental compresses.

Then, again, as a race of men and women formed entirely on the one model would be slightly monotonous, I propose there should be a variety of equally perfect characters, to suit all nations and all climates. First, of course, there would be the simple moral compress, which would form the basis of them all, to which might be added (at a very slight extra cost) the musical bump, (or perhaps that is a hollow) or the artistic bump, the bump of language, and so forth; then an entirely new compress would be needed for an æsthetic person or an inventive person; again, one might have an explorer to start out after the "Jeannette," or to penetrate the wilds of Africa. A few cast-iron compresses would be needed, just at first, for those hardened sinners that were brought up under the old *regime*.

What a race of men we should become! With what noble and philanthropic ideas should we be endowed! Where would be our prisons and penitentiaries? No more murders, or shooting of Presidents. No more unhappiness. No more wars. In fact, Utopia is nothing to it.

The only thing needed is to decide what *would* be perfection in mankind, then get the model patented, and an act of the legislature passed, making the use of the compress for infants compulsory; then set to work and build factories, and turn out your moulds by the million, and the thing is done.

The charge *per capita* should be in accordance with the number of *extras* and accomplishments added on to the mould, allowing also for size, flexibility, and the less important matters of outside embroidery and ornamentation.

Quite apart from the immense good that would result to the human race, there's money in it, my friends: just you try it. ANITA L. MURRAY.

THE CARLYLE FAMILY.

Wm. Howie Wylie tells the following in his late work on Carlyle:

"All Carlyle's brothers and sisters were distinguished by a decisive, strong character; and of his surviving brother, James, we have heard more than one of his acquaintances remark that, with Thomas's education, he might have been another of the same. His words seem to have double power in his mouth, and were always 'clenching' when aught was under discussion. It was he who received the striking eulogy from the old parish roadman at Ecclefechan. 'Been a long time in this neighborhood?' asked an American traveler, on the outlook for a sight of the sage. 'Been here a' ma days, sir.' 'Then you'll know the Carlyles?' 'Weel that; a ken the whole o' them. There was, let me see,' he said, leaning on his shovel and pondering, 'there was Jock, he was a kind o' throughither sort o' chap, a doctor, but no a bad fellow Jock—he's deid, man.' 'And there was Thomas?' said the inquirer eagerly. 'Oh, ay, of course, there's Tam—a useless munestruck chap that writes books and talks havers. Tam stays maistly up in London. There's naething in Tam. But, man, there's Jamie owre in the Newlands—there's a chap for ye. He's the man o' that family! Jamie tak's mair swine into Ecclefechan markets than ony ither farmer in the parish!'"

DOWN IN VIRGINNY.

"The idea of religion and morality were kept curiously separate in the darky mind," said Mr. G——, which reminds me of a story. A woman stole a goose, and was picking it on a Sunday morning, when a neighbor, who knew of the theft, said:

"Why, Maria, isn't yo' 'shamed to take de communion, an' yo' pickin' a stole goose?"

"An' do yo' tink I'd let a pore, mizzable goose stand between me an' my Maker? No, indeedy!"

And she took the communion.

BOOK NOTICES CROWDED OUT.—Our notices of late publications are unavoidably omitted until next month.

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ONE OF THE WORLD-BUILDERS.*

A SEQUEL TO "THE SHADOWS OF SHASTA."

CHAPTER I.

My brave world-builders of the West!
Why, who hath known ye? Who doth know
But I, who on thine peaks of snow
Brake bread the first? Who loved ye best;
Who holds ye still of more stern worth
Than all proud peoples of the earth.

Yea! I, the rhymer of wild rhymes,
Indifferent of blame or praise,
Still sing of ye, as one who plays
The same wild air in all strange climes—
The same wild, piercing highland air,
Because, because his heart is there.

This camp of the Sierra was an old battle-field of giants. Mighty men had come here, laid hand on the mountains, and torn them down. They had led the rivers over the hilltops, and uprooted whole forests with their hydraulics and mining engines. They had fought nature face to face—these giants, these horny-handed, tall, and terrible men of 'forty-nine. A few had survived. A few had gathered up gold from the placers where they had washed down mountains, and turned their backs forever on the mines: old men—made old in a single decade—old and gray and broken, from toil and care.

A few, only a few of those giants had gone back home. The others? Up on a hillside, where a new forest is springing up, and where the rabbits dance all the twilight, and the quail pipes all day. The boy with his shot-gun avoids this little inclosure on the hillside, and steps high and hurried, and looks the other way, and perhaps whistles a bit, as he passes.

With two exceptions, the old 'forty-niners, all save the few that got back home, have gone up there on the hillside—high up in the sun, nearer the gates of God, away from the noise and rush and roar of the mine—and laid down to rest forever and forever.

These two exceptions are old Forty-nine, and his friend Colonel Billy. And then there are two old graves that are not up on the hillside where the rabbits dance in the moon-

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light at all. But they are down on a spur of hill that breaks down from the steep and stupendous mountain, and lifts its rocky back between the cabin of old Forty-nine and the little town at the mouth of the mighty cañon.

A great dead oak lifts its leafless branches above these two graves; the bark is dropping away and falling on the unnamed sleepers; and the long gray moss swings above them mournfully in the wind. This old tree died many, many years ago, when these two men died at its roots and were buried there. It ought to fall. It ought to have fallen long since. But no; it lifts its long bare arms on high, in mute and naked pity, lone and bald and white with eld. But of these two graves, more further on.

Nobody knew Forty-nine's real name. Nobody cared to know, I suppose. He had come to this camp when it was a mine of gold and men made fortunes in a day. But all these fortunes slipped through his fingers, it seems, and left him empty-handed as he came.

And whence he came no one knew or cared to know. Once or twice, when he first began to have his periodical sprees, and was counted a bit respectable, he had, in a gust of confidence and tears peculiar to men who have heart, when first intoxicated, told to a group of fellow-carousers a pitiful story about a lone true wife, and a beautiful little boy baby in a cradle, waiting for him far away. But as there were so many who had wives and babies waiting for them far away, there seemed nothing remarkable in this; and, finding little sympathy, he locked up his heart as had the others, and kept his secrets to himself thereafter to the end.

But about this time, and before he had made any very fast friendship outside of old Colonel Billy, then the lawyer of the camp, an event happened which put old Forty-nine quite outside of all sympathy or association of his fellows.

Being a man of ability and brain and energy, he had settled upon a theory, on first entering the camp, as to the source and origin of the rich deposits of gold which had made it famous, and had acted accordingly. It was his theory that a vein of gold-bearing quartz had crossed this cañon. Or, more properly speaking, he had discovered that the little stream flowing down and forming this cañon had crossed a vein of gold-bearing quartz, and out of this quartz washed down the deposits of ragged and quartz-loaded nuggets that lay at its bed about the mouth of the cañon.

This was long, long before quartz-mining had been thought of, and this old man deserves much credit for originality of enterprise.

Convinced of the correctness of his theory, he located his cabin a good distance up the cañon; and having discovered a long lead of white quartz running along the rugged pine-covered back of one of the mighty spurs of the Sierra shooting down into the cañon, he began, alone and single-handed, with but little money, to drive a tunnel into this rocky spur, and try to pierce that ledge of quartz on the water-level.

The magnitude of this enterprise oppressed his mind and made him thoughtful. And then, being by nature and by culture a head and shoulders taller than those about him, he soon found himself in some sort isolated from his fellows.

Besides that, there was something about this tunnel that the camp did not understand. They had never heard of such a thing at this time. What did the man mean? Did he have secrets of hidden treasure unrevealed to them? Men are distrustful of that which they do not understand.

But he kept on persistently, patiently at his work. Then it began to be rumored that he was rich. And indeed, why did he persistently bore away into the earth if he was not making it pay?

Idlers of the camp began to speculate as to the probable amount of gold he had hidden away in that old cabin, that smoked and smoked perpetually along side the trail under the pines on the rugged hillside, just above the muddy little stream.

Soon two well-dressed and rather respectable-looking strangers rode into camp, and began to make friends with the saloon-keep-

ers and their patrons. They asked many questions about the hermit of the tunnel; and, along with the rest of the men, speculated largely as to the probable amount he had saved up from his work. It was computed to be an enormous sum.

And now it was that the sad event happened which made the man's isolation complete.

One night he was startled by finding two men climbing down his chimney. He caught up his gun, which he kept all the time loaded with buck-shot and standing in the corner. Then, rushing out as the two men attempted to climb from the low, broad chimney by which they had entered, he fired as they tumbled from out the crater-like top, and filled them both with buck-shot.

The next morning, as some miners came up the cañon from town to work at their sluices, there, under the broad green oak by the side of the trail, and just on the summit of the ridge that rose between the window of old Forty-nine's cabin and town, they found the two men, dead.

They had tried to come back to camp. But they had only strength to drag themselves to the top of this rocky little ridge; and there, under the oak, the one resting his back against it, and the other resting his head in the lap of his companion, the two men were dead. The one holding the head of the other in his lap, bowing his head down, as in pity, above him, and both stone-dead!

On what slender things hinge the greatest consequences!

"He was a-holding of his head, as if to try to help him, like; and both stone-dead."

That was what Colonel Billy said, in a sort of husky whisper, to Forty-nine, when he told him that morning in his tunnel; for the hermit had not troubled himself further than to fire the fatal shots, and then go back into his cabin and barricade his door, and wait the possible second attack. But hearing nothing further, he supposed the robbers, whoever they may have been, had decided that they had had enough. And not knowing that he had killed any one, possibly not really caring very keenly in this case, he had gone back to his tunnel to work, as if nothing unusual had happened.

If the one had not crawled into the arms of the other; if they had not tried to get back to town; if they had not died there by the side of the trail, under the great oak, on the top of the little ridge, and on the one pleasant spot in all the cañon—the camp might not have cared.

But "he was holding of his head, as if to help him, like; and both stone-dead." And so the camp pitied these men. And as the camp pitied these men, it hated Forty-nine. The camp said the men did not mean to rob him. The camp said they were jolly good fellows, who only wanted to frighten the old hermit; and so it held him responsible for their death.

They dug two graves there, side by side, under the oak, in the rotten white quartz rock, and laid the two bodies in them, just as they had died.

Nobody knew their names, and so no names were carved on the tree. But it died, all the same. Perhaps they cut some of its roots in digging the two graves in the bed of white rotten quartz.

The trail took a little turn after that at this point, and kept closer to the stream. We don't like to see a grave in our road. And yet we know quite well that every one of our roads will end there.

The trail took a little turn at Forty-nine's cabin, too. Men did not want to meet a murderer, face to face, they said, every day. And so the trail took a "cut off," on the ridge on which it stood, a little farther back from the stream.

No one made any open complaint against this isolated man whatever. But he was let alone. And he felt this fearfully. As men left him alone, he left men alone. The gulf between him and the world, you may be sure, did not grow narrower as years swept on.

The ridge that lifted between him and town was like a mighty stone wall, that never could be scaled by him. But worst of all, right on the summit of this lay those two nameless graves. The white quartz that had been thrown out in digging them, and that

was heaped high over the dead, did not settle and sink down out of sight. It did not turn gray or brown, or crumble to dust, under the marching feet of time. It did not hide down behind grasses or weeds or bushes. But bald and white and ghastly, it gleamed, in moon or sun, and rose there in eternal testimony against him.

This cabin of his had but one window in its one dark and desolate room. That window had been made to look out down the cañon, over the ridge and town, toward the valley far away. This was the one look-out. But up and before this started the two graves, under the bald white oak, on the top of the rocky ridge, like ghosts that never would go away.

But the plucky old man kept on patiently at his work. Now and then he had great spells of drunkenness. Perhaps he was trying to forget the two graves that glared in at him through the window. But he rarely went to town. The butcher brought him his meat when he ordered it. And the grocer brought him his bread and whisky when he had money to pay for it.

By this time he was computed to be enormously wealthy. In fact, the camp had grown so envious of his good fortune, and so eager to vent the secret of his wealth, that two enterprising scoundrels, Gov Dosson and Plin Emens, had secretly started a tunnel from the other side of the steep rocky ridge. They began to bore directly ahead, so as to meet the old man in the heart of the ridge. They were perfectly certain he had found an enormous deposit of gold. Would a man work away there alone five, ten, fifteen, twenty years, for nothing?

About this time a little girl—a starved, pinched, pitiful child—was found roaming about camp with an Indian woman, who claimed her as her daughter, though she did not look the Indian at all. This child would sing or dance, or do anything, almost, to amuse or please the miners, and earn bread and money for her mother.

They would go from cabin to cabin. They came to the cabin of old Forty-nine, and entered as he sat there looking out of the window at the two white spots on the ridge.

The old man started to his feet. No one had ever crossed that threshold save himself for nearly a quarter of a century. And then he was glad, very glad. His heart went out to this little girl. He was so glad they had not heard about the dead men. He had grown morbid all these years. He feared some one might tell the child, and make her shun him. And so he treated her with all the tenderness of a father.

By and by she disappeared. This nearly broke his heart. They had been such friends. At last he found that she with her mother had been taken to the Indian Reservation; to the Reservation to die! For the first time in more than twenty years, this singular old man fastened up his cabin and went away. He bought him a horse from a workman in the valley, and rode night and day till he reached the Reservation.

The mother was already dead—if mother she was—and the child dying. He took the little skeleton in his arms, hid her under his blanket, skulked through the village to where his horse stood tethered, and mounting on his back, bore the dying creature back to life and health in the mountains.

Old Forty-nine had said one evening, as this child stood between his knees, to Colonel Billy:

"Why, Billy, she is twenty carats! yes, she is twenty carats fine, Billy!"

But old Colonel Billy, who had less sentiment than whisky in him, only called her "carats," in answer to the eulogy of his friend; and so "carats" she was called by the camp after that. But old Forty-nine, with loving adroitness, succeeded in twisting this name into "Carrie."

By this time there had come into camp a certain, or rather uncertain, old woman with her daughter, and later were employed at the saloon of Gov Dosson, to decoy miners to the gaming-tables and the bar.

And yet it was whispered that this girl was not the daughter of "Old Mississip," as the woman was called. But that she was one of the survivors of the Mountain Mead-

ow massacre, whom the old woman had purchased, for a trifling present, from the Indians.

Soon a thin smoke was seen curling in its old tired fashion up from the low black chimney, and the miners knew that the old man of the tunnel was back. A matter of indifference it was to all, of course. They noted the fact only as one speaks of the weather.

And yet there were two men not at all indifferent. The old and often-told story of the old man's supposed hidden wealth, in any other land than this, ought to have made him an object of deepest interest indeed to all. These two men were interested. They, on the disappearance of Forty-nine, had redoubled their effort to pierce the ridge from the other side. They were digging their tunnel night and day, directly meeting that of the old man. Quartz-mining was the fashion now, and they resolved to reach the ledge in the heart of the hill before he did.

Socrates, perhaps the wisest of the wise fools of old, said that the only wholly happy being is the convalescent. In this truth, I find an explanation for the unaccountable calm and tranquil tenderness that touched and took possession of Carrie now. After all the terrible scenes just passed, one would say that she should have wept herself away, and died of grief. On the contrary, she never spoke of the past, or seemed to think of it at all. Day after day she grew stronger, and day after day took longer walks up the steep hillsides to gather wild flowers for Forty-nine, and such fruits and roots as the ground and bushes bear in that altitude.

One evening, as Forty-nine came home from his tunnel, where he now worked incessantly from dawn till dusk, he saw a man stooping and stealing away, in the twilight, from the low window of the cabin.

There was a battered old bull-dog, with three legs, a hair-lip, and no ears or tail to speak of, down on Butchers' Flat.

This dog was old, and seemed almost useless now. But he had been terrible in his day. At night he had been used for years as the one and only watch at the express office, where he slept, or pretended to sleep, with only one eye shut, on a heap of gold-dust as big as a Mexican's wash-bowl. By day, this enormous brute had been used by the hunters to catch and throw Mexican cattle.

But now that the glory had departed from the camp, and the gold and the hunters with it, the old and ugly bull-dog became a sort of pensioner, limping like a neglected soldier from door to door, eating the bread of charity.

Forty-nine went down and got that bull-dog, and brought him into his cabin. A great leather collar was buckled about his neck, and a heavy log-chain bound him to the bed-post. The old dog liked this. He knew that this preparation meant war; and he was fond of battle.

He became as savage as a hunted grizzly. Let even a rat cross the roof, or rasp the old boots or tin cans around that cabin, and the old warrior would be in arms in a moment. If a stranger neared the place, he would roar like a Numidian lion. Yet to the two inmates of this dark, low, and ever-stooping cabin, he was tenderness personified.

The old man and the young girl were drawn closer together now than ever before. She revered him; he worshipped her.

In the tranquil twilight, after his hard day's work in the tunnel, he often told her bits of his own life: of a wife left behind, of a little baby boy in the cradle. Ah yes! he would see that baby sometime, "when he struck it in the tunnel," the old man would say, with a sigh, at the end of his story, as he knocked the ashes out of his pipe.

He seemed to think he would still find that baby in its cradle. Years and years had passed, but still it was only a baby to him. And why had he not returned? Why have nearly a hundred thousand men in these mountains never returned?

Once the old man told her of a promise made his wife at marriage. It was that each should on Christmas eve sing a certain song, and so think of the other. No matter where they were, or what transpired, they

would each, at the moment of midnight, begin and sing this song.

This explained to the girl why the old man had at the very first taught and made her sing a certain old song. And on this evening she too became confidential, and began to tell the old story of the desert, of murder and awful scenes too terrible to dwell upon. But when the old man looked at her skeptically, and shook his head, she was sorry, and said perhaps after all it was only a dream; and never mentioned it again.

And so the first few months after the return were very tranquil: calm, higher, holier than any of the former days.

But this did not last. The old man must go to town to get his pick sharpened and his drills hardened. The result is easily guessed at. He fell soon into his old ways. Soon Carrie was seen once more among the rough men late at night, helping, coaxing, comforting the tottering old man, and trying to get him back to the cabin. Then the rough, hard, and heartless ones began again to banter and to bully her; and, as of old, when but a child, she answered back, and often gave as much as she received; she, too, was fast falling back to something harder than her hard life before.

Dosson and Emens watched every word and action of Forty-nine. They were still certain that he was a miser, with hundreds of ounces of hoarded gold; and they drove their tunnel on their side of the ridge straight for the center, with all the force and energy that their strong arms would command. Soon Forty-nine came to know of this. He was almost wild with anger. Then he wept like a child. "Only to think! after nearly twenty-five years!" he said to Carrie. Then he went on a protracted spree, from which the girl reclaimed him only after a long and patient effort.

These two men were men of importance in the camp now. They had opened a grocery and gambling-saloon. This soon was the headquarters of the camp, and all the miners gathered together and gambled here.

And Forty-nine came here also. Yet between himself and Dosson and Emens there was at best only an armed neutrality. Old Colonel Billy, the bosom friend of Forty-nine in all his unhappy carousals, was accustomed to shake his head, and say solemnly, that some one of the party would "die with his boots on" yet, and that it would not be Forty-nine.

And who was Colonel Billy? A man who had never been known to refuse a drink in his life; a true Californian, who was also a very old and a very rickety man. He had once been a great lawyer, and pulled many of the boys through, after one of those periodical rows. But then Colonel Billy only came in the spring of 'fifty. And so Colonel Billy, who came in the spring of 'fifty, stood only as a sort of lieutenant to this old veteran general who came in the fall of 'forty-nine.

But perhaps these are distinctions that only Californians can understand.

How these two old men loved each other! Was it because they had nothing else to love? Was it because the world had gone on by the other way, and left them standing here alone, like two storm-blown pines on a windy hill, that they leaned toward each other?

I like the loves of old men. Like it? I revere it! It is the tenderness and the holiness of a Sabbath sunset.

Dosson and Emens worked in their tunnel by day. By night they looked after their drinking and gambling den. They did everything to make it popular for "the boys," and they got monstrous old "Mississippi" to deal faro for them.

This abandoned old woman's not uncomely daughter was a great favorite with the roughs of the camp. She was, however, almost as coarse and heartless as her wretched old mother. And that is putting it pretty hard on Belle "Sip," I must admit.

Sometimes they had dancing in this "Deadfall." Women were scarce; and indeed it was impossible to get decent women to enter here. And so it was that Carrie was persuaded, almost pressed, into service. She danced well, and no evening seemed complete to the miners without her.

Gradually—slowly but certainly—this little creature was sinking, sinking down into the mud and the slime; and no hand reached out to hold her back. Now and then Dosson gave her a piece of money. He did not know that this went to buy bread for the old man, every cent of it, while she had not clothes to keep her from shame; but so it was.

At last the girl came to sing and to dance for the boys, almost regularly. And by degrees that old woman fastened her toils about her, and bade her come and go, at will.

Chapter II.

A FRAGMENT.

How stranger the half-hidden story!
How fairer the far stars of Heaven
When seen through the torn tempest, driven
With storms streaming over their glory!

How dearer, O beautiful daughters
Of men, is the love that is hidden!
How fairer the fair fruit forbidden!
How sweeter the sweet stolen waters!

The events that follow are as sudden and rapid of change as the savage mountains that gave them birth. This makes them necessarily fragmentary, for I was not a witness to all the continuous events; but so it is I prefer to leave some things to your imagination, rather than draw upon my own.

It is a matter of record and of history, that one of the old French families of St. Louis—Creoles—was in that unfortunate train of emigrants who were set upon and slaughtered by the Danites, or Mormons, and Indians, in what is known to the world as the Mountain Meadow massacre.

This family at the time owned a piece of land on the outskirts of that city. It was almost worthless then; but in time it came to be of prodigous value, and eager search was made for the heirs.

The story ran, that, out of the many children who escaped massacre, the dark, low, proud Belle "Sip" of the Sierra could be named as the heir to this vast estate.

Of course this was only a vague rumor. But it was enough to inspire Gov Dosson, who had even made advances on poor, ragged Carrie, with a singular regard for the dark Creole-looking girl, and he paid eager court to her accordingly. Yet at the same time he loved—if he was capable of love—the wild and wily little girl of the woods far better than he did the low-browed and sullen Belle. And Belle knew it too; for women have a singularly direct way of going to the truth of such things; and so she hated and abused the little child-woman bitterly.

Meantime, in St. Louis, an old and able lawyer was at work. He had suddenly become informed of the presence of this girl Belle in the Sierra, and was now about sending, with all speed possible, his young and enterprising confidential clerk to find her out, and inform her of her fortune and position in the world.

The young man, the confidential clerk, Charles Devine, was the son of a widow—a California widow, so called; for her husband had gone to California, and never been heard from afterwards; and a bright young man, too, in some things. Yet perhaps he had in most things more heart than head.

His mother, a pious, gentle woman, had a nameless terror of California. For had her husband not perished there? Hence she could not think of letting her son go on this expedition. But go he must. And so he was going secretly and without her consent.

On the evening fixed by the good-hearted though gruff old lawyer for his secretary's departure, a gayly dressed young man entered the widow's humble home, and asked to see the lady.

The door had been opened by a white-headed old negro, who lingered about, and lifted his nose high in the air whenever he came near this young man, as if he sniffed some unusual odors.

This modern young man of fashion was the fast friend of Charles Devine, who, it was supposed, had just set out on his hurried visit to the heart of the Sierra.

And fast friend he was, too, in more senses than one. For the high boot-heels of Thomas Gully touched with uncertain tread the

threadbare carpet of the California widow. The beautiful, narrow-brimmed beaver sat at an angle on the fragrant head; and the man tiptoed and tilted forward, and then rocked far back on his boot-heels, as he tried hard to get his thumb and fore-finger in his vest pocket.

He paused in his ineffectual effort, put up his hand, and pushed back his hat a little; and then seeing that the old lame negro with the white head had blossomed up against the wall, and was watching him curiously, he tried to look dark and imposing. Finding that this did not melt the black man, he smiled broadly. Then he rocked to and fro and to one side, and at last got his head to the desired hight.

The man was rolling a cigar between his thumb and finger, and fumbling in his pocket for a match. The old negro bobbed about, wagged his woolly head, and put up his hands in silent protest.

"Where's your Missis, Sam?" asked the man, handing his hat to the negro.

"Gone to prayer-meetin', sah."

"Gone to prayer-meeting, eh? Well, reckon I'll wait till she gets back. Here's a half-dollar. Bring me a match."

The negro twisted and twirled, and brushed at the hat, and bobbed about, and then finally jerked out one word at a time, and said:

"Gemmen don't smoke in a lady's parlor, sah."

The old negro set down the hat vehemently.

"Wish to de Lord Massa Charley was done come home, I do."

"Well, he ain't coming home. He don't come home no more."

"What! Massa Charley? Massa Charley? Speak it low and kind o' soft like, fur may be his mother might be comin' in at dat door, sah, and hear you. Not comin' home no more? I say, Massa Gully, don't joke dat way."

"He don't come no more, I tell you. There! Thought I had a match."

And biting off the end of his cigar and spitting it out, he threw up his right leg, and threw down his right arm, and the match was soon burning at the other end of the cigar.

"Gone? Gone off anywhere? Not sick? Not dead, Massa Gully?"

"No; gone. Gone to California. And I've come to say good-by to his mother for him. He didn't have time."

"Somethin's wrong. I tell you there's somethin' wrong. It ain't Massa Charley's way fur to go fur to leave his old mother like dat. Charley's a bit wild, an' de like, and he does keep bad company. You is his busum friend, Massa Gully. But he ain't de boy for to go and send you to say good-by. Somethin's wrong. Somethin's powerful wrong."

"Yes, there is something wrong, Sam, if you must know; something is powerful wrong. He don't like old Snowe, and old Snowe don't like him. But there; go. Do you hear?" And the man who had puffed his cigar almost into a blaze threw himself into a chair, and threw his legs almost as high as his head across the corner of the table, and on the old family Bible.

The negro snatched the book away, and almost upset his man in doing so.

"Want to make it more comfortable for your legs; thought de Bible might hurt your legs," said the old negro, as he dodged a hymn-book, and limped out of the room.

As Gully sat arranging his faultless dress, Mr. Snowe, with Sam at his heels, entered the parlor. The old lawyer set down his bag, and kept on talking to the negro.

"Not here, Sam? Why, he promised to meet me here; promised to be at home here, waiting for me."

"That old fox here?" said Gully, over his shoulder; "I feel like jumping through the window."

Again the old negro began to limp and stutter.

"Very sorry, Massa Snowe. But he is not here. P'raps that gemman know whar he is, Massa Snowe. Lor'! I wish he war a gemman!" and he limped himself away.

"Ah, good evening, Judge Snowe, good evening! So delighted to see you," said the man of faultless apparel; "yes, Judge Snowe

—so delighted to see you—delighted to see you. Yes, Charley has gone; gone suddenly to California. He could not bear to say good-by to his mother, so he sent me, you know, to say good-by for him."

The old lawyer picked up his bag and came up toward his informant.

"But he has not gone already? He only to-day promised to meet me here; and he will be here."

"He will not be here. I saw him to the depot myself."

As he spoke, Charley Devine, reeling and singing snatches of a song, entered the parlor.

"You back?" cried Gully.

"Back again, like a bad penny. You see, Gully—you see, I was waiting there at the depot (hic)—such a crowd! Well, (hic) while I was waiting there, I saw the game going on. All down! Down your bets! Monte! Faro! Roulette! Forty to one on the eagle-bird (hic). Forty to one on the eagle-bird at roulette!"

At this Gully began to be interested. He believed the man had made a fortune.

"Well, well?" he cried eagerly.

"Forty to one on the eagle-bird—just think of it! (hic) forty times five hundred—twenty thousand dollars—and you in with me, you know."

"Why, he has won twenty thousand dollars! A fool for luck! By the holy poker! That will just make up the loss of the bank. We were both in together, you know, Charley," eagerly cried Gully.

"Yes, (hic) both in together, you know. Well, (hic) I just took my five hundred dollars in my fist—so, you know (hic)—and I marched straight up to that table, and I planked her down on the eagle-bird—every cent—and cried: 'Roll! roll! Turn! turn! turn! Five hundred dollars on the eagle-bird! Twenty thousand dollars or nothing! Turn! Turn! Turn!'"

"Well? Well?"

"Five hundred dollars on the eagle-bird! Twenty thousand or nothing! Turn, turn, turn!"

"Well, well?"

"And he turned, you know, (hic) and—"

"And? And?"

"And the eagle-bird lost!"

"O the fool! O the reckless, drunken gambler," growled Gully.

The old lawyer burst out, as if he had been loaded with some sort of explosive, right in the face of Gully. Then he stopped a moment, looked at the man, and again exploded. Meantime the old darkey who had stolen in and blossomed up against the wall, and watched and listened, began to grin and dance about on one leg with delight. Then he thrust a fist into his mouth, as if to try to stop it. Then he stuck both fists in his sides, and, doubling up like a jack-knife, fairly roared. At last the old lawyer managed to get on a sober face, and approaching Charley, and putting his hand on his shoulder in a kind, fatherly fashion, said:

"Charley, Charley, you are drinking again. You will break your old mother's heart!"

"My mother—don't say a word to *her!* I—I—(hic)—I will reform to-morrow."

"Well, well, Charley," said Snowe, taking the young man's hand. "About this business of mine. Come, be sober; be a man. You promised to start on this business this very night. You are the only man that understands the case. You are the only man that I can trust. Can you go? Are you fit to go? Do you understand what you have to do?"

Charley Devine passed his hand across his face nervously.

"Let me see! A girl—a child of one of the wealthy old Creole families—a lost girl that our old black Sam had charge of. One of the orphans of the Mountain Meadow massacre; is now an heiress; a great estate waiting for her. And—and—you think you have a clew; you think she is in the mountains near Sierra."

Tom Gully had listened intently, and spoke to himself:

"An heiress—a lost girl in the mountains! An heiress!"

"I am to go and search for her. My salary you are to hand over to my mother, till I return."

"Right, right! Right, my boy. And now

you must be off. Sam!" cried Snowe, as he rang the bell.

Again the white head blossomed at the door, and the teeth glistened.

"Yes, Massa Snowe."

"You really believe you would know that child still?"

"Sure, Massa Snowe, sure! I would know dat chile—why, I would know dat chile in—Jerusalem! Why, Massa Snowe, she'd know dis ole black face, sure! She'd come right up to dis ole cripple now.

"Ah! but you must remember it is now more than twelve years since the Mormons and Indians murdered her parents, and took her from your arms on the plains; and she was hardly four years old at the time."

"But I'd know her, sure! And she—she'd know dis ole black face. Dar ain't many of my kind, Massa Snowe, up in dem white mountains; and den, O Massa Snowe, she'd know my songs! She'd fly to me like a bird, she would."

"Your songs?" mused the lawyer, thoughtfully; "did you sing to her much, Sam?"

"Allers, allers! on dem ole Plains, Massa Snowe. Why, she knowed my songs every one; she'd sing a vus, and den I'd sing a vus; and, yur see, if she hear me sing now, she'd come a-runnin' right to me—'fore God she would, Massa Snowe!"

"Capital idea! capital idea! Charley, you must be off, and at once! They are trying to impose a false claimant on us, and it's hard to disprove their claims. But this will be conviction strong as holy writ. Now, Sam, you can go; and remember, if this girl is found, your fortune is made!"

"I don't want no fortune, Massa Snowe; I wants to see dat chile once more before I dies—poor, poor baby in de mountains."

The old negro, with his sleeve to his eyes, had hobbled back to the door, and was disappearing, when the lawyer looked up from the papers he had taken from the bag and spoke:

"I say, Sam, do you think there are any marks by which she can certainly be identified?"

The negro stopped and threw up his hands. Then he came back and stood before the lawyer, who began to write as the old cripple began to talk.

"Marks? marks, Massa Snowe? Marks dat she will take wid her to her coffin! Yes! Why, dar came de Mormons, painted red, and howlin', and a-choppin', and a-shootin', and a-stabbin'—O, Massa Snowe, it makes me sorry; it makes me sick to think of it. A whole heap of women and babies heaped together in de grass and dusty road, dead. And den dis little gal a-nestling up to me, a-hidin' in ole Sam's busum, when I lay like dead in de grass. And den when all was still, and de Mormons came up friendly like, she crept out, and de blood was a-runnin' down her arm; then they took her off and away from her ole black Sam; and all her folks was dead; and dare was a great bloody gash, dare!"

The old negro was almost wild with excitement as he told this, and pointed on his arm to the place of the wound. Then he hobbled back to the door, and out, as he wagged his head and said, as to himself:

"Know her? know dat chile? I'd know her in Jerusalem, I would!"

"That, Charley, is the child you are to find. A large tract of land, on which a city has since been built, was the property of her parents at the time of their massacre, and she is the sole heiress. Of course there are many pretenders to this fortune; but this I know is the real heiress, and I am quite certain, from what I heard last week, she has drifted into the mines of California, and can be found there," said the old lawyer to Charley, as he arranged his papers.

"I see a point! It's the biggest thing out—a mine of gold—a regular bonanza mine to any man who has the nerve to work it," said Gully, aside to himself.

"At last I am to succeed," said the lawyer; "it is an immense estate, and the only heir is this little girl: a little woman now, I suppose. You see, in the great Mountain Meadow massacre, the Indians, led by the Danites, killed all except the children of three and four years of age. The little orphans, forty or fifty in number, were taken

up by the Mormons and Indians, and in a few years were almost forgotten. I have sent agents searching everywhere, and questioning about everyone I could hear of, but I have been always disappointed. But now I have a new hope, and with care it shall become a reality." He stopped talking here, and walked across the room. Then suddenly turning to Charley, said: "It is a beautiful and a very strange superstition of the Indians, that they will not kill a negro."

"An Indian will not kill a negro?" queried Charley.

"No. An Indian of the Plains will not kill a negro. In this case, they spared old Sam only because he was black. I have the greatest possible hope; for if the child can remember anything at all, she can remember old black Sam. Charley, it shall be your task to find her."

"A delightful task! I shall so like to get out and up into the mountains and heart of the Sierra. Such scenery! Such air! The smell of the fir and tamarack! Ah! I shall reform there!"

"And now, Charley, you are to go directly to the Sierra, and sit down there quietly in the heart of the mountains. Get all the information you can about her; get acquainted with her quietly; get her confidence; find out what she remembers of her old negro, and all; and when you are convinced that she is really the heiress, I will come with black Sam, to satisfy the law and the State that we have made no mistake. Come! it's just the enterprise for a man of nerve and heart. And you really don't need much head for this, you know;" and the lawyer laughed good-naturedly. "All you want is heart."

"She is very rich, you say?" said Gully, carelessly.

"The richest girl, perhaps, in California. A city has been built on her lands, fortunately, and there is no computing her wealth."

"Then, Charley," said the man, turning eagerly to him, "you go at once! Go! I see a fortune in it—a fortune, do you hear? Go find this girl. Find her, woo her, win her, marry her! And don't let her know she is an heiress until it's all over. The biggest thing in America!" said Gully again. "Woo her, win her, wed her, before she knows anything about her good fortune! Charley, I congratulate you! I say, that is the biggest thing in America!" then lowering his voice, and looking suspiciously at Snowe, went on, "Go up there in the mountains in your good clothes, and take plenty of perfumery, and you can win that mountain girl in less than a month. And when you have got the girl, send for old black Sam; prove her identity yourself, and let old Snowe go to the devil."

"But this is unworthy of—"

"There you go again, with your heart—all heart and no head. Go! Do as I tell you; but be sure you take plenty of perfumery with you; women like plenty of perfumery. Few women can reason; but all women can smell. Take plenty of perfumery."

As he spoke, Mrs. Devine entered.

"O mother; I am so glad you have come before—before I go!"

"Before you go, Charley?" asked his mother, disengaging herself from her boy.

"Yes, mother, I—I did not want to tell you myself, but now I must. I go to California to-night."

"To California! No! No! Not there! Not to that place, of all places in the world. Not there. Not there, I implore you." And the woman clung to her boy, as if she would hold him back from some dreadful abyss.

"Mother, I must go. There is no escaping; I must: and must go to-night—now! And why have you such a horror of California?"

"My son, hear me; sit here and hear me," said the mother, as she drew her boy to a seat by her side. "Your father is buried there."

"Mother, I am going to find my father's grave."

"Charley, you will find a grave there if you go. You will find only a grave here when you return."

"Only time to catch the train, Massa

Charles," called out the old negro. Then he shook his head and drew his sleeve across his eyes, as Charley tore himself from his mother's arms, and disappeared.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

AT THE SUMMIT.

Not to the southern savanna
That pants for the clasp of the sea,
Nor yet to the peaks of Montana
White mitered in chastity—
But here, O my fairer Sierra,
I come like a child to thy breast,
Confessing my heart's bitter error,
Lamenting its burning unrest.

Here only, O marvelous mountains,
Sublimely serene and unmoved,
I drink a new faith from thy fountains
And feel my forebodings unproved.
The stars they are nearer and kinder,
The air seems clearer to sight,
And worlds that await but the finder
Are faint on the verge of the night.

Far down, unaware of this glory,
The bruiséd earth lies at my feet—
Shall I take them this balm salvatory?
Will they know it is healing and sweet?
Or will they pronounce this a vision,
And me but a coiner of dreams
Deserving their wiser derision,
Their jests and significant gleams?

What matters how plodders shall take it!
The grandeur of truth must be sung;
And the sneering of fools shall not shake it,
Where once its accents have rung.
And builder and singer and dreamer
Shall dream and shall sing and shall build,
For the world will forget the vain schemer
When the mission of these is fulfilled.

CHAS. H. PHELPS.

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CRABB'S EXPEDITION INTO SONORA.

On Wednesday, January 21st, 1857, a party numbering about seventy men left San Francisco on the steamer Sea Bird, for Los Angeles County, there to outfit for an expedition into the Mexican State of Sonora, the most inviting to American emigration of any of the States of that unsettled Republic. Henry A. Crabb was the leader of the party. It was called the American and Arizona Mining and Emigration Company. A native of Mississippi, a Southern man of the most determined bravery, and of uncommon ability, sturdy of nature, robust in constitution, gallant, generous, gentle as a woman in the even ways of life, yet bold and courageous as a lion when roused, and of disposition and habits calculated to inspire and bind friendship, to bring men to honor him and to become devoted to him—Crabb was then the most popular leader of the element in California which was the readiest for adventure, and eager for new fields of fortune. He was of the class of old Whigs who could not become reconciled to Democracy; and while his soul abhorred proscription in any form on account of nativity, or religion, or principle, he had, in the singular exigency of the political situation in California, in 1855, preferred even the Know-Nothing organization to an affiliation with the Democratic party. The overwhelming success of that organization that year had brought his name into prominence for the seat in the Senate of the United States vacated by Dr. Gwin, March 3rd, 1855, in connection with the names of ex-Senator and ex-Governor Henry S. Foote of Mississippi, and Colonel Edward C. Marshall, former Representative in Congress from California, by Democratic election. But the failure of the State legislature to elect a Senator during the session which begun January 7th, 1856, and the foreshadowed improbabilty of the dominant element to prevail in the campaign of that year, impelled Crabb to look elsewhere for a field of action to give play and scope to his energy and ambition.

Mr. Crabb had married into the family of Mr. Ainsa, a Mexican gentleman, formerly a merchant and prominent citizen of Sonora, who had emigrated to California during the early period of the gold-discovery excitement. His daughters were beautiful, good, and accomplished; his sons, young gentlemen of culture, polish, and excellent business qualifications. The family were much beloved and honored in their native Sonora, and maintained the most friendly relations with many of the most distinguished and influential of the people there. In March, 1856, Mr. Crabb had visited Sonora to attend the wedding of his wife's brother, Mr. Augustin Ainsa. Mrs. Crabb accompanied him. During his sojourn in Sonora, he was greeted and treated with unbounded hospitality by the most substantial class; and a number of those conspicuous in the political affairs of the State invited him to conferences and select gatherings of deep concernment in governmental matters.

There was then grave unrest in the condition of Sonora toward the Central Government in the City of Mexico. It had been the rule and vicious policy for years to appoint Governors over the States of the Republic without consulting or considering the wishes or the temper of the people of the State. Too often the man appointed to State control had been merely the favorite of the dominant faction at the national capital, or an adventurer or rebellious leader who had to be placated by lucrative position or rich spoil, or one in other respects more or less unqualified for the high and important office; and the evil of such appointments had become unendurable. The people did not desire to resort to frenzied outburst and bloody revolution; but they required reform, and were resolved to compel it, if that should be the only alterna-

tive. In that emergency, their greatest need would be a competent leader, and an armed force formidable enough to prevail. Crabb seemed, to the men foremost and deepest in this matter, as the man above all others for their purpose; and with his great influence among his admirers in California, it would be easy for him, they reasoned, to enlist and lead into Sonora a body of one thousand gallant and sturdy men, equally qualified for soldierly duties and the peaceful pursuits of life, as desirable immigrants. And this force could also be brought into requisition at any time, in repelling the forays, and protecting the people from the devastating and numerous raids of the warlike and savage Apaches who infested the border, and rendered property and life alike insecure on the north-western portion of the State.

Governor Gandara, the last appointee of the Central Government as the executive head of Sonora, was neither capable nor popular. He used the responsible station mainly for his own benefit and enrichment, regardless of the public interests, or of the welfare of the people. The chief sources of revenue, and the leading traffic of the State, he farmed out to a few wealthy contractors or merchants, mostly Americans and English, who thereupon established oppressive and extortionate monopolies, by which great hardships and most burdensome taxes, as well as intolerable wrongs and galling deprivation of rights, were imposed upon the people generally, to such extremity as to cripple their industry, depress their trade, and exhaust their finances. The Central Government had been so often petitioned and besought to remedy this insufferable condition of affairs, and had so persistently refused or obstinately neglected to remedy it, that the best citizens of the State had concerted means by which to enforce their proper measure of redress, and to secure their fair share of natural and political rights. Augustin Ainsa possessed the public confidence, and the promoters and active participants in the movement held him in high estimation. As Crabb was Ainsa's brother-in-law, the way to invite him to their conferences, and entrust him with their designs, was made easier, and with better prospect of persuading him to join with them in the revolution, which it was hoped would be peaceful; yet, if trouble should eventuate, they intended to be prepared for the worst, inasmuch as Ainsa could assure Crabb of the strong drift of the popular sentiment, and inform him of the character and weight of the men who were at the head of the movement.

Their plan was, that Crabb should return to California, there raise one thousand good men for the purpose, and, with this force, march into Sonora, to sustain the revolutionists, in the event of any attempt on the part of the Central Government to suppress the movement, and impose its own appointees again upon the protesting people. This was, in effect, the proposition submitted to Crabb by the leading citizens of Sonora; and after mature consideration he accepted it. The recompense and reward which he and those he should bring with him were to receive, if the movement should prove successful, appeared satisfactory to Crabb, and he departed upon his novel mission. One circumstance, when it became known among the Sonoranians, caused that whole people to regard him with uncommon devotion and gratitude. On his way to California, overland, in 1849, the party which he headed had intercepted a band of hostile Apaches, fresh from a savage incursion in Sonora, with spoil of horses and cattle, and valuables of other description, and having, as captives, a number of women and children. Crabb's party attacked and routed the Indians, recovered the horses and property, and freed the wretched captives from a fate worse than death. This noble service in behalf of the Sonoranians had been gratefully remembered; and now that the chief actor in the valorous and humane deed was among them as guest, the people were eager and enthusiastic in demonstrating to him their heart-felt appreciation of his gallantry, and their desire to more substantially reward him. He therefore had ample reason to believe that his mission would be righteous, in fact, and ardently sustained by the people most interested.

The leader of the revolutionary movement in Sonora was Pesquira, who was selected as the man to assume the governorship; and next to him in importance ranked Yingo, Cubitas, Aquilar, and Roderiquez. Between these chiefs and Crabb a thorough understanding existed as to the mode of procedure. They would inaugurate the revolution, in order to impart to it the true character of a genuine popular movement on the part of the people of Sonora; for it was suggested by Crabb himself, and concurred in by the Sonoranian leaders, that for him to come there, an American and a stranger as he was, with any such intention, or with hostile manifestation, would subject the project itself to the odium of filibustering, and mark him as a desperate filibustering adventurer, to be regarded and treated as the most dangerous and most infamous of enemies by the people, from the moment he should set foot upon their soil. Accordingly, it was arranged that the revolution should be inaugurated a few months after his departure from the State; and, while the Government party would be ignorant of his design, to return with an armed force, to prosecute it to victory.

This caution had become all the more essential, because Gandara, suspicious himself of Crabb's presence in Sonora, and prompted also by his favorites and spies, had already written to the Government at the City of Mexico, to apprise the rulers of the situation. And the very demonstrations on the part of the people themselves, even of those who had not participated in the revolutionary scheme, in distrust of and protest to Gandara's mischievous and outrageous maladministration, were represented at headquarters by him as positive proofs of the popular disturbance which the presence of himself and other Americans from California was exciting in the State.

Crabb was not a filibuster, nor was he favorable to schemes of that nature. He was aware that the suspicion of the Mexican Government was unreasonably directed toward him, from Gandara's absurd reports of his visit and his intentions. He had knowledge of the ill-fated expedition of Count Roussett de Boulbon, a few years before, to revolutionize the States of Mexico upon the Pacific, and of Walker's subsequent expedition; and he was keenly alive to the anxiety and indignation felt by all the governments and people of the coast over the new filibustering expedition of General William Walker in Nicaragua. He was therefore more circumspect in his conduct, and careful in his movements, not only while he remained in Sonora, after his agreement with the revolutionary chiefs, but also upon his return to California, lest improper motives should be attributed to his enterprise. He was conscious that there were parties in San Francisco, men of wealth and high social position, who possessed large influence in commercial and financial circles, ready at the slightest appearance of effort on his part to organize an expedition to Sonora, to denounce him and it to the Mexican Government. It was the interest of these parties to do so, for the simple reason that they were in firm alliance, as merchants and capitalists, with the monopolists to whom Governor Gandara had farmed the revenues and traffic and industries of the State. It was this combination of capital and trade, in monopoly form, which controlled affairs at Guaymas, the commercial port of Sonora; and the commerce between that port and San Francisco was almost exclusively in their hands. Likewise they held the control of the most eligible and richest mines of Sonora; and maintained over the people a power which enabled them, through the Governor and his administration, to exact tribute from all classes. It was quite as essential to these monopolists and their associates that the government of the State should be absolutely subject to the Central Government—as it was under Gandara—as that the government should exist as it stood, strong against the hazard of revolution.

Crabb returned to California, and cautiously proceeded to shape his plans. But in the midst of this preparation, he was once more persuaded, against the earnest advice and admonition of his best friends, to espouse the cause of the American or Know-Nothing

party in the State and Presidential campaigns of that year. He had gone on a visit to his friends in Mariposa, before the meeting of the State convention of his party; and from his home in San Joaquin, all the way South and back, his journey had been a continuous ovation. He accepted this personal enthusiasm as the predicate upon which to convince himself that, notwithstanding the prediction of his less sanguine and more sagacious friends to the contrary, his own party would win the victory in the State, if not in the Union, and that his own election as United States Senator would certainly follow. Thus inspired, he neglected, although he had not abandoned, his expedition scheme; and it was not until the result of the election convinced him of his disastrous blunder, that he realized the perplexing consequences of it. His engagement was, to proceed to the organization of his one thousand men, and to have them in readiness to march to Sonora, or to land them at Point Lobos, on the Sonora coast, upon advices to that purpose from the revolutionary chiefs. They had learned, however, of his active participation in California politics, and reasonably argued that he had partly, if not wholly, abandoned the enterprise. Their letters to him had gone unanswered for months, and the few letters received from him were unsatisfactory. Yet he had all the time determined to observe his faith with them, or to duly apprise them of any change of mind. He now again resolved to apply himself studiously to the business of the expedition.

There were at that period fully five thousand men in California who would readily and heartily have enlisted in Crabb's expedition. Walker's filibustering scheme in Nicaragua had roused the spirit of wild adventure, and attracted the cupidity of the large class who were in search of fresh fields for the display of those qualities which unsuited them for quiet life and the daily routine of regular pursuits. Some of them had acquired habits, while serving in the war with Mexico, which had made them ever since disinclined to ordinary peaceful occupations; and a good proportion of these longed for a return to the Mexican mode of life. Others had become imbued with the spirit of the rover, in crossing the plains; and others still, by engaging in prospecting tours and long journeys from all parts of the mining regions in the interior, to the various gold-rush excitements along the coast, Gold Bluffs, Trinidad, etc. And placer-mining—the unearthing of the precious dust and nuggets without the aid of costly implements and contrivances—had then about reached its close, and left out of independent employment thousands who felt it irksome beyond endurance to toil for set wages. All these, together with others naturally inclined to roving life and adventure, were seeking or awaiting opportunity to join Crabb, go to Walker, or to any other, where work was less a requirement than the periling of life in any scheme of occupation or conquest.

Crabb was not a military man. It was essential to his expedition that he should secure some trusty friend who was, and apportion to him that branch of the organization. One offered before he had seriously begun to look about to select such a friend and assistant. General John D. Cosby was a Senator from Siskiyou County, elected by the party with which Crabb stood allied. He had commanded a detachment or regiment of volunteers in the severe war of 1855–56 with the Rogue River Indians, in Southern Oregon, and had gained considerable reputation as a brave and skillful officer. He learned of Crabb's scheme, and hastened to offer his services. An arrangement was soon effected between them, by which the organization of the expedition was virtually committed to Cosby.

He informed Crabb that in Siskiyou there were fully one thousand men who had served under him in the Rogue River Indian war that would be delighted to enlist in the expedition; and as he knew these men, had seen them in active service, and could depend upon them in every emergency, he preferred by ll means to secure them rather than any similar number Crabb himself might muster or select from any other source.

It was required, in order that the whole command should have something of substantial footing to unite and bind them, that each man should have at least one hundred dollars, to make appropriate outfit—a rifle, revolver, and ammunition to each man, besides money for expenses on the march or route. On this score, Cosby further insisted upon the enlistment of his own favorite men, a thousand good men and true, for they already had, or nearly all of them, he was positive, the rifle, the revolver, a good knife, and a horse and saddle each; and they could be depended upon to march at a day's notice, an important consideration of itself. Thus pressed by Cosby, Crabb finally surrendered to his newly chosen military commander of the expedition the entire control of the organization, reserving to himself the right merely to take with him a force of a hundred men, or even less, more as associates and escort than as fighting men; to accompany him to the Sonora border, there to await the landing of Cosby's command at Point Lobos; and then, upon mutual understanding, to enter the State, and join in the revolutionary cause with the native leaders, as allies.

This was the arrangement in general form. Having committed to Cosby the military organization, Crabb proceeded to the selection of his own company of friends. Among these were John Henry of Mariposa, Drs. Oxley and McDowell of Tuolumne, Colonel R. Nat. Wood and ex-Senator McCoun of Contra Costa, McKinney of San Jose, Judge Shaffer of Yuba, Major Wood, Major Tozer, and Dr. Evans. Hundreds of men from the southern counties, where Crabb was best known and popularly beloved, came to him, or wrote to him, offering their services. On account of his agreement with General Cosby, he was constrained to decline these offers. It was important that the command should leave San Francisco early in January, at the very latest. In renewing his correspondence with Pesquira and the revolutionary chiefs in Sonora, Crabb had promised that now there should be no failure, no delay on his part; and thus encouraged, they had likewise proceeded to action. They required that his force should be ready to join the native movement not later than March; and if earlier than that, the better. Crabb made Sacramento his headquarters, as Cosby was still a Senator, although he agreed to resign and sail with the expedition, without hesitation or delay. Yet he requested more time than Crabb felt justified in yielding for his men to prepare; notwithstanding he had protested they were minute-men, they now seemed to require weeks in getting ready. Crabb grew impatient. Cosby professed the utmost concern for the speedy coming of his one thousand volunteers. Weeks had flown, valuable, precious days were passing; yet not a volunteer from Cosby's Indian-war veterans reached Sacramento. Crabb could wait no longer; nor was he in the mood or the condition to break with Cosby. He simply suppressed and concealed his intense anxiety for prompt movement, for action on Cosby's part; left Sacramento for San Francisco, and made the necessary arrangements for the departure of his own chosen associates on their way to the Sonora frontier. He was confident, all the while, however much he deplored the aggravating delay, that General Cosby would most surely observe his pledge, and sail with his command at the time finally agreed upon, so that there should be no failure of his own solemn pledges to his Sonoranian friends and allies.

He had been sorely tried in respect to his fidelity to these revolutionary chiefs; and had sacrificed much in money and position to keep his faith with them. Walker had already mastered the Nicaragua Government to such extent as to have gained control of the transit route across the Isthmus, then of first importance to the opposition steamship line, of which Commodore C. K. Garrison was agent in San Francisco. Edmund Randolph and A. P. Crittenden were the confidential friends of Walker. He had empowered them to sell the transit right of way to the steamship company, and Garrison had paid a large sum for it. But its possession under that sale depended on Walker's ability to sustain his supremacy in Nicaragua. He was

greatly in need of men, of soldiers, and recruiting had seriously diminished. Walker had information of Crabb's scheme, and he knew Crabb intimately. Crabb's aid and his one thousand men would be sufficient to secure to himself the absolute control of the country, to establish his own government in Nicaragua. He urged his friends in San Francisco to prevail with Crabb, and bring him over to the Nicaragua scheme; authorizing them to offer him high position and large prospective rewards, to be realized with the certainty of conquest. From a much more substantial source, by men abundantly able to maintain their promises in money to any amount, and to perform all else that they pledged to Crabb, he was offered the pay of $500 per month in hand, for two years, and free passage for himself and family during that period between San Francisco and New Orleans, or to and from Nicaragua, on condition that he would join Walker. He was pressed by his most intimate friends to accept this offer. He was poor; he needed money for the adequate support of his wife and children. His Sonora scheme was hazardous in every respect; it promised little in money, a doubtful reward at last; and meantime his family would need subsistence. He was averse to filibustering, however; and the thought of breaking his faith with Pesquira and the other Sonoranian leaders was abhorrent to his manly impulse, revolting to his conscience. He resolved to decline the Nicaragua-scheme offer, and to maintain his obligations with the revolutionary chiefs.

Accordingly, as it is stated in the opening of this sketch, the party under Henry A. Crabb sailed on the Sea Bird from San Francisco for San Pedro, *en route* to the Sonora frontier, on Wednesday, January 21st, 1857. The steamer arrived at San Pedro on the 24th, and the party proceeded to El Monte, a few miles from Los Angeles, where they outfitted for the journey southward through Arizona. There they stopped a week, and, with wagons, teams, riding animals, provisions, equipments, etc., thence started for Fort Yuma, which point was reached February 27th, the company numbering ninety men. There Dr. Evans left the expedition, and proceeded alone to Sonora. March 4th the company left Fort Yuma, and journeyed directly toward Sonoita, in Arizona, near the Mexican line, where they arrived March 25th. At Sonoita was the American trading post of Belknap & Dunbar, in whose employ, as clerk, was Jesus Ainsa, a brother-in-law of Crabb. On the 27th, Crabb started to cross into Sonora, and for the small pueblo of Cavorca, in command of sixty-eight men; having left Captain McKinney and twenty men with one wagon at Cabeza Prieta, to procure animals and provisions, and overtake the main body at Cavorca. He pushed on eagerly, as he was anxious to reach Point Lobos, at which point he had been informed by some Papago Indians, supposed to have come from the coast, a vessel had arrived with a large number of men on board, and he was certain these were the brave Siskiyou volunteers and Indian-war veterans, with his trusted friend General Cosby at their head.

When Crabb left Sacramento to prepare at San Francisco for his departure, General Cosby had assured him, upon his honor as a man, that no other cause than infirmity or death should prevent him from being at Point Lobos at the appointed time, with his one thousand sturdy veterans, well armed and equipped. Crabb implicitly believed General Cosby, and would not permit one or two of his most devoted friends, who had grown suspicious, or at least impatient, of Cosby's hesitation, and, as it appeared to them, dilly-dallying, to question Cosby's conduct or fidelity in his presence. He declared his readiness to answer for Cosby's performance of his solemn pledge, with his own life. He little dreamed, at the moment, how terrible the issue would be tried, how it would result. And in this abiding, unshaken faith in Cosby, as his military commander for the expedition, to follow at the appointed time, Crabb left San Francisco and journeyed onward, even into the jaws of death at Cavorca. He never learned to the contrary; his faith perished with himself.

But Crabb's friends in San Francisco, after his departure, became more solicitous

for the sailing of the expedition. In fact, despite their most arduous efforts and incessant inquiries from other friends all over the State, they were unable to obtain positive information that General Cosby had actually enlisted a single man for the expedition. This increased their fears as to Cosby's fidelity to Crabb. For months, the newspapers, especially in San Francisco, and mainly those most under the influence which was naturally opposed to a scheme like that of Crabb's, had kept up a fire of items and paragraphs, with occasional strong editorial articles, in denunciation of the project, and classing it as another filibustering foray, similar to that of Walker's in Nicaragua. These squibs and attacks had sorely annoyed Crabb before his departure; and now they were particularly exasperating to his friends. There was but one way to meet or silence them, and that was, for the expedition to sail, and in time to demonstrate that, while it was revolutionary in its design, it was not so in the filibustering sense; but only as an aid or arm to a native people struggling against insufferable outrages and oppressions at the hands of an irresponsible Central Government, and determined upon adopting the grand example of the American revolutionary patriots to secure for themselves the birthright prerogative of governing themselves in their own way, as their own plan of government provided, but which the Central Government refused to guarantee or to allow.

Two of Crabb's friends went to Sacramento, late in January, to consult with Cosby. He assured them that his men were nearly ready, and would be in San Francisco, prepared to depart, within a fortnight at the utmost. They returned to San Francisco satisfied; chartered a brig, stipulating the day she was to be ready for sea, and at once notified Cosby. No response came. They awaited another day, then wrote again. No answer coming to that, they telegraphed. Still no response from Cosby. Then they telegraphed to a mutual friend, to call upon him and request explanation. Back came the information, in less than an hour, that General Cosby, Military Commander of the Arizona and Mexico Agricultural and Mining Expedition—the Crabb expedition—had left Sacramento two days before for his home in Siskiyou County, not intending to return to the capital. Next came a more startling surprise. Judge Peters, the district judge of that whole district, an intimate and devoted friend of Crabb, cognizant of his scheme, and sympathizing with it, visited San Francisco, and informed his own and Crabb's friends that he had made special and studious inquiries all through Siskiyou County, as well as in contiguous counties, and he had been unable to discover even a trace of any word or letter from General Cosby, to any soul in that whole region, in respect to the expedition, or inviting any one to join it. Judge Peters personally knew a great many of the Siskiyou veterans of the Rogue River Indian war, and had conversed with them on the subject; but there was not one among them all who had ever received intimation from their old commander, General Cosby, or from any other source, that their services would be welcome, or received if proffered, in the Crabb expedition; notwithstanding that a round number would have been very glad to have joined that expedition.

It was now too late to think of an expedition by sea, to co-operate with Crabb. The only thing to be done was to communicate to him the unfortunate condition of affairs. General Cosby alone was in authority, as far as enlistments and organization were involved, and no other was authorized by Crabb to act. The charter of the brig was abandoned. That was Captain Farnham's loss, and the owners'. He and they were fortunate to lose only that which money could repair, if it could not restore. The other loss incident to Crabb and his devoted associates was shocking and irreparable; to their wives and families, heart-blasting and overwhelming; to their kindred and friends, lamentable and harrowing beyond expression.

There were then neither fast mail-coaches, pony, expresses, railroads, nor telegraphs. There was but one way to dispatch the all-important word to Crabb; but that way was immediately adopted. A bold and coura-

geous rider — hardy, experienced, resolute, who would never rest a minute when he should ride, who knew not fear, and who loved the man he rode and slept not to save as he loved his own kin—was started upon the long, weary, and perilous journey. Night and day he rode; tough and wiry, long-winded horses broke down under his vigor of spur and rate of speed; they were exchanged, with brief halt, for others. He swam streams that could not be forded; he ate, as he pushed forward at best speed, in the saddle; he napped, to cheat nature of her due of rest and recuperation; and neither the drifting and burning sands, the arid waste and the choking thirst of the broad desert, nor the scorching midday sun or chilling winds of the black night, stayed him or overcame him. Straight onward he forced and forged his fatiguing way, until he reached Fort Yuma; and there he was stopped, only by the sure-told story of the massacre of the entire party with Crabb at Cavorca. Cook, the fearless and faithful rider, then turned his way homeward, and leisurely rode to Los Angeles, whence he returned to San Francisco by steamer, the confirmation of the sad report having preceded his arrival. He had done all that man could do to save the party from the butchery.

Among the number who had come from Tuolumne to join Crabb, was a lad of only fifteen years, Charles E. Evans by name. Of all the party with Crabb, he alone was spared from death by his captors, solely on account of his youth. He returned in a few months to California. But long before, the details of the massacre, and of the movements of Crabb up to the fatal day, were authentically related for the press by Edward E. Dunbar, of the trading firm at Sonoita, in a letter from Rio Colorado, May 1st, to William E. Darling, a prominent merchant of San Francisco. Crabb, misled by the story of the Papago Indians, of the arrival of a vessel at Point Lobos with many men on board—a story, as it was subsequently ascertained, which they had been instructed to relate to his party for the very purpose it accomplished—hastened forward to Cavorca, where he arrived Wednesday morning, April 1st—fatal day of deceptions. He expected no attack; he feared no hostility. While riding leisurely along through wheat-fields on the narrow roadway, in feeling of perfect security, about 8 o'clock, the party was suddenly fired upon by a large force concealed in the wheat on either side of the road. Thus attacked, and so unexpectedly, the party made the best resistance they could, and pursued their course directly to the pueblo. Before reaching the town, they found the lane they were in led into a broad open space, beyond which were the habitations of adobe and wood. Into this space they forced their way against a hot cross-fire from every direction, by soldiers concealed behind every object which afforded ambush and protection to the assailants. Crabb's party, led by him, took refuge in a row of low adobe houses with thatched roofs. The soldiers made haste to take possession of the church opposite. Two of the party had been killed: Clark Small, and one known as "Shorty"; and John George, William Cheney, and a lawyer from El Monte named Clark, were mortally wounded. Fifteen others had received wounds more or less severe.

In the adobe buildings the penned-up expeditionists remained in comparative security until about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, despite a random fire from the soldiers in the church, 200 or 300 strong, when the last keg of powder was taken to be utilized in blowing up the church edifice. Crabb and fifteen men started upon this desperate purpose, amidst a raking fire from the Mexicans in the street, and the soldiers in the church. Five of the fifteen were shot down, seven others wounded—Crabb himself, in the elbow—and with the keg of powder the three unhurt and seven wounded returned to the adobes, determined to sell their lives at the dearest possible cost. This condition of offensive and defensive warfare continued day and night, without intermission, during the weary days and terrible nights of the 2nd, 3rd, 4th, and 5th of April, and until the evening of the 6th, when a Papago Indian

succeeded in setting fire to the roof of the buildings now become their fort. To defeat this attempt to burn their place of refuge and security, Crabb blew up the keg of powder, saved until now. It failed of its design; and, amidst the crackling of the flames all about his remnant little band of intrepid spirits, Crabb then received and deliberated upon overtures from the attacking force for surrender. They were assured that they should be treated as prisoners of war. Crabb then dispatched Hines, a brave and fearless man, with a flag of truce, to arrange the terms of capitulation. Gabilondo, the commander of the Mexicans, held Hines a close prisoner; but he found opportunity to shout to Crabb that the terms were for the expeditionists to march out one by one, without their arms, and surrender, after which they should be sent to Altar, and there be given fair trial. Anxious for the wounded, however, Crabb still required to learn the manner in which they would be treated. Gabilondo replied, through Mr. Cortelyou, a brother-in-law of Crabb, and acting on his authority and behalf, that there was a good physician in the place, and they should be well cared for. He afterwards, with grim jocoseness, explained that his "good physician" was the musket, and its contents the "good medicine" he intended. While this conversation concerning the terms was going on between Mr. Cortelyou, of Crabb's party, and Gabilondo, the latter was safely ensconced in the belfry of the church. Some of the party opposed the surrender, but they finally yielded to Crabb's persuasion, who had faith in Gabilondo's promises. But as they marched out in file, each man had his arms tied fast together, and was then led to the Mexican barracks, where all were imprisoned at 11 o'clock that night. Crabb was soon after led away to another room, where he was interviewed by Gabilondo, and not afterward allowed to speak to any of his command. At midnight a sergeant came into the barracks, and read to the prisoners their doom—death-sentence: to be shot at sunrise the next morning. The sentence was in Spanish, and Mr. Cortelyou interpreted it for his comrades. By order of Gabilondo, the names of the entire party now held as condemned prisoners were written down by Colonel R. N. Wood, and given to the officer in charge. Gabilondo personally supervised the proceedings.

But the boy Evans was not to be butchered in that treacherous and inhuman manner. At 2 o'clock the fatal morning, he was awakened from his sound sleep, his arms unbound, and led away. At dawn he was dispatched, with escort to closely guard him, to Altar, in company with Gabilondo. At 8 o'clock, Altar was reached. Meantime, at sunrise, the bloody work was begun. In squads of five and ten, the unfortunate men, thus trapped into surrender and death, were led forth and shot. Crabb was reserved for a more barbarous death. He was led alone to the slaughter, his hands bound and stretched above his head, there fastened, his face turned to the wall, his back exposed to his executioners, and then shot through the body. Instantly his head was severed from the mangled body. Two days afterwards the savage Gabilondo took the boy Evans back to Cavorca, there showed him the stripped and unburied corpses, already partly eaten by coyotes and hogs and buzzards, and then brought him to look at the ghastly head of Crabb, preserved in a jar of vinegar, which was lifted from the liquid, that the poor lad should be compelled to see it in all the hideousness of its revolting condition. Evans was subsequently carried by Gabilondo to Ures, where he saw him deliver to Pesquira the papers he had taken from Crabb; thence he was forced to accompany Gabilondo to his home in Hermosillo, where he was kept as a servant in his household until late in August of that year, when he was released through the intercession of Minister Forsyth, and during the fall returned to California by way of Guaymas.

Before Crabb was shot, he requested permission to write to his wife in San Francisco. The request was granted; the letter written and delivered to Gabilondo, who solemnly assured him it should be forwarded to his wife. It never was. Nor was any other let-

ter, paper, or message from any of the unfortunate expeditionists ever returned to their relatives or friends.

Major Wood and Major Tozer, and the men with them, left behind before crossing the Mexican border, escaped the slaughter by that detail. Captain McKinney and his detachment returned in time to be included in the butchery. Jesus Ainsa was taken prisoner at Sonoita, on American soil, by a Mexican squad, and carried into Cavorca. The United States timely compelled the authorities to release him. Rasey Biven, another of Crabb's brothers-in-law, was in the pursuit of peaceable business in Hermosillo. He, too, was arrested for alleged complicity in Crabb's scheme, but after examination was set at liberty, as there was no ground of complaint against him. The Government of the United States never took action in reference to the massacre of Crabb's party.

It is since known, that the revolution was inaugurated as projected, in favor of Pesquira; that Gandara abdicated and hastened back to the City of Mexico, where he industriously circulated stories of the revolutionary scheme, and then returned to Sonora to acquire further evidence. The Government was in constant correspondence with the parties in San Francisco, whose interest was in that direction; and it is susceptible of fair proof, yet not legal proof, that means more powerful and more seductive than words or appeals were used to prevent the organization of the one thousand men, and their departure for Point Lobos in Sonora. Pesquira, as Governor, found himself likely to be impeached for complicity with Crabb. In his changed position it became necessary for him to prove that this was not a tenable accusation; hence he gave the orders which wrought the fate of the party. Gabilondo was simply his pliant and subservient instrument. It was delay which blasted Crabb's part in the scheme; and to save himself and themselves, Pesquira and the other revolutionary leaders, then elevated to the places and the power the revolution was to give them, preferred the only alternative left—that of sacrificing their betrayed dupe and unsuspecting, confiding ally, Henry A. Crabb and his party. Gabilondo was a *protégé* of the great Missouri Senator, Thomas H. Benton, and had been partly educated by him. Hernandez, a wretched Mexican druggist of Cavorca, who spoke English, at first boasted that it was his own right arm which had cut Crabb's head from the lifeless trunk. Happily for him, it was only a baseless boast. An Indian was the wretch.

General Cosby had accepted the hospitality of ex-Governor Foote's home for his wife and family while he should be absent in Sonora. The generous offer was never embraced; there was never occasion for it. Cosby himself never returned to Sacramento. He suddenly began to live as one in affluence; and while driving a pair of fast roadsters to a light buggy, was thrown from the vehicle and killed. A year after Crabb's death, it was discovered, by an American gentleman traveling in Sonora, that the monopolist merchants of Guaymas had received positive information from California, during the winter of 1856–57, not later than February, that there was no likelihood of the sailing from San Francisco of the one thousand men, or any other formidable body expected by Crabb to join him. And it is positively known, that had he not believed, while his intrepid little band was in the adobes in Cavorca, that reinforcements and succor would soon reach him from the strong force of the one thousand, which he expected from Point Lobos, or from the smaller force of Major Wood, which he supposed to be on the way from the frontier, the manner of the death of himself and his party would have been very different. He would have perished, and his men with him, as Davy Crockett and James Bowie and their invincible comrades perished at the memorable Alamo.

James O'Meara.

AT COBWEB & CRUSTY'S.

Chapter IV.

And so it was done at last. So easily, in fact, that as Allen stood outside the little gate, and for a moment paused, he wondered why he had not dared to make the essay many months ago. What now had become of all the silly fears and perturbations that had for so long troubled him? Where were his disturbing speculations and self-imagined miseries? And what had been the need of those artfully contrived and eloquent pleadings that in his innermost thoughts he had so often framed, to be poured forth in resistless flow at some carefully preordained opportunity, and thereby incline Stella's heart in his favor? Lo! the propitious moment had come almost unforeseen, and as of itself; and the purposed eloquence of tongue had been palsied by emotion; but the feelings of his heart had been shown forth as fully and resistlessly by the subtle ardor of his glance, and a few whispered words had revealed the whole story of his love more persuasively, perhaps, than it could otherwise have been told; and now at last his troubled spirit could feel itself at rest.

Returning to the tavern, he passed unperceived to his room, and sought repose. Truly, now at last, he could enjoy undisturbed and tranquil slumber; perhaps bright angels of sweet assurance and contentment would in his dreams hover over him, and shower down blessings from their extended wings. And it is not unnatural, it may be, for new-found happiness to lead up to pleasant visions and tinge the sleep with golden imagery. To the young girl whose heart has tasted the first rapture of some long-anticipated bliss, this may be so. But, on the other hand, to the man of earnest action and purpose, not often does success accompany itself with visions of bright fancy. To such a one, in fact, there is more often the not unwelcome sequence of quiet and dreamless sleep, undisturbed by any reflex of his waking cares, yet with as much certainty as though attended by angelic visitants, bringing in its train the blessings of content and restoration.

Therefore the Colonel lay in merely a quiet, dreamless, fancy-free repose, and awoke at last with his spirits calm and untroubled. Almost before he realized where he was, indeed, he felt that his heart was elate with some perception of newly gained contentment; and as he grew more conscious of his surroundings, everything seemed to attune itself to that sense of happiness: a love long cherished, gained at last, and no one able any further to trouble his heart's peace; no care to interfere with the ever-present realization of his bliss; the irksome reveille and muster now far away, and each hour all his own; and, better than all else, no prying eyes to keep a record of his comings and his goings. In camp there could never be such pleasant freedom from intrusion: companionship and contiguity, enforced similarity of life, and very often the lack of other subjects than each other's purposes—all these too readily there led to undue intimacy and mutual knowledge. The letters from home which must sometimes perforce be discussed with others, lest the lonely heart should wilt away beneath its own seclusion; the photograph lying around to be looked at and discussed by even casual acquaintances; the confidences given into the ears of some who might have been strangers only a month ago, and imparted thus almost as of necessity, to the end that if death came unawares there might perchance be some one to carry these sacred confidences homeward, whither they belonged—all these were influences unfriendly to the heart's retirement. But in this quiet little village—so Allen reasoned, as for a few moments he lay still and gazed out upon the

tranquil bay, and across the narrow strip of sand, and at the gently rolling ocean beyond —in this quiet little village, where each person had his own engrossing avocations, there could be no annoyances of aggressive interference. Two years had passed away since he had been openly among these people; doubtless they had long forgotten him; even though any of them should chance to recognize him, their interest in his actions, and even their recollection of his past purposes, must necessarily be faint; he could remain at peace among them for the few days to come, free and unregarded to wander hither and thither unmolested, at his own sweet will.

The sky was unclouded, and the air was warm and balmy. Early as was the season, a succession of warm winds had dissipated the few last lingerings of the winter atmosphere, and the duties and pleasures of the approaching summer were being prepared for. There was everything to tempt a loiterer out of doors; no reason why any but a bedridden invalid should remain secluded; and so, his comfortable breakfast over, the Colonel started out. In his impatience, he would have been glad once more to stroll up to Stella's house, and pass the morning hours with her; but that was not as yet to be seriously contemplated. He must abide his time until evening again, and meanwhile loiter away the long intervening hours as contentedly as possible, in a survey of the village and its old associations.

At the door of the tavern stood the little rockaway stage, preparing to set out for the railway station; and as its departure was always one of the great events of the day, of course a little crowd had collected to witness it. There was Cobweb twirling his mustache and making ready to take off his hat to the departing passengers with studied grace; Crusty standing by impassively, trying to pick his teeth with a fragment of oyster-shell, and taking not the slightest notice of anybody; an interested hostler or two; a group of boys; a few women repeating numberless farewells to an acquaintance inside, as though, instead of a trip up to town for a few hours' shopping, with return in the evening, she was starting to go around the world; the minister and a couple of his deacons giving a few parting directions about the ordering of a gilt pineapple for the canopy over the pulpit;—these were the principal elements of the outside spectators. Inside the vehicle were the New York merchants who went up and down each day; the shopping lady; the deacon who had charge of the pineapple matter; and three little boys starting off to boarding-school, who, filling up the window with their cluster of small, round, closely clipped heads, maintained a transport of excitement at their departure, giving vent to a shrill cheer as the stage drove off, and delightedly leaning far out to watch the last of everything before they turned down the angle of the road.

This excitement over, the Colonel slowly loitered down the street, and in a few moments came to the village barber-shop. The barber stood at the door, his razor-hone in hand, having just stepped out, after the invariable custom of all the rest of the village, to watch the stage pass by. He looked not a day older than two years ago, nor in any respect different: having the same one dry and one watery eye; the same ugly mustache, which did not seem to yield its stiffness to his own emollient cosmetics; and the same short, bristly hair standing straight up in the air, in defiance of the tender persuasions of his own pomade. Inside the shop, also, there was no apparent change, the horsehair chair-cover being worn open in front with the same-sized split, and in the corner behind the table the same single private cup in a rack intended for twenty-four. It was the private cup of that dandy Cobweb, and was always used before putting on the stiff collar, if he had time to do so. Now that the Colonel's furlough had opened so auspiciously for him, and there was such a pleasant looking forward to social amenities, it occurred to him that it would be well to make preparations for a better intercourse with the civilized world; and rubbing his hands across his thick beard, he entered the shop.

"Hair cut?" inquired the barber.

"Shaved," said the Colonel, seating him-

self; and for the moment the barber's countenance fell. With him, shaving was a mere mechanical trade; but hair-cutting was a graceful art, and one in which he flattered himself he had attained great proficiency, if not absolute distinction. He had cherished this idea for several years, ever since one fine morning when a city resident had allowed him to cut his hair. This, of itself, had been a great glory; but better was to come. It had chanced that, six months after, the same gentleman, being again in that part of the country, had once more submitted to the same operation, and had complimented him upon the success with which the task had been accomplished. This had fairly turned the little old man's head, and he had never ceased telling the story of his triumph, unconsciously adding to it year by year, until the original foundation was buried beneath a mass of new creation.

"Ah, sir! sorry I cannot also cut your hair. A spe—speciality of mine, sir. Gentleman from New York—lived in Fifth avenue—came to me to have his hair cut, five years ago. So well pleased, that until last fall he came back every little while to have me cut it for him, rather than have it done there. What do you think of that, sir? Recommended me to all his city friends, too."

"And do they also come?"

"Why, no, sir; can't say that they do. Dreadful engrossing place, that New York. Suppose they are so much taken up with money-making that they have no time for art. Shall I leave a little whisker, sir, at the side?"

"No, let it all come off. And about this place: is it growing much?"

"Well, sir, not much to speak of. Keeps about the same, in fact. Better for it, perhaps; for it might spoil it to grow large, and get like New York. Dreadful place, that, for corruption and villainy. Ever been in Windward before, sir? Must walk around and look at us a little. May want to purchase here, perhaps. Two or three nice places for sale, I'm told. Don't forget to go to the lighthouse. A revolving light, sir—put in only last winter. Must go to the top and take a view. Can see all around from there. Not as high, possibly, as the Leeward light; but higher than the light at Midships, with eighty more inhabitants. If we elect our candidate to Congress next term, he says he will get our light built up higher than the Leeward light. Now, sir, that we've got all that hair clipped off, we'll commence to shave it close. Makes you look different—somewhat younger, too. And seems to me as though I had— Why bless my stars! If it isn't Colonel Grayling, after all! Why, Colonel Grayling, how do you do?"

"Pretty well; that is, as usual."

Then there was a pause in the conversation, during which the little barber worked away with his razor, in silence. It could be seen, however, from the weary rolling of his eye, that his brain was fermenting with a new idea; and, as he finally lifted off the towel, the matter came out.

"There, Colonel, that's all right now. Do you know, we all thought you was dead?"

"I have been told so."

"Not shot, you know, but died in prison. And she—she took on very badly about it, though quiet-like, too; so that us outsiders didn't hear so much of her doings as perhaps we ought."

"I don't understand you," remarked the Colonel, stiffly; but stiffness of manner had but little effect upon the barber, and was not at all efficient in putting him down.

"Not understand, Colonel? Now you don't mean to say it to me, who have knowed you so long, do you? Well, well, I won't say no more about it, now. But see here: you know everything's clear for you now, don't you? Perhaps you have been down there already."

Turning away, though with a strong disposition to remain and give castigation to the tormentor, the Colonel made hasty steps down the street, caring little for the moment whither he went, his only object being to escape from vulgar scrutiny and gossip. Why was it, he thought, that, from the Arabian Nights down, barbers had always been just such an inquisitive, prying race? How was

it that even in little, quiet, unexcitable Windward, the people were not aroused to cast out from among them such a fell spirit of disturbance? Surely, nowhere else—

Wondering thus to himself, in broken train of thought, he came to the border of a little railed-in green. Close to the railing on one side was a rude wooden bench, and directly in front a large double-house. This was the parsonage, the present residence of the village minister—a preacher of great celebrity in the place, and credited with some literary pretensions. At the instant, the house wore a forlorn, deserted look; the blinds seeming all closed, with the exception of the parlor windows, which were veiled in blue paper shades. But the house was very far from being untenanted; for at that very moment it held one of the customary semi-weekly meetings of the Dorcas Society, assembled to make haversacks for the Windward volunteers; and of course the Colonel was soon observed by one of the number, who quickly called the rest to assist her. Therefore it happened that, after a few moments, Grayling heard a slight noise, and felt stealing over him that consciousness of being watched which, by some subtle instinct, often reveals to us the fact that we are not alone; and turning partially around, he saw that the blue paper shades had been gently raised. More than that, the sash had been drawn up; and more yet, there was a collection of heads there gathered, some shyly bobbing in and out of view, with nervous apprehension of being detected, and one or two, entirely case-hardened in such matters, keeping their position with cool, unblushing stolidity. At the rear of all could be seen the blue spectacles of the minister himself, who, alone of all men, was allowed to enter that mystic circle, being by virtue of his parochial office the president thereof, and the society reader; in pursuance of which duty, he had selected for their consideration a ponderous review, through which, though sorely beset with interruptions, he had been steadily working his way all winter and spring, at the rate of about five pages or so each meeting. It was a rate of progress rather discouraging to him; and he now stood at the window with the volume open in his hand, a little curious about the stranger, it might be; but, inasmuch as he had reached what to him was an interesting portion of the review, feeling a little impatient for the others to finish their more eager outward survey, so that he might resume his reading. But those other and female members, feeling unsated with one glance, found it no more than natural that they should continue to gaze outside, and indulge their comments; and consequently they there remained: some floating to and fro at the side curtains, in idle paroxysms of curiosity; some standing motionless in the middle of the room, as the best vantage-ground for seeing, and yet not being seen; and one old lady stolidly seated in the very center of the window, a half-finished haversack in her hands, and her capacious front stuck so full of bright pins and needles, that, as the sunlight fell upon her, she seemed arrayed in a glittering coat of mail.

"Next to a barber," said the Colonel to himself, "I suppose there are no such curiosity-moved creatures in the world as women, when associated into a sewing-society."

Then, not desiring longer to serve for an object of discussion and speculation to such a numerous and critical assembly, he slowly arose and strolled away, with only partially successful attempt at an appearance of deliberate and unconcerned action, and bent now upon retiring at once to his room at the tavern without longer delay. For a few moments he escaped further trouble, and might have reached the tavern without meeting anybody. But it is ill, after all, to immure one's self in a close house, when there is so much pleasant sunshine abroad; and so, letting himself be tempted aside by the genial warmth and the balmy air, he once more turned away from the direction of the tavern, and strolling off to the main shore, took the route along the sand. This was not a very public promenade, and it might be that he would there be able to escape any further annoyance. But scarcely had he advanced many paces, before he ran plump against Squire Peters. This was the real, actual, proper

squire, of all the various complimentary squires of the place; he being the village justice, the duties of which post being light, he had plenty of time on his hands. He had already closed his business for the morning, having adjourned his only case, a conflict about the removal of boundary stakes between two neighboring oyster-beds; and had now loitered down to the bay to digest the weighty responsibility of making up his mind what he should do next, his thoughts being about equally divided between trolling after blue-fish and shooting sandpipers. To such a person, the arrival of a stranger is a prize indeed; and at once he hobbled forward.

"Stranger in town, sir? Saw you arrive yesterday by the stage. You will find Windward a very pleasant place to spend a few weeks in. Many interesting things to see. There is the lighthouse, and—and the coast-steamers passing—and—and the lighthouse-lantern, a fine piece of mechanism, sir—and—and— Why bless my soul, if it is not Colonel Grayling! Colonel, how do you do?"

"All right, Judge. And how are you?"

"Tolerable, Colonel. That is to say, as comfortable as may be, with the cares of office always upon me. Pretty harassing and complicated sometimes, as you may imagine. The trials of the judiciary, sir, are onerous at times, very onerous; so that perhaps the honors of the station scarcely compensate for its anxieties. And so you have been in the army, Colonel?"

"Yes, Judge."

"And on furlough now?"

"Yes; a slight wound in the arm, not sufficient to permanently injure me, but enough to entitle me to that relaxation."

"And very rightly, too. You ought certainly to be indulged; for what do we not owe to you brave fellows? If it were not for you, what might not be the situation? A Southern army in every State; Georgia and South Carolina Crackers quartered upon us; our best oyster-beds despoiled; our criminal calendar filled with troublesome complaints in trespass, and—"

"Perhaps no calendar at all, Judge, or any justice of the peace either, inasmuch as martial law would probably—"

"Bless my soul! you don't say so! It might be, indeed; and I never thought of it before! Why, then, we owe more to you than I had supposed. For, abolish the judiciary, and what is the country worth? Well, Colonel, and so you've concluded to come back at last. Been a long time making up your mind, too, it seems to me. But now that you're come, why, we'll pass over that. Aha, Colonel! A sly dog—a sly dog, very!"

"I do not know, Judge, whether I exactly understand—"

"No? Yes, you do, Colonel—yes, you do. Do you know, when it was first talked about—the wedding, I mean—every one in town seemed to think of you, and of what a pity it all was. And then when the second thing happened—the other matter, you will remember—then every one thought of you again, and how that here was another chance for you. And now you have come back to take it. Aha, Colonel! sly is the word!"

As perhaps in duty bound, Grayling consented to echo the other's laugh; and then, after a few kindred remarks, commenced making his escape, with some difficulty; for one can hardly break away from the chief potentate of a village as undecorously as from its barber; but he finally succeeded, and without giving offense. Then pursuing his walk, he found for awhile no further annoyances; and at length, congratulating himself upon the improved aspect of affairs, sat down to contemplate the bay.

The place was a rude bench, at the end of the wharf. There was no one near; and the Colonel, leaning his back against a short spile, gave himself up to somewhat wrathful reflection. Was it not a misfortune, that somehow he could go nowhere about the village without being thus recognized, and having his errand back thus shrewdly guessed at?—nowhere but in his own room, and at the end of the wharf, with water almost all around him? What, indeed, could he do to avoid further annoyance? Were the scene cast in a city, he might come and go, and no

one ever be the wiser; but these little country villages, where the advent of every stranger is an event—truly, they must ever have the barber as their vehicle for news. He might go away each day, it might be, returning in the evening, and thus toilsomely manage to escape a portion of that inquisitorial scrutiny; but that procedure, after all, would only tend to give a mysterious aspect to the affair, and so, in the end, further complicate it. At least, he could spend his days between his own room and the end of the wharf, where, far from impertinent intrusion, he could—

At that moment a loud laugh saluted his ears—the broad, harsh, rollicksome laugh of a negro, enjoying something very much. Turning his head, Grayling saw a small boat anchored about fifty feet off. In it were two men, dredging for clams: one of them a white man, rendered unrecognizable by dirt and a slouched sou'wester; the other a negro. The white man had nodded significantly towards the Colonel, and then pointed off in the direction of the rear of the town, and had evidently uttered some jest illustrative of the motion—a very pleasant jest, probably; for it was that which had set his companion off into hilarious outburst; and for a while he seemed unable to get over it, bending down his head and laughing against the back of his hand, after the manner of convulsed negroes. The Colonel started up, feeling that even there he stood detected; and following a cross-path at random, he suddenly found himself at the foot of the lighthouse. There he arrested himself, as at the door of an old friend. He remembered how, in past years, Stella and he had one day written their names at the turn of the lower tier of stones, and in his desultory endeavor to kill time, he thought he would like to see if the names were still visible. They were not to be found, however; for the lighthouse had many times since been fully whitewashed. But as he stood musing at its base, it chanced that the lighthouse-keeper came slowly limping out at the door.

The Colonel did not know the lighthouse-keeper; but with the present run of old acquaintances turning up at every point, this seemed no reason why the keeper should not claim to know him. To avoid an interview with anybody whomsoever was now the main point, if he would escape annoyance. He therefore concluded to double around the lighthouse itself, as would a pursued fox. With that great rounded bulk between himself and the lighthouse-keeper, he might be safe. He remembered, that against the front of the lighthouse there had been in olden time, and doubtless still existed, a wooden bench. Here the Colonel had been accustomed to sit for the hour together, in the days long past, and no one had ever come near to interrupt him. He was out of sight himself, and the whole village lay behind, hidden by the great white shaft against which he leaned. But now, as he stole away in expectation of the olden obscurity, he found that the bench was already occupied.

Chapter V.

Two persons were sitting side by side upon the little bench, and, as it seemed to the Colonel, very close together. For a moment only, however; for as he appeared around the curve of the lighthouse, they moved quickly apart, and almost instantly one of them continued the movement into one of hurried flight. As she skimmed away, Grayling could only observe that she was light and graceful in figure; and from the contour of her head, and the partially betrayed swell of a well-rounded and fresh-complexioned face, he could uncertainly conjecture that she might be rather pretty. This impression was increased, possibly, by three or four long curls, which floated lightly in the breeze as she retired—curls of deep auburn and fine texture, and manifestly of natural production. All else of face and feature was concealed from sight by a broad straw flat, with long brown streamers. For a moment she thus skipped away, in laughing discomposure at the interruption; then partially checked her flight, as it seemed to occur to her that she

ıd done nothing to be ashamed of, and had good right as any other person to be ere; gradually changed her quick pace in- a slow, strolling step, indicative of indif- rence and composure; and so, in an affecta- on of dignified reserve, calmly passed out sight.

He whom she had left behind sat for a oment silent, inactive, and motionless. It as not in the nature of one of the male x, perhaps, to be quick-witted enough for instant flight; or possibly a nicer-balanced dgment had told him, as she should have own, that any appearance of flight at all as ridiculous and unnecessary. Making no ovement to rejoin her, he remained upon is end of the bench, stolid and unyielding, ith his legs outspread over the sand, and is eyes fastened upon his boots. They ere not handsome boots, worthy of long ontemplation, being of most clumsy work- anship; nor were his pantaloons and other rticles of attire especially attractive. A ickory shirt, blue overalls, and a slouching ou'wester—these comprised the remainder f his costume. The whole effect, at the rst, was as of uncaring poverty and sloth; ut a closer inspection revealed the fact, that ach article was comfortable and cleanly, and hereby gave an impression of a rough cos- ume voluntarily assumed, by one who could lo better, for the simple sake of convenience f movement and of picturesque effect. This idea certainly gained encouragement nd cogency from the young fellow's face and xpression; for when, at the next instant, he aised his head and threw back the flapping rim of his sou'wester, and gazed around at he intruder, he was seen to be smooth faced nd fair complexioned, well featured and rightly intelligent in expression; having, withal, the appearance of one who would ose nothing in looks as he outgrew some- hing of his boyish freshness, and developed t last into the inevitable ruggedness of a more mature manhood. Possibly his youth- ulness was yet more apparent in contrast with the Colonel, who, th ugh only a year or two older, had become browned and darkened with exposure, into the appearance of a maturity beyond his actual age; and now, with that heavy mustache falling over his mouth, and hiding half the lower portion of his face, seemed to outrank the other in years by a full lustrum.

The two young men gazed inquiringly at each other for an instant, then their scrutiny grew all at once into full recognition, and their hands were outstretched in greeting.

"Ha! Colonel, is it you?" said the one.

"And can it be you, Sergeant Kit?" cried the other.

Then, as the Sergeant arose and stepped forward, their hands met: with something of shyness in the manner of it, as though mutually fearing to be surprised into a too impulsive display of feeling; dropping each other's hands, indeed, after the slightest and most momentary pressure. They had bivouacked in the same camp for months together, in the days not long passed; within each other's sight and hearing had endured all the perils to which warfare is incident; had chanced more than once to save each other's lives. When last they had been together, the Colonel had seen the Sergeant go down with three whole platoons of men beneath a raking fire of musketry, to lie helpless upon the field for hours, while troops of horse pounded over him, and the flying artillery swept through the ranks of the wounded and dead. It seemed as though no one could have survived those dangers. Not dead, but grievously wounded, the Sergeant had painfully propped himself against a broken gun-carriage, and thence watched the Colonel go yet deeper into the fight, and watched how the way seemed to lead into the very jaws of death, and how he had been plucked from out of those jaws only by the fell swoop of a whole division of the enemy, making him and all of his their prisoners. It must then have seemed impossible that they could ever have met again in this world. And yet, now that they had met, this was all their greeting. But it was enough for their purpose, and spoke as loudly in behalf of their mutual trust and affection, as though they had rushed impulsively into each other's arms with enthusiastic rapture. Each saw

in the eyes of the other that silent gladness which no shamefacedness could repress; felt in even that slight pressure of the fingers the electric pulsation of true-hearted sincerity. Then, loosening their grasp, they sat down side by side upon the little bench, and for a moment silently observed each other.

Even as there they now sat at ease, there was noticeably a difference in their bearing, corresponding somewhat to the apparent diversity of their years. The Colonel, more recently habituated to command, and retaining in his costume some suggestions of the camp, though nothing approximating to what might be called a uniform, struck one as every inch a soldier. On the other hand, the Sergeant from head to foot seemed to have abandoned all relics of army life. Where, indeed, could any such relics be detected in that slouched sou'wester, that hickory shirt, and those blue cotton pants tucked into the tops of the unshapely boots? But alas! there was still remaining one indication of the old army life, and its perils and fatalities, in the loose sleeve which was folded lifeless and empty against the heart.

"Well, Kit?"

"The same to you, Grayling?"

Such the mutual interrogatories, after a moment's pause; each naturally now recurring to the past, and in this simple manner demanding some account of it. Another pause for an instant, during which they looked inquiringly into each other's countenances; the Colonel mournfully dropping his eyes toward the empty sleeve, and then letting his gaze return and rest more fixedly upon the pleasant face above, as though fearful of giving offense even in that one wondering, downward glance.

"You, at least, are all right, Colonel. A little thinner than when I saw you last; though, upon the whole, I do not know about that, either. Camp life does not fatten up a fellow, does it? Not to speak of your added experiences behind the palisades of Andersonville. Do you recollect that day when we were routed? A day for both of us to remember, was it not? How much has happened since then, indeed! To you the prison, in which, by the way, it was reported that you had died. And to me—"

"See here, Kit," interrupted the other. "What are you doing in this place?"

"What am I doing here, Colonel? Why, fishing and boating and all that, to be sure."

"But tell me: this is no time of the year for such things; and my mind misgives me about you, Kit. Much as you may love the sea, and all things connected with it, I have never before known you to venture down upon it at this season. No one comes here now. And in that rig, too. Look here, Kit," and in his excitement Grayling spoke imperiously, almost fiercely; "you have not run away from the world—the world that you love and that loves you—for—for this?"

"For what, Colonel?"

"For this, indeed," gently, almost reverentially, as it were, touching the empty sleeve of the other, and then, with something of the olden shamefaced manner, drawing his hand away again, as though the motion must somehow have hurt his companion. "Don't I know, Kit Archer, how fond you have always been of everything relating to the outer world? Even in the camp, was not your constant thought about the pleasant friends you hoped some day to see again—about this or that girl you had left behind you? Don't I see, too, that you are well and strong again—that you have recovered, as far as—as ever you can? Good Heavens, Kit! don't tell me that your misfortune has driven you from the world; that you are becoming misanthropical, and are encouraging a feeling of shame about what every one knows is your honor?"

"An honor not exactly to be desired, though—eh, Colonel? A thing to be talked about philosophically and pleasantly, when it concerns another person; but rather hard to be obliged to realize in one's self. A good deal of sweet sympathy at the first, indeed, and many pretty compliments about gallantry and devotion to the State, and the reward of a grateful country. I found it so, when first I crawled out; and sometimes almost felt that it was a good thing to have an arm shot off, everybody seemed to be so fond of me

for it. But then, to be forgotten almost, at times, and shoved aside by more able men, who had stayed at home to do the dancing for me while I was South, and finding them still doing it now that I was back again; and to find myself wishing that I had my arm still sticking to my side, every time I stood on the edge of the crowd, and saw another fellow flashing past, with his load of silk or satin, enjoying the waltz, as though I had never lived at all—that is about the real worth of the honor, is it not?"

"And yet—Kit—"

"There, there, Colonel. Don't look so terribly concerned, old fellow. I am not so very miserable about it, after all. I knew full well that I went into the affair taking the risks; and it may be a fair compromise, after all, for not having been knocked on the head, as has been the fate of many a better man. The world has not lost all its charms for me, or entirely driven me off; and there is many a way in which I can still enjoy it, if everything should only go well in the end."

"And what do you mean, Kit, by everything going well in the end? And why should not everything go well in the end?"

"It is the fact, I suppose, that all things do not always come out well—eh, Colonel? What I would say is, that the world has not quite wearied me yet, and that I would like to return to it some day, with all my old zest. And doubtless after a while I might not feel so sensitive about my—my honorable misfortune, as you would term it. It is, after all, a very prosaic matter—merely the alternative of pecuniary ruin, or not. I will tell you, Colonel, inasmuch as there is nothing I would wish to keep from you. I have not told any other person, or talked about it elsewhere, at all. It is a matter to keep secret about, if possible. Certainly no one in this place knows anything about it. But I rather suspect that there is little doubt I am ruined. You know that I supposed I was pretty well off; and as the property has come down from so far off, it seemed reasonable to believe that I could keep it. But it turns out that there is a suspicion of some defect in the title, somewhere; I don't pretend to know much about the law of the case, only that if the defect is not remedied the property will all switch off from me in another direction, for a suit has been begun against me."

"Which of course you resist, Kit?"

"Of course. Have put the matter into the hands of Uncle Proctor, of the law firm of Proctor, Padd & Durlington. Do you know him? They still call him Judge, though it is many years since he has been on the bench. Perhaps the shrewdest criminal lawyer in the State, Colonel. Can look a man right through; dissect his heart with all the skill of an anatomist; put together all his impulses and designs; pick out the story of the man's life in detail, if there is any story at all in him;—make him, in fact, tell his own story, and in half the time and twice the correctness that the rack and thumbscrew would occupy in doing the same thing. Could tell you some very surprising stories about Uncle Proctor. I remember once going down into the country with him to see some land he thought of purchasing. We saw the land, and Uncle Proctor thought well of it, and that it was fully worth the price asked for it. And I thought that the owner was one of the nicest spoken men I had ever met with. But Uncle Proctor no sooner put his eyes upon the man than he read him like a book: knew that he was lying about the title, charged him with it, and, like a devastating conscience, screwed the damning fact right out of him; then refused to have any more to do with the matter, and posted back to town. Well, that's the kind of man Uncle Proctor is. But what, after all, can he do, Colonel? For it is not a thing depending upon legal acuteness. It is a plain matter of law, I suppose."

"Yes: of curing the defect you speak of. And that?"

"Why, bless your soul! how should I be able to tell you anything about that? Don't you see that Uncle Proctor would never be so foolish as to let me know what it is? For I should be sure to talk about it, and then the other side would hear of it and make the most of it; not having found out before, perhaps, how very weak we are. It may be a

deed too much or too little; or a witness who is dead, and so cannot be used; or is not dead, and so can tell too much; or a false survey of too many acres, or too few; or, in fact, a hundred other things, any one of which might ruin me. No, no; trust Uncle Proctor for that. When he wants me to know anything, he will be sure to tell me; and when he thinks I am not to be trusted, he will keep it from me."

"Well, well, Kit; it is certainly a good thing to have discreet counsel," rejoined the Colonel, with a laugh. "For myself, I suppose I would wish to know a little more about the merits of my own defense. But of course tastes differ about that. Still, Kit, apart from all that, you have not yet explained—"

"How it is I came here, in this old tarpaulin and hickory shirt, you will say? Well, this it is: Last month I went to consult Uncle Proctor, and found him just setting off for this place, to examine another piece of land, I believe. That I might not delay him, and having nothing to do myself, I came along with him, talking over matters on the way. Reaching here, he went off for an hour or so to look at the land, and I strolled down to the wharf and along the shore. And there, as it happened, I met old Ben Brattles, the keeper of this light. He knew me when I was little more than a boy; I was in the shipping-office of Multon & Forsdyker at the time. I was assistant invoice-clerk; and one day I saw Ben coming in with a message from the Captain. We had a great many sailor-like men coming in at odd hours, every day; but I thought then, as I still think, that Ben Brattles was the most sailor-like man I had ever seen. His tarpaulin had a look as though it had floated at sea a few years before being picked up; he carried a spyglass under his arm, as I would a cane; and he stowed away the tobacco in his mouth as though he were filling the chinks in a cargo. I had some little conversation with him, over one of the invoices; and I remember how coolly he spoke of going to China, as though it was merely stepping across the street; and how, on the other hand, being obliged to run up to Broadway, where I think he said he had never been, he asked the direction, and jotted down in his mind the bearings, and seemed to study them out as anxiously as I would take the courses across Africa. You see what a queer and unreasonable thing custom is, Colonel. It set me wondering a little, and on that account, it may be, I remembered Ben a longer time than otherwise I might have."

"And naturally, Kit, I am sure."

"Well, Colonel, the time went on, and I continued making out and copying invoices; and it seemed as though I had only disposed of a dozen or so, when Ben came into the office again, and I found out that midwhile he had been round the world. Time flies so rapidly, you see, when events are few. And from that time, each year or so, he disappeared and reappeared, and every recurring disappearance credited him with a new line drawn about the world. Every time, too, he came in to see me as an old friend; and in pencil marked off his last route upon a globe of the world which stood beside my desk. I remember that, as the lines increased in number, sometimes running parallel, sometimes interlacing, and sometimes crossing, I began to gain a queer sort of idea that old Ben had somehow tied up the world, just as we will wrap a string five or six times about a bundle, and that if you cut the string it would fly apart; and there are moments when the impression hangs around me even yet."

"I can readily imagine it, Kit."

"Well, after that I lost sight of Ben. It became evident that he had quit tying strings around the globe. But I felt that we would meet again—rather illogically, perhaps; but it really seemed as though a man who had come back to me so many times from China could not be altogether lost. And so, of course, it has proved; for I had not been in this village an hour before I ran against him. No longer a sailor; but resting from his labors in the quiet of the lighthouse, even as a soldier will be relieved from active service upon the plains, and rewarded with the ease and security of a recruiting-station. Far better, I imagine, than tossing about on the

Indian seas. At least, I find it pleasant, though of course I have none of the hard work to do, being merely a guest. So you see now, Colonel, how it has come about. Ben recognizing me at once, there came across me the flavor of old times, and the disposition to rough it a little again; and I did not return to the city with Uncle Proctor. I stayed behind, and am boarding with Ben for a few weeks. The life suits me; and in this retirement I can keep out of the way of sympathies which, however gratifying at first, began to pall upon me. I can live here more cheaply than in the city, which is quite an object; since, if the case goes against me, I shall be brought heavily in debt for past income. At times, I can almost forget my troubles, and when I remember them, take them lightly. Once a week I write to Uncle Proctor, after the manner of Pickwick, previous to his celebrated defense, 'Is all well?' And in like manner, he writes back, 'As well as can be expected.' I wear these old toggeries, and no one knows who I am, or that I am not the most disreputable and shiftless clam-digger on the coast. I sit up with Ben every night, and let him tell me stories about the high seas until I fall asleep. In the morning, I sit and read, and once in a while I go out after crabs, with Crusty. I have selected Crusty for my only outside friend, you see. He looks so rough and unpolished, that, as soon as I put on my sailor-clothes, my heart began to warm towards him. I rose towards him with internal acclamations. I purchased his friendship at the first with a brier-wood pipe; and have kept him constant to me ever since, by the exercise of my magnetic fascinations. So here I am. And, after all, it may not be time thrown away. I not only like the life, but am learning a trade. If the suit goes against me, who knows but that the best thing I can do will be to get charge of a lighthouse myself? What say you, Colonel?"

"Not as bad as that, I hope," responded the other, in the same bantering spirit. "We will yet return you an ornament to society."

"It would certainly have my assent, if it could be done," was the response. "Well, Colonel, turn about is fair play, we are told. How is it that you are in this place, yourself?"

Chapter VI.

Silence for a moment, during which the Colonel sat in a puzzled and not entirely pleasing state of reflection. If that question had been put to him at any other time or place, it would have seemed to him a natural and proper one to be answered. Now, however, coming as it did at the end of a long series of village inquisitiveness into his purposes and actions, it seemed at the instant to blend itself with them, and assert itself as merely one of those unpleasant impertinences. The barber and the hotel-mistress, the sewing society, the esquire, and the negro clam-digger—how little different in basis or form was their curiosity from this?

But in an instant the Colonel recovered from the unjust impression. Sergeant Kit Archer was his true friend, had always been so, and now had a friend's claim to express that curiosity which in such hands is earnest and warm-hearted solicitude. They had grown up together in boyhood, and there had been times when, in their devotion to each other, they had sought faithfully to interchange every thought and emotion. After awhile, of course, things had somewhat changed, as in the unavoidable cross-currents of life the two young men had drifted somewhat apart: Allan Grayling to college, according to the promptings of the natural bent of his mind; and Kit Archer to a counting-house, his more proper vocation. So they had passed somewhat out of each other's sphere, and months, which lengthened into years, had glided away without their meeting. Differences in character, too, had developed themselves, as life went on; so that, had they chanced to be more nearly thrown together, as in their early boyhood, it might well be that they would not have harmonized as once they had. To the one had grown up scholastic ambitions; to the other, a purposeless love of ease in life, a fondness for its pleas-

ures, rather than its exalted aims, a content to drift upon the tide, rather than to struggle to reach the haven of a distinguished position. From all of which had come the natural result, that Grayling, entering the army with a high and chivalrous resolve, had risen to command a regiment; while Archer, mingling his patriotism with less ambition than love of adventure and excitement, had joined as a private, in some wild spirit of reckless daring, and fighting his way upward merely to a sergeant's post, had there rested. But at heart, if ambitionless and somewhat uncultured, he was the same trustworthy, reliable friend as ever before, and as such, entitled to most abundant confidence.

Why not, indeed! and what should hinder the Colonel putting his confidence in some one? Naturally he was of a reserved and cautious tone of thought, reticent to a fault; but almost as naturally there would come, as there comes to almost every man, moments when the soul cries aloud for sympathy, and for that would gladly expose its inmost secrets, even to a stranger. There had been times when the Colonel, oppressed with the great secret of his life, would fain have poured it out to the first chance comer, as did the Ancient Mariner, scarcely indeed restraining himself. And now he recalled one particular morning, when, sitting alone in the door of his tent, he had felt that yearning for intimate companionship, and in the midst of it had seen the Sergeant pass by with a squad of men. How, at that moment, he had longed to call out to Kit, and bid him sit down beside him on the vacant camp-stool, that they might talk over the olden scenes, and interchange their confidences about matters that had since happened. But army etiquette had intervened to prevent; and so the Sergeant had passed gayly by, with the careless laugh in his heart, and had known nothing of the friendly longing that had followed him; and the Colonel had remained sad and lonely at the tent door. But here now was the Sergeant, divested of all enforced alienation from the heart that then had turned toward him; and why, therefore, should not that heart now speak out?

"I thought—I didn't know, for the moment, but that there might be a girl in the case," added the Sergeant.

The Colonel looked around with something of a quick, startled expression. He had imagined that Kit's first words had been dictated by mere innocent spirit of inquiry; in the last remark, however, there was a perceptible undertone of actual knowledge. Now Kit sat bending over, head down, while he drew a match across his heel, preparatory to lighting his brier-wood pipe. Seemingly grave and sedate enough, except that, when he had brought the kindled match up to the surface of the tobacco, and for a moment paused during that act of ignition, there was a quiet sly gleam of fun stealing from out the corner of his eye.

"I believe, Kit, that you are not altogether as ignorant of matters as you pretend to be," said the Colonel.

"Possibly—possibly, Colonel," responded the other, breaking out into a laugh; "I know a little—not much, perhaps; but something about the way the land lies. You saw her who was sitting here with me when you came up, and who, for no reason in the world, ran away at sight of you?"

"With the long curls, and the flat hat with brown streamers?"

"The same. Minnie Burton, daughter of old Burton, the surveyor, who lives over across the hill yonder. It need be no secret to you, Colonel, that, if everything succeeds with me, Minnie will some day be my wife. That is to say, if I get my property back, all safe and sound. If I lose it, I shall lose her as well; for I could not ask her to share my poverty. A one-armed man, not even sure of a lighthouse, would be no great catch for a pretty girl, would he? In fact, with those alternatives before me, I have said nothing to her about my feelings, preferring to await results. But I think we understand each other pretty well, and the general situation of things. I see her almost every day; and once in a while we take a morning walk upon the sand, she stopping at the end to rest for a few moments upon this bench, as was the case to-day."

"But what—"

"I am coming to that. Minnie is great friends with Miss Stella—your Stella, that is. They are very much together, and, as is the custom with girls, occasionally grow confidential. It is to be supposed that if Miss Stella had you much in her mind, now and then she would let a little of it slip out to her dearest friend; and if so, it must be no less natural that occasionally Minnie should inadvertently reveal something to me. Not everything, indeed, but here a little and there a little, disconnectedly and unintentionally, yet not preventing my putting together the chance scraps and making meaning out of them. And that, taken in connection with what the townsfolks know or think they know, and talk about all the same—why, you see—"

"Exactly, Kit: I could scarcely fail to see it," responded the Colonel, with a freshening perception of his late interview with the barber and all the others. "Yes, doubtless you know even more than I could have given you the credit for. And it is as well, too; for upon that basis, I can speak more understandingly than if I had to begin from the start of all. So, through Minnie Burton, you know Stella?"

"By sight, that is all. Lives at the end of the village; the large house with the green veranda, and in front, the grove of locust-trees. Altogether one of the prettiest girls in the district. I think that I had observed her as such while coming to and fro from church, even before Minnie told me how intimate they were. The one, in fact—for of course you must know all about that matter—who was said to have been engaged to Lawyer Vanderlock."

"And who really was engaged to him for a short time, Kit. What misery might not have come out of it to me—to both Stella and myself—had it continued! Did you ever know him?"

"Yes—and no. I have seen him often—that is to say—and yet I cannot maintain that I ever knew him. A little singular, perhaps, for such a thing to happen, seeing that he was a second or third cousin of mine. There was a great-aunt of mine who, three or four generations ago, married a Vanderlock, and lived in this part of the country. The two branches did not agree very well, somehow; and though at times there were business matters between them, yet there was little that could be called intimacy or friendship. The father of this man was not a bad fellow, I believe. Simply reserved—that is all; he died some thirty years ago. The son, no one liked. Was said to be tricky and hard, you know. Would go very far to take an advantage, and keep it too. Not a bad-looking fellow, either; and generally more popular with women than with men. Of course, I ought to be glad to stand up for him, seeing that I have been said to look like him. There were some of our family, indeed, who always maintained that in looks I was more of a Vanderlock than an Archer."

"I should scarcely think that, Kit. That he was so much older than yourself should, of itself, hinder a likeness. And being the man he was, I should hardly like to think that you—"

"Look, Colonel, and see for yourself, then."

With that, the Sergeant raised himself and threw off the old sou'wester, standing bareheaded. The mere absence of that battered piece of costume served at once to alter him, letting the not unintellectual shape of the head appear to advantage, and a certain pleasing composition of features stand disclosed in their own especial harmony, undisguised by extraneous accessory. Then he bent his face slightly toward one shoulder, with an air of reflection, a well-known attitude of the lawyer, threw his chin a little in advance, and awaited inspection.

"You see, Colonel? Something of the same cast of features, they all tell me, and I can detect it myself, at times. This trick of putting my head on one side, and thrusting out my chin—I put it on now, for the resemblance; but I have it all the same myself, often unconsciously. That is one thing that certainly has come down from some further generation. As to age, that of course will come in time, increasing the resemblance,

and a certain hardening of expression, too, I presume, as I grow older—more especially if I am unlucky in my lawsuit, and am obliged to make a desperate fight with the world."

"Yes, Kit; now I see it, I must confess. Let me own that, in some semi-obscurity, I could almost take you for Vanderlock himself, were he alive, so cunningly have certain family traits worked down in the two lines, and come out in your especial persons. As to the hardening of the expression, let us hope that it will never take place, beyond the necessity of portraying a strong character, properly and honestly able to take care of one's self. I should hate to think that in all things you were destined altogether to resemble one who— But let us say no more about that. He died; so let his faults and his merits sleep with him. They are equally of the past, and to be no longer considered."

"Died?" said the Sergeant, looking up with the same queer expression that Mrs. Crusty had shown the night before when the same word had been used. "Yes—yes, of course he died, Colonel—if you call it so. What am I thinking of?"

"Thinking of, Kit? Why, what a singular form of expression! Yes, certainly he died; or do you imagine that I would have come back here? Well, she was engaged to him for a little while. Yet I cannot reproach her for that. It was all my own fault; the sin of my obdurate silence. Let me tell you the story now, even as I have often wanted to speak of it during the old days of army life. Many and many a time, when off duty, I lay upon the ground, with my hands behind my head, gazing up at the moon, thinking how it was silvering the shrubbery at the old house; how it was gleaming upon the waves that beat along the shore, and sent their soft moan to her ears—then was when I wanted to speak to some one about it, and yet hesitated to do so. For, as I have said, nothing was then settled between us. I had found my ideal, and my heart had found its home. And yet I had feared to speak to any one about things that, after all, might never be realized."

Then again, silence for a moment, as the Colonel, so reticent by nature, once more paused, in doubt whether, after all, to speak. Leaning more heavily against the white side of the lighthouse, and gazing in front so fixedly, indeed, that the Sergeant found himself curiously following the direction of his comrade's eyes, under the impression that something startling might have intervened, and caused the interruption. But there was nothing: only the placid bay, the outer tongue of land, and the far distant horizon, upon which could be seen merely an indistinct speck or two of coasting vessels, and the circling of a flock of white-breasted gulls.

"We had been brought up almost together, Kit," the Colonel at length resumed, "for in her youth she had passed much of her time in city life. And though, as I grew up, naturally I was drawn into other scenes, and she returned more constantly to her country home; yet not many months ever elapsed at a time without my coming here to visit her. All that time—foolish insensate that I was—I did not speak to her about my love. It seemed foreordained that we were for each other; so much so, that every one spoke about it, and discussed the time of it, from our youth up. And it did not seem to me as though she would need an explanation, as long as so constantly I came back to her. I had no kith or kin here; and therefore, there being no material interest to me other than her in all the place, why should I come back at all, if not for her? But still I spoke not. There was some miserable feeling of reticence about me, telling me to wait until I had made my way better in the world; some childish and romantic point of honor, too, counseling me to leave her free until I could come to claim her in good earnest. As though she would not have been content to wait, and would not have waited all the more happily for a few spoken words! What right, Kit, has a man to keep silence under these circumstances, and trust to his being perfectly understood?"

"No right, I suppose, Colonel."

"Then when I went to the war, the same

foolishness continued with me. I thought that perhaps I might fall, and that therefore it was my duty to leave her still free to await the chances of my return. I should have known her better, Kit. I should have reflected that, if she were fated ever to mourn for me, it would be a comfort to her that my last words had been those of love for her; and that, during all the while of weary waiting, it might be a consolation to her if she had the right to hear directly from me, and to send directly to me in return. But, stupid and blind that I was, I went from her side with a sorry jest, and a careless shake of the hand; and for two years I neither saw her nor heard from her again."

"Grayling, old friend," cried the other, rising to his feet with sudden vehemence of gesture, "you deserved most richly to lose her, and, losing her, never to be happy in this world again."

"I deserved it, indeed, Kit; and, in the end, very nearly attained my deserving. Of that I should not complain, I suppose, but rather give thanks that the whole debt of punishment was not meted out to me. Well, Kit, there is little else to tell, and part of that you know already. How that I was taken prisoner, and was supposed to have died. Why should I blame any one besides myself for what then happened? I had given her no right to mourn for me at all; and still it seems that for many months she must have mourned in secret. And then, of course, the pressure upon her to form another tie; the constant argument and reasoning, not always, it may be, unsuitable or false, as the world goes; the wish of the only one who could influence her, that she should find protection at his death; the mind led to believe that, after all, I had never meant to act other than as a friend, and the heart perhaps nursing bitter feeling over my past coldness; the hand at last surrendered almost under compulsion, and with the avowal that the heart went not with it—it is the old tale, after all, often before this rehearsed, and doubtless to be acted to the end thousands of times again. It was my punishment—I cannot claim the right to resent it; and now I must forget it all I can, in the great happiness that she has turned to me again."

"And is it all settled, then, Colonel?"

"Last evening I saw her, Kit. Need I say more?"

"Nay, no more," the other responded, with a laugh. "With your present new views about the unpolicy of delay, I presume that one interview now would be sufficient for the purpose. Take care, old fellow, that you are never again so foolish in throwing away your happiness. Now, of course, the king having come to his own again, there can remain only the pleasant task of guarding the recovered treasure. All being settled as it should be, you can rest in peace, with no one now, who would seek to injure you. Unless, perhaps—" and this with sudden animation, as of a new and unforeseen thought. "Colonel, if I were to warn you to beware of any man, I would say, beware of Doctor Gretchley."

"Of Doctor Gretchley, Kit? Pray what of him?"

"I do not know; and yet I do not like him. Nor do I trust him. Do you not know what they all say—that he has had his pretension himself in that quarter, of late? That he visits her daily, and is cunning of words and action, and bade fair to creep up from friendship into a warmer feeling? Do you not know that they say he did not fail in his daily visits long ago, even in the days of Lawyer Vanderlock? and that in the end he might have made trouble there?"

"But this is a different thing, surely. What could he do to me?"

"I do not know. I do not know of anything he could do. All I can say is, that somehow I mistrust him. Near every Desdemona there may be an Iago loitering and scheming, for what we know."

"Not now, Kit. For in the present case Othello has thrown off his stupid reticence, and will hereafter wisely speak from his heart, and all the thoughts of his heart. Therefore, let your Iago weave his toils as he may list. It is little I will care for them. And here, even as we speak, he comes. He is to me no expert villain of

melodrama; but merely one more villager to greet me, perhaps to overwhelm me with foolish village comments, as so many others this morning have already done. I will arouse myself, since I must meet him, and have it over at once and for good."

LEONARD KIP.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

MOTHERHOOD.

Far, far away, across a troubled sea,
My wistful eyes espy
The quiver of a little snowy sail,
Unfurled against the sky.

So faint, so far, so veiled in soft obscure
Its quiet shimmering,
Sometimes methinks no mortal thing it is,
But gleam of angel's wing.

And yet the currents of my life so set
Towards this vision fair,
I know, I know for me it pales and glows;
It will not fade in air.

With my own heart-throbs throbs the tiny sail,
My sighs its pennons move;
And hither steadfast points its magnet towards
The pole-star of my love.

What precious gifts do freight this mystic bark
There is no sign to show;
What frail, small mariner is there enshrined
No mortal yet may know.

I only know the soul divine moves there,
'Mid two eternities;
Before this secret of the Lord I bow
With veiled and reverent eyes.

And vainly does my restless love essay
To haste the coming sail;
Dear God! Not even to save from sunken reefs
Can love of mine avail.

Yet will I keep my vigil, and in peace,
Like Mary, "dwell apart";
Close to the mysteries of God art thou,
My brooding mother-heart.

Ah, heavenly sweet will be thy recompense,
When, every fear at rest,
The little bark all tranquilly shall lie
Safe anchored on thy breast!

MARY H. FIELD.

DON CARLOS.—II.

At the end of the Seven Years' War in Spain, the *Communeros* and other secret societies took great credit to themselves for the defeat of the legitimate monarchy. The success of the revolutionary movement against the monarchical principle, south of the Pyrenees, and the disorganized condition of public affairs that followed, was, as I have already foreshadowed, the result of the same teachings which produced the French Revolution. In many parts of the continent of Europe the works of Voltaire and his followers were the study of the first half of the century. The members of the secret societies and clubs were enchanted with these writings. In imitation of the shame of French literature, men of rank and genius took delight in secretly insulting religion, government, and good morals. The pillar of Deism was Voltaire; the goddess of Liberty, a disreputable female. That which was really good and beautiful in life was distasteful to Voltaire. This Vitruvius of ruin could not build. He could only pull down. The Communists could only destroy, and the other secret associations of France, Spain, and Italy produced no better architects. Several of the governments of Europe, long before the close of the Seven Years' War, were obliged to endure the most violent social and political agitations. In 1848, the year of revolutions, some of the continental governments were overthrown. The Carbonari in Italy had advanced with a more defined purpose than any of the other corresponding societies, and it did not require the disorders of other countries to throw the peninsula of Italy into a state of violent convulsions. The smothered fires, enkindled by the democratic concessions of Pius IX., the King of Naples, and Charles Albert, to the revolutionary passions of the masses, were ready to break out in a general conflagration, and the cause, *della unita et libertada Italiana*, became the watchword that was suddenly taken up by all classes in the state.

In the duchy of Modena, Don Juan de Bourbon and his young and beautiful wife had taken refuge from the violence of the revolution in France; but the beginning of March, 1848, found the Italian rising extending rapidly towards the Austrian frontier, and they were obliged once more to fly from the violence of the approaching storm. The royal party, with but few attendants, traveled to all appearances with great haste in the direction of the Austrian capital. They arrived at the inn of a little hamlet in the mountains of the duchy of Styria on the night of the 30th day of March; and here the present Don Carlos, known by his adherents as Charles VII., was born.

The young prince received his early training under the strict discipline of the Austrian court. His *entourage* was exclusively Spanish, and his education was under the direction of a celebrated Spanish statesman and scholar. He manifested in early life a strong inclination for the military art; and in 1866, on his return to Vienna, after a prolonged absence, took service in the Austrian army.

Don Carlos was married on the 4th of February, 1867, to the Princess Marguerite de Bourbon, whose mother was the Duchess of Parma, and sister of the Comte de Chambord, Henry V. of France. The

Princess Marguerite is a blond, tall in stature, and possesses a noble and majestic but graceful bearing. Her hair grows luxuriously, and in color borders on the golden, contrasting beautifully with the lustre of her deep blue eyes. She has a resolute expression of countenance, indicative of that moral courage for which her family are distinguished, and which the Princess herself displayed at the beginning of the Carlist rising of 1869, when she declared to her husband that, if it was his duty to place himself at the head of his forces in Spain, it was hers to be at his side. The rising of 1869, however, was of short duration. The country was unprepared for it by reason of the undue haste with which it was inaugurated; and after marching and countermarching in the mountains of the north and east of Spain for seven or eight weeks, the Carlist forces were disbanded, to await a better organization and a more favorable opportunity.

I first met Don Carlos at the close of the autumn season of 1870, in the Allée de Longchamp, Bois de Boulogne, and afterwards frequently at his charming little palace in the Quartier St. Germain, Paris. General Tristani, son of the celebrated Spanish general, remarked to me one morning, as Don Carlos mounted his fine Andalusian charger:

"Behold the handsomest man in Europe!"

In hight, Don Carlos is six feet and two inches. He has a pleasing face, and a figure erect and manly. An expression of thoughtfulness is visibly impressed upon his calm and agreeable countenance. He has a frank but dignified manner in public, which is attractive to all who come in contact with him; and which is particularly pleasing to the Spaniards, who judge more critically, perhaps, than any other race, from the appearance of the man. Their devotion to Don Carlos is good evidence of his worthiness; for the strongest element in the Spanish character is to love or hate on sure grounds.

Don Carlos always manifested great interest in the political questions of the day, and never hesitated to place himself plainly upon the record. He favors a liberal constitutional monarchy, with the Cortes freely elected by the people. In transmitting to the different courts of Europe notice of the act of abdication of his father, Don Carlos accompanied it with the following declaration:

"If, by the help of God and circumstances, I shall be placed upon the throne of Spain, I will endeavor to conciliate oyally the useful institutions of our epoch with the indispensable institutions of the past, leaving to the general Cortes, freely elected, the great and difficult mission of securing to my beloved country a constitution which I hope will be both Spanish and permanent."

In the beginning of the year 1872, Don Carlos held a council of his chief military officers at Geneva, and plans were agreed upon for the commencement and prosecution of a vigorous war for the recovery of the Spanish crown against King Amadeo, who was then on the throne. On the 14th of April, Don Carlos entered Spain; and, surrounded by his officers, planted the historic standard of *Deos, Pátria y Rey* upon the soil of the old kingdom of Navarre. And then the Four Years' War, destined to record some of the most sanguinary conflicts of the age, was inaugurated. Mountain guides traveled, as the crow flies, in all directions to notify the Carlist officers to assemble their bands, and to inform the people that the rising had commenced. In a short time the inhabitants of nearly a dozen provinces were in rebellion; and the forces of Don Carlos swelled to such unexpected proportions that not more than one-seventh of those who desired to join the ranks could be supplied with arms. In the four provinces of Catalonia, the rising was less rapid, but of a more permanent character. Upon these provinces Don Carlos subsequently depended for several months, to maintain the war, after his defeat in the north, and before he could reorganize his forces for a new campaign. The battle of Oroquieto was fought by Don Carlos before his men were in proper condition to engage the regular forces of the enemy; and, as a consequence, he met with a most disastrous defeat. The Carlist loss in this engagement was nearly ten thousand

men *hors de combat*, and the entire force was soon thereafter dispersed. Don Carlos, accompanied by a small escort, fled into France.

The new campaign in the Basque provinces was not entered upon until the 7th day of February, 1873. Within two months from that time, the Carlist forces, according to the returns received by the adjutant-general, numbered about forty-four thousand well-armed soldiers. The Carlist army had been reorganized with rapidity and success, and the war had already passed through its two first phases: that of regular bands leaving the hights of mountains only to operate by surprise; and that of more numerous bodies attacking the detachments and feeble columns of the enemy, but withdrawing before his principal columns. The complete success of the Carlists at the battle of Eraul was an illustration of this fact.

When Don Carlos re-entered Navarre, he was enabled to place himself at the head of a fairly organized force of about ten thousand men. He almost immediately marched upon the important position of Estella. The Carlist successes of Allo and Dicastello, and the taking of Estella, enabled Don Carlos to force the enemy across the river Arga, and back upon the line of the Ebro. Don Carlos held a review at Estella at this time, of seven thousand infantry, two hundred and fifty cavalry, and six guns; and in the Basque provinces alone he had not less than twenty-three thousand well-armed soldiers.

The great victories of Don Carlos at Mañeru, Monte Jura, and Somorrostro, where the flower of the Republican army was commanded by the greatest generals of the Republic, plainly showed that in training, discipline, and every soldierly quality, the troops of Don Carlos were quite equal to those of the enemy. The raising of the siege of Bilbao by the Carlists was a masterly movement. The enemy had gathered together all their available forces. They did not dare to attack the Carlist lines in front, though they extended over a distance of forty miles, but marched around the left flank, and forced their way into the rear of the Carlist lines. Although the Carlist position near Bilbao was under a triple line of fire from the enemy's artillery, Don Carlos changed the front of his army, directly in the face of the enemy, without loss either in guns, prisoners, or stores.

The four provinces of Catalonia were then under the dominion of Don Carlos, the enemy not being able to cope with the Carlists in the open country. The defeat and capture of the columns of Cabrinetti and Nouvilas, the taking of Vich and Manresa, and other successes of the Carlists, forced the generals of the Madrid government to shut themselves up in the few strong places which they still held. In Aragon and Valencia, and a part of New Castile, the Carlists occupied the largest portion of the country, and extended their lines to within two days' march of Madrid. In this part of Spain the Carlist forces numbered 37,000 armed soldiers, organized into formidable divisions, under the direction of Dorregaray and Lizarraga. A considerable portion of the Asturias and Galicia was also overrun by Carlist bands; and the number of the Carlist forces south of the river Ebro was not less than 30,000 men. The total strength of the Carlist army on the 30th of June, 1874, was 103,000 infantry, 5,500 cavalry, and 337 guns. The army was paid with regularity, and was not deficient in its commissary arrangements or supplies of munitions of war.

In the early part of 1874 there was a rebellion of several republican generals, who, under the leadership of Martinez Campos, issued a *pronunciamiento*, abolishing the Republic, and declaring Don Alfonso, cousin of Don Carlos, King of Spain. This proved to be a popular movement, and the republican officers everywhere hastened to give their adhesion to the newly established monarchy. The Alfonsists then concentrated all their disposable forces, with Don Alfonso in their midst, in front of the Carlist positions around Estella, with the view of taking that place; but the brilliant victory of Don Carlos at Lacar forced the Alfonsists back to their old lines upon the Ebro, and en-

abled the Carlists once more to assume offensive operations.

Don Carlos had been, early in the war, proclaimed King of Spain in all of the provinces that had been occupied to a greater or less extent by his forces; and, in the advent of his cousin Alfonso, had already established his government in due form. The Northern and other railway lines had been opened through the Carlist country under a Carlist administration. Telegraph lines were reopened or established, postal communication restored, and taxes and other revenues were regularly assessed and collected. The entire custom duties on goods imported into Spain by way of the French frontier were obliged to pass through Carlist custom-houses. Schools and colleges were opened; a militiary academy established, and a judicial system adopted with courts for the trial of offenses. Under the military administration there were established five foundries for the manufacture of guns, rifles, and munitions, as well as factories for making cloth and uniforms. All the departments of the government were in good working order, and contained the elements of a good administration.

The belligerent rights of the army of Don Carlos were recognized, not only by the acts of several of the great powers, but by each of the heads of the five successive governments at Madrid.

Señor Pi y Margall, President of the Communal Republic, speaking in the Assembly upon the military situation, the 13th of June, 1873, said:

"We have a real civil war. * * * It is not one of those ordinary insurrections through which the Spanish nation has so often passed. It (the government of Don Carlos) has a real administrative organization, and collects taxes. You have presented to you one state in front of another. It is, in fact, today a great war." And on the 14th of July the Republican War Minister signed a convention with the Carlist Minister of War for the regular exchange of prisoners. Señor Salmeron, President of the Confederate Republic which followed the downfall of the Communal administration, addressing the Cortes, said that the Carlists were real belligerents, and "not so disproportioned in numbers to the Republican troops as had been represented by one of the delegates."

A few months later a Centralized Republic was formed at Madrid, with Señor Castelar as its president and dictator. In his famous speech at Barcelona, he said that the Republic had on its hands a veritable civil war, in which the two belligerent parties were not unequally matched. General Serrano, who succeeded Castelar as Dictator, directed that all the rights and privileges of prisoners of war should be accorded to Carlist prisoners; and in all cases in point recognized the right of the Carlists to be treated as belligerents. The monarchy under Don Alfonso recognized the same rights.

The Alfonsist plan of campaign, which ultimately resulted in bringing the war to a close, was substantially the same as that which it had been attempted to carry out on two former occasions: once previous to the battle of Lacar, at the beginning of 1875, and again, in the September following. But this time the Madrid government had the advantage of overwhelming numbers, which, divided into four large armies, it was intended to throw simultaneously against points, remote from each other, in the two greatly extended Carlist lines, in the hope that the Carlists would be dealt with in detached bodies incapable of prolonged resistance.

Don Carlos soon discovered that his lines were much too long for him to resist successfully the attack of an enemy 200,000 strong, and therefore ordered the withdrawal of the line of Balmaseda to the chain of hights west of Durango, so that the Carlist right rested on Tornosa, while the left joined the right of the line of Villareal de Alava. This done, it was thought that the Carlists, acting on well-constructed interior lines, would be able to quickly reinforce any points which might be threatened on either side. The Carlists gained signal successes at Arratsain, Mendizorrotz, and Mañera; but the abandonment of the lines of Alava and Biscay, without any serious effort on the part of the Carl-

ist generals Carasa and Ugarte to resist the advance of Quesada and Loma, and especially the loss of Elgueta, forced the surrender of the line of the Deva, and opened to Quesada the road to Azpeitia. He was thus enabled to anticipate a junction with Moriones, who had been so crippled by his defeats in front of the Carlist positions in the province of Guipuzcoa, that a separate movement on his part was not considered probable. The Carlist lines broken at Elgueta were reformed at Mauria, between Tolosa and Azpeitia.

The interest of the campaign next centered in the movements of Martinez Campos, who, repulsed near Estella, had moved into Baztan Valley, upon the French frontier. His communications with Pampeluna, his base of operations, were seized by the Carlists. His army was destitute of both rations and munitions; and, although he was at the head of 25,000 men, he could neither advance nor retire, and had only the French frontier open to him. Previous to the opening of the campaign, the French government had pledged itself to a position of neutrality. This promise, and a recent heavy fall of snow in all the country surrounding the Baztan, caused the Carlists to feel in no haste to attack Martinez Campos. But the confidence of Don Carlos was misplaced, for no sooner did the snows upon the hillsides and in the valleys of the Baztan begin to melt away, than the French government forgot its promise, and permitted Martinez Campos to be supplied from France with both rations and munitions of war. And this changed the whole face of the campaign; for the defeat and probable capture of the army of Martinez Campos, which would otherwise have followed, would have freed the Navarrese battalions for the defense of Estella, and have permitted the employment of the troops from Aragon and Castile in the defense of the lines of Guipuzcoa, which, with the addition of these forces, could easily have been held against the combined attacks of of Moriones, Quesada, and Loma.

From the moment that France relinquished her neutrality by supplying the Alfonsists with contraband of war, the fate of the campaign and the Carlist army was virtually sealed. The defeats at Eschalar and Vera, the loss of the frontier, and the surrender at Monte Jurra, discouraged the Carlists; the withdrawal of the lines of Guipuzcoa, and the surrender of their strongholds, demoralized them. Insubordination prevailed in the ranks. Bribery, a most potent weapon in Spain, was practiced on a large scale. Extravagant promises were made to the principal officers of Don Carlos, while money was profusely scattered among the subordinates. Provisions were scarce; even bread and wine were obtained with difficulty. The Madrid government had banished into the Carlist provinces many thousands of families who sympathized with Don Carlos, or had friends in his army, and thus contributed largely to exhaust the resources of the Carlist country. The heroic character of the Carlist soldiers lost itself for the moment in the confusion that followed. It was the close of the struggle; the Four Years' War was at an end. Don Carlos had fought at the head of his battalions throughout the campaign, with a bold heart and faith unshaken, against repeated misfortunes; but circumstances compelled him to abandon the contest. He sheathed his sword and furled his standard, in the face of great numerical superiority, with honor and dignity to himself, and without prejudice to his rights.

The repeated bayonet charges of the Carlists in the last campaign of the war have no parallel in history. On the fatal day of Eschalar, the Carlists, fighting with but six battalions against 25,000 men, having exhausted their cartridges, charged thirteen times in succession with the bayonet. One of the sad events of the last days of the struggle was the assassination of General Egaña, an officer of the Seven Years' War, who encountered an insubordinate battalion on its way to Tolosa to make terms with the enemy. Alone he placed himself in its way, and demanded its return to duty. The rebellious officers attempted to force him to accompany them.

"Rather than do that," said he, "I will die here"; and he was bayoneted on the spot.

Don Carlos exhibited many good qualities of statesmanship; but his lack of policy, in adhering to the theories which caused the Comte de Chambord to reject the French crown, made him turn away when the crown of Spain was laid at his feet.

It may be a beautiful spectacle to behold the struggle of a brave man's genius in conflict with powerful opposing elements, and to observe how a bold resolution and determined will can overcome obstacles which appear at first insurmountable; but less attractive is it when the difficulties are overcome, to see the favors of fortune thrown away, and a success rendered almost hopeless, which seemed otherwise sure and inevitable, by adherence to a principle more worthy the days of the Cid than a place in the history of the nineteenth century. Don Carlos twice rejected the Spanish crown. After the revolution of 1868, and the abdication of Don Juan, General Prim, the chief of the revolutionary party, and head of the nation, satisfied that he could not successfully establish a republic out of the materials in hand, and not unmindful of the superior strength of the Carlist party, offered the crown, first of all, to Don Carlos. The document which the delegates Cascajares and Arzara presented to Don Carlos contained the following words:

"It is undeniable that the Liberal party desires neither Donna Isabella nor her dynasty. Of the great Carlist party I need not speak, for it has always remained faithful to the principles of legitimacy. All accept your Majesty as their legitimate King; all confide in your Majesty; and the nation believes that this is the opportune moment for the regeneration of Spain."

Don Carlos rejected these overtures, and declared that it was not his object to make terms with the revolution, but to quell it. And again after the third battle of Somorrostro, General Serrano, Dictator of the Republic, and actual head of the army, sent envoys to Don Carlos at Durango, with an offer of the crown, subject only to certain provisions to be made for Serrano and his most influential followers. Don Carlos declined the compromise.

Spain has always been a Catholic country, and her people desired that no outrage should be offered to the faith of their fathers; for in Catholicity reposes the truth they understand—the symbol of all their glories, the spirit of their laws, and the bond of concord between all Spaniards. Spain wanted a real king, and a government worthy and energetic, firm and respected. She asked for a Cortes to represent the honest and impartial elements of the country, and a fundamental code that should be both definitive and Spanish. In Don Carlos, the Spaniards found, without equivocation or assumption, a faithful representative of their wishes. In his manifesto of July 16th, 1874, he says:

"I will give satisfaction to Spain's religious sentiments as well as to her love for the legitimate monarchy. But Catholic unity does not imply religious espionage, nor does the monarchy imply despotism. I will not take one step backward nor forward, as regards the church, and for this reason will not molest the buyers of her (confiscated) property."

Don Carlos has always kept himself free from entangling alliances; he has never desired to be a king, except of all the Spaniards: to exclude nobody, not even those who call themselves his enemies. In a manifesto addressed to his brother Don Alfonso, he said:

"The Spanish people, taught by a painful experience, desire the truth in everything. They want a king in reality, and not the shadow of a king. They desire that the Cortes should be the regularly appointed and peaceful gathering of the independent and incorruptible elect of the constituencies, and not tumultuous and barren assemblies of office-holders and office-seekers, servile majorities and seditious minorities."

The same consistency which caused Don Carlos to reject the crown the men of September offered him, before the battle of Alcolea, prevented him from accepting the offer of sovereignty made by Serrano; and also caused him to reject the proposition for a *convenio*, and division of the kingdom made

by his young cousin Alfonso, who had lately ascended the throne by authority of a *pronunciamiento.*

It has been said that Don Carlos ought not to resort to war as a means of establishing his rights to the throne; but it should not be forgotten that Don Carlos, when the right of succession devolved upon him, wishing to avoid bloodshed, organized his party legally, and ordered it to join the electoral field. The Carlists, in spite of the violence of the government, and the tide of revolutionary opinion at the time, carried into the first Cortes of King Amadeo the strongest minority, being seventy-two out of three hundred members. At the next election a complete system of intimidation was put on foot, and the Carlists fell victims to the bullets and daggers of assassins in the employ of the government. These were the circumstances under which the Carlists were forced to abandon the electoral struggle, and take up arms in vindication of their just rights.

The numerical strength of the Carlists at the beginning of the war is illustrated in the fact, that in 1871 there were in Spain one hundred and twelve Carlist newspapers and reviews, many of which had a large circulation. The ordinary circulation of the *Papelito,* for example, was thirty thousand copies, and it sometimes reached forty thousand. If I give only one thousand as the average issue of each paper, it makes the number of readers one hundred and twelve thousand. Now, as the great mass of Carlists live in the country, and as only one in thirty of the country population know how to read, there must have been over three millions of decided Carlists, or almost one-half the male population, and the greatest possible number of men sharing one set of fixed ideas in Spain.

It is not common for princes of royal blood to interest themselves in literature; but Don Carlos, even in early life, had a taste for books, and occasionally amused himself by writing essays or verses, but without any serious devotion to general literature. In later life he warmed in his attachment to the best Spanish authors. One day at dinner, in the royal palace at Tolosa, during the third year of the war, Mr. Visitelli of the *London Times,* speaking of the advancement in literature made by most of the great powers, deplored the comparatively low state of intellectual culture in Spain. Don Carlos quickly replied, that within the last fifty years Spain had produced writers and thinkers of the highest order. Balenez, Donoso Cortes, and Fernan Caballero, said he, have in their various departments of literature revived the ancient glories of their country. Other ornaments of Spanish literature, he continued, are the learned and elegant historians, La Fuente and Cavanilles, and the able literary critic and historian, Amador de Rios.

The views expressed by Don Carlos upon this subject are supported by the observations of Dr. Gams, a learned German writer, a pupil of the celebrated Mohler, who resided several years in Spain, and, among other things, wrote an elaborate history of the Spanish church. Upon a subject which is so generally misunderstood, I may, perhaps, be excused for drawing further upon my recollection of the convictions expressed by this eminent author. "In able writers," says Dr. Gams, "Spain is inferior to no country. The Spanish literature, even of the present day, has brought forth the most splendid productions." And he enumerates some learned and elaborate works on hagiology, biography, jurisprudence, and the provincial and general history of Spain. If one would form a true conception of the great wealth of the Spanish literature of this century, in despite of the disfavor of times and circumstances, he need but consult the Dictionary of Spanish Bibliography, by Dionysus Hidalgo, under the articles, "Library" and "Collections." It is perfectly true that, among the so-called popular Spanish authors, some are unbelievers; but it is satisfactory to know that Spanish Deism can exhibit scarcely a writer of eminence, and that its productions are chiefly wretched transcripts from the works of the French encyclopedists.

Don Carlos is from principle a legitimist. He said to me, soon after the close of the war in Spain, that, in the event of the death

of the Prince Imperial, the only legitimate heir to the vacant Imperial throne of France would be an American-born citizen, the grandson of the beautiful Betsey Patterson, who, it will be remembered, was married to Jerome Bonaparte, by Bishop Carroll of Baltimore, in 1803. The great Napoleon was angry with his brother for marrying an American and a Protestant, and declared the marriage null and void. Though the French courts pronounced the decree of divorce, the Pope Pius VII. refused to annul the marriage; and in the eyes of the Catholic Church the marriage was perfectly legitimate. Jerome was subsequently induced to put away his wife, and married the Princess Catherine of Wurtemberg, by whom he had the son now known as Prince Napoleon, and nicknamed "Plon-Plon," and who is recognized by the Imperialists as Napoleon V. But of all the strange combinations, none could be stranger than that which results from the destruction of the clause in the Treaty of Utrecht, relating to the union of the crowns of France and Spain, and the establishment of the Salic law in Spain, which I have already alluded to. If the Treaty of Utrecht had never been executed, Don Carlos would be the direct heir to the crown of France after the Comte de Chambord's death; and if the male descendant of Philip V., according to the Salic law, should no longer be held to have a right to the crown of Spain, his exclusion from the throne of France, arranged in order that the two crowns should never be united, would no longer have any meaning. The establishment of the right of the dynasty of Queen Isabella to the Spanish crown would involve the substitution of Don Carlos for the Comte de Paris, as heir to Henry V., to whom he is otherwise closely related as the nephew of his wife, and the husband of his niece. It is a curious coincidence, that, but for one female cousin of the House of Modena, who has by marriage taken the eventual succession into the royal family of Bavaria, Don Carlos would also be the lineal representative of the British House of Stuart, unless the claims of the late Comte d'Albanie be admitted.

The war ended, Don Carlos embraced the world with warmth, for he was not one to clothe it in the sable hues of disappointment. When he arrived at Pau, at the royal villa, he greeted his queenly spouse with marked cheerfulness; but the pensive look upon the face of her Majesty plainly showed how severely she felt the disappointment. For four years she had labored incessantly in the diplomatic field, where the results she accomplished would have been the envy of the Queens of the days of Louis XIV., had she lived in the age when women strove to mold the destinies of their peoples to their own strong wills.

Don Carlos was almost immediately informed that his presence in France would be politically objectionable to the President of the Republic. Therefore he made no delay in taking his departure, accompanied by a few members of his late military staff, for England. At the stations along the route, where his coming was known, he was received with acclamations; and at one of the towns between Folkestone and London a large boarding-school of boys turned out to greet him. They formed in line on the platform, and presented him with an address. Don Carlos requested a half-holiday for the pupils, which was granted.

The visit of Don Carlos to the United States and the Republic of Mexico is of recent date. He desired, he said, to realize the dream of his whole life—to visit the New World, to study the political government of the United States, and to travel through Mexico and Peru; though the latter no longer belonged to Spain, their conquest had been among the proudest achievements of his ancestors.

EDWARD KIRKPATRICK.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

UNIVERSITY CALIFORNIA

LAPP SONG.

Over the wind-washed moor,
Over the waveless waste,
Niska, my reindeer, haste!

On! On! Soon must we be
Skimming the lovely plain;
Soon must reach home again.

O'ertopping feljd and fjord,
Mounting the crags to flow
Down to the steppes below.

Like tempest sweep we on,
Since ever we set forth,
Our look bend on the North.

The Pole star is our Love,
The Southern sun the foe;
We fly on moss and snow.

On! On! Haste, Niska, haste!
The warning darkness pales,
Not so thy courage fails.

MARGARET RHETT.

SAMUEL WILLIAMS, JOURNALIST.*

It is good sometimes that one should know his lineage, especially if he cherishes no false pride, and is not afraid to find that his ancestors were unkempt, and perhaps unclothed, a thousand years ago.

In the opening sentences of the last paper which our departed associate read before this body, he constructed his genealogical tree with the following sentences:

"I am a pure Celt. No drop of alien blood flows in my veins. I am descended from a long line of fishermen, who dwelt on the eastern shore of the Irish Channel. My remote ancestors were probably barbarians, savage and bloodthirsty, given to heathen rites, and the worship of strange gods. Upon their sacrificial altars, under the wide-spreading branches of the mystic oak, amid weird incantations of long-robed Druidic priests, and the cutting of the sacred mistletoe by consecrated priestesses, human victims were offered up to savage divinities. I make no doubt that more than one of my distant relatives went through the world appareled in the vaguest of costumes, lived in caves, fed on roots and acorns, and made an occasional meal off his less happy neighbor, taken in battle. The roots of my family tree strike down to the rank soil of that ancient Briton, which the greatest of the Cæsars overran, but could not wholly conquer."

His family roots were in a sturdy stock, whose protest for liberty of thought and speech

* Paper read before the Berkeley Club, September 1st, 1881.

and action has been heard the world over. If some of us were to run the genealogical lines backward, we might strike barbarism at an earlier day; and getting there, might the more readily raise the question, whether a savage condition is not one with nature—a normal and healthy state? Whether the veneering of civilization is not sometimes overrated, since it breeds exactions which shorten life, and threaten to enslave the world? The natives of a South Sea island saw nothing so ridiculous in the civilization of white men as work. That one should grub and moil mainly for clothes which he did not need, and for food which he could get without work, and shelter which the heavens furnished and lighted with eternal lamps, seemed to them a needless abasement of humanity. How much more emphasis would they have given the conclusion had they been told that this civilization produces immense prisons and mad-houses; and newspapers, wherein are recorded the deviltries of the world; and books, which the worms eat; and railroads, whereon slaves, instead of plodding along the highways, may ride to their tasks at the rate of sixty miles an hour; and cities for future antiquarians to burrow under, as coyotes burrow in the hillsides, but know too much to put in print what game they have borrowed or stolen. Seeing that we have gone over the chasm (or suppose we have) from barbarism to civilization, and have put our necks under the yoke, what is left for us but to pull without a balk, clamoring for no respite, nor getting it, until the long respite comes in the silent city? Have we not deified work, and made grime a patent of nobility? Do we honor overmuch the small leisure class who have withdrawn their necks from the yoke, and have become genteel tramps? despising their poor relations who sleep in haystacks, and forage at kitchen-doors? There may be small blame in the discrimination which fails to mark the difference between the rich tramp, who brings home foreign airs and bad pictures, and his poorer brother, who presents us nothing but his crownless hat and capacious stomach. The world will not get much from either. As the community ripens, there will be an increasing leisure class, having both wealth and culture, and the spirit of a larger beneficence. We shall know them when they come, though they do not bring their trumpets with them.

If our departed friend inherited blue blood, he gained little from it, except in the temperament and genius which is generated in Celtic veins. He had little of the robustness of the ancient Briton; and would have made a poor figure in swinging a stone ax, or in poising a lance as heavy as a weaver's beam. He was not born with the traditional inheritance of a gold spoon, nor even with one of iron. His fortune by descent was hard work; and he came into possession of that as soon as he could drive a cow to pasture or bridle a horse. He learned the trade of a printer in Utica, at a time when apprentices boarded with the master, and got little besides frugal fare and more frugal clothes. Yet, what he learned in this humble way was really the foundation of his future usefulness and influence. His art was a lever, unconsciously put into his hands, which enabled him to move future obstacles out of his way. He saved a little money, as a printer, which enabled him to attend the Homer Academy, and from which he went to the sophomore class at Williams College. He was probably too heavily handicapped to become a brilliant scholar; but he graduated with respectable standing in a class which had in it Professor George Mooar of the Golden Gate Theological Seminary, Professor Morris of Cornell University, and Judge Temple of Santa Rosa. He fought the battle for an education bravely, and with manly independence. The victory was worth the cost; yet he was conscious, as every poor student has been, that a thin purse makes thin blood and poor digestion: crackers and water in an attic are one extreme, and beer and pipes the other, of student life; and neither is good for him then or thereafter. Dives is, no doubt, the author of the milk-and-water sentiment, that poverty is a good thing for young men. All the followers of that ancient miser, have rolled it as a sweet morsel under their tongues, and with

the greater relish, because it is so economical of all generous benefactions. During his undergraduate course, our friend enjoyed the instruction and friendship of President Mark Hopkins, whose influence was never lost in all his subsequent career. He venerated his teacher as one of the greatest and noblest men of the age. When the latter made a visit to this coast, a few years ago, none gave him a warmer greeting than the deceased. Through his influence, an assembly of persons representing the professions, letters, and literature made the renowned teacher their guest at one of the most notable reunions ever held on the coast. An unseen hand had wisely and deftly arranged every detail. Speeches and fellowship befitted the occasion. There was grace of utterance, the wisdom of the scholar, and the wit of sudden inspiration. None were filled with greater gladness than teacher and journalist, who had met for the last time on the rim of the continent.

From the college among the hills of Berkshire, the young man went back to Utica as an associate editor of the "Utica Herald," which had just been started by Ellis Roberts, then an aspirant for political honors, and since a prominent member of Congress. It was by sheer hard work and sterling ability that the new paper was carried to the point of success, and so far beyond, that it became an organ of more than local importance. At thirty years of age, the young editor, having done some good work, sought a respite and the advantages of travel in Europe. Samuel Thompson, then a leading merchant of Utica, and now a venerable citizen of more than eighty years, residing in Oakland, conferred with a few friends, with the result, that a thousand dollars were added to the resources of the departing editor, as a testimonial of esteem.

He spent nearly two years abroad. It was probably the germinating period of his life. He tarried some months at Heidelberg, where he got a flavor of German student life, and picked up a little German on his own account. In Paris, he learned enough French for continental travel. He went up the Nile; tarried briefly at Jerusalem and Damascus; poked his cane among the countless layers of mummies at Thebes; enjoyed the hospitality of an Arab sheik in the desert; made the acquaintance of Schweinfurth at the University, since the renowned botanist and African explorer; wrote a series of letters for his paper, which attracted much attention, but which his modesty would not permit to go into a book. He returned better than ever equipped for his life work. His marriage, soon afterward, was felicitous; and his social relations were broadened by many desirable friendships.

He was already known as a vigorous writer, a ready and effective speaker from the stump, which he occasionally took, and a lecturer who both amused and instructed whenever he consented to appear upon the platform. His reputation had extended quite beyond the little city of central New York where he had thought to make his permanent home. The proprietors of the "Albany Evening Journal," a political paper of much influence, sought his services. His new relation of associate editor, with Thurlow Weed as the senior, insured the warm personal interest and the lasting friendship of this veteran of the press. The latter left much of the editorial writing to his junior. He continued in this relation for three years or more, and then accepted an offer to join the staff of the "Evening Bulletin," of San Francisco. Our friend left Albany with some reluctance. He wanted to see the blue waters of the Pacific, and to catch the inspiration of a new community. How well he had done his work in Albany may be inferred from the permanent testimonials which he brought with him, some of them inscribed in letters of gold; and also from the fact, that about three years ago he was invited to return to Albany and take the editorial management of the journal in whose interests he had wrought years before. The offer was a tempting one; but he liked the State of his adoption, he had taken permanent root, new friends had been gained, he did not want to cut all the lacings and interlacings which bound him to the commu-

nity. His honest love of approbation was gratified by the proposition, and he turned it over wisely many times in his mind. But when he had once said no, he was glad for the decision. He kept up an acquaintance with many of the influential men he had known in the State of New York; and it was rarely that any one of this class, coming from the central or western part of that State to San Francisco, did not make it his early business to call on Samuel Williams. Among the lasting friendships formed at Albany, was that of William H. Seward, then at the zenith of his well-earned fame. When the latter came to this coast, some years ago, having set out on a tour of general observation around the world, he urged Mr. Williams, as a confidential friend and guest, to accompany him to Mexico. It was hard to decline such an offer. But loyalty to duty took the precedence of pleasure.

Another permanent friendship formed in the relation of journalist, was that of our associate with the late Samuel Bowles, the founder and long-time editor of the Springfield (Mass.) "Republican," then and now the best representative of provincial journalism in the whole country. The two men were about the same age, of similar temperaments and tastes, nervous, angular, explosive at times, cherishing the highest ideals of the profession, and both wearing rapidly out under its exactions. The lives of both went out by sheer nervous exhaustion; Mr. Bowles dying about three years ago. The latter cherished a warm friendship for Judge Colt, late of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, who, going the same way to death, committed suicide recently in a moment of mental aberration. Mr. Williams had also enjoyed the friendship of this eminent jurist. Mr. Bowles once said that he should esteem it a great felicity if he should be sentenced to death by Judge Colt, and should be hung by Sheriff Root; and he might have added, have an obituary written by Samuel Williams. It fell to the lot of the latter to write the obituary of the late Benjamin Avery, so many years an associate in the same newspaper office. It was a tribute worthy of both the living and the dead. What was so often a facetious suggestion at that time, that each survivor in turn should write a memorial paragraph for his departed co-worker, has become all too soon a sorrowful reality.

Mr. Williams's term of service on the "Bulletin" covered a period of about sixteen years, he having preceded the writer in that connection by about six months. He was assigned the department which had formerly been filled by James Nesbit, who was lost with the steamship Brother Jonathan. The work included the editing of all news by telegraph, the reprint of State and foreign news from exchanges, the selection of miscellaneous matter, dramatic criticism, and book reviews. The writing of editorials did not fall to his department; but if that work had been assigned to him, his clear-cut and forcible way of putting things could not have been mistaken for that of another. He made the most of his department. His dramatic opinions were honestly expressed, and his criticisms were just. He had no weak side that any one could approach through fear or favor. He had the art, from long experience, of finding out what was in a book in the shortest time. He went at once for its vitals. He took the scent of a humbug as quick as a hound takes that of a fox. No art of gilding or embossing could conceal from him a sham. He did not always read a book through. Life is too short for that. But he got the soul and essence of it; and when he had fairly given the spirit of a book, had informed the public so well that its character need not be mistaken, he deemed that the functions of a newspaper critic had been well performed. He would not spend his time upon subtleties, nor for any hair-splitting flourishes. He brought to this task a sound literary judgment and a catholic spirit. So well was his work as a reviewer done, that he not only made it a distinguished feature of the paper, but it was not better done in more than one other newspaper in the country. The late George Ripley of the New York "Tribune," having more time and space at command, made more exhaustive reviews. It was the custom of each to quote liberally,

in order to fairly represent the quality of an author. If the public did not like the samples, it was no fault of the reviewer. The reviews became something more than dry disquisitions. They were widely read, because they were attractive in this form, and because they were careful and honest estimates of qualities and defects. A great deal of book-reviewing in this country has been prostituted to meet commercial exactions. Most of the great publishing-houses have set up their own organs. They control either a magazine or the literary department of a newspaper. The review becomes a mere business notice in the interest of the publisher. It is worthless as a criticism, and often a fraud upon the public. Our friend deplored this tendency. He would not listen with patience to so much as a hint from any publisher or bookseller touching the notice to be made. He was not grinding grists for toll, a fact which he knew how to state with explosive emphasis. If the publisher did not like his method of reviewing, he could take himself and his wares to some more elastic critic. But as for outside influence and advice, he would tolerate none of it. While he aimed to be just, he would sometimes strain a point in favor of a young and friendless author; pointing out the good things which he found, saying a kind word if he could in good conscience, deeming it better for the time than the sting of sharp criticism. He was helpful to more than one young writer in this way. His trained eye and clear discernment saw at once if there was anything in poem or essay—a single grain of wheat in the chaff for any future encouragement. This eclectic spirit made him expert in choosing the best miscellaneous articles. He declared that the art of writing really good short stories had been well nigh lost to the country. When Bret Harte made his advent with his short stories, he was the first to hail him as the new evangel in this department of fiction. He waited long for another, but did not find him. His composition was wrought slowly, and with much painstaking. He sought for the right word or phrase, and knew when he had found it. He had in him the essential elements of a good journalist—such as are not found in more than one educated man in ten thousand. His strength was not wholly in a vigorous, condensed, and nervous style, crowding his sentences full of thought; but in the art of finding out the best, and laying hands upon it quickly. He knew at a glance the newspaper fiend and the bore, who haunt offices during working hours; and they knew him, with a mortal dread. But his high impatience melted into patience if any one came for a word of counsel, or had a tale of distress. His benevolence was often greater than his resources. When it was known that he was president of a benevolent society, it seemed, at times, as if the world had suddenly gone lame and blind and hungry. He was intolerant of imposters, but sometimes suffered impositions, preferring to err on the side of compassion. In more than one instance he sought the ear of rich men for some pressing case, and was himself surprised at the large response.

His voice was shrill and rasping, and seemed the only thing about him which had never been educated. It could not be mistaken in a concourse of a thousand for that of another. The fineness of his nature could never have been inferred from his voice, and he was probably often misjudged by strangers. Yet it seemed fitly to be one of the idiosyncrasies of the man; going well with his angularity, alertness, and earnestness of life. If heard from the platform, it was clear, vibrant, searching for the dullest ears. It fell kindly upon the ears of friends, who forget the key of his speech for words which were often as "apples of gold in pictures of silver." His chirography was as peculiar as his voice. In sixteen years I was never able to read two consecutive lines that he had written; and only trained experts in the office were able to set up his manuscript with any facility. Horace Greeley and Rufus Choate never put more inexplicable characters on paper. But he did not consider it a mark of genius: he was even sensitive about his writing; though he tried hard to discover the wit of his friends who did sometimes rally him about it. His speech and his

chirography were indices of character—they were a part of his personality; but hardly more than single tracings of his moral and mental fiber.

Our friend had a keen relish for society, and did perhaps sometimes overestimate its value, since he was likely to contribute more than he got in return. As society is generally made up on this side of the world, more than one thoughtful and scholarly person has had occasion to say, after returning from a fashionable dress parade, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity!" The deceased liked best to meet small circles of friends. There were many doors open to him. He knew many rich men. Yet if any by reason of riches indulged in patronizing airs, he was quickly repelled. He knew that in the divine order, opulence of mind—the sterling qualities of head and heart—took the precedence of bullion, whether base or refined. He did not intend that this order should be reversed. He found welcoming hosts on his own terms. Except at his own fireside, it was in these small circles that he was seen at his best. He was genial always, oftentimes brilliant, quick for repartee. It was there he had the grace of speech and the charm of social inspiration.

His acquaintance among newspaper men on the Pacific side of the country was not large. He had a great deal of professional pride. Journalism had been the one pursuit of his life. He honored the calling; exalted it by his daily labor, and by his high ideal of the daily journal. He did not care to know much about any who fell short of this standard. He did not think that a soiled shirt, unkempt hair, unpaid bills, and an air of general distraction were evidences of genius. He lamented that the newspaper ranks were so largely recruited from an irresponsible element, which took no pride in the vocation, and gave no promise of permanent success. He held that "impersonal journalism" meant no more than the obscurity of the individual writer, and the personal exaltation of the publisher. He was content that it should be so. As a logical result, he was not so widely known here as in the State of New York; and he probably gained little or nothing by an exchange of his fields of activity. He was conscious that mere routine work on a newspaper was not favorable to the best literary development. He who fills his place year after year, without a vacation, will feel sooner or later the drudgery and grinding of the business, and may have good occasion to become jealous of his powers. At long intervals, our friend would try his mental qualities by some new standard. The tests were satisfactory. He was probably as favorably known to the public by his occasional speeches, lectures, and essays, as by his journalistic work. He knew that in this vocation the results were evanescent. The best work of the day was destined to perish with the day. Yet he wrought with as much pains and conscientious fidelity as if he was writing every day for immortality.

If one should find his editorial or review of to-day, used as a wrapper for a bologna sausage to-morrow, let him know that such is newspaper mortality in this year of grace. He was content that, in an impersonal way, he had a large contact with the world. When a ministerial friend one day mentioned that his audience on the previous Sunday was five hundred, the journalist mentioned that his audience for six days of the week was thirty thousand. There was a "flash of silence" for at least three minutes. Yet the deceased was not given to boasting; and he did not carry the shop with him. He asked no favors of the public nor of individuals, by reason of his newspaper connection. He took his place in the ranks of men for what he was in himself, and not for any factitious associations. He rightly judged that the great newspaper was never the work of any one man, but of a succession of men. He noted that when Greeley and Raymond and Bennett disappeared, the newspapers which they had founded did not weaken or shrink in the least. They grew better from year to year. A thousand old enmities, antagonisms, and grudges died with these founders. A thousand new ones are destined to go into the abyssmal depths. He believed in the newspaper as an institution, and that one

day it would reach his highest ideal standard; but never until the community was prepared for it. Seeing that it is not now ready for it, nor, indeed, deserving it, he was content with more imperfect results.

If our friend had chosen an exclusively literary career, he might have gained fame, with one chance in a thousand of gaining fortune. He knew that it was a precarious vocation. Hardly one book in a hundred brings success. Thoreau, carrying his unsold copies of "A Week on the Concord" up stairs, because the publisher could no longer store them; Hawthorne, brooding over the manuscript of the "Scarlet Letter," at his wit's end for a way out of pecuniary embarrassment—were fair illustrations of the early success of men of letters in this country. When the wolf is near the door, the best of books on the top shelf will not buy bread. The man with a shot-gun cannot stop to put salt on the tails of birds when the larder is empty. It was enough that our friend was satisfied with his vocation, and with its small and more certain rewards. With less rectitude, he might easily have found the road to fortune. His honor was worth more to him in all the weary days of his life. He kept his high integrity beyond a doubt or a question. As a custodian of millions, he would have accounted for the last cent, even if his diet had been a crust of bread in a garret. I know not if he would have made a martyr for any religious belief; but he had the stuff in him which makes honest men; and they are sadly wanted now in this crooked world. Yet he was not without some distinct religious impressions. He thought little of human creeds, but he reverenced the great truths which take hold of immortal life. He abhorred cant, and even more so, any jest or scoff touching the religious faith of men. He remembered that his renowned teacher, greatest among the great thinkers of his time, was as a little child in the simplicity of his faith; and he did not think that any who had a kindred belief would greatly err. He had the disease of work. He had, however, a firm belief that, with periodical cessations of work, his life might have been prolonged many years. But he had come to look upon death as not a very remote event. He was not unduly solicitous about it. For the last year or two I think his view in that regard might have been fitly expressed in the lines of Bjornson:

> "One day I know I shall wander afar
> Over the lofty mountains!
> Lord, my God, is thy door ajar?
> Good is thy home where the blessed are;
> Keep it, though closed a while longer,
> Till my deep longing grows stronger."

The ripeness of years had cooled somewhat the fervor of Celtic blood. But he was always a man of force and singular directness, putting his whole soul into whatever he said or did. His temperament made him aggressive. With more repose of soul, he would have chafed less, and perhaps would have got more out of life. Yet he was as free from brooding bitterness as a child. He cherished few resentments; but when a newspaper Philistine once wantonly assailed him, his maligner was ever afterward as dead, constructively, as if a mountain had fallen upon him. He was free from the grossness of speech; and if he did sometimes objurgate, it was in the spirit of "My Uncle Toby," and he thought it would not be placed to his permanent account in this world nor in the next. He had an honest contempt for vulgar pretension. It was ever an offense against the severe simplicity of his own life. He was so positive, square-sided, and incisive, that weak and capricious people would not naturally be drawn to him. He preferred that they should not be, for he had nothing in common with them; and if they went somewhat apart from him, it was their testimony unwittingly given to the genuineness of his character. It was that, also, which drew to him the surprising number of friends who knew his steadfastness, his delightful companionship, and his unselfish life. They sent him messages of hope and cheer in the days of his illness—words which did greatly brighten his spirits and gild his fading horizon. And when the final tribute was paid to his dust, who were they but the elect, the best

of all professions and vocations, who honored his memory!

What he was to us in this association, yourselves are witnesses. He always had something to say worth hearing. He knew the limits of his mental grasp, and did not strive to transgress those limits. His vocation was not favorable to the profoundest research, nor to special and difficult fields of inquiry. But his contributed papers were always good, and so suggestive that they were sure to ring the electric bells. He went to his rest in the prime of his years, if they are reckoned by the calendar. But so intense was his life that his years were rounded to the fullness of age.

He saw serenely the shadows lengthen, and the evening come on apace. As the mountains are transfigured at the setting of the sun, so at eventide the hour of his transfiguration came, and he went forth from death unto life. It was a life here of patient endeavor, wherein the most was made out of moderate opportunities. Where he succeeded, many another would have failed. The way would have been found too hard and too long. He was successful in the attainment of the things most honorable and most to be esteemed by a genuine character. Having the toughness of fiber which insures staying power, he could both work and wait for results. His mercurial nature was tempered by prudence and enriched by a large generosity.

It did not concern him greatly that he put more into life than he got out of it. What he did not get in volume, was made up to him in quality. For him the hills were touched with gold, when they were as lead to duller sight and sense. We shall remember him at his best, as one having the crown of a noble manhood. Whittier's lines, "In Memoriam," are appropriated as a just tribute to the memory of the dead journalist:

"Now that thou hast gone away,
What is left of one to say
Who was open as the day?

"What is there to gloss or shun?
Save with kindly voices, none
Speak thy name beneath the sun.

"Safe thou art on every side,
Friendship nothing finds to hide,
Love's demand is satisfied.

"Over manly strength and worth,
At thy desk of toil, or hearth,
Played the lambent light of mirth—

"Mirth that lit but never burned;
All thy blame to pity turned;
Hatred thou hadst never learned.
.

"Keep for us, O friend, where'er
Thou art waiting, all that here
Made thy earthly presence dear.

"Something of thy pleasant past
On a ground of wonder cast,
In the stiller waters glassed!

"Keep the human heart of thee:
Let the mortal only be
Clothed in immortality."
.

W. C. Bartlett.

COMETS.

The experience of to-day, and the recorded experience of the historic period, indicate the profound astonishment and awe with which the phenomena of total eclipses of the sun and moon have inspired the great majority of mankind. Unpredicted as the solar eclipses were in the earlier ages, they came suddenly and silently upon the attention of those living in the pathway of the moon's shadow; the clear face of the sun became gradually obscured by an apparently black body; the light and heat were finally cut off; great red flames issued from the periphery of the dark body; a softly luminous white light extended far around the sun's place in the heavens; great red flames were projected from different points of the circumference; the bright stars and the planets became

visible; the sky changed to a lurid hue; the wild and domestic animals sought shelter and sleep; men left their occupations with an indescribable dread, and retreated to their caves and huts; the dark body hung with perspective effect like a black mass almost within their reach; not a word was spoken, and a thousand conjectures and fears filled every soul. Those who had been upon the mountain-side had witnessed the great shadow on-sweeping over the plains before the first contact of the moon and sun; it was to them wholly unnatural, a shadow without apparent cloud or substance, a coming danger beyond the range of experience, perhaps only dimly recollected among the vagaries of tradition.

These feelings oppress the great mass of mankind to-day, even when the epoch of the phenomenon is predicted years in advance. Among the American Indians, we have seen them leave their canoes and retreat to the woods, as the phase of the eclipse increased; the hunter becomes hushed in wondering terror, and hides in the densest part of the forest; whole villages are apparently deserted, and a dreadful and ominous silence prevails, until the first gleam of sunlight reawakens hope. But this hope comes from a vague stupefied amazement, and a sense that some great calamity must eventuate; the heavens have been darkened at midday, and apparently without any of the ordinary natural modes.

There are instances of solar eclipses occurring during the progress of great wars, even at the epoch of some great battles; and the minds of the defeated must have been constrained to accept the phenomenon as a harbinger of unmitigated evil. All other evils would naturally be associated with this supposed cause.

But in later years, the causes of solar and lunar eclipses have become so generally known among civilized peoples, and the results of observations upon the phenomena have proved so advantageous to practical and theoretical astronomy, that expeditions are fitted out by all liberal governments, and by wealthy individuals, to travel where they may be witnessed. The cause is not different in character from that of a person or object passing from broad sunlight through the shade of a house or tree or mountain, and again emerging into the sunlight; but it is attended with some of the grandest and most marvelous effects in nature. With this increased knowledge, the terror of solar eclipses has been banished from the educated masses, and only deep satisfaction and lasting pleasure expressed when they are beheld.

The history of comets presents somewhat similar conditions; but, on account of their frequently unpredicted advent, the popular mind has not so thoroughly crystallized into a belief in their absolute harmlessness. And unfortunately there are many charlatans who seize upon the phenomenal to increase their means by sensational assertions and false predictions; or in their absolute inability to comprehend the problems involved, vaguely and erroneously interpret the majesty and beauty of cosmical exhibitions to incite the fears of the nervous, or practice upon the faith of the credulous.

Among the great historic comets which have come before the world in all their blazing magnificence, some have been pronounced the harbingers of death, plague, and devastation; others have been named as the special messengers from Heaven for some grand and unusual purpose, or the cause of bountiful harvests of bread and of wine. In the year 43 B. C. appeared the first great comet recorded as visible during the day-time, when it was seen for two or three hours before sunset, and continued so for eight consecutive days. It appeared during the progress of the games celebrated by Augustus in honor of Venus, shortly after the assassination of Julius Cæsar, and was regarded by the poets as a celestial chariot sent to convey the soul of Cæsar to the skies; and the common people supposed that it indicated the admission of the soul of Cæsar into the ranks of the immortal gods. Justinian says that, at the birth of Mithridates, 134 B. C., a comet appeared and was visible seventy days; the heavens appeared all on fire; the comet oc-

cupied the fourth part of the sky, and its brilliancy was superior to that of the sun. And he also states, that, "when Mithridates ascended the throne, there again appeared for seventy days a comet exactly resembling that which was seen at his birth." Diodorus relates that, "on the departure of the expedition of Timoleon from Corinth for Sicily, 344 B. C., the gods announced his success and future greatness by an extraordinary prodigy, a burning torch appeared in the heavens for an entire night, and went before the fleet to Sicily." In the month of August, 676, a comet showed itself in the east for three months, from the time of cock-crowing until morning. Its rays penetrated the heavens; all nations beheld with admiration its rising; at length, returning upon itself, it disappeared. Passing over many supposed and fanciful coincidences, and coming down to recent times, we find that the great comet of 1811 was supposed to have had a wonderful effect upon the vintage of that year, and was therefore hailed as a sign of prosperity.

On the other hand, the apparitions of comets have been recorded as foreboders of evil. During the war between Cæsar and Pompey, "a comet—that terrible star which upsets the powers of the earth—showed its portentous hair" (48 B. C.). Seneca relates that, "after the death of Demetrius, King of Syria, the father of Demetrius and Antiochus, a little before the war in Achaia, there appeared a comet as large as the sun. Its disc was at first red, and like fire, spreading sufficient light to dissipate the darkness of night; after a little while, its size diminished, its brilliancy became weakened, and at last it entirely disappeared."

"In the second year of the entrance of Charles the Bald into Italy (877), a comet was seen in the month of March in the west, and in the sign Libra. It lasted for fifteen days, but was less bright than that of 875. In the same year the Emperor Charles died."

In July, 1181, a comet appeared shortly before the death of Pope Alexander III. In 1456, there was an apparition of Halley's comet (then more brilliant than at later visitations), whose tail was slightly curved like a cimeter, and extended two-thirds of the distance from the horizon to the zenith. The appearance of such an object, in a grossly superstitious age, excited throughout Europe the greatest consternation. The Moslems had just taken Constantinople, and were threatening to advance westward over Europe. Pope Calixtus III., regarding the comet as confederate with the Turk, ordered the church bells to be rung daily at noon, and prayers to be offered three times a day for deliverance from both. But within ten days of its appearance, the comet reached its perihelion. Receding from the sun, the sword-like form began to diminish in brilliancy and extent; the papal General Hunniades compelled Mahomet to raise the siege of Belgrade; and finally, to the great relief of Europe, the comet entirely disappeared. To celebrate this curious episode, a medal was struck, of which copies are yet extant.

And in this manner might instances be enumerated where the appearance of a comet was considered the precursor of some ruler's death, or, if coming after, was reckoned as being a sign thereof. Of the thousands of comets which have doubtless appeared within the historic period, either visible to the unassisted eye, to the telescope, or in day-time, when they may be revealed by the occurrence of a total eclipse or by their extraordinary brightness, only a comparatively few can possibly be counted as partially coinciding with some notable event, and not one absolutely coincident therewith. The last comet employed in an astrological character was that of 1769, which Napoleon I. afterwards assumed to look upon as his protecting genius. And, as late as 1808, Messier published a work upon its relation with the birth of "Napoleon le Grand."

In "Paradise Lost" we see how the great poet has seized upon popular superstition to introduce one of his bold metaphors:

> "Satan stood
> Unterrified, and like a comet burned,
> That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge
> In the Arctic sky, and from its horrid hair
> Shakes pestilence and war."

We must, however, unreservedly set aside the poetical figures, the wild and extravagant language of the astrologers, the unchecked utterings of partisans and courtiers, the vague apprehensions of spiritual leaders, and place them side by side with the fears and hopes and superstitions of the American Indian, and the childish ideas of the Chinese.

Modern education and freedom of thought have almost wholly changed the ancient popular view. The cometary bodies are now generally recognized members of our system of the universe, and are governed by the accepted law of universal gravitation. The great comet of 1680 was remarkable, not only for its brilliancy and extent, but for having furnished Newton the data by means of which he first showed that comets are governed by the same principle that regulates the planetary revolutions. This comet had a tail ninety degrees in length, and its body approached the sun's surface within less than 150,000 miles, or one-sixth of its diameter. A few years after the advent of this comet, Newton published his Principia, in which he applied to that body the general principles of physical investigation first promulgated in that work. He ascertained that this comet described about the sun as its focus an elliptic orbit of so great an eccentricity as to be at that part of its pathway undistinguishable from a parabola; and that in this orbit the areas described about the sun were proportional to the elapsed times, as in the planetary ellipses. The representation of the apparent motions of this comet, through its whole observed course, was found to be as satisfactory as those of the motions of the planets in their nearly circular paths. From that time it has been an accepted truth, fully corroborated by more refined observations, that the motions of comets are governed by the same general laws as those of the planets; the differences of the cases consisting only in the extravagant elongation of their ellipses, whereby they may cross the orbits of one or all the planets; and in the absence of any limit to the inclinations of the planes of their orbits to that of the ecliptic.

Soon after this, and doubtless prompted thereby, and by the appearance of the comet of 1682, Halley undertook the labor of examining the circumstances attending all the previously recorded comets, with a view to ascertain whether any, and if so which of them, appeared to follow the same path. Careful investigation soon proved that the orbits of the comets of 1531 and 1607 were similar, and that they were in fact the same as that followed by the comet of 1682, observed by himself. The want of absolute equality in their periodicity suggested to Halley a cause for such irregularity; and he reasoned, that the same causes which disturbed the planetary motions would likewise act upon comets. He was therefore able to predict approximately the return of the comet within the limit of a few months; but Clairant, subsequently to Halley's death, predicted its return to perihelion within a month of its actual occurrence.

It is not necessary to recount from the different authorities on comets the peculiarities of the wonderful comets which have appeared and have been noted from a period of nearly two thousand years before the Christian era. The Chinese authorities abound in descriptions of great comets which have appeared to them; Greeks and Romans delighted in describing them, and associating them with the apotheosis of some great man, or as deciding the fortunes of battles and wars.

We may, however, glance generally at a few extraordinary apparitions. Not less than fifteen comets have appeared in broad daylight; one and probably two have been projected upon the sun's disc in their passage between the earth and sun; one has been seen near the sun during a total solar eclipse; some have appeared with tails of fabulous dimensions and brightness, with heads of wonderful brilliancy and size; some with condensed nucleus, others with a large nebulosity as a body. Some have computed periods of a hundred thousand years, with orbits indicating that they can never return to our system. Some have been visible for over a year; others have moved away with extraordinary rapidity. Some have their nearest

approach to the sun outside the orbit of the earth, or more than one hundred million miles from the sun; others have swung round the sun within less than one hundred thousand miles of its surface. Some come with little or no appendage; others have appeared with a brilliant sword-like tail. Some of the tails are straight, others are curved; and again the tails spread out like widely opened fans. Most of them have their tails directed from the sun when approaching, and when receding therefrom; a few have an unusual development of the envelope to the nucleus towards the sun, appearing almost as a tail. The tails of most comets present an apparently steady beam of light; others occasionally have a wavy pulsation along the tail, although instances of this phenomenon are not common, the most recent cases being the comets of 1853 and 1874. It is quite reasonable to suppose that this effect is due to unequal and disturbed refraction of the earth's atmosphere, when the comet is observed at low elevations.

The tails of comets generally form prolongations of the radii vectores; but the tail of the comet of 1577 deviated twenty-one degrees from the radius vector; and the tails of the comets III and IV of 1863 are said to have deviated from the planes of the orbits.

We have said that the periods of comets may extend to hundreds of thousands of years; and even comets of recent times have had periods of ten thousand, three thousand, etc., years ascribed to them. The interest of astronomers and physicists is generally drawn to these great comets mostly for their physical characteristics; but comets having periods limited to hundreds of years, of which some are doubtless very bright, have peculiar attractions to observer and computer. They seem like members of our astronomical family, and their elements are determined with the utmost solicitude. Concerning the comets of "short period," some very suggestive features are promptly recognized; but we may preface our remarks thereon, by saying that this branch of astronomy is so replete with interest, is so eagerly pursued, and the methods of computation are so well understood, that whenever a newly discovered comet is announced, it is at once subjected to continuous observation. Within a few days its elements are roughly calculated therefrom; these are improved as later observations are introduced, until a comparatively close result is reached. The computation is made upon the supposition that the orbit is parabolic; and upon the slightest deviation from this curve its elliptical elements are discussed. The cometary records are carefully examined, so as to compare these elements with those of other comets on record. If any similarity is detected, the perturbations occasioned by the planets in the supposed interval are calculated, and the future course and period of the comet can be fairly predicted.

The character of the orbit of a comet involves the very interesting question, whether comets should be considered members of our solar system, or merely wanderers from the stellar spaces. If the orbit of a comet is elliptical, the body moving in this course must return at some period more or less remote; but if the orbit is a parabola, the comet cannot return, because the course does not turn back upon itself: the two branches extend into infinite space, and after perihelion, the visitor moves away from us forever. If the observations indicate that the orbit is a hyperbola the same result takes place. If comets belong to our system, it is not possible that they move in either of these last two curves. However, the period of observation is so short, the body is one upon which the most accurate pointings cannot be made; and the three curves are so nearly related at the point at which they are observed, that it is difficult to determine the difference between an orbital ellipse and parabola, in comets of excessively long period.

According to one theory accepted by many astronomers, comets enter our solar system from the regions of space, and move in parabolic or hyperbolic orbit around the sun; and if undisturbed by the attractions of the planets, pass off beyond the sun's attractive force, and become lost to us. If, however,

in their motion they should approach near any of the larger planets, their direction is changed by planetary perturbation, and their orbits may be changed to ellipses. Under such circumstances, the comet would pass very nearly through the points at which their greatest perturbations occur, and it follows that the aphelia of such comets should be near the orbits of the disturbing planets, if the resulting effect was a retardation of their motion. If the sum of the disturbing effects was an acceleration of its motion, then the comet would leave our system, and would certainly never return.

In the great majority of cases the retardation would be excessively small, and only the most refined observations and computations could determine its amount, unless the comet itself returned after a long period. It can be easily seen that the chances are enormously great against any comet passing near the large planets in their orbits, which are so great as to be incomprehensible, except as mere matters of numeration; and yet, whenever such a near approach should occur, it would be an even chance that a comet of short period would be added to the list of members of our system.

The velocity of a comet in its orbit determines the character of the orbit. If the velocity of a comet, at a point in its orbit equal to the mean distance of the earth from the sun, should be greater than twenty-six miles in a second of time, it would prove that the comet is moving in a parabolic curve, and the body would continue its course into space. The slightest retardation to this velocity would change the orbit into an ellipse, and it would essentially belong to our system. The calculated velocity of the large majority of comets is so near the limit demanded by the parabolic orbit, that it is not possible to decide from observations whether it falls short or exceeds it. Wherever an excess is indicated, it is so minute that the hyperbolic orbit cannot be confidently asserted: we can only say that, in such cases, it is possible the return of the comet may be delayed thousands of years.

Whilst the cometary masses are moving through the stellar spaces, it must not be forgotten that our sun is also moving through the regions of space in which this cometary matter is supposed to be widely diffused. The sun attracts certain of these masses, and in their approach to that center some few of them must pass near Neptune, Saturn, Uranus, Jupiter, or perhaps near some extra-Neptunian planet, by whose perturbation the cometary orbit may be changed and periodicity given thereto. If this be true, then the comets so affected should have their direction of motion changed to move in the same direction, (although not necessarily in the same pathway) with the planets; and this is so with the larger number. Moreover, if the transformed orbit of the comet has a small perihelion distance, the comet must have its aphelion near the point where it received its greatest planetary disturbance. Hence the aphelia of comets of short period ought to be found in the vicinity of the orbits of the larger planets. This law, if sustained, is a very important one in cometary physics; so far, it has such apparent confirmation, that the following tables are given to afford a comparison of the actual distances of these aphelia with the respective distances of Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune:

Comets whose aphelion distances are nearly equal to 5.20, the radius of the orbit of Jupiter.

	Comets and Meteors.	Aphel. Dist.	Period in Yrs.	Discovered or Calculated by
1	1818, II.	4.09	3.21	Pons, Encke.
2	1819, IV	4.81	5.62	Blampain.
3	1844, I	5.02	5.49	De Vico.
4	1783, I	5.28	5.61	Pigott.
5	1867, II.	5.29	5.67	Tempel.
6	1743, I	5.32	5.44	Grischau.
7	1766, II.	5.47	5.05	Helfenzrieda.
8	1819, III	5.55	5.62	Winnecke, Pons.
9	1846, III	5.64	5.58	Brorsen.
10	1851, II.	5.75	6.44	D'Arrest.
11	1843, III	5.93	7.44	Faye.
12	1826, I	5.19	6.67	Biela, Montaigne.
13	Meteors, Nov. 27,'72,	Debris, Biela.		Weiss.

Comets whose aphelion distances are nearly equal to 9.54, the radius of the orbit of Saturn.

	Comets.	Aphel. Dist.	Period in Yrs.	Discovered or Calculated by
1	1846, VI	9.45	12.8	Peters.
2	1858, I	10.42	13.7	Tuttle.

Comets whose aphelion distances are nearly equal to 19.18, the radius of the orbit of Uranus.

	Comets and Meteors.	Aphel. Dist.	Period in Yrs.	Discovered or Calculated by
1	1867, I	19.28	33.62	Tempel.
2	1866, I	19.92	33.18	Tempel.
3	Meteors of Nov. 14,	19.65	33.25	Leverrier, Adams.

It is not improbable that the aphelion distances of the meteoric trains of April 20th, October 18th, and December 12th are nearly equal to the mean distances of Uranus.

Comets whose aphelion distances are nearly equal to 30.04, the radius of the orbit of Neptune.

	Comets.	Aphel. Dist.	Period in Yrs.	Discovered or Calculated by
1	1852, IV	31.97	67.70	Westphal.
2	1812	33.41	70.68	Pons.
3	1815	34.05	74.05	Olbers.
4	1846, IV	34.35	73 70	De Vico.
5	1847, V	35.07	74.97	Brorsen.
6	Halley	35.37	76.78	Halley.

The coincidences in the foregoing tables are too numerous to be accidental, and we are compelled to consider them the necessary consequences of the movement of our solar system through spaces occupied by meteoric matter; and if our knowledge of the orbits of periodic comets was greater, it might be possible to predict an approximate radius to an extra-Neptunian planet from the computed aphelia of cometary orbits of periods equal to that of the third comet of 1862, to which has been assigned a period of one hundred and twenty-three years, and an aphelion distance of about forty-nine. Corresponding very nearly to these figures, Schiaparelli gives the period and aphelion distance of the meteoric train August 10–11, so remarkable for the brilliancy and persistent trains of the individual meteors. The two systems seem to have a common origin.

We may fairly assume that cometary matter is not evenly distributed through space, and that it has a clustering tendency; in fact, its uniform distribution in the stellar spaces is highly improbable. So far as the records afford us data to estimate their numbers within given periods, the assumption is in harmony with the facts. Whenever our solar system is moving through space abounding in cometary masses, comets will frequently be visible to the naked eye; wherever the region is sparsely filled, the number will be small. The same law may be reasonably applied to telescopic comets. Leaving this question, however, as mainly speculative, we are brought to another, which is subject to actual observation and deduction.

The disintegration of comets is a problem of deep interest to the physicist, and leads to some remarkable conclusions. That comets do undergo remarkable physical changes as they approach and leave perihelion, is established beyond doubt; and we have examples to satisfy us that some of them even divide, and that each body then pursues its separate and independent orbit. The division of Biela's comet near its perihelion, in December, 1845, was a noted and well-determined example; and two astronomers, at different epochs of the comet *b*, 1881, have asserted the division of the nucleus into two parts, which appear to have reunited each time. This case is very difficult of explanation.

The historical record of double comets comes down from Ephoras, a Greek writer of the fourth century before Christ; and there appears no reasonable doubt concerning several remarkable apparitions having been occasioned by the division of the primitive nucleus into two or more bodies.

That known comets do decrease in brightness, seems also well established; and especially the bright comet of Halley, which is described in the ancient annals as having had extraordinary brilliancy.

But the most marvelous deduction from this disintegration is the probability that the great trains of periodic meteors are nothing more than the cometary matter left behind in the orbit of some comet, either existing as such, or appearing as meteoric matter. In other words, that the existence of a meteoric train indicates the partial or total breaking up of a cometary body having the same orbit. The subject has been quite fairly investigated, and we may only reproduce a few of the facts. The discovery that some comets

and meteors do actually move in the same orbits was first announced by the astronomer Schiaparelli, in 1867, when he showed that the meteors of November 14th had the same orbit as Tempel's comet of 1865. The orbit of this comet very nearly intersects that of the earth and of Uranus; the perihelion being situated immediately within the former, and the aphelion a short distance exterior to the latter. The periodic time is thirty-three and one quarter years; in fact, all the elements are essentially the same. The great showers of meteors in November, 1833, and in 1866, were really the remnants of this comet, which came into close proximity to Uranus in 547 B. C., when it is not improbable it was drawn into its present orbit by the attraction of that planet.

The next example is that of the meteors of August 10–11, which are remarkable as leaving long persistent trails of luminous vapor. Schiaparelli computed the orbit of this meteoric train, and found it to agree with that of the Comet II, 1862. The orbit of this comet is decidedly elliptic, and the period about one hundred and twenty-three years. Its perihelion is near the orbit of the earth, and its aphelion far beyond the orbit of Neptune, probably near the orbit of an extra-Neptunian planet.

The third striking case is afforded by the actual prediction of a meteoric shower on the night of November 27th, 1872; this arose from the disintegration of Biela's comet, in 1845. In 1852 the two comets were 1,500,000 miles apart. In 1872 the earth reached the point of crossing the comet's orbit two months after the calculated epoch; and, judging from analogy, there was every reason to suppose a stream of meteors would be trailing in the course of the comet. It was even computed that the meteors would be seen diverging from a certain radiant point in the constellation Andromeda. These predictions were verified in every particular; and we may look for future confirmation in future returns of the meteoric train.

Intimately related to this intensely interesting question is the possibility and probability that there may be two or even more comets in one common orbit, or in orbits now nearly but originally identical. It is barely possible that the comet *b*, 1881, may be following in the path of the great comet of 1807, as the elements of both are very similar; although both comets may be identical with the great comet of 1733, seen at the Cape of Good Hope. And it seems highly probable that the comets of 1812 and 1846 IV, both visible for a long time to the naked eye, had a common origin, because their orbits are almost identical. See list of Class IV.

Another subject of great interest connected with the comets of short period is the problem of a resisting medium throughout space. To Encke's comet, which is now probably within reach of our telescopes, has been attached very great importance, because it has been observed at more than twenty returns since its first discovery by Méchain, at Paris, in 1786; and because it has suffered a continued diminution of periodicity, as predicted, from nearly 1213 days at 1786 to 1208 days at the next apparition in 1881. In order to account for this gradual diminution of two and a half hours in its period, after allowance for planetary influence, Encke conjectured the existence of a thin, ethereal medium, sufficiently dense to produce an effect on a body of such extreme tenuity as the comet in question, but incapable of exercising any sensible influence on the movements of the planets. This explanation of a resisting medium has been warmly canvassed at different times; and, so far from commanding universal assent, the exhaustive researches of Prof. Axel Möller, on the period of Faye's comet, condemn it, and point to the active perturbating forces, which have not been taken account of in the discussion. If Encke's theory were sound, the comet would be ultimately precipitated upon the sun. Möller's researches warrant a few words in explanation. Faye discovered a comet of short period in 1843, and it has been observed at each return, to the present time. Its period is seven years and five months, and the perihelion is exterior to the orbit of Mars, and the aphelion immediately beyond that of Jupiter.

Its period was marked by irregularities, and from each amended orbit the perturbations of Venus, Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus were computed. He also introduced Encke's theory of a resisting medium, because it seemed that some such hypothesis was needed to explain the motion of the comet. This conclusion naturally attracted the attention of astronomers, because the comet at no time approaches the sun within the earth's mean distance; and the effect of a resisting medium could hardly have been expected to have appreciable effect on the comet's motion. But after further researches, and additional refinement in the computation of planetary perturbations, he announced the impossibility of resistance to the motion of the comet from the ethereal medium, and expressed himself satisfied that the observations at the first three observed appearances were perfectly accordant, without any hypothesis whatever. This conclusion was the legitimate deduction from the introduction of one refinement after another, and wading through a vast mass of computations of difficult and laborious character. He has rigorously calculated all the perturbations from 1838 to 1881, and has successfully accounted for every change of the elements of the comet from planetary disturbances alone. The existence of a resisting ethereal medium may therefore be considered settled in the negative.

Beyond the study of comets of short period, the attention of astronomers and physicists is now principally drawn to the study of the physical constitution of comets.

Regarding the constitution of comets, the opinions of astronomers have been very much modified in recent years. Herschel says that the ill-defined nebulous mass of light, called the head, being usually much brighter towards the center, offers the appearance of a vivid nucleus, like a star or planet; and later on, he says that it is reasonable to suppose that those physical sciences relating to the imponderable elements may, ere long, enable us to declare whether it is really matter, in the ordinary acceptance of the term, which is projected from their heads with such extravagant velocity. The smaller comets appear as vaporous masses, more dense towards the center, yet devoid of anything which seems entitled to be called a solid body. Stars of the smallest size remain distinctly visible through the densest part of the nucleus. Even the larger comets can only be regarded as great masses of thin vapor, susceptible of being penetrated through their whole substance by the sunbeams, and reflecting them alike from their interior parts and from their surfaces. It is not necessary to resort to any phosphorescent quality to account for this phenomenon, when we consider the enormous magnitude of the space thus illuminated, and the extremely small mass which there is ground to attribute to these bodies. The most unsubstantial clouds must be looked upon as dense and massive bodies, compared with the filmy and almost spiritual texture of the comet. And later on, he adds, that the tail of a great comet may, for aught we can tell, consist of only a very few pounds, or even ounces, of matter. These are extreme views, in the direction of an almost incomprehensible tenuity of matter.

Tait suggests that the head and tail of the comet are made up of masses of meteoric matter, and he reasons that the impacts of these various masses upon one another cause the light in the head; masses impinging upon one another with the velocities revealed in the study of cosmical physics will produce several effects: incandescence, melting, the development of glowing gas, the crushing of both bodies, and smashing them up into fragments or dust, with a great variety of velocity for the several parts. Some parts of them may be set moving very much faster than before; others may be thrown out of the race altogether, by having their motions suddenly checked, or may even be driven backwards: so that this mode of looking at the subject will enable us to account for the jets of light which suddenly rush out from the head of the comet, and appear gradually to be blown backwards; whereas, in fact, they are checked partly by impacts upon other particles, and partly by the comet's attraction. He

says the observations up to 1874 indicated that the tail of a comet gives a spectrum like that of the moon or other body illuminated by sunlight; but that the head of the comet gives a spectrum which indicates the presence of glowing hydrogen gas, that is not continuous, but consisting of three bright bands.

Kirkwood says that "comets are many thousand times rarer than the earth's atmosphere"; but offers no explanation or proof of his supposition.

Newcomb says that the simplest form of a cometary body is seen in telescopic comets, which consist of minute particles of a cloudy or vaporous appearance. Clouds and vapor are composed of minute particles of water, and smoke of very minute particles of carbon. Analogy would lead us to suppose that the telescopic comets are of this same constitution. They are generally tens of thousands of miles in diameter, and yet of such tenuity that the smallest stars are seen through them. The only alternative to this theory is, that the comet is a mass of true gas, continuous through its whole extent. He considers, however, that there are several insuperable difficulties to this theory. In the first place, the elastic force of such a gas would cause it to expand beyond all limits when placed where there is absolutely no pressure to confine it. Again: a gas cannot shine by its own light until it is heated to a temperature far above any that can possibly exist at distances from the sun so great as the comets examined. Finally, if a purely gaseous comet were broken up and dissipated, as in Biela's comet, it is hardly possible to suppose that it would separate into innumerable widely detached pieces. He therefore regards this theory as unsatisfactory. In the case of the large comets, he admits differences of phenomena from what are seen in spectroscopic comets. Whether it is a solid body or a dense mass of the same materials as the smaller comets, there can be no doubt but that it is composed of some substance which is vaporized by the heat of the solar rays. Concerning the tail, he says the movements thereof indicate that there is an evaporating process going on from the nucleus of the comet. That the tail cannot be an appendage which the comet carried along with it, because it cannot be possible that there could be any cohesion in a mass of matter of such tenuity that the smallest stars can be seen through millions of miles of it; because it changes its form; and because in the comet's flight round the sun in its immediate neighborhood, the tail moves with a rapidity which would tear it to pieces, and send the separate parts flying off in hyperbolic orbits, were the movement real. Therefore, he concluded that the tail is not a fixed appendage of the comet, but a stream of vapor rising from it like smoke from a chimney.

These opinions indicate the unsatisfactory condition of our knowledge of the cometary matter; and it remains to be seen whether more definite results are forthcoming from the observations upon the comet *b*, of 1881. As many of the features of this comet bear a great family resemblance to the phenomena of those seen in Donati's comet, 1858, Tebbut's comet of 1861, and Coggia's comet of 1874, and as we have personally followed many of the changes, we purpose to give a condensed general description thereof.

At the time of our earliest observations, the nucleus of the comet was moderately well defined, and the surrounding envelopes marked by apparently different densities. At first the comet was too near the horizon for minute observation. Subsequently, the sharpness of the nucleus had a moderately well-defined disc; three great broad beams of light stretched out from the nucleus towards the sun, within an arc of one hundred and twenty degrees, to the denser and outer line of the first envelope; and there spread out in a broader arc, just as we see in some of the great sun-flames where the projected glowing gas seems to reach a given altitude, and then spreads out with a curvature concentric with the disc. Outside of this envelope was a fainter and a second envelope, beyond which was some little diffuseness. Thence the envelopes streamed away from the sun, merging and gradually changing their direction. When the comet was between its western

elongation and its lower transit, the eastern line of the tail was nearly straight, but the western border was decidedly curved westward, and broadened. Through the part of the tail near the nucleus was the well-marked line of shadow of that body, but no phase of the nucleus could be detected; whilst a comparison of the east and west sides of the tail in the region of this shadow (at *sub polo* transit) indicated that the western or following beam was the brighter.

Upon another night we found the three beams of light replaced by a sector of bright light directed towards the sun, and measured by an arc of about one hundred and twenty degrees. The curved outline of this sector was also the boundary or limit of the first envelope, which then swept around on either side, until it was merged into the light from the outer envelope, not so sharply defined as before. The shadow of the nucleus was still visible, but no phase of the nucleus was perceptible. A comparison with the planet Uranus indicated that the disc of the nucleus of the comet was hardly less sharp than that of the planet.

Upon another night the spread of light was wholly changed in brightness and position. It extended to nearly the same distance from the nucleus as on the previous night; but it was shaped somewhat like the old battle-ax, faced towards the west, and nearly at right-angles to a radius drawn towards the sun. It was uniformly bright and comparatively dense, and apparently cast a faint shadow extending from the nucleus to its western extremity, but not stretching far into the tail from the extremity to the nucleus. We could not trace any difference in intensity between the shadow of this irregular sector and that of the nucleus; nor could we, with certainty, follow the shadow of the nucleus farther than that of both.

Again, upon another night, a great and striking change had occurred. There was a beam of light projected from the nucleus in a direction thirty or forty degrees west from the line from the sun. This projected beam did not fan out at the outer extremity; on the contrary, it decreased to a small rounded termination not quite equal to the distance of the first envelope on a previous night. Almost on the opposite side of the nucleus a bright beam was stretching from the radial line to the sun, at the same angle as the other beam. It fanned out at what was ill-defined as the first envelope. The outer envelope faded away more gradually, but had a fairly defined boundary. We could detect no shadow of the nucleus or beam.

Through succeeding nights the activity of the body rapidly sank. The nucleus was apparently decreasing in size—a more nebulous light surrounded it. The first envelope was toned down again into the second, and the outer boundary of all was not sharply defined. The apparent difference of intensity of the two parts of the tail was still maintained, but in a rapidly failing degree.

These observations, made with an equatorial of six and one-third inches, with powers ranging at times to two hundred, indicated that great and important physical changes were rapidly and continually taking place in the body or nucleus of the comet; that the apparently projected gaseous matter reached a certain elevation which marked the extent of the first envelope, and then spread out as a spherical surface, until it apparently trailed in the conical line of the tail. The second envelope had apparently no such connection with the nucleus as within the first envelope. With a great telescope located at an elevation of ten thousand feet, upon our Pacific Coast mountains, there is no doubt but these wonderful physical changes could have been systematically followed, and possibly deciphered, with the aid of the spectroscope.

The nucleus of the comet indicated that it was a sphere or mass of self-luminous matter, because it had no phase; and yet it was not sufficiently luminous to lighten up the dark shade one diameter from itself.

The projection of great gas volumes from the nucleus, as the comet approaches the sun, and its behavior like the great gaseous outbursts from the sun itself, would indicate that the material of the comet must bear some analogy to that of the sun's surface.

That these gaseous outbursts may carry matter, in perhaps small masses, beyond the attractive force of the comet, and thence that they should lag behind in the orbit of the comet, but not in the line of its tail, seems not only probable, but proven by the coincidence of the orbits of certain comets and periodic meteors.

If these cometary bodies were dense material, they would not suffer such great perturbations from the planets of the system; and we know that one comet, which possibly encountered the moons of Jupiter, had its orbit so changed that it may never be seen again.

Concerning the spectrum of the comet, we can only say, that with a direct star-spectroscope of limited power we could only make out a faint apparently continuous spectrum; that upon this was superimposed three broad bands much more distinct; and at intervals a fourth bright band, towards the blue end, would flit in from one side of the spectrum. At times it was difficult to separate the bands, and the difficulty increased as the comet receded.

In the recently published accounts from the Eastern observatories, it seems that a spectrum with faint dark lines was obtained with a superimposed band-spectrum. This consisted of the usual three bands, but both the upper and lower bands, although individually bright, were very ill defined. Young considers that it is now absolutely certain that the comet spectrum is not the second spectrum of carbon, nor is he sure that it is first, although the coincidences are very remarkable and close, and although the peculiar appearance of the upper and lower bands when the comet was brightest remains unexplained.

Draper, Huggins, Christie, and others also believe that the indications point to the development of a hydro-carbon in the nucleus, when the comet approaches perihelion; but the difficulty of the examination with such a faint object seems to prove the work upon the present comet as tentative. It will doubtless lead to the devising of better methods and means for the next opportunity.

We have already shown what various and unsatisfactory views are held in regard to the exhibition of the tail of the comet. No theory approaches an explanation, and the repulsion theory of Bessel is unsupported by any analagous case in the cosmos. In reviewing the subject, we addressed (about the middle of July) a letter upon the subject to the superintendent of the United States Coast and Geoditic Survey, and also to two astronomers on the Atlantic coast. From this letter we make the following extract, as indicating a novel view of the question:

"In studying the physical phenomena of the tail of this and other great comets, their extraordinary, rapid, and abnormal development, their incomprehensible sweep around the sun, wherein the translation of matter must have exceeded 110,000 miles per second of time (comets of 1680 and 1843), I have arrived at the following hypothesis: That cometary matter must be emitted from the nucleus of the comet, as necessitated by the rapid changes and the development and formation of the envelope when appoaching the sun; that part of such matter may follow in the course of the comet; and that the principal and probably the only cause for the exhibition of the coma and the tail is, that *the light-rays from the sun, in passing through the matter of the envelopes surrounding the nucleus so intensely heated when the comet is close to the sun, become so changed in their wave-lengths, that the* ETHEREAL MEDIUM ITSELF BECOMES LUMINOUS *and* VISIBLE *in the prolonged line of their passage.*

"In my judgment, this hypothesis, or some modification of it, will account for many and perhaps all the phenomena referred to; may embrace some of the unexplained phenomena of the corona of the sun; and possibly some of those of the zodiacal light. It overcomes the hitherto insurmountable difficulty of the actual translation of matter at such enormous velocities, and under such unexplainable conditions."

It seems reasonable to suppose, that if a comet could exist, and project through space such quantities of luminous matter as appar-

ently form the tail, and at such great velocities, then it is much more rational to suppose that the corpuscular theory of Newton is correct; and yet that has been completely overthrown, and the undulatory theory of Young accepted. We know that the light of the sun and of the stars reaches our eyes, but no one supposes for a moment that there has been any translation of matter involved; on the contrary, we are assured that the ethereal medium has been put in motion, and this mode of motion, in reaching the retina and optic nerve, has modified the existing wave-length of the nerve force, and given us the sensation of light. Even the different wave-lengths of this apparently homogenous celestial light are exhibited by different colors to our sight, by further refraction through a prism; and certainly there has been no transmission of matter in either case. We know, also, that when any of the great and sudden outbursts of sun-flames occur upon the surface of the sun, the effect is instantaneously felt by the magnetic needles over the face of the earth, they being *visible, and bodily deflected* from their normal positions, and constrained by this extra-solar influence. Here, too, it is certain that no matter has been transmitted from the sun to the earth; the ethereal medium alone has been thrown into another condition of vibration. Hence there seems no exaggeration, and no violence to existing facts, in supposing that this ether may be so excited as to become luminous and visible; on the contrary, it would only be another manifestation of cosmical law.

GEORGE DAVIDSON.

'49 AND '50.

CHAPTER XXV.

It seems that the Gazelle was born in Spain; the daughter of a Spanish mother and an English father. She was now twenty-two years of age; having some four years previous first met Julius Blair in France. He was a merchant in reputable standing, a zealous patron of music and the fine arts; and, because of his culture and wealth, much courted in society. He boarded at the same hotel where the Gazelle was living, at this time, with an uncle that had adopted her, and was giving her the best educational opportunities that Paris afforded. This uncle was a physician; and it was his favorite pastime to instruct his niece in medicine. Being a man of great erudition and skill, and excessively fond of his niece, who was to him as a daughter, he early set his heart upon her becoming mistress of the grand secrets of his professional success. Notwithstanding her tender years, he finally pronounced her worthy, should she devote her life to his calling, to receive his mantle upon her shoulders. Suddenly he died. It was his intention to leave his property to his niece; but, neglecting to so provide, the whole descended to his heirs, and she was left penniless. It was now that Blair found opportunity to successfully press his suit. Hitherto his brilliant powers of fascination had been unavailing. Soon they were betrothed, causing not a little commotion in the social circle in which the distinguished gallant moved. Blair at this time had several trading-ships plying between Paris and New York. It was in one of these that they determined to take passage for the latter city, to place the Gazelle for a season in care of a female relative residing there. During the voyage Blair urged an earlier marriage than the Gazelle was willing to consent to. Finding that she was unyielding in her decision, he employed threats in the place of entreaties. Greatly to his surprise, he immediately discovered that the girl that he had supposed would quietly submit to his will was not only obdurate, but defiant. Perceiving this, he secretly commanded the ship to bring them

to land at Panama. Once set down in a land of strangers, he believed that, in case gentle persuasion should not reconcile the Gazelle to his wish, her helpless situation would effect this purpose. Blair was not a beast. He could not exercise brute force against a woman. It was his theory, that no woman could long withstand his exceptional powers of persuasion. Such a one as his present companion was to him a new being and a sore disappointment. The Gazelle, though strongly influenced by him when in his presence, had never wholly loved him. Had she not been left alone, she would undoubtedly have denied his suit. She had relatives at home; to them she might have returned. So artful and persistent was her suitor, however, that she finally decided to engage herself to him, and, as he advised, to spend a season with a wealthy aunt in New York. This decision was excusable. She had never heard Blair spoken of in any but the highest terms; and she well knew that many a lady of high social position would not have hesitated to accept the offer she had somewhat reluctantly entertained. Her conduct at first was hasty, but subsequently marked by deliberation and firmness. When she became aware of Blair's treachery, her heart rebelled at the very sight of him. On one occasion, her scorn drove him to so great desperation that he commanded her to choose between reconciliation and death. It was a terrible test of fortitude. Alone on the open sea, the helpless girl was wholly at the enraged monster's mercy. Everything but eternal justice was in his favor. It was a cruelly one-sided contest; but when the crisis came, the strong man shrank back, covered with confusion.

Arriving at Panama, Blair offered to relinquish all claims upon his prisoner, provided she would again take ship, and go to New York according to her first intention. She would not trust him, however; and, throwing herself upon the protection of a countryman to whom her necessity was made known, she entered his family. Blair gave her to understand that he should immediately return to France. Presently news came of the gold discovery; when, purchasing a supply of drugs, the little doctress set sail for California, with a Spaniard and his wife—honest people, recommended by those with whom she had lately made her home. She had been in California but a few months, when suddenly Blair made his appearance. He did set sail with the intention of returning to Paris; but soon changed his mind, and returned to Panama. He could not make up his mind to lose the maid that above others had captivated his fickle but passionate nature. Learning that she had taken passage to the land of gold, he followed, lured both by her charms and by the prospect of exciting adventure. Once more seizing upon the flown bird, he swore that he would never be far separated from her; and that if she would not become his wife, she should never become the wife of another. The determination of the Gazelle was fixed and unalterable. She thrust him from her with continued scorn. Baffled for the first time in his life, the adventurer now sought diversion in the mines; while the girl whom he had wooed but not won remained with the Spanish woman, who acted as her protectress. Not long after, this woman sickened and died leaving the Gazelle with no friend but the husband of the deceased. He, however, proved a friend indeed. Leaving her to gain a living by the practice of her profession, he went into the mines. Here it was that he became acquainted with Blair, and became a member of the company to which the latter belonged. They were successful, and soon the Gazelle began to receive occasional remittances of gold. Her wants were so supplied; but she led a sad and lonely life. Never (be it said to the honor of the gold-seekers of early days) did she receive a disrespectful word from another than the man that had compelled her to the life she was leading. She had won many acquaintances that would be only too glad to defend her in any cause in which she might be engaged. She was safe from molestation by Julius Blair; and none other had the heart to do aught but kindness.

Chapter XXVI.

Great was the astonishment at Camp Harrington when James, preceding the others, rode up, and dismounting from his horse, bowed himself like a sapling before the gale, saying gravely: "Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to present my cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Blair." Mrs. Blair and Mrs. Monroe embraced each other in silence; the Doctor grasped Blair with both hands, and roared as if he had studied in Bashan. Mrs. Durgin looked astoundedly sweet, like a robin when another robin has picked up her crumb; Ensign bared his finely proportioned head; Uncle Lish squinted into the furthermost recesses of the cerulean realm; while Mose, with his arms close to his sides, military fashion, covered and uncovered his glistening teeth with the rapidity and brilliance of sheet-lightning in a dark night.

"Cap'ain," said the trapper, when it came his turn to offer congratulations, "Cap'ain, I'll be derned ef I blame you."

Mose was more profuse.

"Lor' presume upon us, Massa Blair!" he cried; "how you spect dis mortal nigger to kitchenify to dat seraphim? She is de rose of Sharon, and her bref am spices from de cedars of Kedar and de tents of Lebanon."

The Captain and his lady did not join their companions any too soon. In a few days the snow was about five feet deep on a level. Work was suspended, and the time given up to social enjoyment. The hours did not come and go unladen with sorrows, particularly in the experience of Mrs. Monroe; still, a happier circle of friends could not have been found in the pleasant homes of civilization.

Now and then a miner strayed in upon them, and passed a jolly hour; as a rule, however, our friends were left to themselves.

One day, when the snow lay deepest upon the ground, Mose discovered that he had no more flour. As a punishment for his negligence, Blair dispatched him on snow-shoes to the nearest trading-post. Two days passed, and Mose did not return. At length, on the afternoon of the third day, he came back, wild with drink, bringing nothing but a half-emptied whisky bottle in his flourishing hands.

"What do you mean, you scoundrel?" demanded Blair. "Where is the flour?"

"Lor', Massa," replied Mose, setting the bottle down heavily on his rough table, "do you spect dis nigger to 'member ebryting?"

Mose's wit saved him. He was sent to sleep, while Uncle Lish went for the supply that he had forgotten.

At last, after a long and memorable winter, came March, ushering in the warm air of spring. Wonderful reports of success were now heard from numberless quarters; but our party had determined to follow the advice of Uncle Lish, and go to the mines on the Middle Fork, not far from where the Mormons had worked some eighteen months previous. There was gold still where they were, but more in the locality referred to. Furthermore, it was proposed to dam the stream; and it was necessary to begin operations at the season of the year when the water was low. A long day's journey in a northerly direction from Weber's Creek brought our friends to their new home. They missed the tall oaks and cypresses and the great ravines to which they had been for so many months accustomed; but were glad to exchange them for a region equally romantic that would yield more gold. The first leaves were draping the steep sides of the ravines with a mantle of brightest green, and the wild flowers were blooming in rich profusion.

"Now, then, for the long-neglected cradles," said Blair.

Day after day our favored company toiled on, often with astonishing success. Now and then came a discouraging twelve hours' work; but fortune was certainly extremely partial to them. The third week they struck a vein, some fifteen feet below the surface, that yielded them twenty thousand dollars. It was eight inches wide, consisting of scale gold, and running through a stratum of hard clay. Life was busier and harder than at Camp Harrington. The men now came in at night with wet feet and aching bones.

The food was not wholesome. They had lived too long upon hard bread and salt pork. The drinking-water was nothing more than the washing of the numberless cradles in use above them. The inconveniences and exposures of the average miner at last fell to their share. There were two physicians in attendance now, however, instead of one; and every means for the preservation of health was employed. James Swilling's old slouch hat lopped lower and lower each day, as he rocked the grating cradle; but, unlike many a poor fellow, he escaped prostration. The Doctor lost forty pounds of his jelly-like person. This did not seriously harm him, but it raised his laugh from a base to a baritone. Blair, on the other hand, actually throve. He allowed no man to outwork him. His buoyant spirits rose above every difficulty. Busy both with hands and brain, he was the controlling spirit, treating his labors as if they were no more weighty than pastimes. The white tents and bough cabins of hundreds of miners were scattered in plain sight. The stream was alive with human beings, delving vigorously in the precious sand. Whatever took place outside, here reigned industry, sobriety, and peace.

In the fall of '50, our friends, employing a large gang of laborers, dug a canal and drained a portion of the bed of the stream. It was an immense project; but fortune still guided the councils of Blair and the trapper. When the work was completed, the company decided to disband and return, one member excepted, to their homes in the East. A round half-million of dollars was divided equally among them; princely sums being awarded to the trapper and Mose. Uncle Lish would not accept the half that was offered him.

"That's plenty, Cap'ain," he said to Blair. "I can't use the quarter on't, onless suthin' happens to the old gun. I've had my pay in bein' allowed to serve under you. Just think a good thing of the old trapper while ye live, and we are squar'."

Blair urged him to accompany him East, where he should spend his days with every comfort to be procured. Uncle Lish would not listen to this. The last seen of him, he was striding slowly away; the rifle upon his shoulder, glistening brighter only than his gray locks streaming backward in the breeze.

Chapter XXVII.

In the summer of 1860, a gentleman and his son arrived at Sacramento. It was evident, from inquiries that the father made, that he was a Bostonian, in search of a relative that had been for some years a resident of California. He was a middle-aged man of prepossessing appearance; while the boy, a bright-eyed lad, could not have been more than nine years old. The two appeared to be greatly interested in Sacramento and its immediate vicinity. They walked and rode about town, and out into the country for several days; finally, having ascertained the probable place of residence of him whom they were seeking, they started for the North Fork of the Feather River. Upon reaching a locality now known as Rich Bar, they received the following information:

"Yes, I reckon he's the very cuss," said an old miner, in a manner more complimentary than his language. "Never heered no sich name as you mention; but the man, I hain't no doubts on. There hain't many put up, you know, stranger, in 'zactly his partic'lar style. We always call him 'Lankey'; but what's the odds if he's the chap? He buys a good deal of his grub right in there at the Weasel Skin; and—well, the fact of the business is, there's no use in talking—he is the boy; and a right smart sort of a feller you'll find him. He is good on the spout; talks straight to the mark without a rest. Yes, sir, that's Lankey. He don't handsome much; but he carries a heap of books in his head. Now, you just take that pack-trail and follow up for about five mile, and you'll strike him, dead sure. If you don't, why, drop in when you come back, and I'll beg your parding."

The stranger, having made inquiry of oth-

ers, all of whom confirmed the opinion above given, set out in the direction indicated. It was a lonely ride; not altogether easy, but novel and interesting. About four o'clock in the afternoon he reached a shanty made of rough boards, around which two or three wild-looking children were disporting. As soon as these shy creatures observed the travelers, they slipped from sight.

"Do you suppose those young people are your cousins, Clarence?" asked the father.

"If so," returned the lad, "I am sorry. It can't be; for they are regular Indians."

"And there is their mother," continued the other.

"Father!" exclaimed the boy, "we must have made a mistake!"

The father's eyes shone with the same sportive light that the reader detected in them upon making Mortimer Blair's acquaintance, as he appeared some eleven years previous to the present date. He was then the protector of his humbly born and eccentric cousin; and again we meet him with the same generous impulses, in pursuit of the same object.

"You must raise your hat to the lady, Clarence," said he, as they approached the placid-looking and—strange to say—cleanly attired mistress of the house.

"I can't," responded Clarence.

It was not easy to understand what the squaw said; but as closely as her meaning could be guessed, her liege lord was near by and would soon return. Clarence was somewhat stupefied with amazement; still, his boyish curiosity could not rest satisfied until he had dismounted and made a brief study of his dusky relatives, as they crept forth from beneath the house. He could not catch them, any more than he could four-legged little animals, but he gave them a sharp chase. He was so engaged when a tall man, coarsely clad, and with an enormous quantity of unkempt hair and whiskers, strode up to him. Taking his gun from his shoulder, he placed it upon the ground, and with one of his long hard fingers raised the hat from off Clarence's brow.

"If there isn't Blair blood in your veins, my boy," said he, "with a little sprinkle of old Spain, I am not James Swilling (that was) of Swansea, New Hampshire. Own up, you blessed little rascal!" he cried, catching the boy in his lean, wiry arms, and throwing him onto his shoulder.

"I confess it," responded Clarence, who had not the least idea what was going to be done with him. "And you didn't give me any chance to shake hands with you."

"Hurrah!" shouted the Californian, whirling poor Clarence twice round his head, and finally depositing him in the shanty, right side up. "Come out from behind there, Cousin Mortimer, I could see you through a meetin'-house."

Blair came forward; and such flourishes as the angular, awkward, overjoyed master of the house now performed had never before been witnessed by his silent and sable spouse.

"Where in thunder—how in thunder—what brought you here, you glorious old sinner from the States!" he cried, embracing Blair until Clarence feared for his father's safety.

"I have come, James," answered Blair—"you know what for."

"Ah," replied the other more solemnly, "none of that. Don't say anything about the old folks that will start the briny drops."

"No, no; the old people still live."

"Hallelujah!"

"James, you must go home with us."

A strange blank look came upon the exile's countenance. He drooped his head in silence. At length he raised it, and pulling off his great silver-bowed spectacles, said:

"Cousin Mortimer, I haven't heard a word from old Swansea in five years. We are dead to one another."

"For shame!" spoke Blair, in his authoritative manner. "You may be dead enough, but there are hearts in Swansea keenly alive to you."

"Yes, yes, I'm in fault. But the old folks live comfortably on the little means I sent 'em, don't they?"

"They cannot be reconciled to your absence. Everything is well with them; but

there is no substitute for the loss of an only son."

"I know it—I know it," answered James, crossing his legs very nervously for one of his deliberate movement. "Wait awhile, though, Cousin Mortimer, don't rush in on a fellow so. Call in the boy. I want to see him."

It was a great relief to the speaker to hug Clarence for his mother's sake. He did not dare to mention her. His recollections were very tender towards her; and then there was another of whom he knew Blair would soon speak. Poor James again found himself under the control of his boyhood days. He thought he had wiped them pretty cleanly from memory; but now the old scenes and the old faces rose up before him, with all the distinctness of the early time. He was ashamed of his weakness. A pioneer he was, a sturdy son of the Sierra. It would not do for him to come completely under control of the emotions at this moment disturbing his hero's breast.

"Cousin Mortimer," said he, smiling faintly, and trying to appear composed, "like your worthy self, I chose for my mate a brunette—a shade darker, perhaps—what do ye think?"

"You must have had a handful of black sand in your eyes, didn't you, James, when you led this pensive lady to the altar?"

"Torment the shadowy jade!" exclaimed James, again smiling, again crossing his legs, and again removing his glasses. "Squills! here! dinner in a minute!"

"I call her Squills," he continued, as the squaw moved submissively to the rear of the shanty, "because that was the name of the most unpalatable dose memory could muster. After all, Cousin Montiner, the creature has saved me a deal of dish-washing. It took some time to break her in; but the world, you remember, wasn't made in a day."

"Your house is certainly very quiet and comfortably arranged," said Blair.

"It beats no house at all. That is as sure as you live. Why, you haven't seen the kids, have you? Well, let them go until morning. You can't see 'em very well so late in the afternoon, any way. They require a strong light."

Blair could not determine whether to laugh or not. James Swilling was the drollest-looking mortal to be found among the motley miners of the hills. His long sharp nose was all that was left of his face below the eyes; and then his gestures, as well as his form and features, could be conceived in their utter ludicrousness only by an eye-witness. Blair contemplated the Californian for some time in silence. He appeared to be lost in thought, thus giving him an excellent opportunity to study him at leisure. At last he determined to break the spell, by pronouncing the one name that had never failed to command James's serious attention. He was prevented, however; for—discerning his purpose, perhaps—James spoke first:

"And what kind of a jigger," said he, "are you going to tell me about Ensign, Doctor Durgin and his wife, and Mrs. Monroe?"

"The Doctor and his wife live in New York," was the reply.

"He must weigh something like a ton now, don't he?"

"He is very heavy, and laughs louder than ever."

"I got to liking Mrs. Durgin right well, at last. How the woman changed! Ah, Cousin Mortimer, how we all changed when you brought the Gazelle to live among us! Tell me all about her. Hang on it, I can't hold off any longer!"

"Not quite yet; I must first tell you that Mrs. Monroe is now—"

"Mrs. Ensign!" interrupted James.

"She is none other; and a most magnificent woman."

"Of course. I knew she never could forget the pale face of Ensign, after he all but starved to death for her sake. Glorious! glorious days were those at Camp Harrington! Why in the world haven't you asked for Uncle Lish, to say nothing about Mose?"

"I was biding your own good time. We have several persons yet to touch upon."

"I must tell you a characteristic yarn about Uncle Lish," broke forth James, vigorously;

for he was too wary to permit Blair to make his intended attack upon him. "Something like two years ago, Uncle Lish came to see me. I had an affair to settle with some fellows that had jumped one of my claims, and, knowing where he was, sent for him. As I said, he came; but not an inch into my cabin. 'I'll go over thar and squar' up with them hounds,' said he; 'but I can't stomach any Injin in mine.' I positively believe he would like to have taken Squills's scalp, and made off with it."

"He worked well for you, though, did he not?"

"That he did. I got sixty-one buckshot in my body; but we called 'em."

"Did what?"

"Called 'em—made 'em come to the center—prove up."

"I understand," replied Blair. Undoubtedly the elder Blair did understand; but Clarence appeared to be greatly mystified.

"Yes," continued James, "they gave me the contents of two double-barreled shotguns. That let me out; but Uncle Lish finished the circus satisfactorily. See here," said the speaker, rolling up his sleeves, and pointing to scar after scar. "Plenty of 'em there yet; plenty of marks, and not a few shot buried beneath."

"It is only through infinite mercy that you still live, James," said Blair.

"I am well aware of it," replied the other. "I've been killed several times since you left for the States. But I was going to tell you a word about Mose. The old rascal is in his nineties, and I don't know how much more; but still active and tricky and chivalrous as the last day you saw him. I should have thought that you would have hunted him up in Sacramento. He lives there, surrounded by cats and chickens without number."

"I supposed he was dead long ago."

"Not he. I reckon him good for a half-century yet. After we broke up on Mohala Bar, he drifted about for a short time in the mines, then returned to Sacramento. He soon lost all his money gambling. Yes, they froze the old fellow completely out, and drove him to boot-blacking. He followed this 'profession,' as he termed it, until the Chinamen took to it; when he flung away his brushes, as if their very touch was polluting."

"He had a fight once a day, regularly, did he not?"

"They tell marvelous stories about his warrior-like achievements; and many of them are undoubtedly true. To be honest, I don't hear from Sacramento oftener than once in six months, except through the papers. Cousin Mortimer, I am a retired man; a philosopher of the open-air school; a returner to the primitive paths. Squills bears indubitable evidence to my sincerity."

James thrust his hands through his furious shock of hair; and now, being well-warmed, abandoned all his miner's phraseology and discoursed handsomely upon politics, science, and religion; interspersing his disquisitions with many a fine quotation from the poets, ancient and modern. Blair had always recognized his cousin's ability, but was now greatly surprised at his extensive information, cogent reasoning, and command of language. The contrast between the interior and exterior of the miner was so great that his listener could scarcely believe his ears. He would gladly have heard him until the sun dropped from sight, but Squills now announced that the meal was prepared. One by one the three little half-breeds stole in and seated themselves on the reversed buckets by the side of their silent mother; while the master of the house and his relatives from the States took their positions about the rude board, directly opposite.

"You must have employed your leisure hours profitably, James," said Blair.

"Yes, I believe I have. You will find in those boxes, over there, more solid reading-matter than you might expect from a glance at your humble servant. And the one to be thanked is that lovely being whom you have left behind. Since the day that I looked for the last time upon the Gazelle I have not tasted a drop of liquor, except when it was positively necessary to save my life."

The speaker here bowed his shocked and shocking head, and repeated, as if saying grace, the following words:

"*Graceful form and motion, finely turned hands, without a blemish, and sparkling with diamonds—these I saw, these only; and what do they all amount to?*"

Having so spoken, James raised his spectacled eyes to his guest, and asked, "Cousin Mortimer, do you remember to have heard anything like that language?"

"I dimly recall something of the kind," replied Blair, smiling. "If I mistake not, then came the voice of a youthful prophet, crying in the wilderness of the Oro, in the days of '49, saying, 'I think they go a great way towards making life pleasant.'"

"True—true," returned James. "I owe my salvation to your mother, my boy," he added, turning benevolently toward Clarence.

"I love my mother," answered the lad; "and I shall not forget to tell her what you have just said."

"That's a good fellow; and I will give you more to say, before we part."

"Before we part?" repeated the elder Blair.

But James gave him no time to speak further. "You can't say," he began, "that this is not a snug little spot, Cousin Mortimer. I raise everything that a human being ought to eat. The air and the water are unsurpassed. True, there are some little drawbacks, in comparison with Boston, as far as polite advantages are concerned; but a man can live a grand life in this same nest among the hills. Nature has done her best for us. I'll show you round in the morning."

"Thank you," responded Blair, quietly. He perceived that it would require all his energies to tear James away from his wild, health-giving California home.

The following day, leaving Clarence behind, James Swilling and Mortimer Blair again found themselves alone among the gold-hills. Old times were lived over, to the great delight of both participants; and then followed a long and serious discussion upon a matter of the future. James was now a strong-minded and iron-willed man; but Blair prevailed. With a slow tear straggling down his ragged beard, the Californian finally replied:

"Well, Cousin Mortimer, I thought I was doing my duty in keeping the old people along comfortably, and giving Mary a chance to take up with some better man. It is utterly beyond my comprehension how she can still care anything for such a vagabond. For God's sake, look at me! A woman living and dying an old maid for a stack of bones overgrown with wild hair. It makes me feel like a guilty cur. If—if you will swear by the eternal heavens that she won't ring in the cold deck on me when she comes to see me, I'll—go back with you."

"You have my word," answered Blair.

"I have hunted the 'yellow' long enough," James continued. "I am ready to quit if there is anything to quit for. Squills and the youngsters can have the place. I reckon that will be a fair stand-off. Cousin Mortimer," here the speaker made an extravagant motion, something like that of a horse when it tries to rub its ear with its hind hoof; "I am not quite as far gone as you may suppose. There is none of the life-current of the Hampshire Swillings coursing the arteries of these Digger scions. None of the little reds are mine; nevertheless, I feel sort o' streaked about leaving 'em. You can hardly appreciate my situation. Nothing must ever be said concerning these primitive habits of your prodigal cousin. I'll try and shed 'em; and see if I can't make myself decent. To think that a 'female woman' still loves me! That gets me—that gets me!"

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

[THE END.]

"OLE EMERLINE."

One clear June afternoon, in company with my friend Helen Holmes, I was on board the little steamer Island City, which was slowly steaming up Buffalo Bayou, to the homely but thriving city of Houston, Texas. Only a few days before, we had graduated from Madam Beaumont's "Select Institute for Young Ladies," in the beautiful Crescent City. We had, during all the years of our school life, been classmates and earnest rivals. Hitherto we had equally shared the honors of the school; but in the last hard struggle for the medal Helen had finally won; and on the preceding Thursday I had watched her, with just a little hurt feeling at my heart, as she read her excellent valedictory to the large and admiring audience. But I knew that it was fairly gained, and we were too dear to each other to allow a little rivalry to separate us at the last. So on this Thursday afternoon I found myself nearing the bustling city of Houston, in compliance with Helen's long-cherished plan, that I was to spend the summer with her.

As the sun sank lower and lower, we stood upon the deck of the little steamer—which was itself a miniature palace—gazing entranced upon the lovely, almost tropical, scenery on each side of the narrow bayou. Magnolia trees lined the bank, and in the forest rose from sixty to seventy-five feet, and were covered with immense bells of pearl and shining emerald leaves, with here and there a glimpse of the under side of a leaf, like the sheen of russet velvet; at irregular intervals rose an immense decayed trunk of a tree, which had perhaps seen the days of the Aztecs, now covered with large leaves of the trumpet-creeper, and ablaze with hundreds of huge scarlet flowers. These, together with the notes of a thousand unseen mocking-birds, and the subtle fragrance which floated from ten thousand waxen magnolia flowers, made a magnificent scene of enchantment seldom equaled even in the tropics. Lost in admiration, we spoke not a word, and scarcely noticed the cool breeze which blows from the Mexican sea, and gives to southern Texas that delightful temperate clime, for which it will yet be famous.

As the steamer glided on, the grand scene gradually faded from our view, and soon we arrived at the ugly, muddy landing. We entered a carriage which was waiting our arrival, and were driven through the rapidly improving city of Houston to the elegant residence of Dr. Holmes, a mile beyond the city limits. As the carriage reached the gate, a handsome boy of about five years came running, as only boys can run, and shouted with all his might:

"Mamma, Sissy's come! Hurrah for Sissy!"

I knew instantly that this must be Helen's obstreperous but precious little brother Roy; for in our school-girl chats she had often told me of her father's home and family. Then came a tall, dignified, but kindly looking lady, whom I recognized as Mrs. Holmes. Her greeting was most affectionate. Before it was finished, I was astonished by seeing a huge, black, brawny negro woman, arrayed in a soiled, red-flowered calico dress, bound through the front door, rush up, grab Helen in her Herculean grasp, and ejaculate:

"Well, ef dat ain't Helen wid a chignog, en mos' a trail on! Ole Emerline's proud ob dat chile!" then with a rush she disappeared within the house.

When Dr. Holmes arrived, I forgot, in his genial presence, the strange old darkey.

After a light repast, Helen and I retired to our room, for neither of us wished to be separated. After a night of such sleep as only comes to the young and healthy when fatigued by travel, we arose full of life, ready for our morning's jaunt. Breakfast hour gave me a good opportunity for studying

more closely the faces of my kind host and hostess. The dining-room was simple and comfortable, but elegant; an agile, well-dressed darkey, whom Roy addressed as "Aunt Dorcas," waited on the table, with the unobtrusive, almost innate, politeness which only the old-fashioned house-servants, trained in the long ago, ever display. She disappeared, and when Mrs. Holmes touched the bell, instead of Dorcas, in came the ebon giantess I had noticed on the preceding evening, clad in the same flaming red, soiled dress. She made a funny old-fashioned courtesy at every seat, as she passed the ice-cold lemonade, and said apologetically:

"Dorcas jess cut her han', so Ole Emerline's fotched dis," then disappeared.

Her giant frame, attenuated almost to a skeleton, and sunken white eyes impressed me deeply; but not so much as did the woeful expression of her intensely black face; she was the only really sad-looking negro I ever saw.

Save that a slight frown passed over Mrs. Holmes's usually serene countenance, no one seemed to note her presence; and Dr. Holmes continued the interesting anecdote he was relating.

Breakfast over, Helen and I began our ramble over the large and handsome grounds surrounding the stately dwelling. As we wandered beneath arches, where the long, graceful wisteria and clematis, covered by immense clusters of fragrant purple and blue blooms, embraced each other and fell in graceful festoons from the tall magnolia trees; thence to the crape myrtles, which send their shapely heads from twenty to thirty feet up, and were covered with feathery pink, white, or purple bowers; or stopped to inhale the exquisite fragrance of the queenly cape jessamine blossoms, which were large with waxen, white, rose-like petals, yet surpassing all the roses of earth in beauty and fragrance, as they sat surrounded by their glossy evergreen leaves — I could not but exclaim, "How appropriate the name you have given your home, Helen! It is a veritable Eden Glen." In a clear sweet voice, she began her favorite song:

"O the Lone Star State our home shall be,
While her waters still roll to the Mexican sea.'

"Helen! Helen! Sister! Sister!"

"Ah, there is Roy, calling as if his life depended upon my presence. Excuse me a moment, and continue your walk, there is no dog or anything to harm you."

She went to Roy, and I walked on until I reached a low arbor vitæ hedge; having seated myself in one of the many rustic chairs, made of the wild or mustang grape-vine, which grows in such profusion in many parts of Texas, I was admiring the beautiful orange-trees and banana-plants scattered here and there in protected places, when I was startled by the sound of low muttering and heavy blows, just behind the hedge where I was seated.

In looking through the hedge I saw "Old Emerline," busily chopping on a large log of wood, the tears falling in a stream from her black cheeks, as she stopped chopping and continued muttering, then laid the ax down and clasped her hands over her knees, in her agony, and murmured:

"Dey use ter call me Mammie; now Ise jess nuffin' 't all but Ole Emerline."

Then beginning to chop, she said vehemently, as if addressing the wood:

"Whar's my little Jake? Say, ole Mars', whar is yer sole my Mose ter? Whar's yer sont my Susanner?"

Then another torrent of tears, more vehement chopping, and muttering:

"Yer sole my chilluns, en I chop your —— head off!"

Then, when the stick was severed, came a wild laugh, and a round of oaths which would have made the oldest sailor cringe.

Pale and frightened, I started to the house as fast as my unsteady limbs would permit. I met Mrs. Holmes half-way. She said, anxiously:

"Why, my dear Marian, how pale you are! What has frightened you?"

I told her what I had seen. She looked grave and said:

"I see that Helen has neglected to tell you about Emeline. In the spring of 1863, Mr. Gresham, a rich planter from Natchez,

had a long spell of fever here, and Dr. Holmes attended him. Mr. Gresham, having spent all of the money he had with him, offered to send the Doctor a likely negro woman, a first-class cook, in payment for his services. The Doctor told him that he would not take a woman from her children, but Mr. Gresham said she had no children; and knowing that my head cook was getting old, Dr. Holmes accepted the proposition. When she arrived we found that she was insane, and would have sent her back, but Mr. Gresham could not be found; one of his neighbors said that he sold Emeline's children a year before, and she had been insane since that time. She is harmless. I could not help being kind to her in her desolation; and when freedom came, she could not be induced to leave. I could not think of driving her off; nobody would employ her, and there is no room in the asylum for her. So we let her stay. She is very useful; will allow no one else to do any sweeping, scrubbing, washing, or ironing, and her work is always beyond criticism. In her semi-lucid moments, she tells me, with grief stamped on every line of her countenance: 'Ole Mars sole ebery one ob my ten chilluns; sent em off on de boat on de Missippy ribber, an' I nebber kin fine whar dey is.' That is the burden of her muttering from day to day, and when she is worse she goes to the wood pile and chops and cries and swears. She imagines that the wood is her old master, and that she is avenging the sale of her children; after that she is more quiet for weeks. Many a time my heart has ached for the poor old lonely woman. Dr. Holmes tried to find her children, but could get no trace of them."

My fears were turned to sympathy now; and long before she ceased speaking the tears were dropping off our cheeks.

During the following weeks I learned many of Emeline's peculiarities, one of them being that it was impossible to induce her to change her dress at any other time than Saturday afternoon. Then she would go to her little cabin, bar the door, array herself in a clean, new red calico dress, tie a large orange "hankercher" round her neck, and a red one on her head, then stretch herself on the tidy floor, and sleep and mutter until late Sunday afternoon. Then she would arise and most solemnly enact "de judgment day," personating both judge and trembling culprit. Her many shrewd hits at their foibles, as she proceeded to try her acquaintances, would have been amusing under other circumstances. As it was, I never felt sadder than when watching the proceedings, altogether unobserved, from a little window; for until Monday morning she would neither come out nor admit any one. She always tried "Mars' Holmes en Mars' Gres'um" last, when she would proceed as follows:

"Mars' Holmes, come up hyar!"

"Yars, sar, Ise tremblin' might'ly.

"Whar'd yer come from?"

"Come from de yeath."

"Did yer 'long ter de church?"

"Yars, sar; long ter de Babtis' ten year."

"Did yer eber 'press de poor?"

"No, sar; Ise gin 'em med'cin' fur nuffin', many er time."

"Hab yer tuck good keer ob Ole Emerline?"

"Yars, sar, de very best I knowed ter do."

Then, waving her right hand, a broad grin spreading over her face, she would say:

"Yer see dem sheeps ober dar? Yer goes wid dem."

Then, with a stern look, she would call:

"Mars' Gres'um! come out er dar!"

"Yars, sar, Ise hyar, tremblin' do'."

"Yer jess come t'om der yeath?"

"Yars, sir."

"What did yer do dar?"

"Heaps—worked niggers on de plantation."

"Wuz yer a remember ob der church?"

"Allus been er Meferdis'."

"Dat's right. 'Press de poor?"

"No, sar."

"What's dat yer sez? Yer sole Ole Emerline's chilluns!"

"Yars, sar, dey was my niggers; had er right ter sole 'em."

"Ise not gwine ter 'spute 'bout dat. Yer sees dem goats ober dar. Yer go wid dem."

Then she would lie down and laugh, "Ya, ya! Ole Mars' Gres'um's goed wid de goats"; then resume her muttering till she fell asleep.

On Monday morning she would come to the parlor door and call out:

"Helen! come out hyar en scrub dis porch. Yer er putty lookin' parly ointment, [ornament] yer er, soten up dar all time in dat parly, done left Ole Emerline ter scrub. When is I gwine ter be er parly ointment?"

When Helen would good-naturedly offer to take the mop, she would laugh and say:

"Yer'e not fitten fur ter scrub; one er Ole Emerline's han's wuff two er yourn. Get off en my porch! don't be er trackin' on it up!"

Yet she was devoted to Helen; would never allow her even to go for a glass of water, but would carry it to her with more deference than she would have shown to a queen.

One Monday morning "Ole Emerline" did not come out. When Dr. Holmes was ready to go to the city, he went to her little cabin and called; receiving no reply, he forced the door, and found her unconscious.

Carefully he and Mrs. Holmes watched her for a week; she had no want unsupplied. Helen and Roy would scarcely leave the cabin. One evening the Doctor motioned to them to go away, but they did not heed him.

Suddenly "Ole Emerline" opened wide her eyes, and said:

"Ise er—gwine—ter fine—my—little—Jake," and expired.

Tears were in the Doctor's kindly eyes as he arose and left the cabin. Roy was for a long time inconsolable, and when I last saw the loved and gifted Mrs. Helen Wear, four years after, the thought of "Ole Emerline" would bring tears to her eyes; and she had considered it a privilege to erect a marble slab, bearing the word "Emeline," over the long mound in the lovely garden at "Eden Glen." JULIA M. GOODLETT

THE PLAINS OF BUTTE.

To the casual observer, there is little either of attractiveness or beauty in the Californian plains. The rugged harshness of those general features which are most prominent to the senses, the monotony of stretch and color, the severity and bleakness of the winter winds, and the oppressiveness of the summer heat, carry with them a sense of disagreeableness and discomfort largely disparaging to belief in the existence of lighter and more companionable moods.

And as observation is for the most part made by transient observers, who catch but detached phases of their life and beauty, there are few who come to suspect—much less to know—that these land-lakes, that roll so monotonously from Sierra to coast, have beauty flashes as wayward and fanciful, color plays as changeful and exquisite, lawn stretches as green and inviting, streams sa cool, zephyrs as warm, and again, winter storms and convulsions as wild and sublime, as any that have in other scenes delighted sensitive minds in mountain, vale, or wood.

Plains are common in California. All the great wheatfields of the Sacramento and San Joaquin have been wrested from them, *in toto*. But I would confine the name to those level tracts of land, largely variable in size, scattered here and there throughout California, which, either on account of their barrenness, or else because they have not yet been needed in the meager settlement of the country, have so far escaped cultivation.

In these remnants, on a smaller scale, nature still keeps up the infinite variety of landscape-gardening she was wont in earlier days to exercise over the whole of the broad valleys of the Pacific slope. In the study of

these spots generally—and especially am I sure concerning certain of the Butte County plains—the student of pure nature finds much of pleasure and complete enjoyment.

The general surface is slightly rolling, blistered here and there with rock heaps, and in many places cut and figured into a perfect lacework by the wayward courses of the winter streams. The soil is stiff and clayey, and the vegetation is for the most part so thin that you can easily see the ground; dry also, and everywhere free from grassy marshiness; and so gorgeously jeweled with flowers and butterflies as to seem rather a roll of brilliant tapestry, or an enormous hot-house display: for the doughy soil is in many places so overfilled with larkspurs, pansies, wild pinks, and the various varieties of the crucifers, that its baldness is scarcely perceivable; while in others the blossoms are only enameled in here and there in lustrous solitaires, or twinkling groups of two and three.

The most noticeable of the plants thus crowding the soil is a hardy species, whose name has escaped my memory, with light green serrated leaves, frosted white as silver on the under side, and, like the aspen, so loosely and delicately pricked onto its slender stems, that the lightest breeze sets them shivering and fluttering above the plain, like a fleecy mist. But I have no words in which to give anything like an adequate conception of the marvelous beauty of these valley carpets, as they lie smoothly stretched over these rugged plains. In many points they resemble the exquisite glacier meadows of the high Sierra, but differ from them in that the plan of their execution is more bold and sketchy, and the softening, toning processes of nature less complete. They lack the close, weedless sod and delicate grasses of these mountain meadows; but fairly rival them in exquisite brilliancy of colors, and finer varieties of flower life. They more closely approach to a luxuriant artificial garden, in which negligence has allowed the vegetation to grow rank, and the vagrant flowers to stray beyond the stiff, angular boundaries of the original beds and walks, and soften them into the more free and curving lines of pure nature.

Going northward from Chico, you set out through grain-fields that stretch away indefinitely, and over country apparently free from all that does not smack of cultivation. But as you clear the oak belt, the untamed plain spots, with their gorgeous knots of color, come gradually into view. The ground becomes less cluttered with straw-stacks and fences, houses become less frequent and imposing, and grass plats and weedy mustard patches spring up along the road. Journeying along through this prosaic farm-country—finding occasional diversion in the sharp, quick scampering of a startled ground-squirrel, or a glance at the snowy peaks and purple cañons of the distant mountains—after the space of an hour or more, the last fence moves reluctantly to the rear, the last tree patrol falls back; and then suddenly you advance from the conventionality of grain-fields into an exquisite varied colored garden plat, lying smooth and bright in the yellow sunlight, like a piece of Lyons velvet. This is the typical Californian plain; and every true lover of nature in her quieter, more steadfast moods would delight to wander here on a spring day, among the miniature flower-forests that wave above the soil.

There is almost a plan visible in the arrangement of the plant-beds. The separate varieties come crowding together all around, in close, uneven ranks, setting their feet as primly and firmly as if they half expected to be jostled out of place, and pushing and crowding each other like very children; thus laying out the garden with exquisite precision, yet without a trace of stiffness or conventionality in the making up. With unutterable pleasure you wade out into the weedy sun lake, feeling yourself held in the most sacred of nature's holies, drawn out from the clogging influences of the world, out from all interruption, out from yourself—free in the all-pervading beauty.

And yet, for all the scene is so intensely spiritual, and you feel yourself forgotten in it, there still throbs and beats all round you a warm, bright, human sympathy, that is win-

ningly tangible and friendly. The bright-faced pansies are the types of health and hopefulness. No room for sorrow and down-heartedness here. The birds that rustle through the grass, and sway and plunge on the slender plant stems, are things that you have always known; and surely these are the dandelions, whose prophetic down was once so strongly endeared to your childish heart. Bees hum as on a drowsy gleaning; butterflies flit from flower to flower; and, like them, you bathe lazily in the mellow sunshine; too freely, too æsthetically happy to act or even think. Go where you will, you will everywhere find this plain carelessly lovely; as if nature had forgotten to prune, and left it day by day to grow in rank luxuriance.

Many a plant brushes the knees dustily as you saunter here and there, and the larger flower-stalks are often loose and sprawling. Beyond you lies a gaudy bed of poppies, drifting away into long ribbons of campanulas of different shades of blue; and nearer are banks of daisies, white as snowflakes, and dashed here and there with spots of vivid scarlet by the stiff spikes of the common paint-brush—the *castilea parvi-flora*.

At this blessed spring season the sky is full of white, fleecy clouds, the air is moist and warm, the winds are gentle, the landscape is hushed, and peaceful quiet rests on everything. Yet for all this, these plains are teeming with wide-awake, vigorous life. A duck is occasionally seen paddling idly in the creeks; mourning doves are constantly feeding in the grasses; squirrels are intermittently busy above and below the ground; and toward evening the frogs voice out a stertorous chorus all along the line. Mosquitoes trumpet shrilly of their hungry intentions; and if you care to stoop and brush aside the polished stems and smooth leaves at your feet, you will find a dozen industrious ants and acrobatic beetles scurrying their glistening backs out of your sight, or standing stupidly on their heads, through sheer amazement. Locusts spring sharply up in lavish swarms, and dart in angular zigzags in and out across the more open spots. Dragon flies and gnats dance merrily above the flowers; linnets skim the rolling beds from side to side; meadow larks rise from the sedge in fitful, unexpected flights; and here and there a bronze-green humming-bird poises motionless in the sunshine, then darts away amid the dancing throng—fit emblem of the careless summer joy that drones and moves in every insect, bird, and flower.

This bright spring life I have been picturing lasts, with but little change, until the early part of June, when the first hot breaths of summer begin to sweep down from the north, and that scenic vandal—the sheep-herder—leads his destroying battalions across these picturesque wastes. But then, as with all wild things, the bloom of youth is brushed away in a breath, and to the beauty of childhood succeeds at once the withered features and hard, painful fixity of mature old age. The delicate lawn stretches of foxtail grow pallid, and then sallow. The flowers dry up and shrink apart, to be broken off and whirled away by every scorching wind that blows athwart their brittle stems. The grasses parch and grow dyspeptic, under accumulated coats of dust. The birds and insects retreat before the heat, and pass away to spots where spring is yet in life; and on the calmer days there steals up from the bottoms a thin, blue, miasmatic vapor, that drifts across the plains, and shakes and quivers everywhere under the vivid sun, till the very land itself becomes indistinct and misty: as if, indeed, the soil had, like the inhabitants, yearly to become acclimated, and now the spasms of malarial chills were loosening up the sharpness of its hard, contracted features.

It must be confessed that there is little to attract one in the plains in summer. For months there is no change in the cloudless intensity of the flinty, blue heavens; for months the dark lines of chemisal and scrub-oak, where the land-waves roll up into the lower foothills, grow only grayer and more leathery; the white stones in the bottom of the water-courses glisten like dry bones in the valley of death; there is no sound softer than the sharp note of a squirrel or the shrill rasp of a cicala; a dull, unrelieved glare of

dusty yellow sun lies over everything; the brown outline of the distant mountains is hard and sharply ridged; and, as the hot ashes of the dying spring are scattered over you, and its dusty, feverish breath puffs in your face, it somehow seems to choke the ambitious wheels of progress in your being, and leave you listless, idle, careless, and inert.

Yet there is one bright gleam of poetry comes through this prosaic cloud. In the early morning, off to the west, where the long line of sprawling willows marks out the marshy Sacramento, there rises, day after day, a fleecy cloud of mist that rolls and changes into a thousand vagrant fancies. Great billowy seas with ponderous vessels, colossal shapes of trees and ancient castles, long fields of yellow grain and snow-capped mountain-peaks, pass and repass, dissolve and redissolve, like the bewildering changes of a kaleidoscopic picture. Nor is it all the force of the imagination; for oft and again I have seen the whole river-bottom projected faithfully in the clouds; every tree, slough, little pond, and the main river itself depicted with rare and perfect accuracy by this wonderful mirage; and sometimes in the mornings, the whole dry desert disappears, and in its place a rippling, shimmering, placid sea sparkles and tosses in the growing light. Oft and again have I ridden, like a second Pharoah, out along the passage that opened on before as I advanced, only to look back and see the rippling flood pour steadily in and follow on behind; till, with the growing heat of the advancing sun, the whole phantasm would grow indistinct, and magically disappear.

Thus come and go the dull sun-days of summer, not a cloud overhead, nor a bit of green on the lowlands, day after day, till near October; then comes a gradual change: cool breezes breathe occasionally from the south, clouds white and feathery gather along the horizon and creep up into the blue, until, from every side, their outstretched darkening fingers interlace and clasp each other, the azure patches narrow and are closed, and the whole blank plain is overhung by an unbroken gloomy canopy of gray. Then, often after days of waiting, comes the rain; for the clouds are ripe and drop their fruit like an orchard in the fall. Lightly the first drops fall, lightly they lodge on the brown stems of last summer's flowers and drip from the tasseled beards of the grasses; then increase in strength as they go on falling day after day, week after week, dropping quickly, passionately, and, tossed by the wind, whirl and circle and rush hither and thither, striking spitefully against one another and against the ground, till, worn with the fury and the buffeting, the plain is fairly black in the face.

But the dreariest days are the bleak, cold, cheerless ones that come with the early frost. The air is crisp and piercing, the sun shines, often boldly, but gives no sympathetic warmth. The dry bones of last summer rattle drearily in the water-courses, the wind sweeps over the plains with cold, raw gusts that freeze the very marrow in the bones; and often moving with a violence that throws one to the ground, and pins him there in utter helplessness.

But occasionally there is a rare evening that goes right to the heart. And when one sees the long shadows of the mountains stretch slowly across the plain; and the divine purple afterglow tint peak and rock and stream; watches the rich browns and chocolates on the farther slopes deepen gradually into black; notes the swarthy grandeur of the western sky tossed back from the clouds above the eastern hills; drinks in the peaceful quiet, broken only by the dim murmurings of some overcharged stream that hurries to the river; and then loses all in the structureless darkness of the winter night, only to catch the ghost of the vanished beauties by the light of the twinkling stars—such a one, I think, will not find the Plains of Butte altogether unromantic and prosaic; and with the coming of each succeeding spring-time will look with eagerness, as I have done, for the return of another cycle of its charms.

WARREN CHENEY.

NOTE BOOK.

ANOTHER INDIAN OUTBREAK threatens to plunge the country into another prolonged, expensive, and sanguinary war. Lives have already been lost which, so far as real worth to the world is concerned, outvalue the whole Apache nation. When is this cruel farce to cease? How much longer is the policy of the nation to be directed by those who never saw an Indian outside of the pages of fiction? We must at last come to this truth: that there can be no peace under the present system; that there is no inherent right in the Indian to have large tracts set aside as his preserves; that he has no greater privilege to live at the expense of the Government than any other person under its jurisdiction; that he must work if he does not want to starve; that vagrancy, idleness, and crime in an Indian must be punished with the same severity as in a white man. Every winter the Indians are clothed and fed by the Government; every summer some of the tribes take the warpath, until satiated with plunder and murder, and then a facile submission procures an immediate pardon. This thing cannot be put too strongly. It is time the country should know what privilege an Indian has, more than a white man, to be supported in idleness and to be condoned in crime. Is not the policy most obviously short-sighted? Under the same treatment, the most law-abiding community in the United States would become a band of vagrants and criminals. The Indian has no incentive to work, for the Government will support him; he has no hope of personal wealth, for the land is held in common, and he cannot call an acre his own; he is encouraged in depredations, for he cannot be pursued over the line of his reservation. Naturally he comes to regard himself as a privileged vagrant, whose crimes will be forgiven, and not punished. Every other individual under the law is directly accountable for his actions; but with the Indians—the most savage and lawless class in the country—it is the tribe, and not the individual, which is treated with. Behind this convenient fiction the individual goes free. The United States of America, which is so jealous of the assumptions of its sovereign states, recognizes roving bands within its borders, and makes treaties with them under all the forms and solemnities that it employs with foreign nations. Out of such absurdity nothing but discord can come. The time has certainly arrived for treating the Indian as every other individual is treated. If his rights are infringed, he can invoke the aid of the courts, as other persons are compelled to do. If he commits crime, he must in like manner be held accountable. If he will not assimilate civilization, he must not be allowed to retard it. A proposition to set apart thousands of acres as a fishing and hunting preserve for white persons who were unwilling to work would be laughed down as an absurdity. But a red vagrant has privileges which must cause his white brother—the tramp—to weep with envy.

THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA has been inaugurated with appropriate ceremonies. Advantage of the occasion was also taken to dedicate the Bacon Art and Library Building, and to make public acknowledgment of the various benefactions for which the University is indebted. Of the Bacon building it is sufficient to say, that it is elaborately unfit for the purposes for which it was intended, or rather, for which it was supposed to be intended by every one except the architect. Its deficiencies as a place for the exhibition of works of art bear testimony to the ingenuity of the human intellect. President Reid delivered a thoughtful and admirably written address, which created a favorable impression, and which was listened to with marked attention, except by a few persons who indulged in hissing, to show that they had enjoyed the advantages of a classical education, and were prepared at all times to make public demonstration of its superiority. As President Reid has been very generally misrepresented in regard to the portion of his address in which he referred to the classics, it is only fair that he should be judged by his own words, which are quite different from those which have been attributed to him:

"It is certainly sufficiently well known to need no rehearsing here, that the reason for the prominence given to the Latin and Greek in all schools of learning in early times was quite different from the reason at present assigned for continuing them in their old-time prominence. They were assigned the chief place in schools; they were, in fact, made to form substantially the course of study, because they were well nigh the only approach to a liberal education: for all recorded knowledge thought to be valuable and available had to be reached through them. The Latin, too, was the language of the learned, and until after the fall of Constantinople, and the scattering of scholars over Europe, and the consequent revival of learning, all accessible literature was in the Latin language. The revival of learning brought Greek and its masterpieces before the scholars of Europe, and Latin had to share its prominence with Greek. For long years they were the storehouses of the best thought, and the only literary models; and they were for this reason deservedly made the basis of all education. That reason no longer exists. The great movements that are still going forward, and that have already changed the face of the world, were begun after Latin and Greek had become dead languages. Three or four hundred years of modern civilization have added more

to human knowledge, and the means of material welfare and happiness, than was added by fifteen hundred years of Greek and Roman civilization. And the record of all this advance is to be found in the modern languages; and the investigations that are to work yet greater revolutions in the material and intellectual world will be recorded in these languages. The original reason for the great prominence given to Greek and Latin had, therefore, long ago to be abandoned. But is the reason assigned for continuing them in their present prominence much better? It is said Latin and Greek must form the basis of all liberal education, because in those languages are to be found the great masterpieces of the human mind. But who besides our Greek and Latin professors knows enough of these masterpieces to be justified in expressing an opinion regarding them? How many college graduates can speak of them from familiar personal acquaintance? Speak to any audience of college-bred men of their enjoyment of the treasures of classic literature, and your remarks will be received as a bit of delightful humor.

"That college graduates of even more than average attainments do not read with delight, if they read at all, and do not study, the ancient classics as models of literature, is beyond question. Clearly, then, with the present standard of attainment, the present claim for the prominence of the ancient classics cannot be justified. But I deny the claim that the Latin and the Greek offer models in literature superior to those offered by modern writers. Nay, more, I believe that the literature of Christian civilization is as superior to that of Greece and Rome as the civilization of to-day is superior to that of the times of Pericles and Augustus. And this opens anew, and in its broadest form, the old question of the relative superiority of the ancients and moderns. Into this question I am not prepared, and have not time, to enter. But, you inquire, what is there of value yet left in the study of Latin and Greek, if they are to be studied neither for the knowledge stored up in them, nor for their superiority as literary models. This question drives me to the last acknowledgment, an acknowledgment which I assure you I make with reluctance, and only after much observation and thought. I at present believe in the study of Latin and Greek for purposes of general education, because they offer perhaps the best attainable linguistic training. I say for the present, because I am not certain that there is in either language such inherent superiority over modern languages for linguistic purposes as to entitle them to the place they now justly hold. They are at present best, because the methods in use in their study are better than those with which we are acquainted in other languages. The study of Latin and Greek is better organized, the ground has been thoroughly worked over, and all, or nearly all, of its capabilities are known, and may be used to the best purpose. I believe, however, that the time is fast coming when English and other modern languages will be so studied as to offer to the great majority of students advantages more valuable for their purposes than those now offered by the ancient classics. And this is one of the problems which I hope to see this University take an honorable name in helping to solve. But I must not leave the subject of the classics without saying that, notwithstanding all that I have said, I would have our chairs of Latin and Greek maintained in all their efficiency: bettered if possible.

"Greek and Latin must always be of the greatest service to the special student of language and literature; and they deserve, and must long receive at the hands of the special student, the homage that has so long been accorded to them. A university without them would be like a man without an arm."

EDITORIAL ADVERTISMENT is something which is shunned by all respectable publications. The advertising columns are open to those who desire to make announcements of their wares. The quasi indorsement of goods in the "reading matter" is unfair to the public and to the other advertisers. And yet there are exceptions to all rules. And it is believed that in the history of this magazine the time has arrived for the solitary exception to the rule against editorial advertisements. But whether the time has come or not, the advertisement shall be given. When this magazine was started, no man contributed more to its success than Mr. A. Roman. He had been long in business in San Francisco, and was known far and wide as one of the most genial and honorable publishers on the continent. His large acquaintance and long experience made his assistance invaluable to this magazine. And in recognition of these services, we desire to give the widest possible publicity and advertisement to the fact, that Mr. Roman has again started in business as bookseller and publisher; that his place of business is Room 15, at number 120 Sutter Street, San Francisco; and that he is prepared to supply anything and everything in his line, from a sheet of note-paper to a complete library in bindings warranted to match the carpet. We mention this last with the special purpose of influencing the patronage of our rich men in his favor.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

For the convenience of readers desiring to purchase, publishers are requested to mark price on books forwarded for review.

AMERICAN NERVOUSNESS: ITS CAUSES AND CONSEQUENCES. By George M. Beard. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1881. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co. (Cloth, $1.50.)

Nervousness, a disease which has developed principally within the present century, is defined by Dr. Beard to be deficieny or lack of nerve force, and is to be rigidly distinguished from simple excess of emotion, and from organic disease. Says the author:

"The chief and primary cause of this development and very rapid increase of nervousness is *modern civilization*, which is distinguished from the ancient by these five characteristics: steam-power, the periodical press, the telegraph, the sciences, and the mental activity of women. Civilization is the one constant factor without which there can be little or no

nervousness, and under which in its modern form nervousness must arise inevitably. Among the secondary and tertiary causes of nervousness are climate, institutions—civil, political, and religious—personal habits, indulgence of appetites and passions. The greater prevalence of nervousness in America is a complex resultant of a number of influences, the chief of which are dryness of the air, extremes of heat and cold, civil and religious liberty, and the great mental activity made necessary and possible in a new and productive country under such climatic conditions."

Coexcitent with this increase of nervousness, and partly caused by it, is an increase of longevity. Brain-workers are declared to be, on the average, long-lived: the very greatest geniuses being the longest lived of all. The chapter devoted to this subject is one of the most fascinating of the work.

"The leading factors, accounting for the long life of those who live by brain-labor, are:

"1. *The inherent and essential healthfulness of brain-work, when unaccompanied by worry.* To work is to grow; and growth, except it be forced, is always healthful. It is as much the function of the brain to cerebrate, as of the stomach to digest; and cerebration, like digestion, is normal, physiological, and healthful. In all bodily functions the exercise of force develops more force; work evolves strength for work. A plant that is suffered to bud and bloom is more sturdy and longer lived than the plant that is kept from the light, or trimmed of all its blossoms. By thinking, we gain the power to think; functional activity, within limits, tends to vigor and the self-preservation of an organ, and of the body to which the organ belongs. The world has been taught that the brain can be developed only at the expense of the other organs of the body; granting that brain-work strengthens the brain itself, the rest of the body is impoverished thereby—hence disease, and early death; but it is certain that the very best of the brain-working classes are, on the average, well developed muscularly; and in size and weight of body are superior to the purely muscle-working classes, although their muscles may not be as large, or hard, or powerful as they would be if more used.

"2. *Brain-workers have less worry and more positive comfort and happiness than muscle-workers.* Worry is the converse of work; the one develops force, the other checks its development, and wastes what already exists. Work is growth; worry is interference with growth. Worry is to work what the chafing of a plant against the walls of a green-house is to limitless expansion in the free air. In the successful brain-worker, worry is transferred into work; in the muscle-worker, work too often degrades into worry. Brain-work is the highest of all antidotes to worry; and the brain-working classes are therefore less distressed about many things, less apprehensive of indefinite evil, and less disposed to magnify minute trials, than those who live by the labor of the hands. To the happy brain-worker, life is a long vacation; while the muscle-worker often finds no joy in his daily toil, and very little in the intervals. Scientists, physicians, lawyers, clergymen, orators, statesmen, literati, and merchants, when successful, are happy in their work, without reference to the reward; and continue to labor in their special callings long after the necessity has ceased. Where is the hod-carrier that finds joy in going up and down a ladder? And from the foundation of the globe until now, how many have been known to persist in ditch-digging, or sewer-laying, or in any mechanical or manual calling whatsoever, after the attainment of independence? Good fortune gives good health. Nearly all the money of the world is in the hands of brain-workers; to many, in moderate amounts, it is essential to life, and in large or comfortable amount it favors long life. Longevity is the daughter of comfort. Of the many elements that make up happiness, mental organization, physical health, fancy, friends, and money—the last is, for the average man, greater than any other, except the first. Loss of money costs more lives than the loss of friends, for it is easier to find a friend than a fortune. Almost all muscle-workers are born, live, and die, poor. To live on the slippery path that lies between extreme poverty on one side and the gulf of starvation on the other; to take continual thought of to-morrow, without any good result of such thought; to feel each anxious hour that the dreary treadmill by which we secure the means of sustenance for a hungry household may, without warning, be closed by any number of forces, over which one has no control; to double and triple all the horrors of want and pain, by anticipation and rumination—such is the life of the muscle-working classes of modern civilized society; and when we add to this the cankering annoyance that arises from the envying of the fortunate brain-worker who lives in ease before his eyes, we marvel not that he dies young, but rather that he lives at all.

"3. *Brain-workers live under better sanitary conditions than muscle-workers.* They have better food and drink, warmer clothing, breathe purer air, and are less exposed to fatal accident and the poison of disease. None of the occupations are ideal; none fulfill all the laws of health; but the muscle-working callings are all more or less unhealthy; tradesmen, artisans, common laborers, and even farmers (who combine muscle with brain-work), all are forced to violate sanitary law, every hour and moment; not one out of ten have enough good food; many are driven by passion and hunger to excess in the worst forms of alcoholic liquors; for a large number, sleep is a luxury of which they never have sufficient for real recuperation; healthful air is but rarely breathed by the laboring classes of any large city; exposure to weather, that brings on fatal inflammatory diseases; accidents that cripple or kill;—in all these respects, the muscle-worker, as compared with the brain-worker, is at stupendous disadvantage.

"4. *The nervous temperament, which usually predominates in brain-workers, is antagonistic to fatal, acute, inflammatory disease, and favorable to long life.* Comparative statistics have shown that those in whom the nervous temperament prevails, live longer than those in whom any one of the other temperaments prevail, and common observation confirms the statement. Nervous people, if not too feeble, may die every day. They do not die; they talk of death, and each day expect it, and yet they live. Many of the most annoying nervous diseases, especially of the functional, and some even of the structural varieties, do not rapidly destroy life, and are, indeed, consistent with great longevity. I have known a number of men and women who were nervous invalids for half a century or more, and died at an advanced age. It is one of the compensations of nervousness that it protects the system against those febrile and inflammatory diseases that are so rapidly fatal to the sanguine and the phlegmatic; the nervous man can expose himself to malaria, to cold and dampness, with less danger of disease, and with less danger of death if he

should contract disease, than his tough and hardy brother. This was shown in our late war, when delicate, ensanguined youth, followed by the fears of friends, went forth to camp and battle, and not only survived, but grew stout amid exposures that prostrated by thousands the lumbermen of Maine, and the sons of the plow and the anvil. In the conflict with fevers and inflammations, strength is often weakness, and weakness becomes strength—we are saved through debility. Still further, my studies have shown that, of distinctively nervous diseases, those which have the worst pathology and are the most hopeless, such as locomotor ataxia, progressive muscular atrophy, apoplexy with hemiplegia, and so on, are more common and more severe and more fatal among the comparatively vigorous and strong, than among the most delicate and finely organized. Cancer, even, goes hardest with the hardy, and is most relievable in the nervous.

"The incidental and important proof of the correlation of nervousness and longevity is afforded in those statistics of the comparative longevity of the sexes.

"Women, with all their nervousness—and in civilized lands women are more nervous, immeasurably, than men, and suffer more from general and special nervous diseases—yet live quite as long as men, if not somewhat longer; their greater nervousness and far greater liability to functional diseases of the nervous system being compensated for by their smaller liability to certain acute and inflammatory disorders, and various organic nervous diseases, likewise, such as the general paralysis of insanity.

"There is evidence that Americans, on the average, live longer than Europeans; and American insurance companies that have used the English life-tables as a basis for policies have gained thereby, at the expense of the policy-holder.

"5. *Brain-workers can adapt their labor to their moods and hours and periods of greatest capacity for labor better than muscle-workers.* In nearly all intellectual employments there is large liberty; literary and professional men especially are so far masters of their time that they can select the hours and days for their most exacting and important work, and when from any cause indisposed to hard thinking, can rest and recreate, or limit themselves to mechanical details. Thus, there is less of the dreadful in their lives; they work when work is easy, when the desire and the power are in harmony; and, unlike their less fortunate brother in the mill or shop or diggings, need not waste their force in urging themselves to work. Forced labor, against the grain of one's nature, is always as expensive as it is unsatisfactory; it tells on the health and happiness and on life. Even coarser natures have their moods, and the choicest spirits are governed by them; and they who worship their moods do most wisely; and those who are able to do so are the fortunate ones of earth.

"Again, brain-workers do their best work between the ages of twenty-five and forty-five; before that period they are preparing to work; after that period, work, however extensive it may be, becomes largely accumulation and routine. Lawyers and physicians do much of their practice after forty; but to practice is easy, to learn is hard—and the learning is done before forty or forty-five. In all directions the French motto holds true: "It is the first step that costs." Successful merchants lay the foundations of fortune in youth and middle life, to accumulate, and recreate, and take one's ease in old age; thus they make the most when they are doing the least, and only become rich after they have ceased trying to be so. With muscle-workers, there is but little accumulation, and only a limited increase of reward; and in old age, after their strength has begun to decline, they must, with increasing expense, work even harder than before.

"To this should be added the fact, that manual employments cost nearly as much force after they are learned as before; they can never, like many intellectual callings, become so far forth spontaneous as to require little effort. It is as hard to lay a stone wall after one has been laying it fifty years as during the first year. The range of muscular growth and development is narrow, compared with the range of mental growth; the day laborer soon reaches the maximum of his strength. The literary or scientific worker goes on from strength to strength, until what at twenty-five was impossible, and at thirty difficult, at thirty-five becomes easy, and at forty a pastime; and besides, he has the satisfaction that the work done so easily at thirty-five and forty is incomparably better than the work done with so much difficulty at twenty-five."

A Short History of Art. By Julia B. de Forest. Illustrated. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1881. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

As an introduction to the study of art, which indeed is all it purports to be, this book will be found reasonably satisfactory. It has, of course, the imperfections necessarily incident to an attempt to cover all time in three hundred and fifty pages. One is reminded somewhat of the American statesman who, having devoted forty-eight hours to the study of political economy, presented himself to his constituents as a master of finance. But there are a great many persons to whom it is desirable that the information should be conveyed that Michael Angelo Buonarotti and Raphael Sanzio lived, and are unfortunately dead; and that in some minor points they were the equals, if not the superiors, of the artists of village renown. In other words, as an elementary work the book may be commended.

Contrasts. By M. R. Grendel. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. For sale in San Francisco by Billings, Harbourne & Co.

This story opens in the puritan village of Norton. The Widow Haven has with her two young girls, her grandchildren—the offspring of her daughter and a young Southerner. Both of these parents are dead, and Maggie and Becky Forrest have been reared by their grandmother, with rigid puritanical ideas, including an abhorrence of slavery, and of Southern institutions in general. Becky is plain, quiet, and determined in character; Maggie is beautiful and volatile. On the death of the Widow Haven they are transferred to the custody of their Southern grandparents, and immersed in an entirely new life. "Grandpa" is a quick, irascible, but easily managed person, and his character is exceedingly well drawn.

The "contrasts" for which the book is named are found in the persons of the two girls, in the different civilizations North and South, and in innumerable unimportant personages throughout the book. The publishers, caught with the infection, and determined that there should be no lack of "contrasts," have bound the book in two colors, and lettered it on the outside in as many more. There is a love story, of course, and a "plot," which is not worse than that of the latter-day novel generally, and which has here and there a strong situation. We note with regret evidences of careless proof-reading.

YOUNG FOLKS' HISTORY OF AMERICA. Edited by Hezekiah Butterworth. Illustrated. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. 1881.

Mr. Butterworth is so well known as the author of the "Zigzag" series, that one is not surprised to find that he makes history very attractive and story-like. The illustrations are profuse, and on the whole admirably designed. One is somewhat puzzled, however, at page 243, to find the "stars and stripes" flying from the breast-works at Bunker Hill. But, on the whole, such books as this of Mr. Butterworth's cannot fail of good effect.

MISCELLANEOUS PUBLICATIONS.

From A. L. BANCROFT & Co. we have received the following late numbers of the Franklin Square Library: No. 194, *An Ocean Free-Lance*, by W. Clark Russell; No. 196, *To-day in America*, by Joseph Hatton; No. 197, *Ayala's Angel*, by Anthony Trollope; No. 199, *Sidney*, by Georgiana M. Craik; No. 200, *Letters of Madame de Rémusat;* No. 201, *The Black Speck;* No. 202, *Raseda*, by Mrs. Randolph; No. 203, *Warlock of Glenwarlock*, by George Macdonald.

In the same library, a *Song Collection* has been issued, containing a large number of old and familiar songs admirably selected. Many of the songs are accompanied by notes, explaining the circumstances under which the same were written.

The same firm have also (in "Cassell's Popular Library" form) the *Rev. Rowland Hill*, preacher and wit, by Edward W. Broome; *Thorncliffe Hall* ($1), by Daniel Wise; *No Gentlemen*, a novel originally written under the title of "Yours Truly"; *Wood Magic*, a fable by Richard Jefferies.

Mr. William J. Rolfe has added "Cymbeline" and "The Comedy of Errors" to his admirable Shaksperian series. For accuracy of text and convenience of form this edition is unexceled.

BILLINGS, HARBOURNE & Co. have, in paper cover, *Mademoiselle Bismark*, from the French of Henri Rochefort.

The same firm have also for sale the second book of Putnam's Son's series on English Philosophy. This volume is devoted to David Hartley and James Mill, and is from the pen of G. S. Bower.

The Art of Speech is the name of a work by L. T. Townsend, which is divided into two parts, consisting respectively of studies in eloquence and in logic. *Lorimer and Wife* is a readable novel by Margaret Lee. The publisher is George W. Harlan, of New York. (Paper, 50 cents.) Emma E. Brewster has made a selection of plays, pantomimes, and charades in a little book called *Parlor Varieties*. Whether this lady is the author or compiler is not known. We can commend as useful a *Handbook of English Synonyms*, by L. J. Campbell. It devotes same space to showing the correct use of prepositions, parts of speech which are woefully sinned against.

UNIVERSITY CALIFORNIA

OUTCROPPINGS.

DIPS AND SPURS BY LOCK MELONE.

A SOAP-EATING MATCH.

George Philbrick once kept a boarding-house at Truckee. Tom Higginbottom, one of his boarders, came in one morning, yawned, sat down, yawned again, and said:

"How long is it till breakfast? 'Pears to me breakfast is mighty late. I could eat a bar of soap."

Breakfast was late, for some reason. George was irritated, probably over that, and Tom's remark seemed to increase his irritation. He replied in a rasping tone: "You couldn't eat a piece of soap to save your life."

His manner and tone fired up Tom, who jerked out:

"I'll bet twenty dollars I can eat a bar of soap quicker 'n you can!"

"I'll take the bet," said the landlord, slapping a twenty-dollar gold-piece down on a table.

Tom was not a young man who was in the habit of carrying twenty-dollar gold-pieces around in his pockets.

He was trammeled by a limited income and an unlimited outcome.

But he looked around among the boarders congregated for breakfast, and raised the money to cover

George's twenty. He assured them that he could pay them back at the end of the contest, or at the end of his bar of soap.

Judges were selected to determine who won. George brought in two bars of soap. They were common yellow washing-soap, from twelve to fourteen inches long. Didn't look very appetizing. He asked Tom if he had any choice as to brands. The latter said he had none. That so far as he knew, one brand of soap tasted as good as another. All he wanted was to get to eating.

They were to start at the clapping of the hands of the senior judge. Each held his bar of soap with one end pointing firmly toward his mouth. George was standing up, and grasped his in a determined manner in his right hand. He was right-handed, and believed in capital punishment. While Tom was sitting, and his bar was held in his left hand. He was left-handed, and believed in ghosts.

Tom weighed near two hundred pounds; George, about one hundred and fifty. Some one called the latter's attention to the fact that his opponent was larger than he, and would consequently hold more soap. He replied:

"Don't care; one hundred and fifty pounds is my soap-eating weight."

Tom was cross-eyed, and as he looked steadily and earnestly at his bar of soap, awaiting the signal, some one remarked:

"Tom, don't you see two bars of soap in your hand?"

"No. Why?"

"Well, if you do, you'd better shut one eye, and reduce the amount of soap."

It was spring-time among the summits of the Sierras. Everything looked beautiful. They could not have chosen a more pleasant time for eating soap. The weather suggested soap eating.

The signal was given, and the start made. George, in his eagerness to win, rammed his bar in too far, on the start. He chewed more than he could bite off. But he remedied this by biting off what he could chew.

Neither party seemed to care for the mere biting of the soap, but when they came to chew it, the wrinkles, deep and deathly earnest, spread away from their mouths longitudinally, and latitudinally, and numerously. They could be seen to climb Tom's face, and disappear in his thick hair; but in George's case, who was bald, they would mount to the top of his head, pass over the summit, and go wrinkling down his back.

They didn't seem to be enjoying themselves.

Their friends began to fear that what had begun in play would end in a fight. Because the contestants began to froth at the mouth. They were not angry, though. Soapsuds.

George appeared as if he would prefer sugar. Tom, as if he would like to change even for sand.

There was no faltering. Determination was still written on their fronts. The pen, though, had been dipped in disgust.

Men will become stubborn in a contest over a small matter. They care more for victory than the fruits of it. Two farmers will sacrifice their farms and beggar their families in a lawsuit about the ownership of a mangy, runty pig.

But then, eating a bar of soap is no small matter.

When they had each eaten about two inches of soap, every time George swallowed a piece it seemed to want to come back to see what he did it for. But he would not be outdone by a piece of soap. While Tom's eyes were full of tears, and looked as if he longed to be at the old home in the East, where he could lay his head in his mother's lap and weep, and weep, and weep.

Betting was pretty lively among the spectators. As George passed the half-way point, he was leading Tom by three-fourths of an inch. The betting was against the latter. Shortly, however, he made a spurt, and went a half-inch beyond his opponent. His mouth did. This elicited applause. For a short time the betting was two in his favor to one against. George after a while forged ahead again.

Persons will watch another eat something good, and their mouths will water—want to assist him. No one, though, showed any desire to assist in this case.

Eating soap before breakfast was hard on the contestants. It would have been better after breakfast, when there was no qualmishness of the stomach. Or just before going to bed, to give them beautiful soap-bubble dreams.

When in a few inches of the end of the race-course, George's expression was sour, sick, and soapish. Tom's indicated that he was fully prepared to hold no more soap.

The manufacturer probably had not intended the soap for table-use. Tub-use, rather.

Both, doubtless, would have preferred to finish the race by proxy. No one, however, offered to hire out to eat soap.

George had a spur in this: he feared if defeated, his business would be injured by it. Boarders would fall away. He knew how the public turns to the victor. The reputation of his house depended upon him. He ate dutifully and bravely on. Soapsuds flew.

On the home stretch, Tom's neck was observed to suddenly stretch. Lump stuck in his throat.

Finally, George, with a splendid burst of speed, came out an inch ahead. His friends shouted and gathered around him. Everybody was his friend, now. He tried to smile on them. Very sickly. They wanted to put him on their shoulders and pack him around. He motioned them away. There was sadness in the wave of his hand. They then presented him a box of soap in a neat little speech. He arose. Everybody expected a reply of soap-bubble

brilliancy. It could be seen that this little act of his friends had filled him with emotion. He moved. His feelings carried him away. Carried him into the washroom to a basin.

For twenty minutes he was boisterously and ridiculously sick.

Tom, between defeat and disappointment, soapsuds and sickness, kept his bed for a week.

What Do We Eat?

A well-known writer asks, "What do we eat?"

As I take my meals at a boarding-house, I am hardly prepared to answer.

However, we have bologna sausage, sometimes, for lunch. I don't know what the stuffing is composed of. I suppose you know what the weather-boarding of a sausage is.

We have stews. Not made of fowl, though; for we find indications of some other kind of an animal. Hair.

We have stewed prunes in their season.

We have puddings, but I don't know what they are made of. I am no assayer. They don't seem to be acclimated—look sickly. I feel sorry for them.

There is mustard on the table when the landlady can find any in the market.

There are two Dutch boarders. We have Limburger cheese. I never could imagine what it was made of. Something awful.

We have pie; the cross-barred pie, the pie with a lid on, and the pie with open countenance. I am ignorant of their contents. I confine myself to the pie with a lid on. Eat without questions, and without raising the lid. The other boarders eat the open-countenance pie and the cross-barred pie. Do it with open countenances.

We have hash; dry, fine-cut, and plug hash. Here again I feel my ignorance.

Occasionally we have boiled eggs on the table for breakfast. We never break them open. We are timid.

We have butter. No one of the present age can tell of what it is composed. It belongs away back.

We have no turkey, no goose, no oyster. Have codfish.

Have no wines, but we have some fine old pepper-sauce.

We have no quail on toast. Nor on anything else.

I have made efforts to gather information that would enable me to answer your question more satisfactorily.

I said to my landlady, "What do we eat?" She blushed—she is coy—and said she was busy; to call in the evening, and we would talk it over. I called. She was not at home. Very coy.

We have potatoes warmed over.

Lock Melone.

My Lady Shops.

Mr. Charles Barnard gives the following description of a London Co-operative Store in his late work, "Co-operation as a Business":

"Victoria street, Westminster, is the uttermost reach of social ambition. You can't get any higher than the West End, for that's the end of the social world. Victoria Street begins at the Abbey and ends at Palace Road, and makes one of the grand streets of London, sombre, severe, and impressively dull. Midway in this fashionable avenue is a large three-story building, looking much like a club house or some public institution. Its grand porch and brilliant windows suggest wealth and eminent respectability. It is here my lady shops. This immense building is her grocer's, her milliner's, her drapery, stationery, and drug store. It is here her husband, the Major-General, buys his wines and cigars.

"Once my lady's carriage stopped the way on Regent Street, while obsequious shopmen stood bareheaded with a smiling face in the rain at the carriage door while she selected patterns. Now she has gone away to the West End, and Regent street mourns bitterly in Parliamentary Blue Books. On Victoria Street my lady does what she never did before—gets out, enters the grand building, and climbs the stairs, eagerly hunting for bargains. At Regent Street she was received with an unmanly servility and a certain veiled persistency on the part of the shopman, that did no credit to shopper or shopman. Then she bought something, whether she would or no. No one presumed to ask her for money, and the goods were sent home with a bill. My lady may pay when she pleases, a year hence, long after the goods are worn out and forgotten; but when she does pay she submits to a degree of extortion that it is a wonder has not killed all trade long ago. The blight of credit has fallen on Regent Street, and the wail of the shopman is heard in the land.

"At No. 117 Victoria Street my lady must struggle through a surging crowd of eager buyers, climb long stairways, and force her way alone and unaided to the counter where the things she wishes are to be found. Up stairs and down, throughout the entire building, from cellar to garret, is one huge conglomeration of shops, a London "Bon Marche," or kind of aristocratic "Macy's." The shopman receives my lady with quiet politeness, and nothing more. He asks for her ticket, and she must show him the valuable bit of paper that entitles her to shop at these counters. She asks for what she wishes, and it is shown to her without solicitation to purchase, and in silence. The goods selected, he asks for the money. My lady must pay cash. She appears glad to do so, and leaving her address, with a request that the goods be sent home, she finds her way to other departments, or passes out through the highly aristocratic crowd to the street, where her carriage is only one of a long line of elegant equipages belonging to the very

first families. Throughout all the huge bazar there is no noise or confusion, and the affliction of the cash boy and the floor-walker are unknown.

"Rich and titled people in England early saw the value of the co-operator's idea. This great warehouse, containing under one roof more than a score of retail shops, is the tangible expression of their belief in co-operation. This is the Army and Navy Co-operative Society's principal warehouse and central office; these thousands of customers coming in their own carriages represent its members. The weavers of Rochdale combined their frugal pennies to buy a sack of flour, which they sold to themselves at the regular retail price. A few clerks in the London post-office, anxious concerning half-pence, contributed a shilling each to buy a chest of tea. They hid it under the office stairs, and "after hours" doled it out to each other at cost. The success of the venture induced them to try again, and more chests of tea were bought; but the authorities would not permit such petty trading in a public building, and turned the tea-chests into the street. The British shopman sometimes remarks that the clerks should have been turned out, too, for indulging in such infamous schemes of personal gain. The clerks at once formed a small society, under what was then known as the "Friendly Society Act," (now called the Industrial Act) and opened a store that soon earned the name of the "Post-office Store." In 1866, the store took the name of the Civil Service Store, for the membership of the society began to recognize other civil servants beside post-office employees. It became known that these really civil servants had a good thing, and my lord, and honorable K. C. B., F. R. S. G., and so on, rushed to pursue the enticing bargains offered in Monkwell Street. The narrow street became blockaded with the carriages of high and gentle folks, in a lively race after the shillings that might be earned in the pound by trading at this wonderfully cheap shop.

"From the civil servants society sprung up in time a number of others: The Civil Service Supply Association, The Junior Civil Service Supply Association, The Army and Navy Co-operative Society, and others working on the same plan. All of these associations are owned, managed, and patronized by people of high social position and ample means. The honorables, the admirals, knights, and clergymen interested in these co-operative societies would probably resent being called traders. They even resented being called co-operators, and for years would have nothing to do with their more numerous brethren of Yorkshire and Lancashire. They claimed, not so much to make money, as to save money. The societies were practically close corporations, and the public were excluded alike from their buildings and the profits. No allocation of profits or dividends or purchases or educational funds for my lady. She had an eye single for bargains, and only demanded that the place be closed against the common world, and that the goods be cheap. Beyond bargains, my lord and lady cared nothing. Were the goods as represented, were they promptly delivered, and under the market price? This is all they cared; and while the stores offered this, my ladyships would throng in aristocratic mobs to the Army and Navy store, and leave Regent Street to its fate. After a few years of this sort of treatment, Regent Street became alarmed at the wonderful progress and gigantic trade of these titled co-operators, and appealed to Parliament, requesting that these public servants, clerks, admirals, colonels, and consuls be forbidden to save their shillings, and be compelled to buy of the shopkeepers who paid the very taxes whereby these honorables and K. C. B.'s were supported.

"The opposition of the traders worked exactly as might be expected. It cemented the Civil Service stores with their far more active and aggressive fellows of the North. Toad Lane shook hands with Victoria Street, and now all the co-operations are more or less united and fully able to take care of themselves. The position of the united co-operators, rich and poor, those who sell cheap and those who divide profits on sales, is practically unassailable. They have clearly come to stay. They are a factor in the world's work, and deserve the respectful attention of trade and business wherever in the world there be farms or shops."

THE KINKS OF FASHION.

All the girls
In Santa Cruz
Wear cork-screw curls
And montagues;

While over there
In Monterey
The style for hair
Is *negligé*.

In San Joaquin
One ringlet hangs;
But naught is seen
In Galt but bangs;

Down South, they say,
Hair's crimped before;
At San José
It's *pompadour*;

And speech declares
It is a poser,
The way it fares
At Santa Rosa;

But all at naught
Their kinks and frizzes—
My heart is caught
By pretty Lizzie's.

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THE HONOR OF A FAMILY.

I.

"Three lights a-burnin', and nary ship at sea!" So saying, the mistress of the poorhouse blew out one of three candles, all in a row.

Three old women looked up from their sewing, and the least aged said:

"Land sakes alive, Mis' Rogers! don't the taown find us in candles? What's the use of bein' so pesky stingy abaout light?"

"The town finds you poor folks in candles, but not to waste," said the matron, with severity. "And 'willful waste makes woeful want'—which is the reason why some folks is in the poorhouse, instead of bein' to home, and under their own ruff."

This pointed rebuke silenced the old woman, who resumed her sewing, which was upon a long white garment, ghastly and cold. One of the old women who was sewing on the other end of the work spoke up, and said:

"This shroud is e'enamost done, and I cal'late it'll be wanted to-night. I looked at Emmy a little while ago, and she seems to be failin' fast. Don't you think so Mis' Rogers?"

The poorhouse mistress, with a shade of impatience in her voice, replied:

"Wal, I s'pose so. It's low tide at two in the mornin', and I rather guess she'll go out on the ebb tide. They mostly do. Goodness knows she's been long enough a gittin' ready. The town of Fairport had no call to throw her onto us; and if I had been one of the selectmen of Murchville, I'd have kerried it into the county court afore I'd have stood it."

The idea of Mistress Rogers carrying an appeal into the court seemed to awe the three old women; and one of them, dropping her voice to a low whisper, and looking toward a half-open door, through which could be seen a dimly lighted sleeping-room, said:

"Can't you get her to tell the name of the father of that child of her'n before she goes? She's dretful particular, seems to me, to carry that secret into the grave with her."

"'Tain't no use—not the least bit. I've coaxed and coaxed," rejoined the mistress,

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"but it don't do the least mite of good. I should admire to know who was the father of that child; but she holds onto it like grim death, and she'll kerry his name, whatever it is, down in sorrer to the grave with her."

A low moan from the next room attracted the attention of the mistress; and, removing the candle which she had just extinguished, she betook herself to the side of poor Emmeline Kench, who lay a-dying in the Murchville poorhouse.

There had been a long dispute betwixt the towns of Fairport and Murchville, as to which of the two should be held responsible for the support of Emmeline Kench, a pauper. There was a time when the woman who now lay waiting for death was a bright, winsome, and giddy girl. Hers was that delicate and fragile beauty which, among the inhabitants of the Maine sea-coast, too often betokens a tendency toward consumption. She was the daughter of 'Siah Kench, an old vagabond, who maintained himself by doing odd jobs about the wharves of the "Port," as the village of Fairport, on the other side of the harbor, was called. 'Siah had been left a widower when his wife gave birth to Emmeline; and the child grew up in the houses of those of the charitable who were willing to receive her, after she had been duly nursed into girlhood at the poor-farm of Fairport. As soon as she was old enough, Emmeline went out to service, and adopted the calling of "hired gal" as her own.

People wondered whence the girl got her remarkable beauty; she seemed as frail and fair as a lily. Her delicately molded face was tinged with the color of a cinnamon-rose; and her golden hair, usually flying in the wind, to the great scandal of the staid townsfolk, was of that silken fineness which poets rave of and seldom see. Nobody remembered her mother's looks. She had left behind her only a vague memory of a faded, unkempt, ill-clad woman. But there was her father, slouching about the wharves every day—a hard-featured, frouzy fellow, with a battered sou'wester on his head, and wearing garments that had been so often patched and darned by his own weather-beaten hands that no man could tell what was their original color and material. Old 'Siah did not look as if his was the parent stock from which this delicate flower had sprung.

But, notwithstanding her apparent fragility, Emmeline was by no means a feeble creature. Wherever she went among the families of Fairport and Murchville—and she changed her place full often—she made herself welcome as "a master hand to work." She could milk, make butter, and do the general housework of a large family; get out a big week's washing before most other girls were astir in the morning; and she could, on a pinch, sally forth to the wood-pile and chop her own fuel. Once, when some of the curious neighbors who lived on the Fairport common heard somebody loading a wheelbarrow with chips, night after night, at the new school-house, and go whistling down the path, they discovered that it was Emmy, who took this method of providing her kindlings. And once, when Bob Booden, a rough fisherman of the Port, attempted to kiss the willful girl, at an apple-paring-bee, she cuffed his ears so soundly that the water stood in his eyes as he groaned, "Gosh! the gal's got a fist like a man-o'-war's-man."

Fickle, unstable, and hard to please, Emily flitted from family to family, but oftenest hired her services to the Grindles, a staid household of Murchville. This village is an old-fashioned one, opposite Fairport, and inhabited by a few scattered dwellers by the sea-shore, who earn a livelihood by tilling the ungrateful ground, fishing in the bay, and chopping, with sparing hands, the scanty growths which cover the hills back of the village. The Grindle family were said to be "forehanded." It was commonly reported that they had money out at interest; and it was a matter of public concern that they owned a sixteenth of the ship St. Leon, trading to foreign parts, and returning once a year to Fairport with a cargo of Cadiz salt.

The Grindles lived in one household, after the good old patriarchal fashion, in a big, gambrel-roofed house, on a bluff that

overlooked the harbor, and the village of Fairport on the further side. "Old man Grindle," as he was called by his neighbors, kept as many of his boys at home as possible. Two of them went away to sea, and seldom returned to the Port. The old man was the head of the household, dividing his sway with none. His wife had died when she was yet a young woman, leaving behind her ten children, the eldest of whom, Priscilla, now served in her place, with her husband, Nathan Sawyer, who was perpetually "at loggerheads" with the rest of the family. Nathan was a stingy man, much given to quarreling with his fellow-men, and so addicted to litigation of various kinds, that it was a common saying in the two towns, that "Nath Sawyer was so terrible fond of lawing, that he'd rather go without a meal's vittles than be without a lawsuit."

His easy-going brother-in-law, Isaac Grindle, fond of his violin and his comfortable seat by the fireside, could not abide the pragmatic and alert ways of Nathan; and he told his sisters that he could feel his flesh creep whenever he heard Nathan scolding the hired help about the place. The Grindles usually kept at least two hired girls, which was one evidence of forehandedness. And the management of a growing brood of grandchildren—for there were three married daughters in the house—gave employment to many hands.

Isaac steadily refused all advice from his sisters on the subject of marriage. He was what is known in the region as "a likely man," in spite of his easy-going ways. He was as handsome as a young viking, blonde, brawny, supple of limb, and gifted with a voice which, when he sang old-fashioned ballads to the music of his violin, moved the hearts of those who heard. Nathan, alone of all the family, could not admire Isaac's melodious strains. And he never could see what good there was "in wastin' so much time over an everlastin' squeakin' fiddle."

But Isaac played and sung serenely on, conscious that he was his father's favorite, and that Nath's growling never came to aught. He did his full share of the work allotted to the various members of the family; and, as the old man proudly said, "kept his end up," whenever there was any laborious task to be gone into by all the men on the place. But no rustic gathering was complete without Ike Grindle and his violin. Many a girl renowned for her beauty through all the country-side, where there are not a few beautiful women, had vainly "set her cap" for Isaac. And when it was noised abroad that "Emmy Kench was castin' sheep's-eyes at Ike Grindle," there was indignation and incredulity in many homes where there were pretty and marriageable girls, who never forgot that the Grindles were "forehanded."

Poor Emmy vainly tried her blandishments on Isaac. The handsome young giant smiled on the little coquette, romped with her when the elder people were not looking on, and then turned away to his beloved violin, and straightway forgot her.

If Emmy had any real fondness for Isaac, she concealed it so deep down in her shallow little heart that nobody ever suspected it. And when, after flitting about from household to household, in the widely scattered village of Murchville, Emmy flitted quite away and went to Camden, the more staid and demure girls of the neighborhood were really glad that she had gone. In those old-fashioned days it was the custom of the country for servants, or "help," to mix much more freely with their social superiors than is now the rule. In the rural villages, especially, hired men and hired women sat at meat with their employers; and this social custom indicated the general freedom with which the two classes mingled on terms of partial equality. So, when Emmy Kench betook herself and her pretty face to Camden, without a word of explanation, the rustic belles of Murchville said they were glad of it. The young fellows, as they came and went about their fishing and farming, said that it was a pity that "gals were so all-fired envious of each other."

Emmy disappeared from the gossip of Murchville and Fairport; old man Grindle died and was buried; Nathan tightened his

grip on the household; and then, as if in sheer defense, Isaac married Ruby Ray, a masterful, capable, and managing woman from Bangor.

There was great commotion in Murchville when Isaac brought home his wife; and it is quite possible that many of the younger women fancied that they had been somehow cheated of their rights. But Ruby made friends. Though she was a strong and ruling woman, she had a tender heart and an open hand. She dominated Isaac, and she loved him with all the tenderness of a great nature. New England women are not given to much demonstrativeness. It is not a New England trait to wear one's heart upon the sleeve. But even grim Nathan Sawyer could not help seeing that Ruby adored her husband, in the reticent and self-possessed manner which is peculiar to the people of the region.

Emmy had been gone from Murchville nearly two years, when Captain Parker, of the schooner Two Brothers, arriving from East Thomaston with a load of lime, brought a report that Emmeline was living at Owl's Head, but very near to death's door, and with a child of her own, although she was still unmarried. This news was discussed over many a village tea-table. Captain Parker said, in answer to many inquiries, that the child was "about a year and a half old, and as pooty as a pictur'." This was all he knew about it, except that Emmy, hearing that a Fairport captain was in port, had sent to ask if he could take her back with him. This he could not do; he had no room in his little cabin for a woman passenger with a baby; besides, he was to put in to Northport on his way up the bay, and that would detain him at least a day and a half.

There was much virtuous indignation expressed against Emmy, on the part of the villagers; and this broke out afresh, when, one cold November day, as the sloop General Washington hauled up to Tilden's wharf, in Fairport, poor Emmy Kench, looking more dead than alive, was seen huddled up in a sunny corner of the deck, with her baby under her shawl. She had come home to die; and the hacking cough, which sounded now and again from the faded heap which she had made of herself, told of the gradual wasting of the disease which has laid low so many victims to the bleak climate of the coast of Maine.

But where was Emmy's home? The friendless and orphaned girl (for old man Kench had gone the way of all the earth) had no abiding-place anywhere. Then began a dispute as to which of the two towns in which she had lived should be responsible for her support. She was born in Fairport, but she had chiefly dwelt in Murchville. It was from Murchville that she went into another county; so, after much disputation among the selectmen of the two villages, in which the townspeople actively shared, Emmy was "thrown onto" the town of Murchville, the tax payers of which felt that they had not only been worsted in a wordy duel, but had been imposed upon, in the bargain.

And so, to the scene of her former flirtations and triumphs, Emmy had come back to die in the poorhouse. Often, when a gay young girl, Emmy had passed by the cheerless poor-farm with a little pang, which she laughed away with her bird-like blitheness. She had half-scoffed at and half-pitied the aged crones who basked on the weather-beaten platform in front of the house, in the sunny weather; and she had shivered when she had passed that way in winter, and a thin column of smoke from the chimney bespoke the comfortlessness within; and now she lay dying in the north bedroom of the poorhouse.

The old clock on the wall ticked solemnly, measuring off in the stillness the last minutes of poor Emmy's life. One old woman, a solitary watcher, nodded over her sewing at the workhouse table, on which a candle guttered in its iron candlestick, slowly forming a "winding-sheet," as it died down into darkness. The wail of a child from the bedroom startled the woman, who hastily arose, relighted one of the candles, and hurried into the next room.

"Ma's all cold," whimpered the little one; "and she won't speak to me any more."

The old woman glanced at the clock, and muttered:

"Half an hour yet to dead low-water, and she's clean gone!"

Taking the child in her arms, and stilling its murmurs, as if afraid to disturb the mother, whose ear would never more be thrilled on earth by the cry of her child, the old woman looked steadfastly on the face of the dead. In the awful silence of the night, even to this hardened old creature, who had, in her younger days, "gone out to nuss," the rigid form before her put on a strange dignity. Emmy had rest, at last, from trouble and from sin. She had entered into the mystery of the undiscovered country. The old woman regarded the figure before her with a chilly awe and respect. Death clothes the humblest with a nameless dignity.

"The poor cre'tur' died without so much as makin' a sign to tell us who that man was," she whispered to herself. "But I just expect it was somebody in these parts."

So saying, she laid the child, now sleeping tranquilly, on the wooden settle in the kitchen, covering him with a ragged quilt. Then she stealthily, and looking around with guilty fears, turned back the bed-covering, and, with shaking hand, took from the dead woman's breast a worn package of letters. These she had often noted, when engaged in offices for the sick; and these she rightly guessed contained the jealously guarded secret of poor Emmy. There were only two letters, and the watcher had barely time to hide them in her faded gown, when the mistress of the poorhouse entered. She gave one swift glance at the bed, and said, in a half-whisper:

"So she's gone? And didn't she say anything before she dropped off?"

"Nothin', nothin'," said the other. "She just died as quiet as a lamb. Poor thing! She's gone where there ain't no more sorrer. S'posin' we see if there ain't suthin' hid about her clothes," she added, craftily.

"I hope I know what belongs to my position, Almira Sellers," said the mistress, severely. "Ef there's any s'archin' to be done, it's my business. I'm mistress here."

With a scared look, the other drew back, and watched the poorhouse matron searching carefully through the dead woman's scanty clothing. Nothing was found; and, with a sigh of disappointment, the old woman said:

"Wal, it's died with her. That brat'll never know who his own father was. And I s'pose we may as well lay her out. It's mighty lucky you shif'less old cre'tur's got that shroud done in time. And I declare for't! it ain't two o'clock yet. Well, the town's rid of one more pauper; and the next thing is to see what'll be done with that everlastin' boy."

And, as if to emphasize this remark, the child on the settle gave forth a prolonged roar.

"Dear suz me!" cried the matron; "do hush that child! He's enough to wake the dead."

But the dead slept on; and the old nurse crooned to the nameless boy a song which told him that he was a "baby buntin," and "his father had gone a-huntin'."

Emmy's death had solved the difficulty about her maintenance by the town of Murchville. As soon as she was decently buried, proclamation was made through the village that there was a proper man-child at the poor-farm to be adopted by any benevolent or thrifty person who might wish to assume this responsibility, with a view to relieve the town, or to rear up a family drudge. Ruby Grindle, yet a childless wife, heard of the death at the poorhouse with a thrill of satisfaction. She had not wished any harm of the poor girl, to whose latest wants her generous bounty had ministered. But she had coveted the child, a wonderfully handsome boy. Even though she ever had her own will with her easy-going husband, she had not dared to breathe to him anything of the plan which was slowly forming in her mind. But now that the poor waif must be cared for, she spoke out.

At first, Isaac pooh-poohed the scheme of adoption which Ruby proposed. His brother-in-law, Nathan Sawyer, opposed the suggestion with what seemed unnecessary vio-

lence. He would not live in the house which sheltered a beggar's brat, he said. But this opposition only intensified Ruby's determination.

"Nath Sawyer hopes that Ruby'll never have no children," said the shrewd gossips, when his angry words were repeated, with additions, through the neighborhood. "And then, if anything should happen to Ike, Ruby'll only get her thirds; but if they adopt that 'ere young one, ship-shape and accordin' to law, it's as good as if it was reely their own."

No mercenary motive influenced the tender heart of Ruby. Her long-pent motherliness went out to the beautiful and friendless boy. Isaac smiled with a certain mannish solidity, as Mistress Rogers, in the poorhouse kitchen, regarded Ruby fondling the child, and said, "Now don't they make a pooty pictur'?"

It was a pretty picture. Ruby's hair was black, and her solidly molded face wore that variety of complexion which some call "strawberries-and-cream," but which envious and faded matrons said was "Injun-like." The rosy flaxen-haired boy, nestling against her cheek, looked like a cherub out of one of Murillo's pictures. The mature beauty of the woman, her face suffused with a newly awakened affection, glorified the tender grace of the infant's head, now pillowed on her cheek.

For once, Isaac had sided with his brother-in-law. He did not approve of Ruby's plan for adopting the child. He thought it would "only be a pesky bother about the house"; besides, if Nathan disapproved of the scheme, he would dislike the boy, and would make trouble for him in the house as he grew up.

"I can defend the child, if you can't," said Ruby, with flashing eyes. "Let Nath Sawyer ever lay a finger on my child, and I'll make him sorry to the end of his life."

So, with the arguments which a strong-hearted and loving wife can use, Ruby had her way. The boy, unconscious of the great change in his destiny which was now taking place, was adopted into the comfortable household of the Grindles. The elder sister of the family looked coldly upon the newcomer. Nathan took no pains to conceal his disgust. Isaac, bland and yielding, said, "I hope you'll never be sorry for it, Ruby." But the child throve apace.

II.

Winter melted into spring, and the short New England summer gave place to another winter. It was a cold and wintry night when Ruby and Isaac sat on the side of the bed in their plainly furnished room in the Grindle mansion. All day long the snow had fallen on the rocky land, and into the angry sea. Now the icy edges of the harbor were grinding against the shore, and the black water was streaked in long patches by the moonlight. The spruces and firs stood grim and dark against the pallid hills, over which the snow blew in thin drifts. Across the icy tide of the Bagaduce the town of Fairport gleamed white in the light of the moon. It was a typical New England winter night—a study in black and white. It was a contrast of the deepest darkness and the most ghastly whiteness of light.

In doors, the farm chamber was cheery and dim. A drift-wood fire burned low on the brick-laid hearth, reddening the old-fashioned andirons, and shedding a glow on the whitened wall. The child slept in a crib near the only window, through the green paper shade of which an irregular row of pinholes let in small rays of moonlight, which dazzled from the snow without. On the bedstead, covered with a patchwork quilt of blue and white, sat Isaac, his handsome blonde face wet with tears, and his arm half-clasping Ruby's waist.

"Oh, Isaac, Isaac!" she sighed. "This is dreadful, dreadful! I wish you had never told me. I'd sooner have died thinking that the baby's father was dead and gone, like poor Emmy; or that he had wandered off into foreign parts, and never would come back any more; and now to think that he is really and truly your own child. Oh, Isaac, why did you ever tell me?"

There were no tears in Ruby's eyes, and

she placed her hands, toil-worn and yet shapely, on her husband's shoulders, and pushed him away from her.

"I thought you ought to know, Ruby," the husband answered, as he tried vainly to look into her face, now coldly averted from him. "I thought you ought to know. Nobody in the world had a better right to know than you; and I'd sooner that nobody in the world should ever know but you. Can't you forgive me, Ruby? I should have been a better man if I'd 'a' known you then. I never was wild. Even Nath wouldn't say that of me."

He had caught a glance from her eyes. She had not dared to look him in the face—that handsome face which she had so long admired and loved; the handsomest face, as she had often secretly whispered to herself, that there was in the world. She did not dare to trust herself to look into those wonderful blue eyes.

"Say you'll forgive me, Ruby, love. I've made a clean breast of it. Few other fellows would have done as much. But I could not have you trust me so when I felt that I did not deserve it. So I up and told. And now you won't forgive me. I 'most wish I'd never told on myself."

Ruby told on him a reproachful glance, and then silently gazed into the smoldering fire of drift-wood.

"What will the neighbors say?"

"Why, you wouldn't tell them, would you? Why, Ruby!" and the man seemed to forget, for the moment, that he was a suitor for pardon.

"No; but I didn't know but that you would think it your duty to tell the minister; and you know the parson is dreadful leaky. No; I shouldn't want the minister to know, nor the neighbors to know, that I have been coaxed into adopting my own husband's child. Oh, Isaac, Isaac! what a shameful thing!" and the wife's face grew darker in the lowering firelight.

"Ruby! Ruby! How can you have the face to say you were coaxed to adopt the baby? Didn't I stand out agin it? Didn't Nath say you were so dreadful set in your way that you would have that child, if all creation was agin you? And now you say you were coaxed to take him in. Oh, Ruby!"

"But you might have told me that he was your baby, Isaac."

"I should have told you, Ruby, if I had known you as well then as I do now." And Isaac dropped his eyes and drew her closer toward him. Ruby resisted, turning her face away. She was obdurate. Her husband, he in whom she had trusted, had deceived her, had concealed his sin from her.

"Oh, I can't! I can't!" she cried. Then, holding her head in her hands, she added, "It has come on me so sudden-like. You must give me time to think."

"All right," said Isaac, still grasping her tightly. "We can send the boy away somewhere, and nobody'll ever know anything about what's happened, or what's the matter."

There was a slight stir in the crib by the window, and the child, turning in his dreams, uttered a low cry and lifted his hands.

With the motherly instinct strong upon her, Ruby hastily disengaged herself from her husband's embrace and ran to the child. His little dream had passed; and he lay smiling in his sleep, his golden hair gleaming on the pillow, and one chubby hand half-open on the coverlet which Ruby had wrought for him, putting into its innumerable stitches and patches innumerable loving prayers. Now she stood over the unconscious boy, clasping her hands and gazing into his face, wherein she traced, for the first time in her life, his father's likeness.

"How like him he is!" she moaned to herself. And her heart went out to the sleeping child. "How like him he is! Why didn't I see it before?"

Isaac sat meekly and in silence on the bedside, watching the waves of emotion chasing each other over the face of his wife. Wringing her hands, sighing, and almost groaning, Ruby stood over the boy, her heart wrung with anguish.

"Poor innocent!" she whispered to herself, and the tears gushed from her eyes; which Isaac, perceiving, took courage to himself. She stooped and pressed a passionate kiss

upon the lips of the child, dashed the tears from her eyes, ran swiftly to her husband, fell upon his neck, and cried, "For his sake, my darling, I forgive everything."

A gusty blast roared up the chimney, whirling the fire of drift-wood into a cheery blaze. The nine-o'clock bell rung out from the Fairport steeple, its waves of sound rising and falling across the wintry tide. Ruddy shadows crept up the whitewashed wall, and the firelight flickered over the child's crib, by the side of which man and wife stood talking far into the night.

III.

Again the spring had come; and drinking in the balmy fragrance of opening buds of beech and birch, and enjoying the luxury of being out of doors without discomfort, the Grindle family, their day's work done, were grouped on the wooden platform which covered the space betwixt the house and the down-shelving edge of the bluff. The air was humid with warmth and moisture; and in the hollows of the planks, warped by the suns of many summers, stood little pools of water from a recent shower. The sky was white and tender, and gave little reflections in the narrow pools on the platform. The waters of the bay, gray and white in the gathering twilight, their outer rim hidden in the mist, were streaked with flocks of sea-fowl; and other clouds of these birds flew twittering from inland over the heads of the group on the platform, and, with much discussion and debate, dropped upon the placid wave.

"Are they coots, Ike?" asked Ruby, following with her eyes the graceful flight of the birds from land to sea.

"Coots, Ruby," replied Isaac. "And it's a sure sign that the heart of winter's broke. The last of the wild geese, I rather guess, went over yesterday. I heard 'em honking in the air all day."

So saying, the strong man lifted the child in his arms, tossing him in the air, telling him to fly with the coots, and light in the water for the night. Nathan looked blackly at the big joyous man and the laughing boy. "Such nonsense!" he muttered to himself.

The gate in the tall board fence which separated the yard of the Grindle house from the village street was opened, and Elkanah Woods, town constable, entered, with an air of mingled importance and uneasiness.

"What luck fishing, to-day?" cried Isaac, heartily. "They say the first run of mackerel will be in the bay in a week or two; but I don't think it: it's too early."

"I've got suthin' more important for you than fishin', Ike Grindle," said the constable, with preternatural solemnity. "Suthin' that'll hurt me wuss than it will you, to hand out. But dooty's dooty, and I can't go agin the law."

"Why, what in all natur' have you got?" said Isaac, in a daze.

Taking a long paper from his pocket, Elkanah said, "I've got a warrant for you to appear before Squire Bakeman, to answer to a perfectly dreadful charge."

"And what is the charge?" asked Isaac, with a sudden shaking of his heart.

"Bein' as there's ladies present," said Elkanah, with a perceptible blush mantling his weather-beaten cheek, "you 'll excuse me from namin' it. But the complaint says that there's proofs in writin', signed by your own name, that you hev acknowledged yourself to be the parent of poor Emmy Kench's child. It galls me awful to say as much, Ike; but thet's what the complaint sez." And Elkanah mopped his honest brow in sheer desperation and discomfort.

"Who brings this complaint?" demanded Isaac.

"Wal, ez near as I can make out, it's your brother Nath," replied the constable.

Nathan Sawyer had slunk back into the huddled group of the family when this dialogue began; but now, elbowing his way out, he advanced, and said sullenly, "Yes, Ike, I made the complaint. Something had to be done for the honor of the family, you see. It wouldn't do, you see, to have a motherless brat in the house, and nobody knowin' who he belongs to." And the man shamefacedly turned away.

Isaac, without looking at his wife, whose eyes had all this time been fixed on the restless face of Nathan, said to Elkanah, as if resignedly, "Well, go on; I'll follow you."

The child ran gleefully out of the knot of people in which he had hidden, and cried, "Me, too, papa." At this, Nathan's wife threw her apron over her head, and sobbed audibly.

Ruby had not taken her indignant and wrathful gaze from Nathan Sawyer's face. When the child ran to his father and clutched him by the skirt of his coat, Ruby swallowed a great sob, and, with one swift step toward Nathan, shook her finger at him and cried:

"What do you care for the honor of the Grindle family—you, the leavings and emptyings of the Sawyers? What do you care for the honor of the family—you, who have just gone and blazed abroad the only thing that could have done any dishonor to this family, in which you are no better than an interloper? If anybody's dishonored in this family, I am! If anybody's to be unforgiving, I am that one! But I have known of this thing for months and months. If anybody has been outraged, I am that one! And yet, I forgave Ike long ago, long ago. I forgave Ike when I first knew of his sin. I bear him no ill thought." And here she choked with an involuntary sob.

Isaac looked on with tears standing in his great blue eyes. The group on the platform was hushed as death. Even the child stood dumb. She went on:

"And you dare to denounce my husband! —the husband of my love, whose most secret thought is known to me; you dare to talk about the honor of a family!—the family whose only disgrace you are trying to publish far and wide. Get down upon your cowardly knees, Nath Sawyer, and beg the pardon of a man whose shoes you are not worthy to touch! If there was anything to forgive, I forgave it. Get down, I say, and ask him to forgive you—you, the meanest thing that crawls—an informer!"

She paused, and the hot blood which crimsoned her face ebbed and flowed in waves which chased each other from forehead to chin. Nathan hung his head, and muttering something about the fury of a woman's tongue, sidled into the house. Turning to the constable, Ruby demanded of him if it was necessary that her husband should go with him, then and there, to the office of the justice. Elkanah, evidently relieved by anything that would change the temper of the moral atmosphere, said:

"Land sakes alive, Mis' Grindle! there ain't no manner of haste. Let Ike come down to-morrer and see the Squire. I'll go bail for Ike, that he ain't a-goin' to run away."

"Run away!" repeated Ruby, scornfully; "run away! If anybody runs away, it'll be that sneak—Nath Sawyer. He looks scared enough to run and hide himself anywhere." And Ruby smiled grimly.

"Wal, I reckon he's scared enough to withdraw his complaint," said Elkanah. "And ef I was he, I'd rather do that than hev another such a dressin' daown as you just gi'n him. Land sakes alive, Mis' Grindle! but you did peel him!" And Elkanah gazed admiringly at Ruby. Possibly he thought of Mrs. Elkanah Woods, whose sharp tongue was the terror of Murchville, and the one thing of which Elkanah stood in awe.

The sun went down in the clouds and mists of evening, and a chilly breeze was blowing up the bay when the family went indoors. The village constable, as he slowly descended the hill, said to himself:

"She's the all-afiredest smartest woman on Penobscot Bay, I swan to man."

Then, as if alarmed lest some wandering sprite had heard his profane soliloquy, Elkanah glanced furtively around and hastened his steps toward home.

Within, Isaac and his wife sat on the bedside, as they had often sat before, and a fire of spruce brush crackled in the low fireplace, for the air of the lagging spring was damp and chill. The boy slept in his crib by the window. The "rote" of the sea came up dreamily from the shores of the bay, and the low wash of waves murmured against the rocky beach below. Heavy footsteps sounded along the entry and up the stairs. The chamber door swung open, and Nathan Sawyer, without ceremony, strode into the room.

He was in his shirt-sleeves, and his face bore marks of recent mental conflict.

"I have been havin' it out with Priscilla," he said, doggedly. "Priscilla, she thinks that I ought to withdraw that complaint. Wal, you see it wasn't exactly a complaint, but it was a sort of an information. I thought it my bounden duty, as a member of the family, let alone bein' a member of the church, to have the thing fixed up accordin' to law. Priscilla, she thinks no; you two, I s'pose, think no. Wal, I don't want any hard feelin's in the family." And here the man paused awkwardly.

"Go on," said Ruby, calmly; "go on, Nathan Sawyer, and tell us what you propose to do next." She turned to her husband, who looked gloomily into the fire.

"Wal," replied Nathan, "I was thinkin' that if Ike was willin' to give up that note that he holds agin me, I'd drop this business, and say no more about it."

Ruby's eyes snapped an instant, and she said:

"So you'll hush up the honor of the family for the handsome sum of ninety dollars, which you owe Isaac?" And she smiled with bitterness.

"As I said before," replied Nathan, "I don't want any hard feelin's in the family; and I gave Ike that note, you know, for my share of the medder lot, which was Priscilla's, anyhow."

"Pshaw!" cried Ruby, "that's an old family quarrel, and one of your own making. My husband may do as he pleases; but if I were in his place, I would not be party to any such bribery to keep silence."

Nathan turned his eyes upon Isaac, who, with a heavy sigh, rose from the bedside, went to a chest that stood in the corner of the room, unlocked it, and, taking out a leathern pocket-book, selected from its contents Nathan Sawyer's note. Then, standing before the fire, he said:

"Nath, I don't know whether you can do any harm to me and to Ruby and to the boy," and here his voice trembled, and he looked toward the crib. "But seeing that you have made this offer, man-fashion, I'll take it. Here's the note; and you'll drop the whole thing?"

"I'll go down to the Squire's to-morrow morning, bright and early, and tell him to tear up the papers." So saying, Nathan slowly tore up the note into little bits, which he carefully put into the fire.

"If I had supposed, Ruby, that you knew anything about this," said Nathan, and here he glanced furtively at the sleeping child, "I wouldn't have said a word; but how could I have ever supposed that you had found it out, and you and Ike living right on together just as if nothing had ever happened!"

"So you thought to make trouble between my husband and myself, did you, Nath Sawyer? Well, I never 'found this out,' as you call it. Ike told me, like an honest man, as he is," and the wife's voice faltered a little—"like an honest man, as he is," she repeated, in a clearer tone, noticing the look of surprise that came into Nathan's face.

Nathan clumsily backed out of the room, latched the door behind him, and went down stairs, saying to himself, as he went: "She beats all natur'! He told her, and she kept it to herself! Wal, that gets me everlastingly."

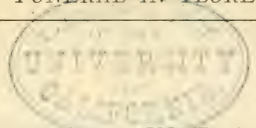
Only a faint gleam of light pervaded the humble chamber, and the fragrant fire of the brush-wood died down into ashes, as husband and wife, locked fast hand in hand, stood by the side of the sleeping child.

"I suppose poor Emmy's secret will be all over the village to-morrow," said Isaac, gloomily.

Ruby drew her husband closer to her side; then touching the child's fair forehead with her fingers, as if she found exquisite enjoyment in contact of her hand and his flesh, she whispered:

"This is my child, Ike; my boy, my boy; and I will die rather than any harm shall ever come to him."

And so they stood, whispering with each other, while the last red sparks died out in the ashes of the fire of brush-wood, and the ceaseless murmur of the sea rose and fell in the quiet night. NOAH BROOKS.



A FUNERAL IN FLORENCE.

From the low stuccoed porch, that midway lies
Between the Baptistery and San Lorenzo,
I heard a muffled chant roll down the street—
The solemn dirge of funeral trains in Florence;
And, flaring presently, the dripping torches
Showed the long file of priests and choristers,
The white-robed maskers, and the sable bier,
A great rose garland swept across its velvet.

The gold cross gleamed against the darkened sky,
The intonation of the solemn chant
Echoed around; while from across the street
The ballet-music of a night *café*
Clashed on the air, and strangely intermingled;
The dance of life, voluptuous, bewildering,
And for accompaniment the march of death,
Solemn and slow in time to measured pace;
And in the midst the young girl still and dead.

The torches flickered with the ballet-music;
Low voices strained in vain for sustained harmony;
The maskers swept along in quicker tempo,
Unwilling feet jostling the bier along—
A wild, weird dance of death—the roses falling
From the rose-garland round them, one by one,
Crushed, as they turned the corner from my sight
And passed adown the street to San Lorenzo.

I could not tell if she were young and fair:
I only knew that she was young and dead;
And picked a rose all mired from the street—
A torn white rose—and as I climbed the stair
I heard the bell toll from the Campanile,
And drew the massive portal-bars behind me;
The ballet-music ringing in my ears,
And in my hand the withered Tuscan flower.

EDMUND WARREN RUSSELL.

A DEAF-MUTE, AND HIS EDUCATION.

According to the census of 1870, there were at that date over sixteen thousand deaf-mutes within the limits of the United States. Allowing for the imperfection of returns, and a natural increase, we may safely estimate the present number at twenty thousand, or the usual ratio of one in every two thousand of population. Of this aggregate, three-fourths are either too young to begin a course of study, or have left school and become absorbed in the productive forces of the country, while about five thousand are under instruction in the forty or more State institutions, at a cost per annum of $1,200,000, exclusive of investments in buildings and property amounting to $6,000,000 more—a small army of defectives, requiring for their support and education the yearly revenues of a province.

So important an element in human society ought to interest both the scientist, who seeks the physiological laws governing abnormalism, and the political economist, who seeks to know what to do with it. I purpose, therefore, in this paper to give the history and methods of an art which has had almost its entire development within the century embracing our natural life.

Judging from his early and repeated mention in ancient literature, the deaf-mute has been for ages a factor in the problem of human society.

The severe equity of the Hebrew law shows a touch of tenderness toward this child of sorrow, when it forbids "to curse the deaf." The Justinian Code, the basis of modern jurisprudence, recognizes his existence, but denies him, in common with the insane and imbecile, all civil rights. Lucretius, in a line of poetry, puts him beyond the pale of instruction. St. Augustine, inspired by the prejudices of his time, declares that deafness from birth makes faith impossible, because Paul had written that "faith comes by hearing, and hearing by the word of God"; and one born deaf can neither hear the word, nor learn to read it. Thus deprived of human rights by civil authority, and debarred from heaven by the church, the deaf-mute became an outcast, a Cain without crime, a hoodlum in spite of himself.

And yet the language of signs, the vernacular of the deaf and dumb, was well understood in Rome; so much so that a kingly visitor from the borders of the Euxine, seeing a pantomime perform, begged him of Nero to be used as an interpreter with the nations in his neighborhood at home. The deaf-mute sometimes must have elbowed his way into the theaters of the imperial city, along with the noisy rabble of municipal dead-heads, for whom sights and shows were provided. And when he clapped his hands in glee at the antics of those ancient Humpty-Dumpty troupes, it seems strange that somebody did not take a hint of the possibilities suggested thereby, especially in view of the fact that Augustus Cæsar had a relative deaf from birth, who made great proficiency in the art of painting.

I do not purpose in this paper to follow in detail the sporadic attempts at deaf-mute instruction during the long ages previous to the advent of the Abbe de l'Epee, him of sacred memory. Suffice it to say, that, until the sixteenth century, no authenticated instance of successful effort in this direction is known. The venerable Bede, in his ecclesiastical history, mentions, among the miracles of St. John of Beverly, how this holy man caused a dumb man to speak; but the story in its telling smacks strongly of medieval credulity. Rodolph Agricola, a native of Baffio, near Groningen, a learned man who died in 1485, is the first to mention a deaf-mute who had learned to write; but the plentiful lack of details, as to names, places, and methods, leaves us in doubt whether it was

not the case of a semi-mute, who had acquired a knowledge of language before he became deaf.

To Jerome Cardan of Pavia, born in 1501, is due the credit of first enunciating the fundamental principles upon which the modern art of deaf-mute instruction rests; and though he did nothing himself toward putting his theory in practice, his idea bore fruit in the subsequent labors of Ponce de Leon and Bonet in Spain, of Wallis in England, and of Amman in Holland. Says Cardan:

"The instruction of the deaf and dumb is difficult, but it is possible. The deaf-mute can conceive that the word *bread*, for example, as it stands written, represents the object which we point out to him. Just as after having seen any object we preserve its form in the memory, and can draw a resemblance of it, so the deaf-mute can preserve in his mind the forms of the written characters, and can associate them directly with ideas only by convention; and written words can be made to represent ideas by convention."

This sounds so much like a truism nowadays, that we wonder that it took two thousand years to find a mouthpiece, and two hundred more to be publicly utilized; but in an age when a man risked his liberty for saying "the world moves," it is not strange, perhaps, that philosophers should be a little chary of uttering anything which might be perverted into heresy. Articulate language was looked upon as a divine gift.

To doubt it was to doubt the scriptural genesis of man. It was casting suspicion upon Babel, and the confusion of tongues, and might easily be made a Vehmgerichte matter.

The early experiments to discover the original speech of man seem to us ridiculous as well as cruel. The traveled cockney, who wrote that even little children three and four years old speak French in Paris, was a philologist compared with that Phœnician king who, so the story goes, secluded a child from all communication with his kind, thinking thereby to get at a primitive speech. He made a mute instead.

It is a wonderment that with the constant experience and observation of children learning to talk in every household, nobody perceived speech to be as much an acquirement as playing the pipe. If Aristotle had a baby, he certainly had daily at his knee the materials for this deduction. And yet, in the nineteenth century, so clever an investigator as Max Muller can offer no better explanation of primitive speech than that "man had originally a creative faculty, which gave to each conception as it thrilled through his brain for the first time a phonetic expression."

The derivation of "language" from the Latin *lingua*, "tongue," shows the lack among the ancients of that distinction which advancing knowledge requires, and which our Saxon vocabulary supplies. Speech now specially refers to a system of articulate sounds; while language includes all systems of symbols which common consent agrees to accept as representatives of ideas. These symbols may be the "*epea pteroenta*," the winged words of social intercourse; they may be the written or printed characters which preserve to us the wisdom of the past, and summarize the daily life of the world in the morning papers. They may be the hieroglyphics of Egyptian monuments, the picture writing of the Aztecs, the cuneiforms of Mesopotamia, or the gestures of the deaf and dumb.

It was this fact in mental philosophy that suggested to the Abbe de l'Epee his happy device, and that led him to form the germs of a language which, in its present state of development, is capable of rendering almost every phase of human thought. He saw it made no difference to thought-commerce whether he pronounced the arbitrary symbol *oublier*, to forget, or expressed the primitive meaning of the word in the manual sign, "wiping off from the mind"; that the visible pressing to the heart would be quite as significant, to young people at least, as the word "love"; that horns and the act of milking say "cow" as plainly as any combination of letters; that the dominant use or feature of a thing may, by manual metonomy, substitute the thing itself; that the pierced hands and outstretched arms would tell the sad story of the cross far better than "Christ, the Anointed."

There is a common but mistaken belief that the manual alphabet and the sign-language are one and the same thing; and we often hear the remark, "O, I learned the sign language when I was a boy," referring to those finger signs so common among lads at school, and the pictures of which may be found in the back part of Webster's Unabridged. The manual alphabet is a convenience rather than a necessity in deaf-mute instruction, and has no more connection with the language of signs than have the type of a printer's case. In the exercises of the class-room it saves the use of slate and crayon. In social communication it is a facile method of writing in the air. A word or sentence spelled with the fingers is as unintelligible to a deaf-mute who has not previously been taught its meaning as is the same word or phrase written or printed in a book. "C-o-w" spelled with the hand to a new pupil puzzles him as much as an algebraic formula. Show him the picture of a cow, or perform the pantomine of milking before his eyes, and his face brightens up with the light of glad recognition.

Arbitrary alphabets have been in use from time immemorial. Sometimes devised for amusement, they have generally constituted the silent *argot* of intrigue and conspiracy, and are largely in vogue under despotic governments, where walls as well as pitchers have ears. Dionysius the tyrant, he of whispering-gallery fame, is probably responsible for the prevalence of secret alphabets and gestures in the Sicily of to-day. The suspicious nature of the former Italian governments, when it was almost dangerous for a man afflicted with St. Vitus dance to appear on the streets, lest his uncontrollable shrugs and grimaces be taken for the language of conspiracy, was the legitimate inheritance of those evil days when imperial power was limited only by assassination. People hated their rulers; kings despised, yet feared, their subjects. Spies were everywhere. A stray bit of writing, or a careless word, might cost a man his life. Mutual distrust thus bred secret means of communication. "If thou seest thy friend," says Bede, "among wily deceivers, and wouldst admonish him to be wary, show him with the fingers III, I, XX, XIX, V, and I, VII, V, which, in the order of letters, denoteth *caute age.*"

The alphabet generally made use of by the deaf and dumb in this country and continental Europe is based upon a manual resemblance, more or less perfect, to the Roman characters. It is not known who invented its present form, but Bonet, in his "Treatise on the Art of Teaching the Dumb to Speak," published in 1620, and believed to be the earliest writing on the subject, lays great stress upon the manual alphabet as a means of instruction, and probably perfected its details.

At any rate, De l'Epee found this instrument ready to his hand; and thus prepared for his special work, with two most important aids, namely, the discovery—for it was scarcely less—that back of all speech lies the thought unconditioned by language, and this convenient chirography, he opened at Paris, about the year 1760, the first permanent school for the education of this unfortunate class.

If De l'Epee has carried off the world's *prix d'honneur* in this benevolent enterprise, it is by virtue of his novel methods, and the extraordinary push and energy of his co-laborer and successor, the Abbe Sicard, illustrated by his clever pupil, Massieu, rather than by right of primogeniture. In a fair distribution of honor, Samuel Heinecke of Leipsic, and Thomas Braidwood of Edinburgh, are entitled to large, if not equal, shares.

Each of these philanthropists established a school for the deaf and dumb, cotemporaneously with the French institution, and each by no suggestion from the other. The time, in fact, was ripe for this new departure. Public attention had been arrested by reported successes in individual cases. The French Academy had given its sanction to the undertaking. If religion inspired the movement, political economy soon saw its advantages, and Church and State joined hands in a moral crusade, not as of old, to rescue the Holy Sepulcher, but to rescue hu-

man souls from a dominion worse than the Saracens. Henceforth it was a question of methods rather than of possibilities.

Since 1760, when the deaf-mute obtained general recognition as within the reach of science, there have been two systems of instruction struggling for precedence. The controversies between their several advocates have been sharp, sometimes bitter. The differences were radical and apparently irreconcilable.

What is known as the German method was inaugurated by Heinecke of Saxony, who, lacking the philosophical insight of De l'Epee, attached an undue value and importance to articulate utterance; and, indeed, went so far as to assert that there could be no intellectual development without it. He therefore directed his energies to the cultivation of an artificial or mechanical speech, and his system has been quite generally adopted among the Teutonic States, and is practiced there to this day; while the principles of De l'Epee, if not his practice in its entirety, have obtained possession of the French, English, Italian, Scandinavian, and American institutions. Within a few years, a school for deaf-mutes, with articulation as a basis of instruction, has been established at Northampton, Mass., through the liberality of the late John Clark, Esq., and another in New York city, so that opportunities for comparison are now afforded in our own country and language.

For the benefit of the readers of the CALIFORNIAN, I will endeavor as fairly as possible to state the merits and defects of the two systems, premising, however, that the most progressive teachers of the present day adopt and practice the best features of each system, while the extreme ground assumed by Heinecke has been abandoned by his most ardent disciples in Germany.

It is claimed for the French, or natural method as it is sometimes called:

First—That it is more general in its application, inasmuch as it reaches all deaf-mutes. Deafness is sometimes a phase o mental abnormalism that is only one remove from idiocy; and every institution has its percentage of pupils who never arrive at a use of correct language, and who leave school utterly unversed in the grammatical structure of speech. They have a large vocabulary of ideographs; of those simple uninflected nouns and verbs which many philologists believe to have been the germs of primitive speech. They will string these together with an odd sprinkling of articles and prepositions that set at defiance all rules of Murray.

Here is a specimen of such composition, of which, however, the meaning is intelligible enough: "Man take gun go woods see squirrel sitting tree. Man shoot squirrel, squirrel fall ground, dog bite squirrel, bring man. Man put pocket in, go to home, cook, eat, good." A moral obliquity and its sequence they will state thus: "Bad boy say lie. God angry, whip boy; go heaven, no." And yet such jargon as this may represent years of hard labor. To call it labor lost would probably be doing injustice to faithful teaching. With no more power of verbal expression than the above, there may be a moral culture obtained through the language of signs which renders the deaf-mute amenable to civil and divine law. He will be able to understand much more than he can express, just as a person may read Latin and French fluently, and yet be quite unable to shape his thoughts correctly in those idioms. He may have learned a handicraft that will afford a means of support, and make him a useful and productive citizen of the commonwealth. Such results cannot justly be called failure.

A second and larger class includes those congenital deaf-mutes of fair ability, who represent the average intellect of lads in the common schools. They go to make up the rank and file of life. On graduation, their attainments in language are respectable; not wholly free from inelegances of diction, but whose use of written language is sufficient for all purposes of conversation, and the transactions of ordinary business. Their knowledge of arithmetic, geography, history, etc., is about equal to that of pupils in the first and second grades of the San Francisco

schools. The lighter literature of books and the narrative portions of the Bible are open to their understanding. Without the power of close reasoning, and ignorant of the technologies of science, they are nevertheless well up in general news. They are great readers of the daily papers, especially of the telegraphic and items columns; form decided political opinions, and use the ballot quite as intelligently as the average voter. They do not know much about Darwin or Herbert Spencer, but they can "evolve" a well-made shoe or piece of furniture, which is, perhaps, of more consequence to the body politic. They become, according to social conditions, farmers, mechanics, or laborers; marry and rear families; open bank accounts, and fulfill all the functions of creditable citizenship, with no larger proportion of pauperism and crime than will be found in an equal number of normal population. These two classes represent at least seventy per cent. of the pupils in institutions for the deaf and dumb. They are admitted to be beyond the reach of any system of instruction based upon articulation.

Second—It is claimed on one side, and will not be denied on the other, that a far greater intellectual culture can be obtained in a limited time by the French method.

The average term of a deaf-mute's stay in school is not over six years. He enters the institute ignorant of every means of communication, save the few natural gestures which love will invent between mother and child. He has mental pictures, but no symbols for them. He does not know his own name, but his companions soon christen him with a sign, suggested often by some physical feature or peculiarity of dress. Had Cromwell been a deaf-mute, his traditional wart would have settled his pseudonym. At table, our young deaf-mute finds that certain motions bring to his fellows meat, bread, potatoes, etc., and he soon learns to make his own wants understood in the same way. The attrition of minds now begins, of which education is the sequence. He listens to the stories of others, and soon assays to narrate in broken, incoherent language, like a babe learning to talk, his own childish experiences, which an older pupil, catching the idea, will put in better shape for him. The exercises of the class-room are an infinitesimal part of the intellectual development which is rapidly going on in the more boisterous exercises of the play-ground. The news of the day is discussed at the dinner-table. The wit and wisdom of popular speech become current in the vernacular of signs. There are silent Selwyns, whose last post-prandial joke is the talk of the institution; and mute raconteurs, who never lack an audience to wonder at the tales of

> "Cannibals that each other eat;
> Of Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
> Do grow beneath their shoulders."

The phenomena of nature, the miracles of meteorology, are explained in graphic gestures. Moral obligations, the penalties of violated law, civil and divine, are recognized; and the idea of a God, best comprehended under the sweet similitude of fatherhood, for the first time takes possession of the soul. And all this practical education, with its elevating tendencies, is acquired before the deaf-mute can express more than the simplest wants in written language; and while the pupil of Heinecke is learning the meaningless powers of letters, and undergoing a vocal culture that has no more effect on the mind than the muscular gymnastics of an athlete.

Third—The education of a deaf-mute by the French method is cheaper, and unless it can be shown that there is a better way, this consideration ought to have some weight. It follows from the nature of the German system, that instruction must be more individual and special, and at least twice as many teachers are required to obtain satisfactory results.

Using the language of signs, one teacher can manage from fifteen to twenty pupils; while seven or eight will task all the energies of an instructor confined to articulation.

Lip-reading is far more difficult of acquirement than mere speech. It requires acute perceptions to catch the delicate vibrations of muscle involved in uttering certain sounds.

A person must be near enough to the speaker to look into his mouth and note the position of the tongue and lines of the lip—no easy thing in these days of mustache and beard. It will be readily seen, then, that class-teaching to a great extent, and lectures entirely, must be dispensed with. For this reason, the best results are often obtained by home instruction under the care and guidance of a devoted mother or governess.

Undoubtedly the finest lip-reader in America is a daughter of an ex-Governor of Rhode Island, a young lady who lost her hearing at the age of three or four years, and who was never in a school for the deaf and dumb except as a visitor.

The objections to the French system are:

First—That it cultivates rather than represses what is known in the profession as "deaf-mutisms," or those peculiarities of expression which come from the literal translation of idioms; that it stimulates the habit of thinking in signs, compelling the deaf-mute to translate what he reads into signs before the words become cognitions; whereas, a person cannot be said to be master of a speech until he can think in its symbols.

With rare exceptions, every deaf-mute, however well educated, will, in the course of a page of written discourse, betray his infirmity by the use of some word or phrase, not ungrammatically, perhaps, but not idiomatic. By the casual reader it would be pronounced the work of a foreigner, struggling with the difficulties of our English tongue; to the practiced eye of a teacher it has a deeper significance, and reveals an abnormalism inherent to the deaf-mute mind. The same "deaf-mutisms" crop out in artificial speech, that we find in the written language of Sicard's pupils. The reason is evident: in both, the eye has to substitute the ear, and no one sense can do the work of another. The eye may be trained to read the motions of the lips or the hands—in either case it is a sign-language; but the cognitions thus obtained are not the same as those derived through the ear. A blind man talks glibly of colors, but one need not be told that his conception of red, for instance, is unlike that of a seeing person. The written formulas of the senses may be interchangeable; their cognitions are not. Here, then, is the radical and irremediable difference between the congenital deaf-mute and the hearing child—a difference which no system of education is competent wholly to remove.

As inter-translation of languages is considered one of the best means of culture in all advanced schools, it will not be necessary to take up the other member of the objection.

Second—That the French system does not free the deaf-mute from that isolation engendered from his misfortune; that the use of pencil and paper for all the intercourse of life is a cumbersome substitute for the "living speech," and practically cuts him off from social delights, and drives him to seek the society of his fellow-unfortunates, where his abnormal tendencies and use of inverted language are confirmed and intensified.

That there is an element of truth in this objection cannot be denied; but it is part of the sorrowful burden which the child of silence is compelled to bear.

There is something common to all the world which he can never know. On his deadened ear the multitudinous voices of life and nature fall unheeded. He dwells an unwilling and enforced hermit in the very centers of trade and commerce. In this busy world, few people have time or inclination to stop and write a conversation. Neither do they care to study out the slow and painful speech of one taught articulation. Curiosity leads one now and then to test the acquirements of the deaf, but it is done in the same wearisome commonplaces, rarely extending beyond a dozen well-worn questions. No wonder that the deaf-mute loves to meet those who can converse with him in his own beautiful and expressive language, compared with which our speech seems dead and cold.

But that such indulgence impairs his use of written language is not true. One might as well say that Luther was unable to defend his Wittenburg theses in Latin, because he

chose to employ his mother tongue in the intimacies of domestic life.

The foregoing we believe to be an honest statement of the arguments for and against the method adopted—wisely, we think—in American schools for the deaf and dumb; but, on the other hand, those who pooh-pooh at the German system are probably little aware of what patience and skill have done in the way of cultivating an artificial speech. A method, though based upon an untenable philosophy, that has held its ground for a hundred years, and that, in a modified form, has of late become aggressive, cannot be barren of results.

There are many children made deaf by disease, after they have obtained a knowledge of speech. Unless cultivated, this knowledge is speedily lost; they are classed in the profession as "semi-mutes." The distinction between them and the congenitally deaf is marked, and in comparing methods of instruction should never be lost sight of.

The semi-mute is normal in his habits of thought. He generally takes quickly to the use of idiomatic language. His vocal organs, having once been exercised, can continue or resume something of their natural office, though always in an imperfect way.

To all such, articulation with lip-reading is something more than an accomplishment, and should be taught. A few will be brought into general communication with the world. More will be able to understand their immediate and familiar associates.

A small percentage of the congenitally deaf, with unusual flexibility of the vocal organs, and remarkable powers of perception, may, by large expenditure of time and labor, be taught to use the limited vocabulary that is needed for the little retail business of life. It is almost incredible how small a stock of words and phrases will serve this purpose. And if it is objected that the use of a mechanical instrument is gained at the expense of something better, yet many a mother would be willing to sacrifice a trifle of higher culture in her silent child to hear him say the tender phrase, "I love you," uttered in harsh, unmusical tone though it may be. It is to be hoped that no reader of this article will ever be called upon to experience the grief attaching to a deaf-mute child of his own. Nevertheless, it may not be uninteresting to know what to do with it, in case of such misfortune.

In the first place, the single-handed alphabet should be learned by the whole family, and taught to the child. Supply him with slate and pencil, and books containing pictures of domestic animals, and utensils, with the name printed beneath. Point to a cat, for instance, and to the printed word; then spell "c-a-t" on the fingers. Write the word on the slate, and guide his little fingers in making a copy. Point to the cat and the word written or printed, nodding the head as an intimation that they mean the same thing.

Now rub out the word and point to the cat, telling the child to write the symbol or spell it. A little patience and iteration will serve to establish in his mind the relationship between idea and word.

Put the cat in the closet or out of doors; then spell "c-a-t," and look around the room as if in search of it. The child will run and bring the animal. Show by look and act that you are pleased with his success.

Thus build up a vocabulary of names, including all the familiar and tangible objects of domestic life. After he has once well learned the name of a thing, always spell the word in referring to the article.

Now take two apples, one decidedly sweet, the other very sour. Taste one; smack the lips, and nod the head approvingly. Let the child taste it. Then write, "A sweet apple." Taste the other; purse up the lips, and wrinkle the face as if you had taken a dose of vinegar. Let the child taste it, and write, "A sour apple." Proceed thus with hard, soft, long, short, good, bad, etc., teaching these adjectives by sharp contrasts; the colors white, black, red, and so forth.

An intelligent child will soon begin to inquire the name of everything he sees, and apply his adjectives. If there is a school in the neighborhood, let him attend for an hour or two a day. Set copies of sentences for

him to imitate, first on the slate, afterwards with pen and paper. Let these sentences be such as are easily illustrated by natural motions; as, "A child sleeps in a bed," "A boy drinks water." If the child has lost his hearing by disease after he has acquired some knowledge of speech, the greatest pains should be taken to preserve that knowledge, and the work must be begun at once. Practice him frequently in the clear, distinct utterance of the words and sentences he may have learned, guarding especially against that muffled tone, and running of words together, which follow deafness so quickly. In communication, use full and complete sentences, and compel him to repeat them from your lips.

Do not mouth or distort the face, but speak slowly, and with the natural motions of the lips well emphasized. As soon as possible, exercise him in reading.

Thus, without much science or experience, but with the patience and ingenuity which love possesses, much valuable time will be saved, and the child helped onward towards that broader and higher education which a well-organized institution offers.

A word of consolation to you, O sorrowing fathers and mothers, and I have done. To gloss the affliction of deafness would be unwise and dishonest. As an element to mental development it is simply appalling. It debars from all that tender culture that begins at the cradle, and through childhood and youth, caress and care must be love's language. Music and the rythmic cadence of words to him can have no meaning. It cuts off at once and forever the parents' fond and ambitious hopes. The avenues of fame are closed to the deaf. In the world's great epics he can take no part; but in those domestic idyls of love and faith and hope and charity, in those hearthstone heroisms of patient endurance and self-negation, he may stand out the foremost figure.

Human life and its results are not to be judged by scope. The geometric circle of a handbreadth's radius is as perfect as that which encircles a world with its zone; and so the voiceless one, who, taking that most imperfect of all things, a natural heart, inscribes within it the divine circle of truth and love, is not least in the sight of God, though his influence may never have extended beyond the hearthstone. If the reach of his opportunities is limited, yet in the sphere of his activities there are the materials out of which come soul-knowledge and character. If he can not make poems, he can live them. WARRING WILKINSON.

COMING GARDEN-ART.

California, musically named, crowned with so many wildling flowers of field, ravine, and hight, possesses as yet no garden-art. There is here no widely recognized and pleasurable triumph of gardens for their own sake; no unsullied successes of hybridizers of lilies, growers of seedling roses, believers in flower-shows each month of the year's glowing circle. These things must come slowly, with wealth and leisure, and with the general development of other horticultural pursuits.

Gardening, as an art, needs quite as much study, if one would properly succeed with it, as is required to have choice music in one's house, or nice yachts to sail in, or swift horses for driving and riding, or fine hounds to course with. It offers many pleasures, and of varied grades. The needed expenditure can rise to almost any figure, as the departments of the gardening establishment are increased. The millionaire can find endless enjoyment in the living landscape-pictures which grow up under his thought and skillful direction; and the man of lesser means can produce the same beauty on a smaller scale.

The perfect and typical garden, the world over, is the result of human love for both fruit and flowers. No distinct line is drawn. An old pear-tree is picturesque; the scarlet buds of the apricot, pink-tinted quince flowers, and fragrant apple blossoms are floral triumphs; fig leaves and olive boughs may even find place on the lawn; the purple amethyst and beryl of grapes—clusters peeping through luxuriant leaves—is surely a source of as much artistic pleasure as one can gain from damask roses and heavy petaled dahlias. The perfect garden has many departments, none of which are in any wise neglected. There are rosariums, and lily beds, and a corner for chrysanthemums, and nooks for pansies, and places where shrubs are massed. In Europe, names are found for each of these departments, and for many others. The pinetum is devoted to conifers, or trees with resinous sap; the aquarium contains water-plants, and is very pleasant when a true water-garden; the arbustum is occupied with shrubs; the arboretum proper is for trees; the vine-garden has ivies, species of vitis, and vines of various countries. In each of these departments the class named is predominant; but (and here the true art is revealed) they must all be so arranged as to form a part of a harmonious whole.

If, as an enthusiast must surely wish, plant-houses and conservatories can be had, another realm is revealed. One house can be devoted to orchids, another to cacti, others to ferns, succulents, camellias, azaleas, heaths, foliage plants, palms, begonias, and many other fine classes. With the growth of all these, the artistic arrangement and the excellence in growth displayed are most important. Conservatories should furnish flowers for each day in the year, and the plant-houses attached should each express its distinct and beautiful meaning. The propagating houses should be so managed as to keep the grounds amply supplied, without waste or worry, with a succession of bloom and foliage. And it takes a great deal of care and judgment to do this. Knowledge and patience must go hand in hand with an abiding and tireless enthusiasm on the part of the gardener. If a wealthy man were searching for some one to create landscape forms, and beautify his chosen home with bloom, fragrance, shades of emerald, he should choose the gardener of culture, of education, of botanical knowledge, and of personal affection for plants. For there are some men who can coax and persuade flowers into all sorts of sudden wonders.

The first lesson for people to learn is, that each home must have a garden. The second lesson is, that it need not be costly, to give a constant pleasure. But the most important lesson of all is the old lesson of prudence, of not being hasty, of cutting according to your cloth, as the saying is. A small garden well kept is better for one's self, and has a better moral effect upon the outside world, than a grand place gone at last to ruin, or spasmodically taken care of. An acre garden can be made to keep many men employed, and bless hundreds of the sick and poor and friendless with cream-tinted roses, frail cups of anemones, star-eyed delphiniums, and hosts of old-time favorites, here to be nameless. A plot but ten feet square, if sunnily located, and of rich, kindly soil, can be developed into so dainty a flower-nook that passers by shall smile, and feel warm-hearted towards the world for many hours after. The cherished and successful garden becomes a social element in the life of a community; it is the type of order, beauty, usefulness, triumphs of eternal good; it sets forth hourly to all the world those harmonious laws of form, color, and fragrance which have appealed in every age to the art and literature of humanity.

Because soil and climate have given Californians so many advantages in making artistic gardens, it is to be hoped that they will not content themselves with being merely optimistic talkers, sybaritic revelers in climate; but will patiently endeavor to make the gardens of the Pacific coast pre-eminent for their loyalty to landscape arts, their truth to the requirements of the age and place, their splendid successes, and their wise originality. Let us be an out-door, garden-loving, horticulturally inclined people, in these

years to come: not imitating too servilely from the gardens of more rigorous climes; but having here in well-guided but untrammeled perfection a school of landscape-gardening second to none other in the world.

Already one begins to find the promise of coming garden-art. It is not so much in the cities as it is in the towns, and villages, and fragrant nooks in the heart of the pine-clad hills. San Francisco, though it has florists, and many gardens, and a profusion of flowers on grand occasions, is not intensely floricultural. The few flower-shows that have been held here were rather hap-hazard, ill-advised, and badly managed affairs, in which the plants were not more than half-labeled; the wealthy amateurs were notably absent; and professional jealousies of a few plant-growers were brought vividly and unpleasantly to the front. San Francisco likes to talk about flowers; but her enthusiasm is a trifle antique, pedantic, and conventional. San Rafael, Oakland, San José, Santa Barbara, and any one of a dozen other places could fairly shame and bewilder her with their revelations of "garden-art," for careful, painstaking, and accurate labor with that queen of flowers, the rose. No other group of people anywhere on the Pacific coast have done so much as the Santa Barbara rosarians. Within the past two years, their well-earned success and fine enthusiasm and hearty self-helpfulness are notable, and should act as a tonic to this sleepy peninsular city, which is so large, and so indifferent to horticultural progress. In the coming days, the use of trees, shrubs, hardy vines, and grass will turn the desolate sand-hills into charming garden-homes. It is only the most ignorant neglect and selfish stupidity which prevent newer streets of San Francisco from being made into pleasant locust-lined avenues, to check the wind-blown sands, and to make this a more genial world in which to live.

But while a few hopeful ones are preaching and trying to practice such reforms in the cities of the State, the rural and suburban dwellers have begun the beautiful work. In these autumn days, the parents and children are planning for new gardens; are buying seeds and bulbs; are gathering the autumn asters, chrysanthemums, and immortelles, for gifts of an hour, remembrance of a lifetime. Though their gardens are now small, and limited in variety, yet the children thus trained in the alphabet of blossoms will hereafter shape them into whole sonnets, lyrics, and epics of the future. This one shall make in the heart of some great city a garden-nook, perfect as a milk-white cameo; to that one it shall be given to weave flower-bells, trailing vines, and traceries of fern and foliage in the midst of sloping hills, by the ripple of a glimmering stream and the laughter of waterfalls; in the hands of yet another, with wealth and judgment his, all the multitudinous notes of Nature's vegetable world shall be shaped to a supreme utterance, a landscape almost as perfect as that which was planted in the garden of Eden. If only the children of California will learn to love the flowers of earth, the floricultural triumphs of the next century will center in this State, and cluster about the palaces of our coming realm.

It is time to begin in good earnest the planning for that coming garden. Only a few more weeks of this golden autumnal weather, and the dark rain-clouds will rise from the south, and drift through our hollow cañons, and fill the broad vales, and moisten the brown stubble-fields till they brighten into emerald. Already the orchards are growing leafless; and busy hands gather the Baldwins, Newtown Pippins, and Winter Pearmain apples, and hard-cored Easter Beaurre pears. Time, high time, to consider thy garden, lover of bloom, believer in the saintliness of lilies, the music of hyâcinth bells, the delight of the earliest yellow crocus, and rich purple anemone peeping shyly through the damp soil in February and March.

The shrubs must soon be pruned. The horticultural manuals are dull and weak, and rather hopeless reading. Imagine a person going out to prune a rose-bush, and sitting down beside it with shears in one hand and the "Professional Gardener's Handbook of Pruning" in the other, trying to spell out the process, as one would look for words in a

dictionary. One may read the manuals somewhat, but it is best to live in the garden, and watch the plants grow. Then, standing beside the rose-bush in autumn, you shall know its needs, and guide it rightly, and help its innate desire to blossom freely and beautifully. For in the nature of plants, as in the nature of human beings, there is a desire, oft thwarted, oft ill-guided, but never quite lost—a desire to "make the best of themselves."

The liberal and judicious application of the most approved fertilizers to the surface of the garden beds is properly the next operation after pruning. It is quite marvelous to observe how much one can strengthen poor or worn-out soils, and ameliorate those of a harsh and stiff nature, until by constant care that rich, friable, easily worked combination, retentive of moisture, yet easily drained, is secured. The dwellers near the hills must gather up the precious layers of decayed leaves and vegetable matter from the hollows of the shady ravines where ferns find happy homes. The turf from old pastures, fertile dust from the highway, sifted sand from the nearest stream, tufted moss from the forests, (for hanging baskets) and many other needs of the garden world must be obtained as opportunity offers, and stored up for use. After awhile, one will learn how to make a compost-heap, taking the clippings of vine and bush, the fallen leaves, the soap-suds, and vegetable refuse, and spreading it in layers with wood-ashes and bone-dust, until the whole is fit for use. Here is conservation of energy exemplified. The same vast yet simple laws which rule the changes of seas and continents are at work in the rod-square garden. Wherefore, be reverent; it is no small thing to be absolute ruler of the destinies of so precious an epitome. Neglect your chrysanthemums, and is not the Celestial Empire wounded? Leave the irises untended, and falls there not a shadow on the knightly fleur de lis? Let the roses perish, and is not the spirit of poesy from Boccacio to Tennyson sore dismayed? Forget the needs of the pansies—but who indeed has ever forgotten those lovely appealing faces? You should meditate on these things while you are clearing up the littered walks, and applying the best of fertilizers to the waiting soil.

It may be noted that the people who come the nearest to true garden-art in their home-nooks are lovers of pictures. There is nothing like the swift glance of a landscape painter for combining real glimpses into a no less real whole. From many half-suggestions the ideal landscape is developed. Effects of mingled light and shade, influences and interdependences of different classes of foliage and forms of growth, are shown best in paintings and engravings. No unaided imagination can produce half as good results.

The bits of combination shown in the illustrations of the better class of horticultural journals are of the same nature, and equally helpful. Grow into this mood, and you shall not open a magazine, nor read a book of travels, nor visit an art gallery, without strengthening and broadening the garden spirit alike from Thibetan pines and Alpine gentians. The foundation of garden-art is to know how Nature plants her "wild gardens," and groups her indescribable fascinations of form, color, and fragrance. This is the lesson so well and wisely taught by that leader in preaching the gospel of the coming garden realms, William Robinson of London, editor of "The Garden," author of no end of artistic and practical books on horticulture in its higher phases. When we study Nature's way, there can be no more characterless gardens, but each will tell its own sweet story of individualism; and the world in that millenium will abandon phrenology and physiognomy: for to know a man's character you shall only have to study his garden.

CHARLES H. SHINN.

ONE OF THE WORLD-BUILDERS.*

A Sequel to "The Shadows of Shasta."

Chapter III.

JUST ONE LITTLE SONG.

Aye, sing that song we loved, love,
When all life seemed one song;
For life is none too long, love,
Ah, love is none too long.
Then sing that song we loved, love;
Love, just that one sweet song.

Aye, life is none too long, love,
And love is none too long.
So when above my grave, love,
Some day the grass grows strong,
Then sing that song we loved, love;
Love, just that one sweet song.

Yea, love is none too long, love;
And life is none too long.
So when they bid you sing, love,
And thrill the joyous throng,
Then sing this song we love, love;
Love, just this one sweet song.

This is the little melody which old Forty-nine had taught Carrie to sing in chorus with himself at every Christmas eve. This is the song that he and his far-away wife had agreed to sing together at the hour of midnight, though seas and continents divided them. And he, for his part, had kept his promise for nearly a quarter of a century. He could not or did not know how she had kept hers. He only knew that he was gray and old and broken now; and the sad refrain took on a deeper meaning each year as he drew nearer to his grave.

"For love is none too long, love;
Ah, life is none too long."

And yet he still dreamed of the waiting young wife, at the door of his western cabin home; saw more clearly, it seemed, than ever before the little boy baby crowing and reaching its arms from the cradle; still fondly dreamed from day to day, from week to week, from month to month, from year to year, that he would strike it yet, and return and take them to his heart.

And so the old man struggled on, hoping he would strike it yet in that damp, dripping, and dreadful old tunnel. He could not work so hard now; and more than once these three—the old man, Carrie, and the great bony, slobber-mouthed dog—were out of bread. And so when they would have nothing to eat, old Forty-nine was only too apt to, by hook or crook, have something to drink.

It was their wretched poverty which drove Carrie to singing and dancing once more for the miners. This took her to Dosson's saloon, and well nigh kept her there too, where she had to put up with all the insults of Old Mississip, and endure the sneers and insolence of the reputed heiress, her so-called daughter.

Just about this time young Devine first came to this camp. He had not come directly to the heart of the Sierra, as the old lawyer had desired him. For the grief of his mother at their separation made such a profound impression on him, and so appealed to his filial instincts, that he had resolved to first find his father's grave, if possible; or at least some trace of his life or death in the Sierra.

Singularly enough, he found that he with his partner had set out for this same mining camp many and many years ago; they—two well-dressed, manly, enterprising fellows—had entered this camp; so far as he could learn, they had never left it.

On the brow of the hill, looking down from the dusty stage-road through the dense pines, he met two weary, worn, and bearded miners, in shirts and boots. Shirts and boots

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and beards seemed to be about all that was visible of them, while they had their blankets, picks, pans, and kettles on their backs.

He stopped these prospecters long enough to inquire if they knew a Mr. Devine in that camp. And then, while they stood staring at him from behind their beards, he proceeded to tell how that he with his partner many years before had rode into that camp—tall, handsome, well-dressed gentlemen—and never were heard of afterwards.

The two men exchanged glances. Then the elder of the two took him by his sleeve, led him to the edge of the road, and bowing a little to look under the hanging boughs, he pointed with his brown and hairy right hand away down toward the mouth of the cañon to two little white spots by the side of a great dead oak on a little rocky ridge, and said:

"Stranger, thar's their graves."

Seeing how this had moved the young man, the younger of the two thought to say something kindly; and as the two hoisted their packs a little higher on their backs, and set their faces up the hill, he said, back over his shoulder, as they climbed up the steep road:

"Yes, they died a-leanin' agin that dead tree; and one was a holdin' of the other one's head, as if to sort o' help him, like."

That night some drunken miners, passing up the trail below the two white graves, were certain they saw a dark figure moving about on the rocky ridge; and they stepped high and hurriedly on their way, and told what they saw. Old Forty-nine, looking out of that low little window, also saw something that night. But he did not mention it to any one. In fact, he saw the object but dimly, for his eyes were old and weak now. And then the trees, at last after so many years, were growing up between his window and these two ghastly white graves that had so haunted him all these years. He was glad of this. Oh, he was so glad! He had always felt that, so long as these two bald white graves kept watch there at the mouth of the cañon, he could never pass out of it to the civilized world beyond any more. These graves were as the top of the mighty pillars of the gate that shut him up in prison forever. But now Nature had come to help and comfort him. The oak was dead; but a growth of pine, as is always the case on the California foothills, was taking the place of the departed oaks. They would soon hide these two glaring white graves utterly. This old man, with his morbid memories, felt that he could breathe freer, stand up straighter, step firmer, when these two graves that had laid there, bald and white, in moon or sun, storm or shine, for nearly twenty years, should be hidden forever in the green, cool foliage of the pines.

The next day young Devine, after a night of watching and prayer on the rocky ridge by the two nameless graves, resolved with the approach of evening to enter the saloon where Belle was to be found, and make his mission known.

He dressed himself with care. For, besides being always elegant in his apparel, he felt somehow that he ought to approach this young girl with every consideration and sign of respect. It is just possible, too, that there might have been at that time a vague idea that he might win this wealthy girl's heart, lift her to his position in life, and at the same time secure his own fortune. Who can guess what were his thoughts, with the picture of his dead father running counter-current through his brain, as he approached the saloon that night.

A motley crowd it was he found here, loud and coarse and vulgar; not at all like the men of the days of gold. He wore a tall silk hat: a dangerous thing for a stranger to do on entering a mining camp. Men stared at him. They were not absolutely uncivil; but they certainly held him in great contempt from the moment they set eyes on his hat. He wished to speak to some one, and at least seem to be sociable. Still thinking of his father with a touch of tenderness, and seeing old Colonel Billy with his battered hat on his left eye, he accosted him, and asked if he ever heard of a Mr. Devine who came to California in '49.

"A Mr. Devine? A Mr. Devine? Was he a gospel sharp? A hymn howler? No

offense, I hope. Thought he might 'a' been, you know, from the name," said Colonel Billy.

"No; no offense," said the young man, relaxing the fist that had half-doubled as the Colonel spoke.

"Did you ever know a man by the name of Devine?" he asked of a tall bony man, who stood and surged like a leafless pine that has died and refused to fall.

The old dead pine stopped surging a moment.

"Devine? Devine? Any relation to—?" And the bewildered old man lifted his head upward in dazed and helpless inquiry. Then shaking his head he was blown back into the crowd; while a sympathetic knot of old miners looked at the young man and shook their grizzly heads, but did not answer.

"Looking for a needle in a hay-stack, young man. If that was his name, it's just the best part of a reason that it ain't his name now. You see, we baptize 'em over and give 'em new names, titles, and sich, when they come to Californy," said a man with a mashed nose and a short leg.

There was a rustle of silk at that moment, and a murmur of admiration ran through the crowd. Old Mississip with her daughter, the dark, low-browed, Creole girl, entered and took their places at the faro-table.

This girl was supposed to belong to one of the oldest and most aristocratic families of the Southwest. It was a moment of intense interest to Devine. Her face did not show high blood.

"And why is she called Belle Sippy?" he asked of the short man with the mashed nose.

"Don't know, 'cept it's 'cause her mother's name is Mississip." The man limped away from this stranger, who seemed to be a walking interrogation-point, and over his shoulder referred him to Colonel Billy; and Colonel Billy, holding on to the bar lest the floor might move from under his feet if he attempted to stand still, referred him to old Forty-nine.

"He's been here since these hills was a hole in the ground; and what he don't know about anybody ain't worth knowing, stranger. Ask him. But it's my opinion, as a lawyer—my professional opinion—that she's no more her daughter than I am.

The old Colonel blinked and blinked as he spoke; and at the end of his speech looked at the young man as if looking to find a name for him. He looked first at his feet, then up, and up, till he saw his hat. Then with a laugh, he blurted out the word, or name, "Mr. Beaver."

"Signor," said Donna Juanita, a picturesque Spanish woman, as she drew her cigarette from her red lips, and looked at the pale face of the gentleman, "ze red is ze winning card."

"By Gol!" said a capper; "a dandy come to town," as he looked up from the game, over his shoulder, at the stranger.

"Dandy Beaver! Gentleman, Mr. Dandy Beaver!" said the Colonel, setting his white hat on his head.

"Dandy Beaver! Down your bets, Dandy Beaver," shouted the dealer, and gayly tossed his cards; and the man, looking straight at the new-comer, leaned forward, and playfully tapped the cheek of the girl.

And in such a place as this, and with such people! Why, what familiarity is this?" Devine fairly caught his breath, and fell back amazed, at the audacity of Dosson, as he touched the girl's cheek.

"All down! The game's made! Roll!" Again the coin clinked, the cards flew in the air, and the pretty Spanish woman and gayly dressed Mexicans smoked their cigarettes and played desperately.

"But where's Carrie?" said old Colonel Billy. "I didn't come here to gamble and to drink. I came here to see Carrie, and hear her sing. Now where is Carrie? That's what I want to know."

"That's just what I'd like to know, too. I declare, that Injin brat is more trouble to me than all the camp!"

"And who is this Carrie?" queried Devine, who was anxious to introduce himself to the notice of Bella.

"O, she's a wretched, ragged thing, that hain't got a cent. Got no father, got no

mother, got nothing," said Mississip, savagely.

The game had stopped. There was a storm outside. Perhaps these people were wondering where that child was. It was an awkward pause after the woman spoke so bitterly. The game had no attraction more, and the people began to roll cigarettes, and fall back and gather in groups about the saloon.

"That's a Frisco chap," said Dosson.

"Take a drink, Mister?" said the woman, pointing toward the bar.

"No, thank you, I don't drink."

"Don't drink! Well, (hic) he's not from Frisco," hiccoughed Colonel Billy.

"You are the proprietor of the—of the City Hotel?" said Devine, civilly, as he approached nearer, and sought to be courteous.

"I am the proprietor of this City Tavern, the only hotel; and I let's the rooms, bet your sweet life."

"Rooms! (hic) rooms! Rooms not quite big enough for bedrooms, (hic) and a little too big for coffins," said Colonel Billy.

"Can I spend the evening in the hotel?"

"Certain, certain! That's what this 'ere hotel was fixed up for. You see in the Sierras we likes to be as comfortable and as nice as in Frisco. But this parlor is used for a good many things. Now, this is the parlor of the City Tavern. This is the ladies' sitting-room." Here the Spanish lady bowed. "This is the gentlemen's sitting-room." Here Colonel Billy bowed profoundly.

"It's the eatin'-house, and it's the dead-house."

"Dead-house?"

"Aye, dead-house."

"Right there, I've seed seven of us laid out to stiffen on that 'ere table," said Colonel Billy, looking grim and ghastly at the recollection.

"O yes; but what's the use of a-killing of men in the house. It always interferes with the game. If you want to kill 'em, kill 'em outside. Down your bets! All down! Try your luck, Mister? There's the ace of diamonds, as pretty a card as ever held a twenty-dollar piece," cried the old monster.

"No; I promised my mother not to bet; and I will keep my word with my mother," said Devine.

"Mother, eh? Ha! ha! Hear him, fellows. He's got a mother. He's going to keep his promise to his mother," laughed the gamblers.

Colonel Billy arose, steadied himself, and then shouted out savagely: "Silence! Respect the man that respects his mother! Let no man profane the name of mother. We men who came to the Sierra thirty years ago left the world behind us. Our fathers forgot us. Our sweethearts married and left us. But our mothers waited and waited and waited; and then went to wait for us there!" And the man pointed upwards, and the miners took off their hats, and bowed their heads.

As he ended this speech, Forty-nine, bearded and brown, ragged and white-haired, came hobbling in after Carrie. The girl swung her hat in her left hand, and in the other she carried flowers.

The old man brushed the rain from his beard, and the girl shook back her shock of hair, and lifting her smiling face laughed at the old man who followed her, trying feebly to laugh and make merry in his turn.

"Just look at that! Look at her, boys. Found her clear up almost agin the snow, a-huntin' of flowers. Yes, I did, Colonel Billy; and she was a-singing to herself, like a robin. Yes, she was; and that's the way I found her.

"Forty-nine, you love her, don't you? You're a good un, old Forty-nine. She'd a died long ago but for you. And you love her like as if she was all your own," said old Colonel Billy, embracing his friend.

"I hain't got nothing else to—to—" and the old man's sleeve was lifted to his eyes, and his voice trembled.

"Come! You are breaking all up again. You oughtn't to break up that way. But come, old pard, old boy! We've been nigh on to thirty years here together, and we mustn't break down now. Will we, old Forty-nine? Why, you're all of a tremble. The wet in the mountains has been too much for you. Take a drink."

Instantly old Forty-nine brightened up. He turned, and leading up the little girl, said:

"Come, Carrie, and take a part of mine. Been a washing up, Billy? Panning out?" queried he, as they approached the bar.

The man with the mighty diamond flashing before him looked dark and uncompromising. Colonel Billy had buried his two hands in his pockets, as they approached the bar. He drew out his hands, and his pockets turned themselves wrong side out as he did so. And the two fell back bowed and crushed. "It ain't for myself, Billy. It ain't for myself, though every bone in me is a shakin'; but the girl. She hasn't had a bite, and her feet is a soppin' wet; and she can't hardly talk for the cold she's got," shivered the old man.

"He is wet, trembling, dying from the cold and storm. A drop may save his life," said the young man, aside. And turning to Forty-nine, he said:

"You are a stranger to me, old man, but you are weak and suffering. You will take something to revive you. And you, too? And you?" and Devine bowed to Colonel Billy and the mashed nose, as he led the way to the bar.

They stood up, in California fashion, and drank together, and fell back, wiping their mouths on their sleeves.

"That's right," said the old woman. "If you want to get on with the boys you must treat, in the mines. Bet your sweet life."

"That's good preaching. That's good moral philosophy, young man. Got four bits, young man (hic)? Now is the winter of our discontent (hic). Lend me four bits. I —I want to treat you." The poor old Colonel had, like Forty-nine, drunk deeply, and began to feel it at once.

"I say, Billy, don't bully the boy! He's a good un. Best treat," said old Forty-nine.

"Well, I must be sociable, I suppose, my first evening in the saloon. Besides, I—I begin to feel a little of the old fire in me. Ah! gentlemen, will you drink with me?"

"Will we?" cried the men, as they came from all parts of the house and rushed to the bar.

"Well, well! they are coming from the graveyard," said Devine, as he looked to the door.

"Green—green—green! O, green grows the grass on the Mississippi, O!" sang the gambler, gayly, as he then threw another deal of cards. "Down your bets! All down! I say, Dandy Beaver, it's just the place to make your fortune."

Forty-nine stood by the young man's side, and watched the cards with the intensest interest, and said, in answer to the gambler's appeal:

"Now don't you gamble! Never do you gamble! Never, under any circumstances, do you touch a card or risk a cent! But—but I say! There's the winner! I've been here since '49, and I'd ought to know. Hain't got five dollars about you, have you?"

"Well, yes, Forty-nine, here! Here are five dollars."

"Aye, we will be friends," and he grasped Charley's hand. "I have a great mine up the cañon—a tunnel that I have worked at for twenty-five years. Why, I have bored a mile into that mountain. I have a cabin up there. I drink water out of the same spring with the grizzly bear. O, my rheumatics."

"Drinks water, (hic)—drinks water, like a hoss!" said Colonel Billy.

"I will pay you a visit." And the two watched the game intently as they talked together.

"You shall live with me."

"He sleeps on a raw hide, and lives on beans and water. Now don't you go. It's not healthy up there—too far away (hic) from any whisky," laughed Billy.

"Come, down your bets!" cried the dealer.

"There, that's my card! O, it's a glorious card! O, it's a glorious game, this faro! Splendid chance to make a fortune."

"Poor old boy! He still thinks he knows the winning card (hic). He's guessed until he's gray (hic). Total wreck—total wreck!" growled old Crobly.

"Yes," said the mashed nose; "and he still thinks he'll strike it in that old tunnel

yet. He's pegged away till he's crippled, but still he says he'll strike it yet."

"And again the lucky Mississippi wins," said the woman, as she raked in the last dollar.

"I want to go," said Carrie, feebly, as she stole up and pulled at the old man's coat.

"My little pet! Yes, we will go home now. My! how you tremble! You're all of a shiver," said the old man, tenderly.

"And now, where have you been all day? That's what I want to know," cried the old woman.

"Why, I've been where you sent me; away up into the mountains to get these flowers. You told me I must bring these flowers to-night for Belle; and you know this kind only grows away up in the mountain, almost against the snow; and I got so tired before I got there—and it got dark—and I lost my way in the dark and storm—and you know there are bears up there—and I'm so cold and hungry."

"Such a little liar! Give me the flowers," cried the woman.

"I a liar?" and the girl sprang back.

"Give me the flowers, I say!"

"No! not for Joseph! Not for Joseph and all his brethren! There!"

"O, she'll go to the bad," said Bella; "you bet your sweet life she will. Don't you make a face at me!"

"Come, give me the flowers!"

"Never! so help me!—never! I will wear these flowers myself. Forty-nine, here is one for you. Hello, Mr. Store Clothes," and the girl seemed to discover young Devine.

"This is my friend. They have named him Dandy Beaver; but he is my friend," said Forty-nine.

"Then here is a flower for you, sir; the sweetest one I have. I found it growing almost in the border of the snow, far up the mountain, and nearer to the good man than we are down here."

"Why, what a wild strange creature!"

"Come, come, there! ain't you never going to sing for us?" said the angry woman.

"Yes, yes! when I get my flowers fixed." And she sang to herself, as she stood aside and fixed her flowers.

"Now mind you, girl, something lively."

Trembling and half-frightened to death, and hovering close to Devine and Forty-nine, she sung, even while tears ran down her face.

"So what's the good to care—
We've the sun and moon and air,
We've sweet flowers everywhere,
And the great good God is there;
As we go up and down,
As we go up and down."

Then she walked up and down, and tried her best to be bright and gay, though there were tears in every word and action.

"The sweet springs will come and go,
The sweet flowers blow and blow,
The sweet waters rise and flow,
Whether we take care or no;
As we go up and down,
As we go up and down."

As she sung, Charley Devine, who was now heated and made bold by drink, approached and stood by the side of Bella, and talked eagerly to her.

She looked at him at first with amazement, and all the time with incredulity.

"I tell you, you are an heiress. And I have been sent here to serve you, to take you out of this, and place you with noble people, and in the midst of noble surroundings. You are rich. You are well born. That woman is no more your mother than I. You are an heiress."

"That sounds awful good. Come to think of it, I always thought I was somebody in particular."

"I have the proof of it. I have the proof in my pocket. I tell you, you are an heiress."

"Well, I always thought I was no chicken. An heiress! That means silks and ribbons."

"Yes; and you are to come with me. Come, to-night—now! You are to leave this wicked place and these wicked people; and the sooner the better."

The old woman was leaning forward. She pretended to listen to two men talking to her on her left. She did not hear one word

they said. But she did hear every word Devine spoke. Had he seen her face at that moment, he would have read the one word "murder" in every line of its fatty folds. Her small black eyes snapped, and shot fire. Her red face was like flame.

She drew Dosson's shaggy head down to hers, and hissed something in his ear. He started up, hitched his pistol about under his coat where it would be handy to his grasp, and rising up, he sauntered away from the table, looking back savagely at Devine.

The furious old woman, who had to find vent for her anger, rose up and shook the trembling little girl, who had left Forty-nine, and was standing by the fire, trying to get warm. Devine started forward. Dosson stood between, put him back with a pointed fore-finger, and laughed a deep and devilish laugh. Here was a train laid, a powder-magazine; a single spark here would make sad havoc. Dosson was ready for battle, and waiting. The old woman clutched the girl by the hair, Devine dashed forward, Dosson's pistol was in his face.

Forty-nine caught up the girl in his arms, and fell back toward the door, as Dosson followed, with his pistol held to the head of Devine. Here the old man turned, and dropping the child behind him, his right hand shot up over the young man's shoulder, and a black cold muzzle was held between the bully's brows. He fell back, with a terrible oath; the door opened, and the three passed out into the terrible storm together.

Chapter IV.

DISCOURAGED.

A stranger and friendless, young Devine was only too glad to accept the hospitality of old Forty-nine that night. And the three, dripping with the storm, cold and hungry, crept up the cañon, and into the miserable old cabin together, all in silence.

The young man had not a dollar in his pocket; and the frugal breakfast told him too plainly how poor was his new-found friend. But he was rich in hope, and soon his glowing accounts of the possibilities of the old tunnel fired the youth; and before noon old Forty-nine led his new partner deep into the mountain, and there, by the dim light of the dripping candle, instructed him in the mysteries of gnome-land.

And it was high time, too, that he had some one to take the pick from his feeble and failing old hands. But how the pick clanged and rung now against the hard gray granite and quartz! There is no intoxication like that of the miner, who is made to feel that the very next blow may make him a millionaire. This old man was an enthusiast, on this one subject at least, and he imparted it to his new partner with undiminished fervor.

And yet the young man was not acting without great deliberation. He considered all things carefully, and decided that his post of duty was right there in that camp, as close to the side of the unfortunate heiress as might be—to watch her and guard her, and protect and save her from ruin, if possible. He had at once written to the old lawyer in St. Louis, and also to his mother, telling them both what there was to tell; tenderly telling of the two white graves on the rocky ridge which he so often looked out upon from the window.

He was confident that the old lawyer, and perhaps his mother, would come to him at once. Yet the place was remote from railroads, and the mails were few and far between. So he must patiently wait. Meantime, penniless as he was, what better could he do than work while he waited?

Weeks, months stole by. The old man was only able to hobble about now, and rarely ventured into the damp, dripping, and dreadful tunnel. The boy, too, was breaking under his toil and the scant living. His clothes were in tatters. The sharp stones had cut his boots to pieces, and he was literally barefoot. And yet there was no sign of gold. Every evening he would take down to the old cabin specimens of the last rock he had wrenched from the flinty front of the wall, and lay them on the table. These old For-

ty-nine would clutch up in his trembling hands, and turn over and over, and examine with his glass. Then he would lay them down with a sigh, shake his head, and, hobbling up to the mantle-piece, light his old pipe, and sit there by Carrie and gaze into the fire in silence.

Young Devine was getting terribly discouraged. Perhaps the old man was, too, but no sign of it was permitted to escape his lips.

Meantime, the old enmity between the parties in the cabin and the parties down at the saloon was not permitted to die out. Trust a woman like Old Mississip to keep hatred well alive between men! The renewed advances of Devine had only brought new indignities, and he resolved to attempt nothing more till help arrived from St. Louis. But he was so weary of waiting. He was almost naked; he was bent and broken from toil; he was hungry; he was literally starving. Yet he could see that Dosson and Emens were at work all night and day in their tunnel on their side of the spur; and their energy somehow impelled him to toil on while he could lift a pick. Once he heard a dull, heavy thud. He put his ear to the wall before him, and he could hear the stroke of their drills against the granite. He now knew that only a narrow wall of a few feet divided them. It was idle, vain, to hope that in that narrow wall could be found the fortune for which the old man had toiled so long and patiently. The young man was utterly discouraged. He could not, he would not, attempt another blow.

That afternoon he took his pick on his shoulder and crept out of the tunnel, determined to return no more. As he passed out of the mossy and fern-grown mouth of the tunnel, it seemed to be dripping more than ever before. It had been a hot day, and perhaps the water came from the melting snow above, on the steep mountain hight.

Down at the cabin, with some flowers in her hand, stood a little girl. She had grown almost to womanhood, and some one loved her now. She kept arranging the flowers, holding her pretty head to one side, and now and then looking up the trail as she talked to herself:

"Humph! No Dandy Charley now. No black coat, no black pants, no high hat now. O, he's the raggedest man in the mountains; and that's saying he's pretty ragged, I tell you. And I do believe he's sometimes hungry. I've gathered him these flowers. He likes flowers. We've gathered lots of flowers together. I'll put them on his table out here, where he and Forty-nine eat their dinner, when they have any dinner. Poor little Carrie, that Mississip says is so bad! I wonder if I am bad? I do lie, that's so; I do steal a little: but I am not bad! There, Charley, is a kiss for you on the sweet flowers."

And so, talking to herself, and arranging the flowers, the child did not see the silent and gloomy old Forty-nine, who had just returned to the cabin, and stood there before the door, with his gun on his shoulder and a coon in his hand.

Some one has said that these old Californians kept the secrets of their previous lives, and took new names to conceal their questionable past. O, no; not for that did these men close their lips to their fellows. But the baby at home, the wife waiting there—these were their gods. Around these they drew the magic circle of desolate silence. No man there, save in the hour of death, when gold and messages were to be given up to be taken to them by the trusted partner, talked of his love or his little ones. This home hearthstone, far away, was a shrine that lay in the innermost heart of the temple, where day and night these strong men knelt and worshipped. And so, do not wonder that Forty-nine never talked to this stranger in his cabin of his past. The little baby that lay there crowing in his cradle, reaching his fat chubby arms out to him, waiting for him, was a baby still. His wife still leaned her head on the mantel-piece, and wept silently, as he stood there of old, choking with the farewell words. He would keep them so forever. He could not conceive that that chubby crowing little cherub had ever left his cradle.

Indeed, old Forty-nine was communicative only on one sub'ect: that tunnel. A weari-

some theme it was for the young man, waiting for help; but on this theme only was the old man willing to talk.

Once, twice, thrice had the boy attempted to lead the old miner up to the subject of the two white graves out yonder on the rocky ridge; but each time, almost savagely, he turned away.

And it was a delicate theme, too, for the boy to talk upon. For who could care to talk of a father who had died a felon? Somehow, from what the men said on the hill as he first came into camp, or from their manner of saying what they did, he came to think that that tree had something to do with his father's death. He wanted to know certainly if the two unfortunate beings buried there were hanged on this old dead oak under which they lay. But Forty-nine said nothing.

The old man startled the girl just now. Then he laughing said:

"Dear baby! But never mind, we must have dinner now." Then picking up the coon, he turned and said: "And do you know it's going to be a powerful good dinner?"

"Well, what are you going to have?"

"That coon! Splendid coon! Coon straight."

"And Dandy? what's Dandy going to have? Dandy is hard at work, you know."

"O, he's going to have coon, too. O, I wouldn't cheat Dandy out of his coon, you know. Dandy shall have coon for dinner. Coon! Splendid coon! Coon—and—and water—and—toothpicks."

"But coon ain't good for Dandy; he is hard at work."

"O, yes; coon is splendid. Coon is better than mule, and mule is better than dog. I tried them all in '49. O, yes; I tell you, coon is good. O, I've had such a yearning for coon all these days. I tell you, I'm pining for coon!" As he said this, he started to enter the cabin. Then turning up his nose, he said to himself, as he partly paused, holding up the coon before him, "O, why did you cross my path? Why were you not a deer, or a grouse, or a rabbit, or a squirrel, or anything on earth but a horrible, greasy, ring-tailed coon?" Then cursing, he entered the cabin, out of sight.

In a few minutes the old man returned, wiping his hands on his shirt.

"There, that coon's a-cooking. Smell him?"

Carrie did smell him, and put up her nose accordingly. Then holding it, she said: "O, no; I don't smell anything!"

"Bah! I do! Coon without ingerns, coon without crackers, coon without anything. I tell you, I hain't seen such times since '49."

As he ceased speaking, Devine, bowed, depressed and broken, pale and in rags, entered, and throwing down the pick, sank into a seat.

The girl approached the man, and said, as she took up the flowers and gave them to him:

"There, do you see those flowers? I gathered them for you. I put them on your table to make you glad."

"O, the sweet and lovely California flowers," said he; "do you know they have something of your own purity, and full, sudden growth and freshness, Carrie? Beautiful fresh flowers!" and he lifted them to his face. "Silent angels of the voiceless night, you smell like—like— Why, Forty-nine, what is that I smell, cooking?"

"Coon—it's coon! Going to have coon for dinner—coon straight. A dinner fit for a king," cried the old man, bustling about, and affecting great enthusiasm.

"Coon straight? Fit for a king? Well, I am a plain American citizen, and I don't care to dine like a king!" Then turning aside, he said to himself: "Phew! If there is anything I particularly hate, it is the smell of coon! O, no, Forty-nine, let us have beef, bacon, bear—anything on earth but coon!"

"I cannot tell him there is nothing else," said the old man, aside. Then turning to Devine, he said, tenderly:

"Now, my dear boy, don't you know that at this time of the year you need a change of diet, for your health? Think of your health, my boy! Think where we would be if your health gave away! No, no; be satis-

fied, be glad, be grateful, be thankful to me that I have taken pains to get coon for dinner. I tell you, coon straight is the right diet at this time of year. I've been here since '49, and I ought to know." Then limping around and apart, he said to himself: "O Lord, how I do lie! How I do hate coon!"

"Keep up my health on coon straight! Great heavens! Have you not starved me long enough? And didn't you tell me you were going to hobble down to town to-day and get something fresh, and have a splendid dinner to-day?"

"This is a splendid dinner—a grand dinner! I tell you it is! You can't get such a dinner in New York—no, sir; nor in London: not for love or money—as coon straight. Carrie, spread the cloth, and I'll bring in the coon," and he hobbled out in excitement.

Devine took a letter from his pocket, and sat moodily aside reading it; while Carrie, in a merry spirit, proceeded to set the table as she sang:

"Over the mountains and down by the sea,
A dear old mother sits waiting for me;
Waiting for me, waiting for me—
A dear old mother sits waiting for me.

"Awaiting long and awaiting late
Is a sweet-faced girl at the garden gate;
Over the mountains and down by the sea
A sweet-faced girl is waiting for me."

"O, Dandy!" said Carrie, as she paused in her song, with the coarse gunny-bag tablecloth only half-way spread on the rough pine table. "Did you hear the news? Belle and Dosson! Stop a minute! Will you take the news a little at a time, or all in a heap? Well, then, here goes, all at once! They are to be married to-morrow night! Yes; and they are just going to have lots of fixings, and the biggest kind of high jinks!"

"Belle to be married—to that man! And what will Snowe think of me? He must have heard it somehow, and that is why he comes here post-haste," said he, aside to himself.

"And you used to like her, didn't you, Dandy? You used to try to get close to her, and say things, didn't you? You liked her, and she liked the other feller. That's just always the way, Dandy. Nobody never likes anybody that anybody likes."

"O, Carrie, set the table and let me alone. I never loved Belle."

"You never loved her, then, Dandy?" and she came, stooped, and looked in his face.

"Carrie, I did, and I did not. Listen: A man with a heart must love something. Love—the love of woman—is as necessary to the existence of a real man as the sunlight to the life and perfection of a flower. But until a man meets his destiny, reaches his ideal, he must of needs reach out to that which is nearest; as the vine climbing feebly up to the sun lays hold with its tendrils on whatever it can, be it foul or fair, the heart of man at such times takes hold of the highest nature that comes near his, and then waits its destiny. Jealousy is born of an instinctive knowledge of this truth."

The girl had started away, came back, and then stood still in wonder as he spoke, then at last said:

"Hey?"

"You don't understand?"

"No: that's all Modoc to me!" and she shook her head thoughtfully.

"Well, you will understand sometime. So run along now. I am sad to-day, and must sit alone and think."

"All right! Just so you don't think of Belle," and she hurried away into the cabin, and began to bring dishes and set the table.

"There! there's the pepper-sauce! Splendid pepper-sauce!" Then she went in and brought out something else. "And there's the red pepper. Now there must be some black pepper." And again she disappeared. "Yes, here it is! Splendid black pepper we have. Why, this black pepper is fit for a nabob!" and again she entered the cabin, and came forth. "And now, here is the salt! And there are the toothpicks! What magnificant toothpicks we have for this season of the year."

Then, as Forty-nine entered with the coon, she said, imposingly:

"The table is spread."

"Did you set on the pepper?"

"Yes, she set on the pepper, and that's about all she did set on!" said Devine moodily, aside.

Then the merry girl with much dignity went up and down, as if ringing a bell.

"Second bell! Dinner is ready!"

"Well, my little sunshine, let us try and make the best of it," said Devine, rising and offering his arm as he took in the spirit of her pretended dignity, and all sat down with a great deal of assumed ceremony.

Then said the old man, carving the tough coon: "Yes, it is a glorious thing to live in a country where you can have coon whenever your health requires it! Splendid coon, this! O, bless this old coon!" said the old man, eating eagerly.

"It smells like the old Harry," and the young man stopped, held his nose, and turned aside his head. "What did you go and buy an old coon for, anyhow? Why didn't you spend the same money, and get a good piece of beef? Beef! beef! That is the thing to give a man strength who has to swing the pick all day in a damp and dismal old tunnel! I can't eat this!" and he pushed back from the table.

"Where's the bread? You have forgot the bread!"

"No, no! I did not forget the bread!" said Forty-nine; and he ate greedily, to hide his confusion. After pretending to almost choke, he continued: "Coon and bread don't go together at all. The Indians never eat bread with their coon—never! They always eat their coon straight. I've been here since '49, and I guess I ought to know."

"Well, I am not an Indian, and I want bread!"

"Dandy, you can't expect to have everything," protested the now thoughtful girl.

"Eat your coon just this once. Now do!" pleaded the old man.

"I want bread! I want bread! I can't eat this—I won't try to eat it!" and he pushed away the old battered tin plate.

Slowly and sadly the old man rose up, and looking at his companion, began:

"Then listen to me! I have done the best I could. I tried to hide it all from you, Dandy, but I can't any more! A good many times I have said I was sick, and didn't eat. It was because there was not enough for both of us. I wanted you to eat and be strong, so that you could strike it in the old tunnel. But now there is nothing more to eat. Nothing more for any one. Dandy, for more than twenty years I have worked on in that old tunnel there—all alone, till you came last year. I believed every day that I would strike it yet. All my companions are dead, or have made their piles and gone away. All along the long and lonely road of my hard life are little grassy mounds: they are the brave miners' graves. I am the last man left. The grass every year steals closer and closer down about my cabin door. In a few years more the grass will grow over that doorsill, and long, strong, and untrodden it will grow in my trail there; the squirrels will chatter in these boughs, and none will frighten them away—for Forty-nine will be no more! And yet, for all that, I have never complained. I did believe, and I do still believe, we will strike it yet! But now—but now!" and here he almost broke down. "Eat your coon! If you love me, eat your coon!"

"Dear, dear old partner, forgive me." And he arose and embraced the old man very tenderly.

"Come, eat!" urged the girl, as he resumed his seat.

"But I can't eat now. I don't want to eat now."

"Then have some of the—the water," said the old man, tenderly.

"Yes, I will take a drink of water," said Devine.

"Have a toothpick?" laughed the girl. "Make out your dinner. Splendid toothpicks, ain't they?"

"Do not mock me, Carrie! I am too weary. I am too weak to rise up. Forty-nine, I had a dream last night. A glorious dream! It cheered my heart and nerved me for this last effort in the old tunnel! I

dreamed that I went once more, and for the last time, to work! I took up my pick, I threw it with all my remaining strength against the hard, flinty, front wall of quartz, and—and—"

The old man had sprung up wildly, and was standing over him.

"And—and you struck it? You—you—"

"Why, dear old partner, it was, as I told you, only a dream; yet it nerved me for to-day. I rose at dawn, as you know. I had no breakfast, as you know. You did not insist on my eating. Dear, dear old man, you knew there was nothing to eat. But I have toiled as I never toiled before; and now all—all is over."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"I mean that I toil there no more."

"And all my twenty-five years to go for nothing?"

"You see that pick? I brought it back to you, for I will lift it no more."

"And yet another blow, only one more blow, might strike it!"

"Well, then another arm than mine must strike that blow; for I am done, utterly done," answered the boy, almost with bitterness.

"Then I will take up that pick again, which these old arms have surrendered to you. Old and feeble as I am, I will go back to that old tunnel, and I will strike it yet—I will strike it yet!"

"Splendid! old man, I hope you will."

"Yes; that energy that took me through twenty-five years of toil; that energy that brought me to this coast when the cowards did not start here, when the weak died on the way—shall not fail me now. Ah! old Forty-nine will strike it yet—will strike it yet—will strike it yet!"

"Grand old hero of the mountains! There is my hand, and good wishes, and good will! But I can help you no more. I have not the strength to swing a pick now. I am hungry. I am starving, dying—dying for bread." And the man leaned his head on the table, and hid his face.

"I think if I could find an ingern it might improve the taste of that coon." And the old man rose up, and went to the cupboard and fumbled about, and finally found an onion. "O, yes, here is one," he said, and taking a knife, he sat down and began to peal it.

Carrie looked at Devine a second, and then rose and went behind some rocks up the trail, and brought a piece of bread and slipped it in his hand on the table, saying: "You said you wanted bread."

"Carrie, where did you get this loaf?" said the man, lifting his head, and looking hard at her.

"Got it there—of her," pointing toward the town.

"Of Dosson?"

"Yes, of old Dosson; bet your sweet life."

"Then it is his bread, and I won't eat it. It is his bread, and I will not touch it."

"It ain't his bread."

"I tell you it is his bread, and I will not eat it."

"It ain't his bread. It was his bread, but I stole it from him; and it ain't his bread any more." JOAQUIN MILLER.

THE UTILITY OF STUDYING LATIN.

The newspapers, not long ago, took up an old hue and cry against the study of Latin and Greek. It is a favorite theme of "progressive" writers. Latin and Greek are dead languages; what has this live age to do with them? They were well enough for the Middle Ages, when recluses had time enough and to spare, when the natural sciences were unborn, and mental training looked to no practical results. But now the subjects of study are multiplied a hundred-fold. Knowledge has become the handmaid of advancing civilization. Science teaches men how to master the forces of nature, how to earn their daily bread. We want science, therefore, for its utility. We want French and German for business intercourse. We want good English because it is our every-day instrument of traffic and influence. More than these is needless, even for the well educated, for the public speaker or writer, for the teacher, for the professional man, for the legislator and statesman.

Let us bisect the question, by confining it to Latin alone, and look at this single side of utility. Even with these limitations, we can touch but a few points in what is still a large subject. The question will then be, Does the study of Latin *pay?* Shall it be permanently retained in our high-school and college courses?

We are not now at liberty to speak of reasons drawn from tradition, or from the scholar's own satisfaction in study. Latin has been for many centuries one of the prime instruments of culture among the best educated people of the world. Let that go for nothing; the world may have been in the wrong. The Latin literature has been a confessed delight to the foremost men of letters, and to many humble scholars who "never told their love." That consideration must not be urged here; we ignore the pleasures of the soul, and come down to the bare, hard ground of practical utility. What can Latin *do* for the working scholar? In the throng of modern studies, what right has it to compete with the natural sciences, with the modern languages, with our native English?

We may note, at the outset, that Latin nowadays makes no exclusive claims. It does not ask to have these other branches of learning shut out or decried. It asks only that itself be not unduly disparaged and hastily thrown aside. So it is not a rival, but only a friendly sharer in an ample common home. It is one of the oldest members of the family of learning. It has never sold its birthright, and does not mean to be ignominiously thrust out. While it welcomes the younger languages, most of which are its own daughters, and the sciences also, to which it has been a foster-mother, it claims filial respect from its children, and demands an honorable place in the curriculum of the higher education. This demand is not the querulous whining of decrepit old age: it is the full-voiced call of a still vigorous and indomitable life.

I. Latin is exceedingly useful to the student of English. It is unnecessary to recall here the origin and elements of our composite tongue. It is a "Germanic" tongue, in its ground-work and main jointings. But the Norman conquest superimposed upon English a great mass of words of Latin origin. Other Latin words had come in before that conquest; many have been introduced by learned and scientific men in the more recent centuries. It has been said that thirty per cent. of our English words are directly or indirectly from the Latin. The percentage does not matter; we know that a large and very important side of our language is Latin. In one sense, this is the side of greatest importance. While the hinge-words of our sentences, the words of feeling, and

the words of homely every-day life, are chiefly Anglo-Saxon, the words of intellect and of intellectual life are largely from the Latin. We need not explain how this came about; we are simply to accept the fact, not to quarrel with it. Doubtless the English could have thrown off its rich Latin drapery; but having acquired so valuable a possession, it chose to keep it. Or, we may say, Anglo-Saxon is the warp of our English, but Latin makes a large part of the woof. Breadthwise as well as lengthwise, the language might have been woven of one kind of material; but English thought and science appropriated gladly the offered treasures from without, and made thus a more varied, delicate, and affluent speech than would otherwise have been possible. We find words of intellect shaped, discriminated, enriched by the finer uses two milleniums ago, handed down as a free and priceless gift from the ancient world to the modern; from the people who carried law and government and culture to a permanent domination over the elder Europe, to the people whose branching stocks were to contribute most to the advancing civilization and the marvelous life of the present age. The English-speaking people have accepted the boon. Our thinking men express themselves very largely in Latin-English words.

But can we not get all the Latin-English, as we do most of the Saxon-English, by absorption, not by special study? Much comes that way. The very men who scorn Latin as a dead language are using Latin in their strongest denunciations of its study. Business men use Latin; especially when they are making up the ten words of a telegram. It gives body to political platforms, when they treat of republican institutions, popular sovereignty, reciprocity, revenues, currency, and the like. It is heard in town meetings and party caucuses. It sounds in the shouts of the excited mob. *Mob* is a Latin word. It would be interesting to stop and see the great amount of Latin in the speech of common life, as well as in current popular writing. We cannot stay for an illustration of these facts. But we are compelled to notice that this Latin-English is often incorrectly used. The ludicrous blunders of speech are largely made on the Latin side of our tongue. The common schools give a good language training, so far as it goes; but this training does not go far enough for the needs of the scholar, the public speaker, the author, and the journalist. Words are subtle things, laden with an almost mysterious power. They have grown out of all human thought and human experience, and these have been infinite in scope and variety. If a single man could be called "the myriad-minded," how much more the long roll of superior men, and the vast populations who have fashioned and used the words which we inherit. Language is not an easy thing to compass: it has hights that are not climbed without toil, depths that are not sounded by a careless plummet.

How shall we acquire a better knowledge —the best knowledge—of our English words? By a careful study of words. We can study them as we hear them from good speakers. We can study them in the dictionary. But the dictionary—even the unabridged—is chiefly for definitions of present use. It helps only partially to a historic knowledge of words. The best meanings of words are got from their histories. Words that seem to mean the same thing may really be quite dissimilar. The public speaker or writer needs an accurate use of words; and the most accurate distinctions are obtained by going to the originals. True, a word may have swerved from its primary sense: that is a liability of human speech. But the great majority of the words of intellect retain something of their first meanings. So-called synonyms are not exact equivalents. In discriminating between them, there is no starting point so sure as their original meanings. Disregard of these takes away all hold on the nicer distinctions. Exact use is helpful for the force of speech, as well as for its adornment. The most direct and truthful expression of thought will have the greatest weight; and the most vivid and truthful word-picturing will do the most to charm and win the hearer or reader. So I say, let

the man who would use the best English, study carefully its Latin side. I am quite sure that the best speakers and writers cannot afford to neglect this study.

But have not many good writers and speakers neglected it? Certainly. But the majority of the *best* writers and speakers have had a classical training. See what that statement means. Of all users of English, a very small part have been classical students. Colleges have trained but an insignificant fraction of all the men in the community. Few others have studied the classics by themselves. Now, out of this little fraction, say less than one-hundredth of the whole, have come the majority of the best writers and speakers. Does that look as if mere absorption were enough, without a special training? Here is certainly a strong argument for such a training—the argument from fact and experience. And this point is to be noticed: the men of classical training have always set the standard for good English. Horace Greeley did not study Latin; but he came under the potent influence of men who had studied it. Benjamin Franklin got his training in a printing-office; but the printing-offices of his time, as well as of ours, had well-thumbed and blackened dictionaries, made by men of classical training. Abraham Lincoln learned from his more cultivated contemporaries. Shakspere's "small Latin" was doubtless much greater than the expression would now imply; but even if it had been small, he could have sharpened his knowledge of words in his famous "wit combats" with such scholars as Ben Jonson. Milton was steeped in classical learning. The poet-laureate of England is a finished classicist. The great English historians have known their mother Latin. The foremost historians of this country have been graduates of Harvard.

We need not multiply examples. It is undoubtedly true, that the best English in our literature, the best speaking by statesmen and public orators, have been seen in connection with classical training. The best users of English have, as a rule, been men who knew the English that comes from Latin; knew it not by easy absorption, but by a careful study of its sources. How could it be otherwise? English owes so much to Latin that it cannot be thoroughly studied and comprehended, and molded to facile and fittest use, without the study of the Latin also. The modern type of study introduced by scientists is the historical type. The modern scientific method is the historical method. It is sheer folly to ignore this method in the study of English. If the historical method is followed with any degree of thoroughness, it carries us irresistibly to the study of our half-mother tongue, the Latin.

I have dwelt on this point, because it seems to me one of unquestionable and decisive weight. When the cry is raised, "Study English, more English, take pains with your English," I make no objection; but I ask, What is good English? Whence come our words of thought and of intellect? Study them, and study them thoroughly; and in order to do this, let Latin take its proper place as an indispensable helper. The men of science need good English for their own clear processes of thought, and for the right expression of their thoughts to others. If scientific men all ignore Latin, the time will surely come when they will lose something in facility and power of expression; and then they will, to some extent, lose the public ear. I ask for Latin for the scientist's sake; I demand it for the journalist's sake, for the orator's sake, for the statesman's sake. The "London Times" is not shy of Oxford scholars. Gladstone stirs the heart of Mid Lothian with an oratory born of classical study. If any American speeches are to live, they will be those of the college-trained Webster. The Declaration of Independence was written by a graduate, and the founder of a university. The powerful speeches of James A. Garfield show that he studied the Latin side of English. If utility is sought, here we have it.

But another point deserves to be coupled with the foregoing.

II. The study of Latin is, and will continue to be, the best language study. I refer to the study of language for drill, for mental

training, rather than for facility in using. *Some* language study there certainly ought to be. The youngest pupil in our schools is a born linguist. Before school days, between the ages of two and five, he has learned English; and that is no small task. Forms easily impress themselves on a child's memory. Such a language as the Latin can be learned by a bright boy of twelve or fourteen with wonderful facility. He will not rise to a comprehension of philosophical grammar; but he will catch the shapes and meanings of words, and make almost nothing of the task. In deciding on the proper order of studies, it ought always to be remembered that a child carries on with ease a double process of learning and development: his senses are wide awake to get the beginnings of natural science, and his ear and tongue are alert to provide words with which to express his new thoughts. The one study does not hinder the other; the two are mutually helpful. Observation of natural objects quickens the thinking power, and prompts to new efforts of expression; and, on the other hand, the study of words, giving new facility and accuracy of expression, multiplies the facets of thought, reacts on and stimulates the power of observing and acquiring facts. Language study, then, is useful as a discipline of the mental powers.

For such discipline, there is no language like the Latin. But one may ask, "Why not spend all my time on English?" We have already seen what that would lead to. English cannot be thoroughly studied, except historically. The historical study of English means the study of English *plus* Latin. As history itself cannot be learned from a single generation of men, no more can language be learned from a single generation of words. Both range through the recorded ages of our civilization.

Then take some other modern language. There one will have language drill, and at the same time get access to a rich literature, and gain a new working instrument. That is all true. German and French are most valuable acquisitions. But suppose one studies French, not merely to speak French when one goes to Paris, but to gain a language drill. Can French, as it is usually taught, compare with Latin for this purpose? French is the simplest of languages in its structure. Its words are mostly bare of inflective endings. Its syntax is of the most straightforward kind. Like other modern analytic languages, it scatters the elements which are concentrated in synthetic forms like those of the Latin. It is no trick at all to construe an ordinary French sentence. The difficulties are in the irregular forms and in the peculiar idioms; and these have to be learned by sheer force of memory. They give little practice to the investigating, weighing—i. e., the deliberative—powers of the mind. Yet French can be studied in a more thorough way; viz., by the historical method—tracing its changes of forms, and going back to its originals. That means going back to the Latin, for French is own daughter to the Latin. Still more irresistibly than in the case of English, a thorough and disciplinary study of French carries us back to the study of its mother tongue, the Latin. So close is the manifest relationship of the ancient tongue to the modern, that many good teachers recommend Latin as a preliminary to French—merely for the sake of acquiring French, and without any reference to language drill. However that may be, certainly language study, as such, can never rest on French alone. For the same reasons, Italian and Spanish can never give us a full language discipline. With all these three modern tongues, we are compelled to go back to the mother Latin.

But there is the other prominent modern tongue, which is not a daughter of the Latin. Will not German give us a complete language drill, together with the advantages of practical use? German is certainly a difficult tongue. Its noun inflections are in four cases. Its article and adjective combinations are perplexing. Its genders, like those of Latin, are artificial. Its verbs afford an interesting and not too easy study. Its arrangement of words is more involved and periodic than that of our English sentences. But, after all, German is one of the modern analytic

languages; and none of these, with their scattered elements, can ever equal the synthetic forms and elastic constructions of the Latin. To say nothing of etymology in grammar, the Latin syntax is unapproachable by any modern syntax. It is more objective and complete than even the Greek syntax. It is the one perfect embodiment of formal grammatical relations. Any one who masters the Latin syntax has learned grammar for all tongues. Our high-school boys who study Latin scarcely need to study English grammar. The abundance of case inflections, the concentration of relations in the varying forms of the verbs, the absolute freedom of position in the arrangement of words, the completeness of the periodic structure—these and other features of Latin make it the one typical language for grammatical study and linguistic discipline. No matter how much improvement there may be in the methods of studying German: for simple language study, it can never compete with the Latin. It is not a new apparatus that is wanted for German, or for French or Italian. No apparatus of study can put into them that which they essentially lack, that which the Latin has always furnished.

And here, referring to the former part of our discussion, it is in place to notice that German is by no means in as close relationship to our English as is Latin. Anglo-Saxon is in a closer relationship; and Anglo-Saxon ought to be much more studied than it is. But German, while it is of the same general stock with English, is in no sense a parent speech. It is a somewhat distant cousin of English. Its words furnish a multitude of correspondences, but they do not take us back to the very nests and birthplaces of our speech. On the other hand, Latin is the mother tongue for a very large and most important part of our language. If we seek a historical relationship, and pursue a scientific, historical method, Latin is much more vitally connected than German with our English speech.

Again: a thorough study of German does not rest on modern words alone. It goes back to the earliest accessible sources. But the history of German leads into shadow and uncertainty. The German does not, like the French, trace its parentage to a well-known fountain of civilization and culture, with a history and a literature open for the inspection of the world. In default of a direct line of ascent, German scholars must at a certain point go off on collateral lines, and resort to a comparative study of the kindred tongues preserved to them from ancient times. They must betake themselves to the trodden paths of the world's civilization. "All paths" of this sort "lead to Rome." The historical study of German cannot ignore the Latin, as a prominent language in the great Indo-European family of languages; as the language of the people who stood between the Orient and the Occident, and handed down to later ages the treasures of the earlier civilizations.

Then, too, the literature and history of the German-speaking people are closely, almost inseparably, bound up with the literature and history of Rome. Those people, as they came out of the confusion and conflicts of the earlier centuries, went to Rome for much of their law, and many of their governmental institutions. The German emperors tried to combine Germany and Italy under a single crown. "The Holy Roman Empire," in name at least, lasted in Germany down to a comparatively recent period. Now the thorough study of German means the study of German literature under the light of German history. That literature and that history lead obviously to a study of the history and literature of Rome. They would naturally call for an understanding of the imperial tongue of the Romans—that speech which impressed itself on so many nations of Europe, which became the common accredited language of the church and the kingly courts, the language of scientific jurisprudence, the language of scholars and philosophers even down to a very recent date. The roots of German literature and history strike so deep in Roman soil, that the thorough student of German can hardly do without an acquaintance with Latin. It is not a medieval prejudice that gives Latin

at this day so large a place in the schools of Germany.

Let it not be thought that literature alone can make a scholar without a previous study of the language. The language is the only basis for a proper understanding of the literature. Language study alone forms habits of nice discrimination and exact criticism. A language is the parent stock on which are found the bloom and fruitage of literature. If we seize the latter alone, we grasp what withers instantly in our hands. In a careful study of English, we are indeed laying more stress than formerly on acquaintance with English literature. But we know the English language already. If we knew French, and no English, no translation of Shakspere into French would show us the felicities of his language, or the clear depths of his thought; no translation would imbue us with the full spirit of his writings and of his times. So no translations of Cicero and Virgil can make us appreciate the excellence of their work, or fully acquaint us with the republican and imperial ages of Rome. The masterpieces of literature must always be studied in their own original forms.

I see no support for these modern *litterateurs* who proclaim a crusade against Latin. *They* need not study it; they are quite at liberty to give all their energies to something else. But when they seek to direct the higher studies of the community, that is another thing. In decrying Latin as a dead language, and ridiculing the study of it as useless, they are committing a palpable and egregious blunder. They are trying to banish from our higher education one of its foremost excellences. They are helping to despoil our own mother tongue. They are cramping the study of the best contemporary languages. They are substituting disciplinary studies which, from the nature of the case, can never equal, much less supersede, the study of Latin.

I maintain the claim of Latin to a place in our high-school and college courses, not for its own sake, but as a helper in the great circle of studies. It is a handmaid of the natural sciences; it is a mother-in-law of German; it is half-mother of English, and whole mother of French, Italian, and Spanish. Aside from all kinships, it holds a sovereign place in language study, a place as imperial as the rank of the old-time Rome among the nations. And as an instrument of mental culture and development, it is unsurpassed and unsurpassable.

It would be easy to multiply testimonies on this last point—the superiority of the mental discipline afforded by this study. Some years ago Latin was recommended, but not required, as a preparation for the courses of the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale College. Some students came with Latin, others without it. It was found that those who had it were better scholars in all the studies than those who lacked it. The difference between the two sets was marked, almost marvelous. So, on strict grounds of utility, the authorities decided to make Latin a regular requisition. The experience of years has justified that decision. I have these facts from a professor in that school, well known on this coast, who is not himself a Latin scholar, and who was at first jealous of the new requisition. Now he heartily approves it. The Lawrence Scientific School at Cambridge makes a like requisition. The fashion has got as far west as the Mississippi River: Washington University, in St. Louis, asks a similar preparation for admission to its scientific department. The principal of one of our prominent high schools testifies to the same point. He has parallel courses of study, one with Latin, the other without it; this being almost the only difference. Watching these courses for several years, he has found that the Latin scholars are better than the others in English, better in modern languages, better in the natural sciences, better in everything. Scientific professors in our University make similar statements.

Such experiences will have their due weight here as elsewhere. Latin may be decried as already dead and buried; we have seen that it lives on the lips even of those who decry it. It may be proclaimed a temporary make-shift, best for the present

only because modern languages have not yet got on their finest working harness; we have seen that their inferiority is not in appliances and methods of teaching, but in the very character and history of the languages. It may be claimed that this hurrying age cannot wait to master a complex model of speech; we have seen that here haste makes waste, even of our precious nineteenth-century time. *Because* time is so valuable, we must use the best instruments of learning. Because the subjects of modern knowledge are so crowded, we must early acquire the best mental discipline. So this imperial speech will not be exiled, even here. California is not so peculiar, the Pacific coast is not so apart from the learned world, that we are to be counted out of the republic of letters; and in that republic, the Latin language will evermore be held in honor.

MARTIN KELLOGG.

CONSUMMATION.

The moon hung low above the harbor-bar;
The heavy mist rolled up along the sea;
In purple cloud-rifts shone a single star;
A robin whistled from a windless tree;
A black ship, drifting slowly with the tide,
Showed for a time her tall sails ghostly loom,
Holding her silent way toward the wide
Impassioned waste that merged in distant gloom.

The fragrant breath of violet and rose,
Strong with the cool and dewy kiss of night,
Stole through the hedge that hid the garden close,
And filled the sense with dreams and sweet delight;
We made the waveless bay an Asian plain;
And Bagdad's towers rose in a nearing sail;
A drowsy bell tolled out a low refrain;
The sleepy robin was our nightingale.

Lives have their epochs, marked by some sweet sign—
A summer night, a bit of restless foam,
A clinging kiss that warmed the blood like wine,
A star of stars high up in heaven's dome;
And down the fading vista of swift years,
One hour of gladness shines supreme and fair,
When, through the soul-lit portal of your tears,
Love answer made, and joy was everywhere.

THOMAS S. COLLIER.

AT COBWEB & CRUSTY'S.

Chapter VII.

The Doctor was a man approaching middle age, though his clear unwrinkled skin and bright collected glance, that seemed resolved to let nothing escape, gave him such an appearance of comparative youthfulness, that it was the most natural thing in the world to credit him with ten years less than he really possessed.

He was of tall and well-developed figure, not portly, indeed, but rather indicative of what might be, were he to come to late maturity. A man who, at the first view, from action and expression, as well as from style of dress, gave instant impression of every thought and impulse being habitually measured in the extreme, and as of one who seemed to cultivate with care a spirit of forced urbanity, calculated to create for him many friends and admirers, though, as in all such cases, repelling many others who preferred to remain aloof from allurements that to them seemed artificial and insincere. A man whom the Colonel had somehow never felt disposed to like, though there was no speech or action upon the Doctor's part which could be cited to explain the prejudice. Now, seeing how rapidly the Doctor was bearing down upon the narrow plank walk in front of the lighthouse, so that a meeting seemed imminent, and not in fact to be avoided, the Colonel prepared himself to encounter further exasperations of unauthorized rustic curiosity, though in this case likely to be offered more in the shape of courtly inquiry or gentle innuendo than in the offensive forms so lately displayed by others.

But, to his surprise, the Doctor did not seem to be aware that any one was sitting near; but rapidly walked past, his eyes cast down upon the ground in a brown study, and his arms folded, not even arousing from his abstraction to take note of the Colonel, when, in passing, their shoulders almost brushed together. So for a while he hurried along, with his head still bent down and arms folded, in the same apparent stress of deep reflection. Perhaps for a moment the faint lines of thought upon his forehead continued to widen, and the corners of his mouth to grow more depressed. But as he turned the corner, he grew more erect, and unclasping his hands, drew a deep sigh, with the air of one who, after long tribulation, has hit upon some idea or scheme worthy of deliberate and definite execution.

Until that moment he had been walking in an opposite direction from his office, but now he again approached it, not turning suddenly upon his steps, but employing a somewhat circuitous route through a lane behind the main street. There could be no reason for this secrecy, for no one would be apt to notice with any especial intent or interest how often he might go back and forth; nor at any other time, probably, would he have minded turning directly upon his heel and retracing his very footprints. It was merely that, in the present mood of his mind, it seemed pleasant and satisfactory for him to be mysterious to himself. Therefore he took a rear direction, and after a few minutes reached his office.

It was at Cobweb & Crusty's. During one of the many remodelings of the tavern, it had seemed desirable to have a stage-office, and a capacious room had been thrown out for the purpose, in the northerly corner of the building. In the course of a month, however, it was satisfactorily ascertained that no other office was needed than the stable, and that the accounts could be kept in all due sufficiency upon the lid of the oat-box, with common chalk. The office was thereupon abandoned; and the Doctor, coming to the village just at that period, gladly took

possession of the vacated premises, and fitted them up for his own use.

In many respects, it was like the office of any other country doctor. He being a single man, the rear portion had been cut off for his bedroom, communicating with the rest of the building. The front was a compound of physician's room and apothecary shop, furnished with a table, book-shelves, black-walnut cases full of bottles, a dusty chemical retort upon the top of the case, and one long shelf for the display of sundry alcoholic preparations of warts and tumors. And in a little square recess between the mantle-shelf and the wall, there was a calico curtain, behind which hung the skeleton: supposed by Mrs. Crusty, who, while brushing around, had once chanced to see it and never could be induced to look again, to have been the skeleton of a man killed somewhere else by a rival doctor, and who, if he had been placed in the hands of Doctor Gretchley, might have been alive to this day. Looked upon in that light, the skeleton was of great service, answering not only for a scientific preparation, but for a salutary warning as well.

It was in the matter of his library, perhaps, that the Doctor's office differed from most any other. As a mere physician, he stood very high. Marvelous stories were told of the desperate cases he had cured. If there was any fault to be imputed to him, it arose from a suspicion that his extreme attention to the diseases often seemed to take away his interest in the patients; so that the latter, missing that cheerful and heartfelt sympathy which some doctors bestow, were made to realize that they were looked upon rather as forms or cases for the setting forth of interesting scientific problems, than as human beings directly concerned in the result; and it may be that they were therefore proportionally depressed at times when the spirits needed elation.

But, after all, this might be a fault in the right direction, whereby it was possible that the absence of personal sympathy allowed more perfect medical supervision. Apart from this high repute as a physician, it was well known that the Doctor cultivated the correlative sciences, understanding botany and natural history in a surprising degree, and giving himself up with great enthusiasm to the study of profuse metaphysical problems.

It was in this latter branch of learning, therefore, that the Doctor's library loomed into distinction. Aside of the ordinary text-books upon the nerves and eye, and what not, were the works of Kant and Hobbs and Spinoza, and others who had striven to illustrate the operations of the mind, together with more modern treatises of progressive tendency; and it might have been observed, that all these works were well-thumbed and annotated. It was even known that the Doctor had once written a similar work himself—very intricate and abtruse, and embodying much that was valuable in all the treatises that had ever gone before.

Entering his office, the Doctor threw himself into his chair, and for a moment seemed to renew his troubled thought: with dissatisfaction to himself, it might be, for now the train of reflection did not appear to progress aright. At last he arose, and with something of a downcast expression. Possibly more attentive examination had not convinced him of the feasibility of some matter, as readily now as when walking along the street. But whatever the mischief, his versatility of mind almost immediately enabled him to cast it from his present attention; and summoning a smile to his lips, he sat down composedly at a porcelain slab, and began to manufacture pills.

As he sat there, with his hat off, and his high bald forehead bent over the tablet, there seemed something incongruous in so much that was purely intellectual being engaged upon such a mere mechanical routine. But it was part of the duty of a country doctor to manufacture pills for his patients; and in cheerful recognition of this necessity, for many minutes he worked away with alacrity, seeming to devote all the capabilities of his intellect to the careful mingling of the ingredients into paste. Then it appeared to occur to himself that he had condescended long enough, and that his lowered tone of mind

needed new equipoise; for, throwing down the knife, he lifted from the shelf of physiological treatises a small thin volume, plentifully interspersed with interleaved blank sheets, and notes in his own handwriting, and spent an agreeable half-hour in reading and making new suggestions upon the interleavings. While so doing, the door opened, and a little old bent-over woman entered.

"Well?" said the Doctor, half-angrily, being a little displeased at the interruption, but almost immediately smoothing out his face into the customary smile. "What is it now?"

It was merely a plaster that the old woman desired for her bed-ridden husband. He had not had one for two or three days, and was uncomfortable without it; and so—

"And did you not remember that this is the day of the week when I always ride past your place, on my way to the poorhouse, and that I never forget to bring the plaster with me?" asked the Doctor. "Why, then, could you not have waited until afternoon, instead of walking in these three miles?"

But her husband was so uncomfortable—the old woman pleaded, almost as supplicatingly as though asking pardon for a sin. And therefore, if, by walking only six miles and getting the plaster a few hours earlier, she could relieve him, it would not be on her conscience so heavily, that—

"You are a very foolish woman," said the Doctor, not unkindly, and handing out the plaster. "What has conscience to do with it, I'd like to know? or why should it trouble you if you did let things fall behindhand now and then? Surely, your own old legs have some rights in the matter, to be respected.—Well, what now?"

This to an old man who appeared in place of the retiring old woman. He had come up behind her; but though she was bent over, he was bent so much more that until now he had been entirely shielded from view; and his sudden appearance into sight was somewhat startling.

"I suppose you have come after a plaster, too?" said the Doctor.

Almost the same thing. He wanted a lotion for his rheumatic daughter. She had suffered greatly during the night, and, as it was only a mile away, the old man had at one time been tempted to walk in for the lotion, and not wait until morning. Indeed, considering how she had suffered towards three o'clock, he felt that he ought to have done so, and he was afraid that it would ever be upon his conscience that—

"Conscience, again; as though there was really such a thing!" muttered the Doctor, as he handed out the lotion. "And don't you ever think of any more wild-goose chases at night, or you'll be doubled up with rheumatism yourself."

It would have been practically impossible, perhaps, for the old man to be any further doubled up than at that very moment. But not seeming to notice this fact, or at least making no remarks about it, the old man took the lotion with many thanks, and hobbled away. And hardly had he done so, when a new shadow darkened the door, with the appearance of the village minister.

"Come in, come in," said the Doctor, courteously; for he rather liked the minister, in spite of their differences of opinion upon almost any topic. "And what is the good word with you?"

The minister had come for a little advice—not anything of importance, perhaps, but still it might be worth attending to it in time. He was engaged, he said, in reading aloud an interesting review, and it had seemed that morning that his voice was becoming a little husky, premonitory of temporary breaking down, perhaps. And he was anxious to correct the evil at once, else it might be that he would fail of his appointed duties upon the ensuing Sunday.

"But if you couldn't, you couldn't, and no blame to anybody; and that would be a sermon saved, and lazy times the week after," rejoined the Doctor, in a jocular tone of voice. But the minister slowly shook his head, taking the remark in all sober spirit of literalness, and being by nature incapable of any appreciation of jocularity.

"I have been engaged by the congregation to do all that I can for them," he said.

"My time is theirs, therefore; and if I fail to do my duty through any fault of my own, in the way of lack of necessary precaution or otherwise, it would be sorely upon my conscience that—"

The Doctor gave a little jump upon his chair.

"You are the third—in fact, every one seems to be talking about his conscience this morning," he said. "Now tell me honestly: do you believe that there is any such thing?"

"Do not you?" retorted the minister, opening his eyes pretty wide at the sudden attack, yet not appearing unduly startled, being already somewhat acquainted with the heterodoxical tendencies of the Doctor.

"How can I tell?" answered the other. "How can anybody tell, in fact? You say that there is something within you—an independent principle or impulse—that tells you when you have done right or wrong. But is that a natural consciousness, or the mere bias of education or custom? If the former, why is there no fixed and certain standard? For instance, why is it that it troubles you to have pinched the tail of a cat, inflicting upon her merely a momentary painful sensation, while a Sioux or Pawnee Indian would take an hour or two in stripping off your skin, and think the better of himself the more he made you howl? Answer me that, now."

The minister was about to answer, not probably with any especial satisfaction to himself or prospect of conviction to the other, inasmuch as he had never given any studious examination to the subject. Calmly and quietly he had run in a regular rut, as is so often the case with men who meet no open opposition of argument, trusting to Butler and Paley for his evidences, and to approved commentaries for his ideas; not so much ignoring the new questions of the day as being unconscious of their existence; from his youth up never doubting that the Dairyman's Daughter and the writings of Hannah More, if carefully read, would prove the most efficient theological assistants of the age. A simple-minded man, guileless and truthful in every point of character, and respected by all classes; and yet scarcely fitted to cope in argument with one of the Doctor's acute and earnest exploration. But for the moment he was saved from the necessity of answering by the Doctor himself, who continued:

"You have read my book, published three years ago, upon 'Mental Emotion,' have you not?"

"Not all of it," said the minister, hesitatingly, and for the moment feeling himself the sport of conflicting emotions. For while he somewhat envied the Doctor as the author of a successful book, he felt that he could not approve of the book itself. He himself had once gained some renown by his series of articles upon "The Beggars of the Bible," published in a weekly religious paper, and he had hoped to have them ultimately gathered into a neat little duodecimo; only that it happened, that, having written up Lazarus and Bartimeus, he was obliged to stop, having, so to speak, got out of beggars. And here was the Doctor, the author of a handsomely printed octavo, and the minister could not help looking upon him with some degree of admiration. Yet, still he felt that he ought not to commend the book itself, and he valiantly resolved not to be afraid of telling the whole truth.

"Not all of it," he said. "Some portions of it, that is all. There was much with which I could not agree; and there was one part so abstruse that I seemed to lack proper understanding of it."

"Aye, my summing up of the subject, perhaps," rejoined the Doctor, not at all displeased. In fact, it would be a tedious thing for him to quarrel with all who had not read his treatise. "At the best, the argument was roughly and crudely put. But we learn, as we grow older. And it may be news to you that I am preparing a new edition of the work."

"Ah?" said the minister, not looking particularly pleased. In fact, it seemed to him that the fewer editions of the Doctor's book there were out, the better.

"I have it here, interleaved," said the Doctor, placing his hands lightly upon the

volume spread out upon his desk. "I have endeavored to give the diagnosis, as one might say, of every possible emotion of the human race. I try to show the development of these from early ages: not a small matter, by the way; as I claim that, with the advancement of civilization, new emotions have appeared to agitate the human race. For instance, we will admit that anger and revenge have always existed; but can any one detect much latent spirit of humor in the Hottentot race? Or could a Digger Indian see anything to make him laugh in one of Leech's social sketches? I claim, therefore, that humor is a new emotion—the product of civilization; and if so, why not other emotions? And why should not the advancing future of civilization give birth to additional emotions, not now even suspected to exist? To anticipate these, is, of course, almost impossible; but I fancy that, by a careful consideration of analogies, I have done something to indicate the probable direction of future emotions. In my general consideration of the topic, I have endeavored as far as possible to delineate them from actual observation: even at times seeking to produce them in myself, so as the better to analyze them from my own experience. Then again, there is to be considered, in a physiological point of view, how the same class of emotion will affect different temperaments. I have an idea that even the color of the hair or complexion may have their use or effect in the reception of almost any emotion. All these instances I am continually upon the search for, and duly note them down; and I am inclined to believe, that, when the revision of my work is concluded, it will rank not ignobly in the world of letters, as a contribution to philosophical science."

"And with regard to the matter of conscience—the point which we have already touched upon—"

"That, of course, I elaborate most fully. For you cannot deny that it is within the scope of my work. Whether it may be a natural impulse, or merely a force derived from education, it is, all the same, a mental emotion. But I do not undertake fully to decide the nature of the force. Rather do I compile the opinions of others, leaving the reader to decide the matter partly from his own sense of the weight of argument."

"Partly, you say, Doctor. Then you do give something of your own opinion and inferences?"

"Of course, though somewhat in brief: else the book would be of little value. Incidentally, perhaps, rather than in extension."

"But why, with so many authorities as you will naturally quote—why add your own opinion at all?" the minister hastened to suggest. He felt that here was a situation in which he might be of service. Doctor Gretchley was certainly not a man who could be influenced by Hannah More or the Dairyman's Daughter; but if he could be persuaded to restrain himself from adding his own heterodoxical opinions to the great mass of similar utterances by other authors, some good might be accomplished.

But to this sacrifice the Doctor could by no means be persuaded; and now at last the matter advanced to open argument between the two. Though the minister had never studied controversial works upon the subject of conscience, he could at least debate not uncreditably upon the propriety of refraining from such a course as would effect no good, and yet might injuriously sway the impulses of others. For a while, therefore, the contest continued: warmly, as is proper in earnest debate, and yet without acrimony. It was not altogether as unequal a debate as might be imagined. Unlearned as the minister was in any of the new philosophies of the day, he was fluent in speech and felicitous in expression; and basing his argument upon the solid substructure of olden moralities, he made no inconsiderable fight. And though the Doctor had every philosophical theory or maxim of centuries past at his tongue's end, he was mortified to find how little effect they had against a nature so trained by a different style of education to resist them.

Therefore, the war of words waged fluently upon either side; of the two, the minister

becoming naturally the warmest worked up. For to him was the real earnestness of the conflict, as to him was the earnestness of the whole duty of life. In this respect, the disputants displayed their separate characters before them. The man who stood constantly by the bedside of the sick and dying with consolation and soothing upon his lips, and a compassionate wringing of his own heart, exhibited the same earnestness now, and spoke not for self-approbation, but simply from a desire to conquer in the argument, for the sake of human happiness. The man who stood at the same bedside, and with dry eyes and calm voice made his critical diagnosis of disease, now argued merely from the abstract love of contest, and an ambition to maintain his reputation for skillful management of his subject.

Of course, between such diverse style of combatants, each trained to disregard the choicest weapons of the other, there could be only one result. Exhaustion at last ensued, with conviction to neither party. But the contest had had a peculiar effect upon the Doctor, elating him with something of that spirit of adventurous determination which had shone in his eyes when he had first entered his office. That spirit had then passed away, and he had betaken himself stoically and prosaically to the manufacture of pills. Now, again, it was provoked, and shone in every feature. What was it, indeed? Could it be a desire to enter upon some dangerous course? a wish, subduing itself when attended with calm reflection, but when in the roar of battle, or in the excitement of another person's opposition, urging him to mischief?

"I feel more disposed, already," the Doctor muttered to himself. "Could I arouse him to some new emotion, I think that I could catch the enthusiasm of mischief, and be myself again, as, with better courage, I could wish myself to be.—Well, my dear sir," he added, aloud, "this has been a welcome visit; and though we have not convinced each other, yet I feel that we are mutually better acquainted. To know each other —that is the real object in life, is it not? And speaking of that, have you seen my skeleton?"

So saying, the Doctor pulled away the muslin curtain from the recess, and disclosed the grinning skeleton, dangling by a cord passed through the top of the skull. It was to all appearance an ordinary skeleton, such as may be seen in any doctor's office or anatomical museum. Surely, the Doctor did not expect the minister to be discomposed at the sight of such a simple object as that.

"My skeleton," he said, turning the bones round upon their string, a quiet, half-expectant smile in his face.

"The remains of all of us, in one sense," said the minister; "for this is what we are all coming to, some time or other."

"But my remains more especially," was the response. "You will understand how, when I explain. Do you know, I have always had a fancy to see how I would look a year or two after death; not in respect to that general appearance and mere ordinary approximation to resemblance which would probably satisfy yourself, but to as actual a likeness as can be produced. I have, therefore, laboriously gathered myself together from all quarters, as one may say. And it has been no light task. It is very easy to get a skeleton of my own hight; but when you come to minute particulars, the real labor begins. There was something in the spread of the rib-bones that had to be attended to, a tendency to stoutness in myself, somewhat altering the ordinary position of them. Then I am a little long in limb, and that was a peculiarity that must be carefully copied. The foot is one of the most difficult details to match, there is such an infinite variation in the spread of the toe joints. You may scarcely think it, but I was obliged to examine nearly a hundred skeletons before I could make myself up properly, so as to come to a proper and literally exact realization of my post-mortem appearance."

The minister looked a little askant at his companion, beginning to feel somewhat disturbed at the novel complexion the exhibition was taking. The Doctor noted this, and his eye brightened up with mischievous elation.

"The skull," he continued, "was of course the hardest thing to procure, the shape of the head varying so greatly. My skull is rather more difficult to match than usual: it may be in consequence of the peculiar projection of the bone upon the crest. If I overhauled one skull, it seems to me that I must have looked at a thousand, before I could be satisfied that I had found my exact prototype. Well, there it is: what do you think of me ten or twenty years hence?"

The minister confusedly muttered a word or two, but what he said it was difficult to determine.

"Accurate, you think?" rejoined the Doctor; "yes, tolerably so, I imagine. Though, after all, it was my likeness of two years ago more than now; we so continually alter. Looking at myself now, I see that I have learned to stoop a little, thus somewhat impairing the fidelity of the resemblance. But that is a matter easily corrected."

With that, he bent forward the wire that ran through the vertebræ, thus giving a slight curve to the whole spine. Meanwhile, the minister looked on speechless, with an occasional half-terrified glance at the Doctor.

"And now, further," continued the Doctor: "I recollect that I lost a back tooth six months ago, while in the skeleton, as you may see, the whole range is perfect. This ought not so to be; yet, as in the other matter, it is of easy rectification. Wait a minute."

The Doctor took a forceps from his drawer, fitted it upon one of the back teeth of the skeleton, and gave a wrench. There was something ghastly in the whole performance: something grotesque in the way that the loss of a tooth—such a serious thing to a living being—merely hightened the fixed grin of the skeleton.

"I—I must go, now," said the minister, turning slightly pale.

"Already? Come again, soon, will you not? We must have it out once more about the existence of conscience, you know."

He showed the minister out of the office, and then sank into his chair in a most pleasantly excited frame of mind. There was a smile upon his lips, and in his eyes shone a dare-devil animation that could not have been excelled.

"How it stimulates me!" he said. "I feel ready for anything, now. Yes, I will do it. And yet, I must not forget the book."

He dragged towards him the open interleaved volume, turned to a certain page, and sat for a moment with his pencil between his lips.

"Effect of startling action upon undisciplined person," he then muttered, as he began to write. "Query: whether display of emotion different in case of dark-haired observer."

Chapter VIII.

Having finished his annotation, the Doctor then did what he had seldom been known to do before—locked the door behind him, drew out the key, and adjusted the brass cover over the keyhole. All this seemed quite unnecessary for any purpose whatever; and indeed, when he had finished, he did nothing else for a time except sit down and think. There was evidently something irresolute in his nature; for, in spite of his elation and spirit of daring, so carefully nurtured during the past few moments, once more the light of intense purpose faded out of his eyes, and gave place to something of dim vacuity. Deliberately he put away his book, and moved slowly and hesitatingly, showing plainly that there had again come over him the same old air of discomposure, manifested by wrinkled brow and lowered corners of the mouth; as though, after all, he had not exactly succeeded in arranging what he had upon his mind, but must try it all over again. Finally, however, he once more raised his head; and now there was an air of quiet determination in his expression, betokening a purpose well made up. At once he seemed to cast all care or responsibility from his heart, and broke out into a very pleasant whistle, fumbling, the while, with his key at the drawer of his secretary; and having opened it, searching carefully in the corner, still whistling, but, as his hand slowly moved around

in a sort of circle among the contents of the drawer, changing the tune from a song to a waltz.

In a moment he found it—a small paper parcel. First punching it with his finger, he gradually unrolled the paper, standing all the while so that any one chancing to look in at the window could not see what he was about; then smiled quietly to himself, as he gazed upon the revealed contents; then rolled it up again, and put it into his pocket. Before doing so, however, still moved with that queer determination to be mysterious, he screwed up the loose end of the paper into a smaller compass, and patted it flat upon the top, so that the whole package assumed something of the appearance of a rolled-up medicine vial. If it had then fallen out of his pocket and been picked up by another person, the finder would naturally have taken it for a medical prescription, and have returned it to the Doctor without opening it. So far, well; but it was, after all, a foolish precaution, for the Doctor was a careful person, and never dropped anything.

Now at last he was ready, and unlocking the door, he sallied forth. His hat was pleasantly disposed upon his head, at just that angle which shows buoyant contentment and avoids pretension of jaunty youthfulness. His coat was buttoned carefully about him, without a button being out of place. There was a genial smile upon his face, and his step was light and graceful. In fine, he looked well, and felt at heart that he was so looking; and, though not a young man, might, in a fair contest for favor, have had the advantage of many a person of little over half his age, being naturally of fine appearance and pleasant expression. As he walked along, he still whistled his waltz, changing the meter, however, to keep time with his pace.

Soon he turned up the avenue of the better-built houses, and keeping on, gained the farther one—Stella's home. Here, as usual, Timothy was lolling over the fence, and seeing the Doctor approach, grinned a welcome, and threw wide open the gate. For the Doctor, being naturally a social man, called often upon Stella; having been in past times an intimate friend of her father, it was said; and hence, after his death, well disposed to transfer the friendship to herself. It must be owned that he was always received with a pleasant welcome, for his really splendid acquirements in every branch of knowledge, and his willingness to be of service, made him almost invaluable. He was not only Stella's physician, but had also acted somewhat as her lawyer; not practicing that profession, indeed, but assistimg her with very sound legal advice, helping her settle up and arrange her estate, and upon one or two occasions rectifying, with his genius for comprehension, certain mistakes of one of the village attorneys, whose inefficiency threatened to involve her in serious trouble. Moreover, the Doctor had all the inventive capacity of a landscape-gardener: showed her where to plant her trees and shrubs, planned martin-boxes for her, advised about wire fences and rustic seats, and built her a very fair aquarium. Some people said that he was interested in all this, having an eye upon Stella herself; but she never listened to or cared for such rumors. Was he not forty? And though he was well preserved in general, were there not a few silver threads in his neat whiskers? Forty might not seem very much to himself, now that he had reached that point; but to Stella, who was such a long way off, it seemed a great deal; and gave her, in her communications with him, all the confidence which mature age produces in innocent youthfulness.

Stella was in the hall, and seeing the Doctor coming, met him at the door. Her eyes looked languid, and possibly she had passed a restless night. No one except the observant visitor, who now entered, would have been apt to take note of that; but, as has been said, nothing ever escaped him, and putting this and that together, he drew his own conclusions; decidedly assuring himself that upon the previous evening she must have had a visitor. But he said nothing, merely clasping the hand extended toward him in friendly greeting.

"Always at leisure to give me a few moments, Doctor; is it not so?"

"Always, my dear friend. That is, I could hardly be expected to let my patients die of neglect, you know, in order to come hither and solace myself; but if there is any spare time, I know then how naturally my feet turn in this direction. But things are very easy with me at present. The few sick people are getting well, and the well ones refusing to get sick. It is distressing to think how often I have watched for the development of interesting cases in unsuspecting victims; and then, when the disease came, had it turn out of minor importance altogether. And there are other kinds of disappointments. There was a man last year, for instance, who threatened to enjoy a fine opthalmia. He didn't know it, and walked about as careless as usual; but I saw it coming, and gave it two months to manifest itself. Signs will sometimes fail, however; and they did so in this case. The opthalmia took over two months, and between the second and third month the man moved away, and the Leeward doctor got the job."

"O, Doctor Gretchley, how can you!"

"Well, well; of course I am joking. In fact, perhaps our profession tends too greatly to encourage that rough style of jesting, which many people would call heartlessness. Certainly it cannot be denied, that the habit of looking into the mysteries of nature makes us callous, as well as too practical in our ideas. The profession is so material, so purely a matter of science, that human misfortunes, as well as human life, are— Still, we will not talk more upon that subject. And now, what can I do for you?"

Everything, indeed. In truth, the Doctor seldom came in without Stella finding plenty of things for him to regulate; for, knowing his skill and willingness, she saved up all her little troubles for his inspection. Firstly, Zenobia, the cat, had been restless all the morning, refusing her breakfast, making extravagant gestures with her paws and mouth, and generally threatening to go into spasms, if not fits. Thereupon, that stately potentate was at once dragged out from beneath the sofa, where all the while she had been glaring at the two friends like a crazy tiger.

A careful examination disclosed a fish-bone in her tongue; a pair of pocket-tweezers soon corrected the difficulty; and then the fury died out of Zenobia's eyes, a gentle purring manifested her contentment, and seeking the softest spot upon the hearth-rug, she curled herself up, and went pleasantly to sleep. Then it was Conscript, the dog, who was ill; but it was speedily discovered that his only troubles were indigestion, rich food, laziness, and staying too much at home by the fire. Thereupon, he was turned out of the house, to grow cold and hungry, and get well again. After that, it was a picture-frame that had warped, and a piano-string that had snapped, and one of the beehives had been upset, and Timothy was afraid of setting it up again, though the bees had not yet thawed out; and what were the best kinds of india-rubbers for spring wear? All these matters the Doctor duly rectified or advised upon; and then, having passed a very pleasant hour, arose to go.

"And by the way," he said, as he stood at the door, and slowly drew on one of his gloves: gloves were not much worn in Windward, but the Doctor always carried a pair for state occasions, and naturally felt disposed to wear them when calling upon Stella, there being a style about her which called for response, as it were—"by the way, I met an old friend of yours this morning."

"Ah, Doctor Gretchley?" But her color came and went, and he noticed that she did not inquire whom he spoke about; whence he naturally concluded that his suspicions relating to the evening before had been well founded.

"Yes, Stella. And I hope—of course it is nothing to me, but I hope—"

"If it is nothing to you, Doctor, why should it be spoken of by you?"

It was perhaps in itself a rude speech for her to make to such an old and valued friend: would certainly have been considered so, under ordinary circumstances. But it happened, that, in her quickened apprehension, she had read him, searching with cor-

rectness into every tone of his voice and expression of his countenance, and she felt that, with all his affected indifference, he had come thither for some especial purpose; that there was a contest looming up before her, and that to wage it successfully she must meet it upon the threshold. Therefore, she stood and confronted him, her color again rising, and her eye kindling with a look of quiet determination and active energy that he had never before seen depicted there. Though startled a little at the manner, he could not but look upon her with new admiration, so beautiful and graceful above all other occasions did she now appear, in her fixed instinctive resolve to do battle. Perhaps, though, his spirits sank somewhat, as he reflected that there must be a deep-seated cause to create this transformation in her; and that, if he persevered, the war must be very desperately carried on. Should he now persevere? or should he not rather draw aside, and let matters take their former course? But had he not already considered that subject twice? Why go over it again? Besides, had he not the controlling forces in his own hands, to use them as he pleased?

"You think that it is not for me to speak about that?" he said, as pleasantly as possible. "Well, perhaps not. Looking at it in one way, no one has a right to advise another about anything. The day that gives us our majority also gives us our legal acquittance from every social control, if we were disposed to use it. Yet we all, at times, yield at least a deference, if not assent, to the voices or appeals of our friends; and so I thought that I, perhaps—"

"Well, Doctor Gretchley, what, then, is it that you wish to say?" she responded. For when he put the matter in that light, she felt that she could not refuse to listen to him, although well resolved, at the same time, not to allow herself to be influenced. As she spoke, she sat down again, showing by that action alone her consciousness of a coming protracted interview. But even as she now leaned back in her easy-chair, the Doctor could see something in the bend of her figure which spoke of obstinate contest. He, too, sat down again, and drew off the glove, as though stripping himself from any extraneous entanglements of weak fashion prejudicial to the fight.

"Has he—Colonel Grayling, I should say—been here?"

Again the impulse came upon her to offer immediate fierce battle, and at the very outset cast back any impertinent questioning; and again she forced herself into control. Why enter into warfare upon minor details, which mattered little, and could be verified elsewhere?

"He has been here, Doctor," she answered, concisely. "Last evening, from two minutes after seven till twenty minutes of nine. Timothy let him in, and Timothy let him out again."

"Ah! I had hoped, Stella, that this folly was all past."

"I cannot pretend to misunderstand you, Doctor. But do you think that this is the proper way for you to speak?"

"Must I, then, accurately weigh my words upon such an occasion as this? Well, I will do what I can to clothe them in more gracious language; but still I must speak. Do you think that matters are where they were two years ago? Can the old ideas be thus taken up like a book that has been once laid down? And are there not changes which you must consider—your own altered position, the speculations and gossip of society? Nay, if the latter seem of little account—and I will own that social opinion may often be set at defiance for good purposes—do you not remain mindful of the last few months?"

"Yes, I am certainly mindful of them, Doctor Gretchley. Part of them were months of trial to me: you and all the society whose will you think is so omnipotent know that also. Well, what more?"

"Therefore, I suppose that you consider you now need reparation for your past troubles," the Doctor remarked. It was not a very nice speech for him to make, and he knew it, felt it indeed, the moment after he had spoken. But there had been a cool, cutting manner in her last three words, which

had angered him, and hence the unguarded expression. She half-arose in her chair, and seemed on the point of making some reply that would have ended the interview at once. But the Doctor saw the answer forming on her whitened lips, and arrested it with new words of his own.

"Pardon me, Stella, I was rude. I meant it not. My consideration for you—my long years of friendship—"

"Well, Doctor Gretchley?"

"Only one thing more, and then I am done. He is in the village—he has been here: that is settled. But have you, upon seeing him, made any promise that—"

"What should I promise? And what do you mean that I should or should not promise? Is it that I should be his wife? Ah, why should I disguise what I once felt? Had he only come back a few months ago, what trials would have been spared to me, indeed! And they told me that he was dead!"

"Not with willful deception, though, Stella. We all believed that story, you know."

"How it came, matters little now. I believed it then—that is enough. An now—"

"And now, Stella?"

"Now, what shall I say? No: I have made him no fixed promise. Am I one to throw myself at the first glance into his arms, do you think?"

The Doctor drew a long breath, partly of relief. That, at least, seemed settled: she had not as yet pledged herself to that man. Still there was a half-admission in her words that the olden love, if it had not existed throughout all those past months, had been revived again; and that, when a suitable period might have elapsed, she would make no hesitation in yielding to it. Therefore, whatever he had to do, must be done now.

"Yes, I understand you, Stella. But now let me ask you this: If I knew that you were on the point of allying yourself with that man, and that to do so would be to throw yourself away, to sacrifice yourself in a manner in which few women are ever fated to sacrifice themselves, might I not, as an old friend, remonstrate?"

"No, Doctor Gretchley, you might not," she answered, with an awful composure. "There is no one who is not supposed by some, upon such an occasion, to sacrifice himself or herself; nor should I regard your mistakes of judgment or fancy with any more leniency than those of other men. Is this all? For I need not tell you that the interview is a painful one to me."

"Yet one moment, Stella. If this opinion of mine were not founded upon mere fancy or judgment, but upon an actual serious fact; if it were well known to me that the person of whom we speak should not be allowed to come into your house, much less to take your hand or look into your eyes; if even correspondence with him would be a crime in you; if—"

"What—what do you mean by all this, Doctor Gretchley?" and now she arose from her chair, in disturbed affright. "Why do you speak in that manner?"

"If, Stella, I knew a secret which it would blanch your cheek to hear, and which, consequently, I would not wish to tell you; if, as your old friend, I assured you that I held that secret, and that it was enough to put a bar forever between yourself and him, so that in future even his shadow should not cross your path, or your eye rest upon him without abhorrence;—if I told you even that, would you not dismiss him from your thoughts, and have confidence in me, without wishing to hear more?"

"No, no! I do not comprehend all this! A secret, you say? One that will separate us? And that I should trust in you, nor ask to hear more? I cannot so put away my confidence in him. Nor can I tell what to make of this. You know something to his injury, you say? I must have it for myself; I cannot believe that it is of any moment, unless I hear it myself. Doctor Gretchley, you are trying to frighten me, I know: for your amusement, perhaps. See! I am not frightened. I am laughing. And I do not believe a word you are saying. But if there is anything in it, I must know. And does he—does Allan know of it, too?"

The Doctor gazed steadfastly at her for a

moment—almost abstractedly, in the deep abyss of thought which seemed to open before him as he looked upon her agitation. Should he go on? It would be to bring terrible distress upon her. On the other hand, were he now to rest, were he to tell her that he had been jesting, or that the dread secret was not of any consequence after all, those startled, speaking eyes would gleam with newly found happiness, that bright little face would cast off its anxious tremor, like throwing off a shroud, and lighten up, resplendent with joy. But had he not already twice made up his mind? Was it a physician's business to falter when an operation had been determined upon, and should be performed with nerved hand to the very end?

"I cannot even here speak it aloud," said the Doctor. "Bare walls might tell the story, and it should be known only to us two forever. Let me bend down, that I may whisper it to you."

He leaned over, placed his lips close to her ear, and began his revelation. At the opening words, she gave vent to a little gasp, which, if she had had the strength, might have swelled into a shriek, but now died away in a sort of stifled moan. Her eyes half-closed, and her head bent forward; was she fainting? Dare he say more? Looking around stealthily into her face, with something of the same expression with which often he must have paused in an operation to ascertain whether the patient could endure any more and live, he saw that she had not fainted, but that, alert with nervous, frenzied determination, she had aroused herself to listen further—to hear everything to the end. Therefore he continued, again whispering, nor ceased until the story he had to tell her was wholly her secret as well as his.

"And yet, what other proof have you of all this?" she exclaimed, with sudden rigid sharpness of tone, at his earliest pause. "Your own word? Yes, that is much—is everything—I know; and yet—there should be something more, should there not? I have been very happy—yes, I was very happy last night. He had come; and it seemed to me that at last all the trouble of my life was over. I thought that he must have been heaven-sent to me in my loneliness. And now you would convince me that the past must indeed be the past. What other proof therefore, have you of this that you tell me?"

"What else, Stella? Ask him, if you see him again, whether he was here upon that night; and doing so, watch his expression the while."

"Yes, yes; but apart from anything that I might ask him, tell me, yourself, all that it lies in you to tell."

At that demand, the Doctor slowly drew from his pocket the little paper parcel—the same which he had twisted up at the end to look like a vial of medicine—unrolled it, and still bending over, and now with his back to the window so that no one might see what he was about, exhibited it to her.

"Did you ever see this in his hands, Stella?"

"I recognize it; I gave it to him two years ago; his name is upon it."

"This it was with which—I found it in the—"

More ghastly pale than ever, she turned away, and motioned him to remove the object. "Let me never look upon it again; nor let us speak further about this. O, Doctor Gretchley, you are making this a very cruel day to me!"

"Alas! Yes, cruel indeed. And yet, Stella, dear friend, knowing what I did, was it not necessary for me to act so? Could I have remained silent, and allowed you to totter on the edge of such a precipice as this? Surely you must know that I am meaning it all for your good? That I have felt compelled by some irresistible power to disburden myself of this dreadful secret? You will not, therefore, reproach me for it? And now, farewell, Stella, for a while. I know that you must wish to be left alone—that for the present my presence must be distasteful to you."

With winning grace of friendship, he held forth his hand towards her. For the instant, she seemed as though she would stretch forth her own in response; then drew back.

as if at that moment something had crossed her, deterring her from accepting his sympathy. Any hand than his, that day. Certainly she could not take his hand in the way of satisfaction or forgiveness, for what he had done. Therefore, she now drew back. The Doctor was a little disconcerted at the action, and for the moment delayed putting on his glove, which he had already laid open for the purpose. But in an instant he recovered himself. After all, was it not just what he might have expected? Would she not, when left to herself, recover from her agitation, and be herself again? Therefore, affecting not to have noticed her reluctant action, he made once more his most gracious farewell, and turning slowly, glided out of the house.

LEONARD KIP.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.



ONLY A CRIPPLED SOLDIER.

Here's yer oranges, my beauties! Jest imported from the South!
Fresh and sweet as smiles of beauty lingerin' round a maiden's mouth;
Walk right up an' leave a nickel to assist me on my course;
Here to-day and gone to-morrow, is the motto I indorse.
W'en we've sold the second dozen, Jack an' I will sing a song;
For I've found a power in music, to assist the thing along.
Jack's an infant I am raisin'; found him in the streets one night,
Cuddled up behind a barrel, almost dead from cold an' fright;
W'en I saw that he was starvin', an' was far from bein' strong,
As he had no one to love him, I jest toted him along.
He has brought me piles o' comfort, that I never knew before,
Since we sort o' jined our fortunes an' enlisted for the war.
Half a dozen, did you say, sir? now, that's hearty, I confess;
But you're sure to be the gainer in relievin' my distress.
In the bivouac and battle, each one plays a special part;
But the stars that shine the brightest find their orbits in the heart.

Crippled? Well, I'm slightly varied from the true Apollo plan
That is said to form the standard for a model handsome man.
I am largely built of timber fashioned into arms and legs;
But I do a deal o' thumpin' on these sturdy wooden pegs.
Still the heart is there the same, sir; an' my head is firm an' clear,
W'en you reckon in the balance that I've turned my fiftieth year.
What is that you're sayin'? Al'ays? No, I wasn't al'ays so;
I was what the world calls handsome, in my youth, I'd have you know!
I was fitted out with riggin' jest as perfect as could be,
An' could move about as graceful as you'd ever wish to see;
But I stood too near a cannon on the battle-field one day,
An' my limbs were badly scattered, w'en they bore my frame away.

Who's the next? Here, Jack, you rascal! what are you in hidin' for?
You must never act the coward, though you haven't been to war.

The good boy is rather modest; sort o' girlish in his ways;
But he'll change to dif'rent metal if he roughs it all his days.
He kin beat the world at learnin'; takes to books amazin' smart,
An' has got the easiest letters in the alphabet by heart.
I am calculatin', somewhat, ere this natur' pays its debt,
I shall hev him edecated for the halls o' Congress yet.
What is that you're sayin', Jacky? You are feelin' kind o' cold?
Well, we'll hunt a warmer corner w'en these oranges are sold.
We must never murmur, Jacky, at the hardness of our lot;
Though our country has forgot us, I am certain God has not.

With Sherman? No, I followed Grant, sir, in the old Potomac fight;
Where the rebel balls were whizzin' all about us, day an' night;
Where we had to hew our progress, every foot that marked the way,
And the troops were piled in furrows, like great swaths of new-mown hay;
'Neath a sun that poured in fury down upon devoted heads;
'Neath the freezing blasts of winter, with a snowdrift for our beds;
In the swamps, where venomed reptiles coiled about us as we passed,
Till we thought each fleeting moment was on earth to be our last.
I was with him, sir, at Richmond, when the rebel banner fell;
Layin' bleedin' by the ramparts during that triumphant yell!
Both my legs had passed from under, severed by a cannon-ball,
An' the quiv'rin' trunk lay helpless, jest beneath the rebel wall.
But my wail of bitter anguish told a nation it was free—
'Twas the price of threatened honor—'twas the price of liberty!

Married? No, thank God! I'm single. In my wand'rin' mode of life
Heaven knows how I *should* manage were I burdened with a wife!
What with all the weary heart-aches I've been forced to battle through,
Freezin' nights and starvin' mornin's, I have borne enough for two!
Days an' days have passed together w'en I've sought in vain for bread;
Bitter nights have closed around me, with no place to lay my head.
Should you wish to know the torments of a hell on earth begun,
Robbed of strength to fight and conquer, face the world as I have done!
Walk the streets a starving beggar, hawking wares but few will buy;
Note the glance of scornful loathing, as each one goes heedless by;
Feel the pangs of gnawing hunger, that you have no means to stay;
Know that life is growing feebler, from exposure, day by day;
See the happy, smiling faces, gracing homes of wealth and ease,
Knowing that you left *your* manhood on the battle-field for these.

I was happy in my youth-time—happy in a maiden's love;
But she left me when the angels called her to themselves above.
She was much too pure and gentle for this weary world of care;
So she's watching for my coming, in the mansions over there.
I can see her form to-night, sir, as I saw it once before,
When I left her in the gloaming, and enlisted for the war.
As she wept upon my shoulder, holy tears, that glisten yet,
Were as gems of priceless beauty in the crown of freedom set.
In the bitter days that followed, many a cheering message came,
Bearing words of hope and comfort, in my absent darling's name;

When I fell amid the carnage, and the papers had me dead,
She just sank beneath the tidings, and resigned her life instead!
Well, I s'pose the blessed Master knew jest how it all would be,
An' removed her to his kingdom, holding her in trust, for me.

I am sure, I beg your pardon! but, somehow, I al'ays find
That the world seems growin' brighter, when I thus relieve my mind.
Jack is sleepin' soundly—bless him!—he has brought me only gain;
For his childish whims an' fancies have renewed my youth again!
There is somethin', sir, in children, that commands our love at will,
Teachin' us the blissful lesson that the heart is human still.
What is that! a *five* you're givin'? Do you really mean it, *sure?*
May the Lord reward an' keep you, for your kindness to the poor!
And another for the youngster? Why, the skies are clearin' fast;
But I guess the angels, maybe, have remembered us at last!
I am but a crippled soldier, lost among my fellow-men,
But I garner by the wayside bits of wisdom, now and then;
And I've often noticed, stranger, as from place to place I roam,
That the skies keep growin' brighter, as I'm drawin' nearer home.

J. Russell Fisher.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

"Positively no objections allowed," said Jack, in his most lordly manner. "Ladies and gentlemen, I protest! What's the good of being clothed in brief authority, as the august committee's reverend chairman, if people are to question the oracle's decisions?"

"Remember the rest of us, Miss Kent," added Philip Armstrong. "You would not be so unkind as to leave the hero without a heroine?"

Ellice hesitated.

"I do not mean to be disobliging, but I am really afraid this is beyond my powers. I have had very little experience in private theatricals, and might prove a sorry acquisition to the company."

"I'll answer for that," said Jack, with an air of settling the matter. "If we do feel disgraced, we'll never show it. I have the honor of once more informing the company that Miss Kent will kindly assume the *role* of *Lady Margaret*, for which she has our cordial thanks. Now about that little piece of garden scenery: what are we going to do? Can't you see about it to-morrow, Warner, when you go into town?"

It was an animated group that sat on the rocks in the moonlight, discussing theatrical ways and means: a dozen or more young people, all eager in planning for the musical and dramatic evening that had been an objective point for several weeks. Molly Bond began it; or at least, if Miss Bond had not come north from Memphis that summer, it is quite likely that the idea of this entertainment for the benefit of the yellow-fever sufferers would never have been suggested; that Jack Stuart would never have written the little play which proved so great a success; and that Ellice— But let us not anticipate.

It was a very pleasant summer at the seashore. Days and evenings were alike perfect in point of weather, and every one thought no other beach could compare with this long gleaming curve of silver sand, with its background of dark pines and hemlocks; and no other rocks were so bold and pictur-

esque, or had so many natural arm-chair hollows waiting for a novel or a *tete-a-tete*, as these broken masses of dark red porphyry and granite, stretching far out into the cove, and over which the waves climbed twice a day, to toss their white foam flags high into the air: as for the Mansion House itself, on that subject two opinions were impossible.

In the old days of the last century, one of the merchant princes of the time took a whim to build his castle on the shore of this bay, where he could look out over the dancing waters, and perhaps count the sails of his ships on their way to the flourishing seaport town thirty miles down the coast. He had a large family of sons and daughters, and built his house with a care for the long train of beaux and belles who would help to make the great halls gay with laughing and dancing, and a retinue of servants to keep the domain fresh and bright for the family and all the welcome guests. It was a great, square, three-storied structure, facing the sea, with a broad, high hall-way running through from back to front; the stairway, with its heavy rail of polished mahogany, rising in a spiral curve from the center of the floor to the uppermost rooms of all. The bedrooms were arranged around the outer side of the two great galleries that enclosed the spiral stairway, and from which one could look straight down to the lower hall, with its inlaid floor of polished wood.

It was a fine old mansion in its time—the lofty ceilings, with stout oaken beams that stood bravely forth to show their strength, the paneled shutters, and the high wainscoting about the walls, all testified to the honest carpentry of a hundred years ago. The old house was almost the same as it had been in the days when tinkling harpsichords and rustling brocades broke the summer stillness; but the white hands that once glimmered over the keys, and the bright young faces above the sweeping gowns, were all gone. Perhaps the white-sailed ships went down in some dreadful storm. Perhaps the beaux in buckles and knee-breeches came a-wooing too often, and carried away the blooming daughters of the house without a blessing or a dowry. At all events, the mansion, after many years, stood silent and quite deserted, while the family were scattered and lost.

But it could not be left there lonely forever. Some one learned the charm of the little bay with its tossing waves, and the quaint, old-fashioned building with the grass-grown garden-paths behind it, and he opened the halls once more to summer guests. Now threescore pairs of feet aroused the sleeping echoes, and the enchanted castle awoke again to life.

It was a rather nice thing to know about the Mansion House, and be of the number who spent the midsummer holidays within its precincts; one was always sure of meeting pleasant people. Mrs. Ballastier and her daughter Cora had spent their summers there for several years; Jack Stuart's presence was of course implied, for he and Cora had been engaged a long while, and where she went, he went also; and Ellice had heard much in regard to the place before she visited it for the first time that July. She had not come with her aunt and cousin, but arrived from Philadelphia some weeks after they were established in their old room with the broad outlook over the bay.

Miss Kent's chamber connected with her aunt's, and Cora always came in the last thing at night, to talk over the day's events. This evening, when the group on the moonlighted rocks had broken up, and returned to the house in scattering twos and threes, she paid the usual visit, and chattered briskly while brushing out the shining brown waves of her hair, and twisting them up on long pins about her pink-and-white face. Cora Ballastier was one of the few girls who can look pretty even in crimping-pins.

"I'm so glad you will take the part, Elly," she said, after half an hour of girlish gossip. "Jack was very anxious you should: he said you would do *Lady Margaret* quite as well as Clara Gardner. Poor girl! that telegram pretty nearly made her as ill as her mother; she was dreadfully worried and pale when she went off on the stage."

"It's very awkward," said Ellice, "taking another person's part in such a way. I am

really afraid I can't do it as it ought to be done; why, I have read it over only once yet."

"O, you'll learn it soon enough," said her cousin, confidently; "and Mr. Armstrong will help you a great deal: almost all the difficult scenes are with him, you know."

"I wish Jack hadn't put in quite so many tender passages," Ellice confessed. "I'm not acquainted with everybody, as you are, or I might not mind fainting in my true-love's arms, and all the rest of it."

"That's nothing!" said Cora, twisting up the last hairpin, and turning away from the glass. "You'll get acquainted soon enough, and you'll make a lovely, sweet, pale *Margaret;* only you'd better lock up your heart in your trunk, the first thing you do."

Ellice opened her hazel eyes in interrogative wonder.

"And why, pray?"

"To save it whole, my dear; Mr. Armstrong is an accomplished flirt, Elly; he knows how to do it."

"He won't flirt with me," said Ellice, indifferently.

"I wouldn't be too sure."

"Nobody ever does," said her cousin, coolly. "One doesn't like to dance with a clumsy partner, and flirtation is a branch of my social education which has been sadly neglected. No, I think my heart is safe."

Cora smiled with mischievous meaning.

"It doesn't always require two to play that game, Elly; and Philip Armstrong hasn't got those dark eyes of his for nothing. Don't you think he's rather handsome?"

"No, I think not," said Ellice, reflectively. "I am glad of it, too; the other would be very much against him. A man has no right to be handsome."

"I don't know about that," objected Miss Ballastier. "I shouldn't like Jack any better if he were an Apollo (which he isn't, poor boy!) but I shouldn't lay it up against him."

"Beauty is a secondary condition in a man," persisted Miss Kent. "He ought to look strong and brave and sensible, and as if he could not do a mean or shabby thing; fine features suggest too much self-consciousness. I think a beautiful woman is not necessarily vain; but a handsome man always knows he is good-looking. It's all very well for a boy to have a pretty face; but a 'pretty man!'—deliver us!"

Cora laughed, and vanished with a good-night kiss.

Left alone in the room, Miss Kent walked up and down the chamber floor, busily reading *Lady Margaret's* part in the coming drama. Mr. Stuart was probably correct in his judgment that she would fill the *role* acceptably: this girl with the tall, graceful figure, and the queenly carriage of that small head, with its crown of fair hair, might herself have been My Lady Somebody, if one could judge from appearances. Hers was a thoroughly refined face, its beauty depending not at all on color, of which it had very little, but lying chiefly in the dainty correctness of its features, fine and clear-cut as some old cameo. A New England girl, born and bred, this perfection of outline might have been, in the previous generation, something a trifle too sharp and decided; but Ellice Kent's long-lashed hazel eyes, with the slender, horizontal brows above them, the straight nose, and the fine curves of lip and chin, gave her a claim to real beauty far beyond that of ordinarily attractive girls. Still, people by no means invariably considered Miss Kent a handsome woman; they never called her "pretty"; only, now and then, some one had the use of his eyes.

The play she was reading—Jack Stuart's composition—was in no way very striking or original; but the dialogue was bright and natural, and the requisite stage setting not too difficult for amateurs. *Lady Margaret Carroll* has been affianced since her childhood; and her betrothed, *Hugh Willoughby*, returning from India after many years of absence, conceals his identity at first, in order to try her affection, and be sure that her marriage is not to be a mere matter of filial obedience. He is known to her only as a young squire who comes to hunt on her father's estate. She has a disreputable brother, in whom she yet fondly believes, and over whom

she in some way distrusts his influence. Father and mother, being in the secret, smile on the young squire's suit, and urge its acceptance, since *Hugh* has been so long away and silent. The reckless brother gets into gambling difficulties, and forges a check for a large sum of money, no one but *Hugh* knowing of the affair; and he, for his lady-love's sake, pays the debt himself, saves his friend from exposure, and sends him off to the continent. *Lady Margaret* hears some hint of the matter through her maid and a confidential friend, but, understanding that the forgery was *Hugh's*, treats him with the coldest scorn and contempt when he comes to finally plead his cause. He keeps her brother's secret, gives her no explanation or denial, and takes a final farewell. Soon after his departure, she learns the truth, through a missent letter of her brother's; the secret of her lover's identity is also disclosed, and, in despair at her rash judgment, she leaves home to enter a convent. The sad-faced sisters are ready to receive her, and the ceremony of taking the veil is about to end her old life completely, when *Hugh* returns from his exile, just in time to save his own bride from becoming the Bride of Heaven.

The parts were very well arranged among the available "stars." Mr. Armstrong was to play *Hugh;* Miss Vietz and Bell Stacy would make a dignified mamma and a captivating lady's maid; the father and brother, with several minor parts, had fallen into good hands; and every girl who was nothing else helped to swell the group of nuns. Jack rather flattered himself on that bit of dramatic adroitness: the more black-robed sisters they had, the better; so no one need be slighted by entire omission.

Miss Kent evidently did not mean to be very ill-prepared for the morrow's rehearsal, even at twenty-four hours' notice; for long after Cora, in the next room, had gone to bed and to sleep, she paced lightly up and down the floor, with her gaze intently fixed on the manuscript page before her; but at last the hazel eyes grew heavy; *Lady Margaret's* scorn and despair were tossed together into a bureau drawer, and the light in the room went out.

"No rehearsal to-day," said Jack, next morning, when they went down the winding stairs to breakfast. "Gilbert has to go into town to-day, and won't be back till to-morrow, and what could we do without our villain? We shall have to take a vacation, and be lazy."

"That's easy," said Mr. Armstrong; "I think I have a genius for it; or perhaps it's in the atmosphere. This old house wouldn't make a bad Castle of Indolence, would it?"

"'Near the pavilions where we slept, still ran
Soft tinkling streams, and dashing waters fell,'"

quoted Miss Vietz, coming down the hall. "The old fountain in the garden is broken, but we have the 'dashing waters.'"

"Jack's the impertinent Knight of Industry," said Cora, "setting people to work so on that play. He hasn't a bit of mercy."

"I think we can forgive him for that," interposed Molly Bond. "It's for charity, you know; we ought to be willing to exert ourselves a little."

"What I object to in the play," said Cora, rather irrelevantly, "is that it hasn't pathos enough. I like to cry over a drama, as everybody does with "Rip Van Winkle." Now, *Lady Margaret* ought to take the veil, and then have *Hugh* come back just too late: like the knight in Schiller's poem, who built the little hermitage in sight of his true-love's window, and did nothing but watch for her face twice a day, till they found him dead, and watching still."

"Sensible fellow!" said Jack, with a little sniff of disdain.

"You hard-hearted creature!" cried Cora. "Why, it's beautiful! You'd have done it, wouldn't you, Mr. Armstrong?"

Philip bowed almost to the polished floor.

"For Miss Ballastier—who would not?"

"Jack Stuart wouldn't," said Cora, with a saucy shake of her head. "He has no more romance than—than an oyster!"

Ellice laughed.

"Poor Jack!" she said; "I'll take your

part; I'm not romantic, either. We'll console each other."

"Good luck to you," said Cora, over her shoulder, and went into breakfast, with her hand on Philip's arm.

Two ponderous mammas, taking their morning dish of gossip in easy-chairs at the end of the hall, glanced at the little group by the stairway.

"Only some of Cora Ballastier's nonsense," said Mrs. Stacy. "She's always making eyes at somebody. People said when she was engaged to Mr. Stuart she'd settle down; but I confess I don't see many signs of 'settling' yet."

"That won't come till the wedding-day," said Mrs. Meredith, sagely.

"Who is this Miss Kent—do you know?" asked the other. "Is she—anybody in particular? She certainly is a very quiet person, but then, she really has that air about her, you know; I wasn't quite sure."

"O dear, no," said Mrs. Meredith; "some one told me her father was a country minister, poor as a church mouse. She was the only child, I think—both father and mother are dead now—and she lives in Philadelphia; a governess, or something of the kind."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Stacy, putting up her eye-glass to scan unconscious Ellice, as she walked up and down the hall with Jack; "she really is very good-looking."

Miss Kent's quiet manners, and the indefinable "air" that Mrs. Stacy remarked, generally gave people the impression that wealth and leisure were her birthright. No stranger would have suspected the hand-to-mouth childhood she had spent in one shabby little parsonage after another. Amos Kent had been most decidedly a social failure. He had struggled along for several years in various parishes, trying to make feeble good intentions supply the lack of both tact and talent; then drifted into business, where he speedily failed, as usual; and finally had recourse to agencies of different kinds, as the only remaining refuge. Mrs. Kent was a woman of character, and, in her way, of no small ability; but one discouragement after another wasted the little stock of ambition that promised so much at first, and she died when her daughter was only fifteen. A few years later, Ellice was left quite alone, and having somehow, in the course of events, acquired a good education, managed to cultivate a natural talent for elocution, and was now a teacher of that art in a city seminary. She had few friends in Philadelphia: the schoolgirls thought her reserved, her intimate acquaintances called her quiet, and the people who tried to patronize her and did not succeed said she was proud—nobody imagined she was shy, though that was really half the secret. Cora was used to purple and fine linen, and faring sumptuously every day; Ellice had not been so long; but then, that was nobody's affair, of course.

Weeks rolled by at the Mansion House, with rose-colored sunrises, which very few of the guests ever saw at all, and crimson and gold sunsets, over which everybody went into raptures. The young people went walking and rowing and sailing, they took long rides about the country cross-roads, and devoted themselves with enthusiasm to dancing and rehearsals; while the elders dozed peacefully in their arm-chairs, or did wonders of embroidery and lacework, and read the daily papers. Ellice and Mr. Armstrong were thrown together a great deal, through their intimate association in the coming drama. One afternoon they were walking up the beach at the ebb of the tide. She had been quite silent for a few moments, with her eyes fixed on the rippling curves of sand which the waves had left behind them.

"A penny for your thoughts," said he.

She smiled, and looked up quickly.

"Will you tell yours too?"

"Yes, certainly."

"I was thinking of what Dickens says somewhere, about the men and women who are coming to meet us—coming to influence our lives in some way. You know I never saw any of the people in the house before, except Jack and my aunt and cousin. They are all new."

Philip looked at her half-puzzled and half-amused.

"It is very curious, but actually, Miss Kent, I was thinking of the very same thing —it is in the 'Tale of Two Cities,' I believe. Which of us is the mind reader?"

"I hope I'm not," Ellice answered, with a little frown. "Let us call it a coincidence. I should not want to be an adept in that direction—'where ignorance is bliss.'"

"Yes, I suppose it would not generally do much toward increasing the sum of human satisfaction, people make so many mental reservations. But about that other idea: I've thought of it a great many times; it seems to bring a sort of fatalistic notion with it. Have you never felt that strange conviction that your life could not have been your own life, that you could not have been yourself, unless you had known some one of your friends, and the element of that particular personality had had its influence over you? I am sometimes surer of that than of the bare fact of existence at all."

"Yes," said Ellice, "though I have never known a great many people very well. But I suppose every one feels it sometimes."

"There I differ with you," said Mr. Armstrong, kicking a rounded white pebble out of his way. "Most people never think at all: they are wise to do so—if you will pardon the Irishism—I am sure they are happier for it; they take everything for granted, and ask no questions of fate or the universe."

He was strolling along with his hands clasped behind him—a tall young man, dark and striking in appearance, if, as Ellice had asserted, he was not quite open to the charge of being handsome. The upper lip was heavily shaded, but he wore no beard: Bell Stacy said it was because he knew he had a finely turned chin. It was a good feature, and seemed to show a creditable share of square, manly strength, in spite of the boyish dimple, just hinted at, in the center. His eyes were very dark, as they should be with so bronzed a skin, and they had a little way of looking very much in earnest over nothing.

"We rehearse again to-night, I suppose," said Ellice, after a pause; "I wanted to speak to you about that place in the third scene; it is very awkward for us both to cross the stage when *Rochester* comes in. What can we do?"

"O, yes, I am glad you spoke of it; I know it is wrong. Jack ought to change it a little, there; we'll talk it over with him." And the rest of the conversation was on matters theatrical.

Cora chattered an hour that night in her pink cashmere dressing-gown, as she related the particulars of a very interesting affair with Mr. Warner. Cora had had "affairs" on hand ever since she was fourteen.

"That was while we were out in the yacht this afternoon, Elly. Wasn't he a goose?"

"Doesn't he know you are engaged?"

"I suppose so," said Cora, meditatively, studying the velvet bows on her slipper.

"What would Jack say to all that?"

"O, Jack's a dear good fellow. I'm glad we *are* engaged. But then he's sensible; he never's foolish enough to make a fuss about it, if I happen to look at somebody else."

"As you do—occasionally!"

Cora laughed, and blushed a little.

"Why not, my dear? It hurts nobody, and it's lots of fun!"

Ellice sat in her little rocking-chair by the moon-lighted window, after her cousin had gone, buried in a girlish reverie. Was there really so little meaning or purpose in anything of that sort? One could hardly blame Cora for the graceful nonchalance in such matters: that was her second nature; she was quite too affectionate and prettily confidential to be scolded for anything;—but was nobody ever quite in earnest? To be sure, Jack was different. He had a word for every one, but it was in a frank, half-brotherly fashion, that needed no explanation. And Mr. Armstrong— She remembered what Cora said about his gallantry, and half-resented it, as an unfair judgment. Perhaps Philip had an instinctive sense that this silent stately girl was not to be approached with the same airy nothings that had been lavishly showered on other young ladies; at all events, he was, with her, simply courteous and thoughtful of her wishes, without being, to outward appearance, in the least devoted.

Ellice had gradually learned to find it very pleasant to be *Lady Margaret* for a while each day, and have *Hugh* come a-wooing; but never thought that she might not have so thoroughly enjoyed this bit of theatrical practice, and the fragmentary conversations, while waiting for an entrance cue, if some one else had played the hero's part. She laid it all to the temporary gratification of her old dramatic ambition; and, filling her own *role* with credit, as she did everything she undertook to perform, found this summer vacation very delightful. At last, one day, she had a little further light upon the subject.

Miss Kent, Laura Vietz, and Fred Gilbert were down on the rocky point, where jutting ledges of porphyry made a sheltered nook, and framed in a sketch of blue waves, rolling up in great swells under the afternoon sunshine, and breaking into wreaths and drifts of white foam. A tangled fringe of sea-weed waved back and forth below their feet, as the sweeping water rose and fell, like the steady beating of a great heart's pulses. Two little white-sailed boats glimmered like butterflies outside the harbor; while in the distance, a long, dim trail of dusky smoke, floating from a faintly seen speck of dark red, told of a Cunard steamer, outward-bound. Ellice leaned back on the rocky wall with half-shut eyes, dreamily listening, half to the sound of the waves as they broke on the end of the point, and the drip of the water from partly buried rocks in the pause between two swells, and half to the talk of her companions over a new magazine Laura had brought out from the house. They were speaking about the heroine of a story.

"But I think it is all unnatural," said Miss Vietz, in answer to some remark of Gilbert's. "A woman in real life doesn't fall in love without knowing it, or having the least encouragement to do so. I do not like her at all."

"That's a woman's view of the case," persisted Mr. Gilbert. "Now I think she is charming; only he was a blundering idiot not to see the real state of things."

"And then the story doesn't come out well," continued the critic. "I don't like such endings. I want people to marry, and live happy forever after."

"I doubt if those are the truest stories," said Fred, scraping little muscle-shells off the rock with his boot-heel. "Such affairs don't always come out happily: they can't."

"They ought to," said Laura, with smiling obstinacy. "I never like sad stories."

"When I write my novel, Miss Laura, everybody will marry his first love, and there shall be never a quarrel, nor a 'stern parient,' to mar the perfect bliss. O, it will be an idyl, I assure you."

"How soon is that long-expected work to appear?"

"Not till I have made a reputation on the stage," said Mr. Gilbert, with a laugh. "I rather expect to earn my earliest laurels in that line."

"Don't you think we've rehearsed that play about enough?" demanded Miss Vietz, in confidential impatience. "I am getting dreadfully tired of it. Shall we really need to do much more on it?"

"I shouldn't think we would. There'll be a little delay this week, though; Armstrong's got a telegram that'll take him to New York to-night, to be gone over Sunday; some trouble or other in the office of the "Weekly"; he's sub-editor, you know. So of course we can't do anything until he comes back."

Ellice awoke from her absorption at the mention of Philip's name, and surprised herself in a genuine pang of vexation and disappointment. He was going away! and they had planned two or three especially pleasant things for this week: a horseback ride across the salt-marshes to the old garrison, and a long moonlight sail outside the bay. It was too bad that the pleasure should all be spoiled.

"But why spoiled?" asked awakening self-consciousness.

Ellice would not answer that question at first; tried hard not to think of it at all when she went back to the house, to find the stage at the door and Mr. Armstrong taking sudden leave.

"You'll be sure to come back Tuesday?"

said Molly Bond, as he mounted lightly to a seat beside the driver. "'Tell them you can't possibly bear to stay away from us any longer."

"Sad, but true," said Philip, raising his hat once more, and the coach rolled away.

The catechism to which Miss Kent objected was urged again by a shadowy ghost of pride, as she lay broad awake after talking and dancing were over for another night. Why should she care so much if Philip Armstrong did go away, and she could not see him for a week? What was that to her? Down in the depths of her heart she half-suspected the answer was—everything; but she would not look there to see. It could not be that she had really come to care so much to have that dark face bent towards her own, to hear him plead *Hugh's* cause in the eager tones she had come to know so well, and to find the dark eyes bent so gravely on her when she spoke of common interests. It could not be that she was so foolishly susceptible, so easily attracted by one whom everybody knew and liked, but who had never shown the slightest trace of any special preference for herself. Her cheeks burned hotly with a sudden sense of shame, when she thought how much she should miss his presence during the coming week, and her quick imagination painted his probable amazement, could he but suspect the matter. True, that was impossible; her undemonstrative manner gave no cause for any such anxiety, but she shrank from the very idea.

It was a new experience for Ellice; in all her two-and-twenty years she had never felt such things very nearly or deeply. A few boy admirers in the old times had made bashful advances toward the country minister's daughter; but, being among her associates but not of them, such would-be wooers were hardly noticed; and of the young men among whose ranks her fancy might have singled out some one as a possible hero, she as yet had seen and known but very little.

MABEL S. EMERY.

[CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

THE LEGACY OF CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

Now that the slain President has gone to his long home, and the mourners have ceased going about the streets, and funeral-bells are no more beating the air with long monotones, and nothing is left but festoons of crape and warm memories, it is the time for those who know themselves to be akin to the departed in the aims of his work and life, to examine concerning any legacy, bequest, or trust which he may have given to them. They know that he left no written will, but they find a testament in his blood. They know that any legacy to them is not of goods to be enjoyed, but of good to be wrought out—a legacy of work. They know that the blood was shed in the latest political struggle of his life, and they will see, so far as they may, that his work shall not remain unfinished, or his partial success become void.

Of the three leading acts of Garfield's brief administration, the chief one is his effort for civil service reform, as shown in his contest with senatorial patronage, and in the beginning of departmental competitive examinations, notably in the General Post-Office. More could not be done in that short time. At the outset, he postponed every hindrance to a thorough union of the wings of the Republican party. When that failed, he, like all presidents, and more than most, was obliged to build up in Congress a personal party, or be overslaughed by faction. But his civil service reform record for many years was unmistakable; and equally so, the direction of his policy in office. What he did is much; what he was doing, and what remains undone, is vastly more. It is left to be done by his successor,

or by the people, or by both, or by either, if the other fails to act. And the duty is as imperative as it is grave.

This paper will mainly aim to present two working methods for the immediate establishment of civil service reform in the United States. One method is not new, but thus far has not been sufficiently tried with us. The other method is new, wholly untried, and is presented in the alternative. It is not proposed to discuss here the old question of the desirableness or feasibility of the reform. That has mainly passed the test of argument, and will be taken for granted. Yet the illustration of the proposed methods will require a preliminary statement of the merits and demerits of the old and new systems of conducting the business of the country. This will be made very succinctly, and, so far as is possible, without other argument on either side than such as may be conveyed in the form of the statement itself.

Our civil service has been performed under three ideas: the patronage, the spoils, and the merit systems. The pure patronage system made appointments for office discretionary, and usually under recommendation; but made removals only for cause. It lasted from Washington to and including the younger Adams, and was simply tolerable. The spoils system made both appointments and removals discretionary, and usually under recommendation. It came in under Jackson, and lasted into Grant's first term, and was simply intolerable. The merit system, which makes appointments depend only upon proof of fitness, and removals only upon proof of unfitness, got slight foothold upon Grant, some adolescence under Hayes, and is now to make an effort to grow into the settled policy of the nation under or against Arthur. At this day, the country is under both the spoils and the merit systems, and has become the great Valley of Decision. Let us see for what, and against what, we are to contend.

Fundamentally different as these three systems are, they have somewhat interlaced in practical working. The evils of patronage, without its good, have been adopted by the spoils system. Then civil service reform formulated the merit system, and made examination of candidates the crucial test for appointments. To a limited extent, it has already compelled the spoils system to adopt, perhaps, however, as a plaything, two modes of such examination. The first is the pass-examination, and is made of a single recommended applicant for office, and only to find if he is up to the standard required for that office. The second is the limited competitive examination, made to select from a certain number of recommended candidates the most satisfactory. But these both rest upon patronage, and, there being no change in the tenure of office, are only some amelioration of the spoils system. The merit system further and finally demands the open competitive examination, to which any one may come without a patron, and, upon superior proof of character and fitness, may obtain public employment, from which he cannot be removed except by deterioration, misconduct, or death. Against this plan the patronage and spoils systems must fight. When it lives, they die.

With the merit system, civil service reform demands both that office-holders be exempt from political assessments, and be prohibited from any active participation in party work. With these three points of practice, it must logically also demand the ignoring hereafter of that deadly euphemism known as "the courtesy of the Senate."

We can plan more intelligently the methods of success, if we first take a bird's-eye view of the ground gained by the discussions and experiments of the past few years, upon which we stand and must deliver battle.

1. The business of the country, as administered by subordinate appointed officers, is not a property, or thing of value, at all. It does not belong of right to any man or class. It is not a prescription to be acquired in any manner; it is not even a prize to be won, whether by favor or by desert. Whatever it may be, it is owned by the whole country, and by it only as the beneficiary. It is simply an opportunity to do skilled work.

It pays the worker just as much as his work and skill are worth. If it pays more than this, that overpayment is a fraud upon the beneficiary, committed by the trustees selected to make the appointments and fix the compensation. The candidate for work never had a natural right to the appointment, nor can he acquire any right through a patron who has never been specifically designated by the beneficiary or by operation of law to make such appointments, but has been designated for entirely different duties. The office, in its root-meaning, *duty of work*, should be laid only upon him whose fitness has been proved to, not supposed by, the office-bestower. Thereafter, the office-holder should get from it no more than he gives to it. Certainly no other man or patron should receive anything from it, directly or indirectly. The whole country should be the only beneficiary from the discharge of any mere function.

2. The patronage system is based upon the propriety (which herein must be equivalent to the right, or it is ineffectual) of the patron's privilege to compel the appointment of one man by another, which other alone has been intrusted with the right and duty of appointment. This is an exquisite impossibility in ethics. The chosen trustee is compelled to do the acts of another who has not been chosen. The first is then an unfaithful trustee; the second is an intruder, acting in his own wrong, but not even in his own name.

3. Patronage in office is a relic of the feudal system, when men could earn little, and keep nothing, except under sufferance. In civilization, if a man is insufficient for himself, a patron can add little to his efficiency, and nothing to his worthiness. The finest result of civilization is to free men from all hindrances, and enable them to convert their entire potentiality into power.

4. The pure patronage system has always tended to bureaucracy. The tenant is for life unless he violently misbehaves. Even in the latter case, he hopes for retention through the influence of the patron who illegitimately procured his appointment, and for obvious reasons. The subsequent services which he is expected to render to his patron, outside of the official routine, tend to bring the office-holder into contact with other party workers, and to give him a petty leadership among them. However insignificant he may be inside of his mint or custom-house, he finds himself a man of some consequence in what is called party work, simply because his connection with the mint or custom-house is supposed to make him the string between the boss within and the puppets without. Small men love that which gives them the sensation of largeness, especially if they are hollow enough to swell. The office-holder who is appointed under the merit system has no patron to repay outside, and is not allowed to do political work, or any except what pertains to his office, where his apparent size is apt to depend upon the actual smallness or largeness of his caliber in function. In this respect, at least, the merit system is less likely than patronage to foster a bureaucracy. Of course, the spoils system has the one merit of being free from this tendency. Rotation in office prevents that disease. One is not apt to feel thoroughly at home under permanent lease of a place, every window of which looks out upon the guillotine.

5. The spoils system has the oldest root of the three in general history. Its idea was in the division of booty in the sack of a city, or in the barbarous parceling out of conquered territory. In American history, however, it succeeds patronage; substitutes rotation in office for the old tenure; and then amalgamates with and coarsens it. But the old idea remains, a relic of barbarism, offered to civilization as a fetich.

6. The spoils system is not nick-named, but was christened by a truthful godfather. In the debate which resulted in the rejection of Van Buren as Minister to England, partly because he had, through Jackson, introduced the new system of rotation in office, Senator Marcy suggested its name in the famous exclamation: "To the victors belong the spoils *of the enemy*." The last three words, though actually used, are not always quoted.

But what enemy? The opposite party? Nay, rather, he spoke more truly than he thought. The spoils lay in handling the business of the country. It was the nation which was to be looted. And truly, the country might easily be regarded as the enemy of that which was its enemy.

7. The spoils system, thus correctly named in the house of its friends, at once extended party action beyond the legitimate sphere of effort for the advancement of political principles, within which such effort had hitherto been restricted, and converted it measurably into a vulgar scramble for personal repayment in national office-holding, for partisan service. This at once wrought concurrent injury to parties, and to the country.

8. In that disastrous time was constructed "the machine"—at first a thing of clumsy build, but perfected slowly along until it has become an instrument of terrible efficiency for evil, and perverted large local branches of all parties, as well as injured their *morale* throughout the nation. The ancient and only healthy idea of a party is of an organization working for certain principles in politics, morals, or national business, and voting periodically for the few men who, if elected, should represent those principles, and carry them out in detail through the public servants, who in turn are not elected, but selected in some manner to do the work in modes prescribed for them. Thus, the tariff or no tariff was a business principle, to be decided by the vote of the major party; but when so decided, the party, as such, did not interfere with the servants in place, but merely watched to see that they did their duty. But the spoils system aimed also to do the perfunctory work, by substituting for the old servants such new ones as had distinguished themselves by mere party service. Yet national business and party work are so entirely dissimilar, that success in the latter is no token of fitness for the former. The man eminent in the lower walks of party service is such usually because he is brazen enough to compel a following from his inferiors, or cunning enough to outwit his enemies, or fraudful enough to deceive his friends. Such men do not shine in the transaction of routine business, or grow poor in the handling of public money. Yet, so long as they are powers in politics, they compel the spoils system to convert them into equal powers in the civil service. But while in that service, their personal and their party interests compel them to remain in politics, and do party work under national pay. If they can do this without injury to the country's business, it is because the country did not need so many paid servants, and was defrauded to the extent of the unnecessary wages. If they do this to the neglect or detriment of the national business, the fraud is still more palpable: they work for one, and are paid by the other. Many of these men would lower the character of any service. They are skillful in the manufacture of votes, and the invention of majorities. Such ability is misplaced and worse than useless in the details of public business. But how the evil acts and reacts! If the prize of office were not their stimulus, few such men would exercise their special gifts in the party struggles for mere principle. So the spoils system not only weakens the civil service by their introduction, but, first of all, has injured the character of the party itself, by holding up the prize of office to tempt such men to do a class of party work, which, if unrewarded, they would not take the trouble or risk to do. The system makes panders of the men it has seduced. It compelled them to become efficient politicians, in order to earn office; it compels them to remain efficient politicians—that is to say, inefficient office-holders—in order to keep office.

9. The spoils system is opposed to the true function of political parties. The genuine idea of party is to rule the country, not serve it. The great elections are the ultimate findings of national experience, followed by conclusions of national expediency, as decided by the millions of voters who are our supreme judges. A vote cast only for candidates and principles is cast for a known quantity, and is disinterested, the voter himself not being a candidate. But when he votes for certain principles and candidates,

with power of patronage outside of their representative functions, he votes for unknown quantities. And where the voter is stimulated by the knowledge that the patronage gained by the candidate will be exerted for himself, his vote is no longer disinterested. In voting for candidates, he votes also for himself.

10. The spoils system not only debases the dominant party, but also subsidizes it to continue in debasement, by assessments upon office-holders for partisan purposes. The money evil is the least here, but it is necessarily one of two frauds. If the salary is assessed because it is larger than the work, and so it can afford to contribute, the excess of the salary is a fraud upon the country. If the salary is not larger than the work, the decimation of it is a fraud upon the office-holder. Nor can it now be said any more, that party cannot supply its expenses, necessary to efficiency, without these assessments. The other party of Outs cannot assess from the public purse, and yet maintains an efficient organization, often strong enough to overwhelm the subsidized Ins. For the past fifty years, we have assessed office-holders. For the preceding fifty years, we did not. Party spirit has never been stronger, and the polling of votes never fuller, than in the terms of our first three Presidents, or indeed, than in any down to Jackson's term, except only that of Monroe. The difference between the party organizations of the two contrasting half-centuries is, that in the latter, the spoils system has brought to the surface and quasi-leadership the ignoble class of henchmen who work politics for a living, and labor through other men for themselves. In the first half-century, these men were obscure and comparatively inoffensive. Then they voted; now they create votes. Now their brazen vulgarity deafens and deters patriotic and decent men from party work by their side. And the grand result of their entrance as a class into political life is, that they have not increased the efficiency of their party, but have multiplied the effectiveness of political indirection and dishonesty.

11. The spoils system offers inducements, if not rewards, for political crimes. It is sometimes easier to procure the commission of a great offense by the expectation of office than by raising large sums of cash for bribery. It should not be said, without full proof, that members of the Louisiana and Florida Returning Boards acted under promise of office. It should not be possible to say, that they have been subsequently nominated for office. Other instances of less note and flagitiousness have been more unmistakable.

12. The spoils system engenders a dangerous relation between the Executive and Congress. So long as the President has a personal policy, he must have a personal party within his party. It must be sufficient to effectuate his object. The reasonableness of his policy, and the greatness of his personal influence or character, may not always quite suffice to command a majority of the majority caucus. Some will give only if they may get. So some will become the President's special supporters under the expectation of sharing the presidential patronage. There is no bargain, perhaps. Certainly there need be none when the spoils system is dominant, for that has its understanding, known and read of all men. No Executive recognizing the system can be perfectly independent. A great soldier, never outflanked by enemies, may be captured by his friends.

13. The spoils system consumes over one-third of the time and energies of the Executive and heads of departments. This is infinitely worse than the necessities which caused in England the appointment of a permanent "patronage secretary of the treasury," whose sole function was to adjust appointments upon the nomination of members of Parliament. This was only for the comparatively few vacancies arising through resignation, disablement, or death. There was no pressure upon him of a cloud of candidates. He saw none of them. He simply accepted the statement made with the nomination, and checked off a vacancy existing. With us, nearly all offices are liable to be made vacancies at any moment. The

nomination is attended by the nominee. The still greater number of self-nominations is attended by the modest nominee and his friends. Washington becomes a Babel forever. And all this falls, not upon the "patronage secretary of the treasury," who is paid to do nothing else, but upon those whose time is altogether too restricted to discharge fully the regular duties of their trust. No wonder that men in high office weary of their lives under it. No wonder that the air of Washington is so poisoned that a President must leave it for his life.

14. The spoils system exaggerates the importance of our elections by an unnatural and increasing danger. The subordinate office-holders in the United States—Federal, State, and municipal—number over a quarter of a million voters, of which over 110,000 are Federal appointees. This is about the average presidential majority, and constitutes it. Is it nothing, or a slight thing, to throw into the voting mass such a number of men stimulated to any desperate and unscrupulous effort by the intoxication of bread-and-butter? Add to these at least an equal number from the same party of those who hope to extrude them, and be rotated into office at the grand new deal. Add to these such proportion of their friends as may be governed more in their votes by the help they may give to their friends, than by their own political tendencies. Then double the sum of all these for at least an equal number in the opposite party who seek the same offices, and carry with them as many friendly votes. The aggregate of voters controlled by the stomach more than by the brain is simply enormous. True, many or most of these votes are neutralized by an equal number in the opposite party voting opposite, but for the same reason; and the number of votes actually diverted from normal directions by the spoils system is much smaller, and is, indeed, only those who change their votes over to what appears to be the winning side, able to divide the spoils. But the diversion of votes is the least of the evils. It is in the corruption of the motive of the suffrage, through all the specified classes, on both sides; in the irregular and increasingly evil use of extraordinary means to carry the election—that the danger lies.

15. The spoils system lowers the character of national and state legislators when it converts them into patrons to nominate for office. The most potent claimants upon them for the exercise of that patronage are the cunning friends who carry for them the primary, the county convention, the district convention, the election. Human nature is apt to represent more ardently the proximate causers of its success than it does the whole constituency. Human nature cannot handle pitch and not be defiled. In trying to represent men, it is not well to represent more than the just principles which impelled them to just action. Otherwise, the patron becomes a paymaster, an office huckster, the receiver of others' goods which are not in the custody of their owner—the whole country.

The merit system is much more than the reverse of all this:

1. It is to be applied to the vast mass of Federal, State, and Municipal appointed officials, between the heads of departments and foreign ministers of the first classes on the one hand, and on the other, the small, isolated tenants of office in sparsely settled districts, where it is difficult to persuade men to accept petty positions. There is a civil service commission controlling examining boards of various grades through the chief business centers of the union. To these may come any person of any political creed, and present his credentials of character. If these are satisfactory, and entitle him to the grand examination, his next credential is simply himself. He is tested by questions sufficient to search out whatever acquirement or mental ability he may possess, and to indicate the habits, adaptability, and, so far as may be, the working efficiency of his mind. Those who pass this examination are appointed to the first vacancies for which they seem to be fitted, and in the order of their marks under examination. This appointment is only a probation of six months. Then, if they have shown themselves to be

deficient in working efficiency, they are dropped. Otherwise, they remain in the service. Any extraordinary faculty for doing good work, which might not be educed under the first examination, now gives them promotion. Nothing else can. Their official future depends as entirely upon what they manifest of themselves, as in the latter theological beliefs it is coming to the point, that every man's next world will be irresistibly selected by himself in accordance with his natural and acquired adaptation to it. From these official positions removals are made only for disablement or malfeasance.

2. The merit system has an experiential record in its partial adoption of late in a few places in the United States, and a very large history in England since 1850, when it began to force its way over both existing parties, and soon became the rule of universal action, to which both parties were glad to submit themselves.

3. The merit system does not tend to bureaucracy, as it is lightly charged with doing. This word is not used here in its strict signification of a system of departmental business, as contrasted with a system shared or interfered with by patronage or co-ordinate branches of government. To such bureaucracy it should and does tend. It *is* precisely that. But the word is now used as it is corrupted by common speech, and made to mean the unrepublican and aristocratic spirit of a *caste* of place-men, impervious to any opinion but their own, because they are irremovable except for glaring wrong. It has been shown how the patronage system tends to bureaucracy, and how the spoils system does not. Undoubtedly, the merit system does not change personal character. Under it the haughty will be haughty still. After Conkling had submitted himself to and passed an examination for appointment to a subordinate office, he would thereafter be a bureaucrat, in this sense, just as much—neither more or less—as he had previously been an aristocrat, and for precisely the same reason. There is no magic in the merit system to make him a man-respecting man. The officials appointed for merit will undoubtedly have large *esprit du corps*. Their future sufficiency depends upon themselves, and the manner in which they can stamp their work with their own names in the eyes of their superiors from whom promotion must come, to make them independent of the opinion of the unthinking world, and regardful chiefly of their own duties. But this is precisely the characteristic of all self-respecting and rising subordinates in every counting-house or corporation office in the land. This is not bureaucracy in its offensive sense, but admirable manliness. Beyond this, some will be exclusive, and some will have the fatal facility of gregariousness. But the responsibility will belong to the person, and not to the system. The British civil service is accused of bureaucracy: certainly of no more since reform came in than before, and perhaps of less. But the reason for that is sufficiently obvious. To an American, the British official manner will always seem bureaucratic, simply because, like other British manner, it is insular and English. And if, at the worst, this feeling of permanence does tend in any way to make the officials snobbish, how much is that? Little more than nothing to us, so long as they discharge their duties skillfully and faithfully. If they can afford their snobbishness, we certainly can. And the laugh will be wholly on our side. It is only a laughing matter.

4. The merit system does not fail to select the best men for office. It is true, that examination on acquirements does not necessarily bring to light the candidate's executive or administrative force in which he may peculiarly excel, and which is practically more valuable than mere acquirements. His personal bearing upon examination would, however, at least indicate it. But the possessor of this valuable force would almost certainly have acquirements, also, sufficient to pass him. If not, he would fail, *pro tanto*, as an effective official, until he had made up the required attainments. Then it is better that he should make up the deficiency before than after examination. There is a strange misapprehension as to the

extent of these requirements. There is nothing esoteric in them, and nothing which every capable man of affairs is not supposed to know. Take the British limited competitive examinations for 1867 as a guide, bearing in mind, however, that the candidates were all nominated by parliamentary patrons. Out of 818 rejections, 805 were for apparent deficiency in office practicability and spelling and the three R's; while only 13 were made for lack of the higher acquirements. In the same examinations for the fourteen years before 1870, out of 8,169 rejections, 7,898 were for the former class of deficiencies, and only 271 for the latter. It may be a fault in the examination system that it does not require a more difficult standard. As it now stands, no man of good sense and parts need fail. If his early education was neglected, or if he is rusty, the effectiveness of mind and will necessary to success in office will easily enable him to remedy his deficiencies before examination. If such a man could be appointed under the spoils system, he could certainly cause himself to be appointed under the merit system.

5. The merit system increases the desirability of public office, by making the tenure permanent under good behavior, and thereby raises the educational and character standard of applicants who can gain position only by desert.

Hitherto, office has been sought by the unfit, as an opportunity for speculation; and too much sought by those of the fit, who have failed in the active business struggle of private life. It has been an unpleasant mixture of Hounslow Heath and of the Virginia poorhouse. But hold up the opportunity of a permanent vocation, with moderate pay and respectable social position, and it will be competed for, which means prepared for, by many men who prefer it to the hazards of success or failure in ordinary business. They strive for it as scholars on a higher plane strive for the university fellowship—a livelihood, modest, fixed, and sufficient. Thus, better men enter into the competition.

6. The merit system would weed out bad characters. This is strikingly to be exemplified in female treasury clerks at Washington, and to a limited extent elsewhere. It is well known, that, side by side with the indigent female descendants of presidents and other of the great men of the nation, labor, or pretend to labor, the active or cast-off mistresses of Congressmen and other high officials—all under equal government pay. Let this shame cease to burn the cheeks of the virtuous children of our illustrious dead.

7. The merit system extirpates the infamous practice of subsidizing parties by assessments upon the salaries of office-holders. Without penal legislation, the official who is unremovable except for malfeasance can quietly refuse to be assessed. But penal legislation is proposed by the Willis Bill as an adjunct to any civil service reform. It is made a misdemeanor for any one to solicit or collect political contributions from office-holders, and a misdemeanor in the office-holder to pay upon solicitation. The logical march of the reform would seem to add the penalty of loss of office, if the incumbent should, even without solicitation, contribute money to partisan funds. Nothing can too sharply prevent the intrusion of party necessities upon the dispassionate civil service of the country. If this seems to be a restriction upon personal liberty, it is only for such cause as justifies all such restrictions—the common good or public policy. Who shall complain, if not the office-holder? And certainly not he, if he chose to accept or retain office with full knowledge of this restriction, and of the corresponding one, that he shall go to no conventions, and do no partisan work, during his term of office. He is a simple citizen, and may, as such, vote or speak to his fellow-citizens outside of his routine duties; but he must not carry the national livery into the service of a party. Before he enters that service, he must take off the livery of his former master.

8. The merit system, increasing the efficiency, greatly decreases the cost of the civil service, and in two ways: (1) by cutting off incompetent and sinecure officials, it decreases the number of stipendiaries; and (2) by

giving security of tenure, it is enabled to get better work done at less cost. This is sufficiently shown in practice, by the marked reduction of thirteen per cent. in the expense of the British civil service between 1850 and 1870, during the experiments leading up to open competitive examinations, through the pass and limited competitive examinations, and by the still more marked reductions since the merit system obtained full development in 1870. It may reasonably be expected that the United States, far less conservative than England in the extent of making changes, and having under the spoils system something requiring far more change than England had under the patronage system, would, by adopting the merit system, effect a greater proportionate reduction of expenses than England has actually effected. But it is enough here to say, that in 1874 the New York Chamber of Commerce reported that it had cost the United States about seven millions of dollars to collect duties on imports of the value of $642,000,000; while in the same year it had cost Great Britain only five millions of dollars to collect duties on imports of the value of $1,800,000,000. That is to say, the cost to the United States, under what was mainly the spoils system, was one and nine one hundredths per cent. of the value of imports, and to Great Britain, under the merit system, was twenty-eight one hundredths of one per cent. of like values, or about four to one. From this should be deducted an allowance of not more than one-half, for the greater complexity, and therefore necessary cost, of our revenue system over the British. But after this deduction, the percentage of cost is still enormously against us.

In 1877, while the spoils system dominated the New York custom-house, the cost of collecting was two and one-half per cent. of the revenue received; in 1880, one year after Collector Merritt introduced the open competitive examination, and when it had applied to only one year's vacancies in positions, the cost of collecting was less than two per cent., a reduction of over one-fifth before the full benefits of the change could appear.

9. The merit system has stamped out fraud, so far as is known, in British office. The civil service reports for 1873, 1874, and 1875 say, that no official fraud in those years has been discovered, and that none such is even supposed by the public to exist. In other years, sporadic instances, one or two annually, and for petty sums, have been discovered. Contrast this with the Swartwout, Price, and Hoyt defalcations of millions, under Jackson and Van Buren, as the first fruits of their spoils system. Contrast it with the gigantic frauds of Tweed, and repeat his own most incisive question—"What are you going to do about it?"

Coming now to the remedy, and more briefly, because the description of symptoms and diagnosis of the disease have indicated the main remedy and something of the methods of administering it, we say that the first remedy is in enforcing the merit system of open competitive examinations. But how shall it be administered? It destroys the patronage of Congress and the State legislatures. They are naturally hostile to it. Grant succeeded in getting from Congress a bill to establish a board of civil service commissioners. When it reported in favor of the merit system, and Grant in good faith asked Congress for the necessary sum of $25,000, to establish examining boards, his great influence failed. Congress preferred to follow the lead of Ben Butler, and refused the appropriation. It has never made it to this day. It would refuse to-day to make it. What, then, are the methods of effectuating civil service reform?

There are two: one without Congress; and the other, creating, by speedy and overpowering force, a friendly Congress.

First and easily, the merit system can be wholly brought in without the aid or friendship of Congress. Let the Executive, and heads of departments and of the great central offices, under instruction of the Executive, make no further appointments except under the merit system, and no removals except for cause. Only this, and nothing more, at first. It has all been done before, and has fully succeeded, as we shall see.

But there is the appropriation rub. Now, the $25,000, or any dollar of it, is not absolutely necessary, though highly desirable. If it is deemed best to do the work without expense, the President has only to see that the heads of department and the chief collectors, mint-superintendents, sub-treasurers, and postmasters are men who will, in sympathy with the movement, simultaneously create, each, a small examining board out of the subordinates in his department or office, to conduct the examinations for that office, without pay. Judging by what little has been done in this direction, the good effect will soon be so patent, that an aroused public sentiment would speedily revolutionize Congress on this subject. It may be safer to disarm criticism, and proceed in this modest and slower way — *if we can*. But these special boards are obviously inferior to the system of boards contemplated by the civil service commission for which the appropriation was asked. If the quicker deliverance from the spoils system is sought, let the existing commission, whether *functus officio* or not, proceed voluntarily, but with unofficial concurrence of the President, to organize the full system of subordinate examining boards, scattered conveniently throughout the Union; name the members of each board, who shall all be outside of public employment; and fix their rules of procedure and respective standards of examination. Let every man who seeks office be examined unofficially by one of these boards, and let appointment to vacancies be made only upon its recommendation. Let the expense of the whole system be borne by fees for examination, to be deposited by each applicant before he is examined—the amount of the fees to be strictly graduated by estimation to cover only the absolute expenses. All this is unofficial, voluntary, without law, but not against law. It contains no element of office solicitation or brokerage. The candidates pay money, not to the office-bestower or any one for him, but for the expense of examination for a certificate which they may or may not get. The office-bestower appoints without money or favor such as come to him with such recommendation of character and fitness as he prefers to any other.

The gratuitous plan of examination has already been practiced among us partially, but with marked success. It was first tried under Collector Arthur in New York, in 1872, and against his will. But after some experience, he certifies thus: "The new system has excluded many unfit persons, and deterred a much larger number from applying. * * * In promotions it has secured the technical knowledge desirable, and in this respect the result has been beneficial, * * * and the change has been of inestimable value." And he advised, therefore, a reduction of the force by twelve per cent. Later, the same rules have been more cordially and fully applied by Collector Merritt and by Postmaster James; the first with a saving of over twenty per cent. on the cost of collections for the first year, and the latter in a manner which has made the New York city post-office a model, from which he was translated by Garfield to the higher position of Postmaster-General. In that larger position, and within six months' time, he was able to cheer his dying chief with the good news that the Post-Office Department was at last operated upon the principles of civil service reform. All these examinations were made by subordinate local officials, and without cost. They simply show what can be done by willing officials under a willing Executive, and lawfully ignoring a hostile Congress.

But the trial had previously been made in England on a grander scale. The history is given with exquisite detail in Eaton's "Civil Service in Great Britain," and Macaulay's "Life and Letters," from which we condense. At the time of the American Revolution, the patronage system, and official interference with elections, had become so disgusting under Bute and North, that the Rockingham ministry made two of the four cardinal points on which it took office, recognition of American independence, and absolute disfranchisement of all revenue officials. This disfranchisement lasted until 1868, and was properly restored when pat-

ronage was abolished. Then, with the exception of the Bribery Act of 1809, which scotched but could not kill parliamentary patronage, nothing was done until, between 1820 and 1830, several British ministries, under Liverpool, Canning, and Earl Grey, voluntarily discontinued their official patronage, which thereafter was chiefly maintained by members of Parliament. It is curious to note, that patronage lightened in England at the very period when in America it deepened and darkened into the spoils system, under Jackson. Truly, as Bishop Berkeley said, with a variation, "Westward the *curse* of empire takes its way." From that date, civil service in Great Britain ascended as our own fell.

In 1853, the Aberdeen ministry, incited by the success of Macaulay's reform, by competitive examinations, in the East Indian service, appointed Trevelyan, a Liberal, and Northcote, a Conservative, a commission to report a plan of civil service reform. They reported that the pass-examinations, hitherto in partial use, were insufficient, and urged the radical open competitive examination. Parliament was in deadly hostility to the movement, and the latter was not consummated until 1870. But meanwhile, in 1854, Parliament ignored the commission so contemptuously, that the ministry dared not ask for an appropriation, but quietly constituted the examining boards, and operated them for two years without apparent supplies; but presumably from the secret service fund. But this operation never extended to the full merit system. England never leaps with both feet, but walks, step by step. Only limited competitive examinations were had, in which parlimentary patronage was unchecked. But the gain to the service was so manifest, that, in two years, Parliament, by a meager majority, made an appropriation for expenses. Year by year, the merit system crowded out limited competition, until, in 1870, in the fall of patronage, with the full concurrence of both parties and both Houses, it became the law of the land, and patronage was driven to its last citadel, the Established Church. To-day, England is practically without dissent as to the merit system. No party dreams of going back to patronage. All this was done without money from a hostile Parliament.

Our task is the same in kind, but greater. Our spoils system is far more intrenched in Congress than patronage was in Parliament. The first appropriation asked has been definitely refused. Will the next Congress also refuse it? Two things have lately happened to influence it in the right direction.

First, the spoils system has lately been on the under side of a broad laugh. The President sent to the Senate for their advice and consent the name of a civil service reformer in principle, to replace another civil service reformer in practice, as collector of customs at the port of New York. Whether this act was wise or consistent was for the President and Senate to consider; but it is now known that it was not a deliberated act, but rather, sudden tactics to force the fight which a distinguished Senator was carefully arranging otherwise. It did force the fight, and place the Senator in a logically false position. As Senator, he had only to vote, and speak his advice either way, and his consent or dissent. If dissent, he was compelled to put it upon grounds untenable under the Constitution or laws. The nominee was unexceptionable as to character, but he had previously worsted the Senator, and was offensive to him. Nay, he might be made more dangerous to him as a political opponent. Therefore the Senator invoked the "courtesy of the Senate" against the confirmation. Now this euphemism means, in plain Saxon, that the Senators shall send to the President all appointments to office within their respective States, for the President to consent thereto. If he declines, and nominates another man, the courtesy of the Senate requires all Senators to combine and reject such nominations, until the pleasing one is made. The majestic Senator argued this noble perversion of law before his interested jury, with every art known to him. Eloquence and friendly appeals were in vain. Even an unequaled deportment, half Turveydrop and half Turkey-cock, actually failed to overwhelm. The

Roscian strut was driven off the stage by a side door. Conkling saw that he was defeated before the Senate. An ordinary great man would have ceased to widen the breach, and would have waited for a more convenient season to war. At least, he would have fulfilled the object of his election as Senator, and his sworn duty, by remaining in his seat and voting yea or nay, as he conscientiously might, when the President constitutionally called for the advice and consent of the Senate. But every primate has a crook which may not be a crosier. This primate had long been noted for alert and brilliant surprises in politics. Possibly he aimed to win a wider name than that of his early master in statesmanship, Henry Clay, and be known as the great Un-Commoner. He resigned his seat in the Senate. No man in the world had been able to expect it. Then he went back to New York, as Nast happily portrayed him, a stump of a man with nothing above the neck, holding out his head in his hands, and asking his friends to put it on again. Well might he ask them. They were his clay which he had dug up, kneaded, molded, and whirled to the top on his wheel. But they refused to be refashioned by their potter, and so he himself went under the mold. After such enormous failure, "why should the spirit of mortal be proud," when he is only shot out of Guiteau's pistol into a new political future?

Now, every shifting scene of this farce was exquisitely ludicrous to the American people. Each day was funnier than yesterday, and could be less funny than only tomorrow. The spirit of the spoils system, the inconsistency of it with the American idea of government, the absurdities to which it drove a man of undoubted brilliancy and intellect, made up a kaleidoscope into which common men looked amazed.

During the farce, a tragedy intervened. Guiteau shot the President. A claimant of office on the ground that he had earned it by partisan service is refused; and in the fury of his disappointment, assassinates the visible head of his offenders. Doubtless, other motives intermingled, and that inexplicable love of notoriety, which has led other men into inexplicable crime, affected him. Doubtless, the spirit of Guiteau himself is chiefly, if not entirely, responsible for this act. His only insanity seems to be as to his rights under the spoils system. But whether or not the spoils system is or is not indirectly chargeable with leading him up to the crime, will not be considered here, except to say that the reasoning on the unpopular side would be very strong. Who can say that the spoils system necessarily tends to the assassination of offensive public functionaries? Who can deny that it may, however unreasonably, but still in point of fact, so tend? The question for casuists is only as to the extent of its responsibility for that possibility. But, right or wrong, the public voice declares that Garfield's corpse lies before the door of the spoils system. One thing is certain. Considering this with the unsuccessful attack made upon Jackson fifty years ago by another disappointed office-seeker, it is very obvious that the spoils system is not consistent with the perfect personal safety of the Presidents of the United States, and that the danger must be removed, either by destroying the spoils system, or by restricting the scope of the presidential appointing power. And the two roads converge to the same place.

So these two recent occurrences—the Conkling fiasco and the Guiteau crime—have placed the spoils system in the prisoner's dock for final trial before the people. The verdict now would be much more emphatic and one-sided than it would have been four months ago. The next Congress was elected before those occurrences; but it is fresh now from the heart of the people, and might not be wholly indisposed to yield its jealously guarded patronage system upon the mighty demand of a nation aroused from sleep by murder committed upon their best and highest.

But, laying Congressional assent aside, we have seen how civil service reform is entirely practicable at any time, whenever the President shall heartily start the movement, in the mode indicated as having been suc-

cessful here and in England. Why, then, has not this been already done?

Simply, because hitherto the President has had a personal policy, which compelled him to keep a personal party in Congress. That is why Grant chose rather to drop civil service reform than to war upon Congress. Hayes came in, claiming to have no personal policy, but to act as the agent of the popular will. Yet he had the strongest of personal policies—that of self-preservation. His title was disputed from the first, and repeatedly threatened with attack from Congress through the first half of his term. Hayes was sincerely devoted to the merit system, and would probably have established it firmly, had he no cause to dread a rupture with Congress. Garfield's first effort was to harmonize all wings of the party, and civil service reform in its completest sense was not compatible with that consolidation. No man can doubt Garfield's entire belief in its expediency who has read in his speeches the numberless commendations of it.

But all causes for halting, all past Executive necessities for a personal party, are gone now. Grant has gone; Hayes has gone; the Garfield who impersonated only a part of his party has gone too. The sound from Guiteau's pistol, of the last "shot heard round the world," has brought in a new order of things. Had Garfield lived, he would, unlike any President except Monroe, since the days of Washington, have had no need of a personal party. The spirit of the whole people had become annealed to his in his long agony. The heart of the nation had carried the old soldier so long, that whether he lived or died, it should always be his hereafter. If, arising from his wounds, he chose to say, "Henceforth, I appoint only to the highest offices; all others will be appointed by heads of departments, and heads of local offices, solely upon a certificate of having excelled in open competitive examination"—the thing was done; civil service reform was practically achieved. As in England, a few years of experience would convert even a hostile legislative department, and full appropriations would be voted.

But Garfield died, and the unknown quantity of Arthur has arisen. General Arthur is a man who has given valuable, but not hearty, testimony to the excellence of the merit system. He is a man more fortunate in himself than in his friends. It seems hardly credible, that he, an accidental President, would wish or dare to raze the foundation work cemented by Garfield's blood, and the irresistible sympathy of the people. But the past gives us insufficient guaranty for the future, and little security for the present. Our chief hope lies in his obvious personal rectitude, and in the equally obvious fact, that if he yields to his immediate environment he wrecks himself, and perhaps the party. But that fact may not be obvious to him until it is too late. Yet it would be far too much to hope that he will go so far as to do what Garfield had not yet done: establish the merit system without the aid of Congress, as only the President can.

There are other pertinent considerations. The first method depends upon the active good-will of the President. If Congressional sanction by law is lacking, the new system instantly fails on the accession of a hostile President, if Arthur is such, or a spoils Republican, or probably any Democrat, in 1885. Look at the last contingency. At that time, the Democratic hunger will be twenty-four years old. Most of the present officials are Republicans. A sweep is inevitable, unless restrained by a law which can come only from the present or the succeeding Congress. That statute must be had. When passed, it is safe. It is not of the kind of statutes which are ever repealed. British experience plainly shows this. Reforms never go backward in a free country. Neither the patronage or the spoils system could ever be enacted by statute. They never came in, or could come in, except creepingly, and without observation. And the civil service reform, after two years under law, could cite the American Congress, as it does the British Parliament, as a proof that a converted enemy is the best friend. After only two years of experiment, both English parties, heartily and with amazing unanimity, stood,

and forever will stand, as one on this one thing.

The procurement of that statute brings us now to discuss, briefly and finally, the second method suggested for the effectuation of civil service reform. Its details are new in this application, but have worked successfully otherwise.

There are two ways to create a statute. One is, to hammer it out, under the fire of its friends and the blows of its enemies, in Congress. The other is, to frame it in a house of its friends, and then present it, as complete as the union of wisdom can make it, for adoption by a Congress which shall be made friendly to it by a peculiar but effective election. The last is our second method.

First, let a civil service reform convention be speedily called under the auspices of the existing national association, every State branch being charged with the duty of sending delegates in such proportionate numbers as may be prescribed in the call. In some of the States, branches would need to be formed in the usual way, in order to do this. That convention would have a history like that of the Constitutional Convention of 1787. This included all shades of opinion at the beginning; it polished them and ground them down by friendly and earnest attrition, until at last, all united in a scheme which was the ideal of no man, but was adjudged by all to be practicable and the best attainable. Such a convention would crystallize all the needed details of the merit system, probably adopting the Pendleton Bill, with some modification. It would certainly incorporate, without lingering except perhaps to strengthen it, the Willis Bill for the extirpation of partisan assessments upon office-holders. Both these bills are now pending, and have the good fortune to be introduced by Democrats. It would consider and probably aim to repeal the tenure of office act, under which the confirmees of the Senate cannot be removed permanently without the consent of the Senate. Andrew Johnson is now dead, and the whole country, except the Senate, acknowledges the duty of the repeal. It would consider the propriety of subjecting to examination, for retention, all present office-holders, most of whom were appointed under the spoils system. If it should leave the appointments to Annapolis and West Point academies in the hands of the President at all, it would probably strike out the provision of the existing law, that the appointments to the naval academy, being two from each Congressional district, should be under the recommendation of the Congressional Representative of that district. And finally, it would probably recommend such amendment to the Constitution as would leave to the President, subject to the advice and consent of the Senate, the appointment only of heads of departments, the judiciary, foreign ministers of one or, at most, two grades, and the chiefs of two or three, each, mints, custom-houses, and post-offices—a score or or two only instead of the four thousand who now test the "courtesy of the Senate." The ratification by the people, through State legislatures, of almost any constitutional amendment which would operate as a Presidential Life Assurance is not doubtful. But whatever might be the outcome of the convention, it would be a platform of principle upon which could be instantly formed a Balance-of-Power party, which should stand upon it until it had been formulated into statute and constitutional amendment, and which should then dissolve.

Such a party would aim to elect the President, Vice-President, Congressmen, with State and Municipal executives and legislatures. Its Republicans and Democrats would act outside of the new party, and with their old affiliations for all other voting. This party would not aim to put a third ticket into the field, or make any original nomination, except in the rare contingencies of being forced so to do. After the old parties had nominated for the offices in question, and with the unpleasant consciousness that only such nominations had been forced out of them as would bear the well-understood after-action, the new party would send its platform to each nominee for acceptance or rejection.

If either candidate refused to pledge his assent, the other, accepting, would be nominated by the Balance-of-Power party. If both accepted, a choice would be made between them. If neither, a choice of evils might still be made, or a third candidate be put into the field, or no one nominated—all as the peculiarity of the position in each Congressional district might make most expedient. But it is almost certain, that, in at least a sufficient number of the districts, one or both the candidates would be selected by the old parties to capture the balancing vote, which would be absolutely essential to success. When Congress has passed the law, the new party is *functus officio*, and has no further motive to prolong its organization.

If the proposed action fairly promises success, it is the duty of the day. Project the present probabilities into the near future, and they will be seen to contain all the elements of success. It is needful to elect only a safe majority of Congress. Any future Congress may be calculated to contain a respectable minority of reformers, without special agitation, as all past Congresses have contained them. We have only to gain fifty or, at most, seventy-five more, to accomplish the end. Can it be doubted, that, in as many districts as that, there are enough friends of civil service reform to swing the majority to either of the candidates—or to elect a President? Take New York—the presidential pivotal State, the birthplace of the spoils system, in which the machine has always been strongest. Its small majority either way is very much less than the number of voters who for two or three years would gladly make the reform their chief political aim. Of enough other States, the same thing can be said in a less but sufficient degree.

If it be said that great results can be achieved only within and by great parties making separate tickets, the proposition is denied. Every student of our political history knows, that, to carry a single issue or principle, it is never necessary to have an absolute majority of all the votes in favor of that issue. The eight-hour labor-law, if voted upon by itself, would obtain a majority in but few places. But it is almost everywhere the law of the land. Its advocates went into conventions, holding out a number of votes sufficient or necessary for any success, and promised to give those votes to the candidate if he pledged himself to the eight-hour law, and not, if not. They got their pledges and their law, but they never were a majority. The wise man borrows instruction from all sources. He knows that the party clubs in New York city contain barely fifteen per cent. of all the voters, and that this fifteen per cent. make all the nominations and elections, by sheer force of organization and will. One determined, uncompromising man is always a majority with four half-earnest drifters. And when an organization points out the fact that its muster-roll is larger than any ordinary majority is, it cannot be ignored. It will either obtain from the convention its own candidates, or those candidates will obtain its principles. The last is all we want. Napoleon won his battles, not with the major army, but by being strongest at the critical place. With us, the critical body of voters is not the fifty who balance off the other fifty, but the two who constitute their majority and are "captains of fifties." Aiming for that, we shall get enough.

Nor let it be said that this, like the machine, is an unfair capturing of the popular vote. The fact is, that, whatever may have been the general apathy hitherto, if the whole people should now vote any day on the *single* issue between the spoils and the merit systems, the latter would be in the majority. But in the complexity of existing partisan issues, this has never been done, or is likely to be done. Where it is mingled with other issues in an ordinary election, it is a matter of less importance to most voters, and they divide their votes on other grounds. Since we cannot hope to force this into elections as the only issue, we are driven to compel its being put in a safe and commanding position as to the other issues, and in the manner indicated.

Nor let the vain hope be indulged, that the reform can ever be brought about within old party lines. It can be stuck into platforms with other generalities, to be forgotten as before, but neither party, uncompelled, will ever dare to make it the one paramount issue of an election. It knows that, for that one election it would surely lose the voters that prefer the old system, and would not gain all or enough from the other side who would prefer a change. For the latter would see a chance for the victory of their party that day, and would not desert it in sufficient numbers to change the result. For nine years the reform has sought its ends within the Republican party in vain. Between the writing and the publication of this paper, it will become more clear, whether or not the Administration will disrupt the Republican party on this issue. If it does, and throws its enormous patronage into the fight, the contest within the party will be prolonged beyond the critical Congressional election of 1882. More than ever the effort to bring the reform into the policy of the entire Republican party will be a folly and a madness. It is time now for the reform to assert its manhood, and say to both Republicans and Democrats: "You shall stifle us with your other jargons no longer. We constitute the majority between you. To-day is our day. Give us our law, and to-morrow we are yours again. One of you will elect a member of Congress acceptable to that one and to us. Which of you is it? Or rather, we shall elect one of you to elect the man most acceptable to us and to our reform."

The speedy outcome of that is a civil service reform Congress.

C. T. H. PALMER.

CALIFORNIA INDIANS AND THEIR FOOD.

Contact with civilization is so changing the habits of the Californian Indians, that they have almost ceased to continue those methods for obtaining food that were followed by their ancestors. Except with a few small tribes in the north-eastern part of the State, iron and steel have taken the place of their obsidian axes, knives, and scrapers.

Many of them are abandoning the use of the various roots, bulbs, and seeds that constituted the principal supply of the vegetable food of their parents, and are substituting the white man's wheat and barley.

A record of the substances on which they lived before their contact with civilization, as well as their modes of obtaining and preparing their food, has much interest to the student of ethnology. The Smithsonian Institute, through its numerous trained assistants, is now obtaining lists of all the substances used as food by the different tribes of North American Indians, with the object of preserving a record; and also of ascertaining if there are not among the seeds, roots, and bulbs used by them some that by cultivation can be made useful to civilized man.

The pioneers of this State could possibly, from the recollections of personal observations, add to the list and contribute some facts that may be curious and interesting, if not practically useful.

With this object, the following notes have been written.

There were four of us, in August, 1851, who had worked hard all summer with rockers, at Long Bar, on the Yuba, and because the daily earnings had fallen to eight dollars, concluded that our claims had been worked out, and so decided to find the mysterious Gold Lake at the source of the Yuba; or at least, better claims at some point on that river where the gold was more plentiful.

We hired Johnny Durley, with his pack-mule Jerusalem, and started on our tedious

tramp. We did not find Gold Lake, or better diggings, but were glad, after four weeks, to get back to "The Saint's Rest," out of provisions, and in great luck to have saved our blankets.

The second night after we left Long Bar, we camped on the banks of a small brook, in a valley on the mountains near Foster's Bar. In the morning, we found that we were near an Indian camp. Curious to learn their habits, I watched the women preparing the morning meal. To the bank of the brook they brought, in conical, water-tight baskets, about two pecks of dried acorns. These baskets, as I subsequently learned, are made from a triangular grass, that grows in the water near the banks of mountain streams, and are frequently ornamented in dark brown patterns, with the outer fiber taken from the stems of a fern, *adiantum*, found in great abundance at high elevations in our mountains. The acorns were evidently of the growth of a previous year, as they were thoroughly dry. I have since found, that, when readily obtained, the California Indians preferred the acorns from *Q. Chrysolepis* and *Q. Lobata*, perhaps because large, and yielding a greater supply of food than most of the other oaks.

One of the women, seating herself on a ledge of rock, commenced shelling the acorns, which she did with great rapidity. An acorn was held with the point upwards, by the thumb and first finger of the left hand. A slight blow with a small bowlder in the other hand readily freed the kernel from the shell. The kernels were thrown into a basket; when sufficient had been collected, they were carried to a pot-hole in the ledge, which probably had originally been made by the action of the water in whirling a bowlder. Here they were powdered into fine meal, or flour, with one of the stone pestles, which are so frequently turned up by the plow in all parts of California. Upon arriving at the ledge, which was near our camping-place, the first thing the women did was to build a brisk fire, in which they placed small bowlders gathered from the brook. When sufficient acorn-meal had been powdered for their breakfast, a conical hole was made in the dry sand on the shore of the brook, into which the acorn meal was poured. It was first thoroughly saturated with cold water from the brook, then one of the baskets was filled with water and set in a depression in the ground, the hot rocks were raked out of the fire and thrown into the basket, until the water boiled. This boiling water was carefully poured over the meal in the sand, until all parts of the meal were saturated. I concluded that the cold and scalding water acted the double purpose of cooking the food and leaching out the bitter tannin.

When sufficiently cooked, it was eaten without being removed from the sand; all squatted on the ground and helped themselves, by stirring with the first two fingers, until a mouthful was collected, when it was transferred. A few years afterwards, iron pots and kettles became so plentiful that this system of cooking was abandoned.

Many of the tribes near the southern coast used pots made of soapstone. The quarry from which this was obtained is found on one of the islands in the Santa Barbara channel. Mr. Paul Schumacher, of the Smithsonian, has given a description of this quarry, and of the mode in which these pots were patiently quarried out with stone knives and scrapers. At some remote period, there must have been quite a trade or system of exchange between the coast and interior tribes; for I have found broken pots made from this soapstone in graves as far north as the islands in the southern part of Tulare Lake. Some of these pots were made so large that they would contain three or four gallons of water. Their shape was nearly that of an ordinary iron pot. A broken fragment of one that I found at Atwell's Island, in Tulare Lake, showed that it had been quarried so that the mouth flared out, thus enabling it to hold a cover.

One of these pots, uninjured and capable of holding about two gallons, was recently taken from a mound near the town of Tulare.

Vast numbers of mallard and other ducks

nest near the shores of Tulare, Buenavista, and Kern lakes. These waters are also the resort of many varieties of migratory ducks. These birds furnished a large supply of food to the Indians with which this region was once populous. Many of the modes by which the birds were captured were so ingenious as to excite the admiration of the early white settlers. One in universal use was as follows: The Indian shelled a quantity of acorns, and, wading out to the edge of the tule, *(scirpus lacustris)* scattered them where the water was from six inches to a foot in depth. Here, after a few days, the ducks resorted in flocks. The Indian having ready as many willow poles about ten feet in length as he proposed to use, forced their large ends into the mud among the roots of the tules. To the upper end of each pole was fastened a piece of string about three feet long, formed into a slip-noose. Above the slip-noose was tied a toggle, also of willow, about four inches in length. He now bent each pole so that the upper end reached the water. He then forced into the mud, at the point where the willow pole reached, another piece of willow, bent into the form of an ox-bow. He then placed on the mud an acorn, partially peeled, so that it might be seen through the water. One end of the toggle was made to rest on this acorn, the other against the bend of the willow ox-bow. The slip-noose was now carefully spread in a circle on the mud at the bottom, the acorn, with one end of the toggle pressing upon it, being in the center.

Setting all his poles in this manner, and scattering a few peeled acorns in the vicinity of each, he retired. When a duck attempted to seize an acorn against which a toggle rested, the effort would release the toggle, the spring of the pole would draw the noose about his neck and suspend him noiselessly in the air. It was almost impossible for a duck to escape if it attempted to touch the acorn on which a toggle was resting.

The margins of Tulare and Kern lakes were once covered with large and small islands of tules. The channels between these islands were favorite feeding-places for ducks and geese.

It was also a common custom for an Indian to gather small bundles of tules and fasten them about his body, so as to completely conceal all of his person above the waist. He would then wade into the water. At a very short distance he would closely resemble a small tule island. Gradually and quietly he would approach a flock of ducks until he could kill one or more with his arrow.

It is said that frequently many of the more expert Indians would thus go among a flock of ducks, and seize them by the feet and hold them beneath the water until drowned.

The double-pointed spear for the capture of fish has been well described by Lucy Sargent in THE CALIFORNIAN for November, 1880.

It was in universal use among the Indians of the north-west coast of America, on all the rivers frequented by salmon. The invention by which the points of the spear are released after passing through the fish, and then turn to prevent its escape, shows almost as much patient thought as the bomb lance of modern whalers.

The ingenuity displayed by the Wintoon Indians, of the McCloud, in capturing salmon, shows a knowledge of some of the laws of physics hardly to be expected from so primitive a people. Except when on their spawning-beds, the salmon is so wary a fish that it cannot be approached nearer than thirty or forty feet. If a man's moving shadow falls on the water, all the salmon in the vicinity dart up stream.

These Indians, when the salmon are running, wade into the river and drive down two stakes in the form of St. Andrew's Cross. These are fastened together with willow withes. A couple of poles are now laid, extending from the shore, and resting in the arms of the cross. On these poles, directly over the channel where the fish pass, a wicker structure of willow is erected, in the form of a tall beehive. This is so closely woven with branches and leaves as to shut out the light. It is open at the bottom, which ex-

tends to within a few inches of the running water. It has also an opening at the side nearest the shore sufficiently large to admit the head, shoulders, and arms of the Indian. A small hole is also left at the top, through which the shaft of the spear passes. Everything being ready, the Indian lies on the poles, his head and arms in the bee-hive, and the remainder of his body and his legs resting on the poles outside. No light comes to his eyes except that coming up through the water. His whole contrivance is, in fact, constructed upon the principle of the water-telescope, and the same knowledge is displayed of the laws of light as is made use of in constructing a modern aquarium. The Indian can see to the bottom of the stream, and all the fish that pass, while the fish cannot see him. With his spear always poised, and ready for instant use, but few of the unsuspecting salmon escape, that venture to pass beneath his structure.

The Indians of Kern River made use of an artificial fly for the capture of trout, and probably used it for ages before Europeans invented it for the same purpose. The hook of the "sproat" form, but without a barb, was made from the shin bone of a deer. On the legs of the California deer, *(Carriacus Columbianus)* corresponding to the chestnuts, or warts, on a horse's legs, are also warts, but covered with stiff long hairs of a darker color than those on other parts of the animal. These warts, and the hairs growing on them, have a strong and peculiar scent of the deer, which is not easily removed or washed away. A small bundle of these hairs is neatly fastened at one end around the shaft of the hook, the loose ends pointing to the eye of the hook. With a neatly made line, of Indian hemp, *(apocynum cannabinum)* and a willow rod, and this fly-hook, he combined sport and business. The fly was thrown on the water, and kept as near the surface as possible, by continuous short jerks. Every motion of the hook in the water caused the loose ends of the hairs fastened upon it to open and shut. At a short distance, it would resemble the motions of a caterpillar in the water, that had dropped from an alder, and was struggling to reach the shore. These Indians say that the trout can smell, and are attracted by the scent of the deer-hairs. This kind of fly is still used, but the hook is now made of telegraph or other iron wire.

The Shoshone Indians, on the Humboldt, used another form of hook for the capture of the trout of that river. Around the large end of a straight, sharp fish-bone, about half an inch in length, was bent at right angles to the fish-bone one-half of a willow twig, split lengthwise. The willow twig was also, when thus bent, about half an inch in length, and was tightly wrapped with twine, to make it stiff, and firmly hold the fish-bone. When made, it somewhat resembled the letter L. The line, neatly made from the fiber of *Asclepias erosa*, which grows abundantly near that river, was fastened to the angle of this hook. A minnow was then caught, and this hook placed in its mouth, the fish-bone partly extending out, through its gills. The trout was allowed to swallow the minnow; a sharp pull on the line caused the fish-bone to enter the flesh, while the bent, stiff willow acted as a fulcrum to prevent the fish-bone from turning and becoming released.

A knowledge of what native plants and vegetables our Indians used as food, and their different modes of capturing their game and fish, may be of some practical use. I have a friend, who, with two companions, was lost for some days in the mountains of Fresno. They would all have suffered for food, and possibly not have found their way out, had he not at an earlier day seen the Indian women gathering the roots of the camass and of a *carum* for their winter's food. He had carefully observed these plants, and their habits of growth. He readily found them, and by this means the party had an ample supply of food, and were thus enabled to reach the valley and civilization.

B. B. REDDING.

NOTE BOOK.

THE STIRRING-UP PROCESS in University matters is beginning to show its good results. In different ways, changes have crept in, and reforms been instituted, that display a broadness and a spirit of liberality certain to extend the scope and materially increase the usefulness of that institution. President Reid has indorsed heartily the strict disciplinary policy instituted by Dr. LeConte, his predecessor in office, and the first results are seen in the prompt investigation into the late hazing difficulties, and the vigorous and speedy justice dealt out to the Sophomores found implicated. Another result crops out in the department of mathematics. Here, the old system of assigning daily tasks has been abolished, and a routine adopted in which the amount of daily work done by the student becomes optional with himself. He is informed about what date the examination will take place, and the average number of pages it will be necessary for him to prepare daily in order to cover the whole ground by that time. But beyond that, he is free to go fast or slow, as he pleases. At the beginning of the recitation, each student reports the progress he has made, and recites, or listens to explanation of the subject he has prepared. This innovation has grown from an experiment to a success, and is particularly good, in that it serves to arouse the interest of the student in the subject, and accustoms him to work for himself, without regard to any compulsion brought to bear on him through fear of a poor mark. It tends also to reclaim him from the habit of not being able to work unless some definite task is set for him.

Heretofore, the College of Letters has been divided into two courses, leading to different degrees: the Classical, leading to the degree of A. B., and the Literary, leading to the degree of Ph. B. The evident injustice of giving to literary students the degree of Bachelor of Philosophy, and the growing tendency of the times to demand a liberal educational course in which the dead languages should not hold the most prominent position, have led to a division of the department of letters—the two courses, the classical and the literary, now standing as separate departments—and the formation of an entirely new course, called the "Course in Letters and Science." The classical course remains exactly as it was; requires both Latin and Greek, and leads to the degree of A. B. The literary course requires only Latin, accepting other studies in place of Greek, and from this time will lead to the degree of Bachelor of Letters. The new course in letters and science will also lead to the degree of Bachelor of Letters, but will require neither Latin nor Greek; replacing them with more thorough study of the modern languages, history, political science, and philosophy.

These changes are timely, and serve to put the University degrees in conformity with those given by Eastern colleges. The formation of the new course is an evidence of the earnest desire of the Regents to make the University an institution that will meet the popular needs. It cannot be denied that the feeling is largely prevalent with the masses, that there is need of a course of education differing somewhat from the old time-honored standards, and it is this need that the new course is expected to fill. With many, and especially the school-men, the movement has met with opposition, and the tendency has been to decry it as a mere bid for popularity. In the proper sense it *is* just this: It is the popular need that the State University was created to fill, and there can be no injury to its conservatism or dignity in thus enlarging its field of good. It will have the tendency to bring to the University the large class of students who are fitting for professional life, but who, having a bias against classical studies, now go elsewhere for the liberality in education denied them here. The whole matter is as yet an experiment, of course, but the new college bids fair to build up into one of the most popular courses in the University.

IN THE DEATH of Dr. J. G. Holland, America has lost a representative literary man. Not only was he a rich, ripe scholar, a great, warm-hearted poet, but a man of tireless energy, and of shrewd common sense. There is a rare excellence in the literary side of his character, in that his learning and his contact with books never developed in him aught but the highest good. It is said that he always wrote with a purpose, and the nature of that purpose may be gathered from the fact, that to-day his poems stand as types of the sweetest and purest elements in modern literature. His style and method were peculiarly his own; and were thus original, because people felt his work to be but the reflex of his own simplicity and earnestness. Of his business ability, his early newspaper work, and the grand elevation to which he has lifted the "Scribner's Monthly" in the past twenty years, bear ample witness. Of his popularity, it is hardly enough to say that he occupies a place nearer to the heart of the masses than has been the fortune of most other American poets. As a man, in all circles, he was genial and courteous to all those whom he found struggling around him on the hard road of literary disappointment. He is one of the few who have earned the national reputation and name of "friend"; and it is this quality which appeals to the sympathy of the American people, and brings home so sorrowfully the news of his sudden death.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

For the convenience of readers desiring to purchase, publishers are requested to mark price on books forwarded for review.

NORSK, LAPP, AND FINN. By Frank Vincent, Jr. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1881. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

Mr. Vincent, if he cannot strictly be called a bookmaker, apprehends clearly the elements necessary for giving popularity to his books. His subjects are always fresh and novel, his style is simple and entertaining, and his strictures on persons and things bear the stamp of a shrewd observation and a quiet humor. The present volume is a faithful record of life, manners, and customs of the people of the far North, and depicts very accurately the distinguishing characteristics of the three Scandinavian nations. The class of things described is, of course, that alone which would come under the notice of a traveler; and some of his statements concerning them will hardly bear application to the nations as a whole. Thus, Mr. Vincent treats at length of the domestic manners of the Norwegians, drawing therefrom some very unflattering conclusions. Of their table-manners, he says:

"The same people who bow so ceremoniously to each other, and express sympathy and interest in the veriest trifles of life, and who dance and grimace fully five minutes at an open door before they can determine which shall enter first, are exceedingly ill-bred during meal time. Their knives wander so far down their throats that one must at least admire their courage, though failing to appreciate its object. In these feats they rival the professional knife-swallowers of Bombay. They hold their forks like pens. Even a four-tined fork is not considered too unwieldy to use as a toothpick. All knives are put promiscuously into the butter-dish, which indeed is never provided with a separate implement. * * * The people eat most voraciously, displaying the appetites of tigers, and making disagreeable noises with their mouths. They rise and reach across the table for something which you could readily pass to them. When the plates are changed at the end of a course, the knives and forks are apt to be simply wiped by the waiter upon a towel, in full sight, and then complacently returned to you. And yet it was the Scandinavians who won from Voltaire the praise of being the "Frenchmen of the North," on account of their punctilious politeness. Kind-hearted and well-meaning, but surely somewhat deluded old man."

To this, to be sure, he adds a qualifying clause to the effect, that, it being always difficult to characterize at one and the same time the national traits of an entire people, the foregoing quotation should be understood as applying rather to the class of merchants, farmers, and government officials that a foreigner is most apt to meet on railways and in hotels. But, in the end, he spoils this qualification, by deploring the fact that this class is in majority among these peoples. In this sense, his judgment of Norwegian manners is, to say the least, incomplete; and as, by his own confession, he spent but little if any time in the private families of other than the peasant classes, his conclusions seem only to prove that the lower class of Scandinavians are ill-bred—a thing to be affirmed of all countries generally. Country districts always lack the social polish of the capital; and we ourselves have found many occasions for being virtuously indignant over recitals in European papers, characterizing the manners of the cow-boy and the western frontiersman as those of the American nation. But, aside from this, the book is all that could be desired. The most valuable portion is, perhaps, the account of Lapland and the Lapps, Mr. Vincent seeming to have reached many points of interest, and gathered many details of domestic life and habits, not commonly attained by hasty travelers. He found time to go into the mountains among what are called the wandering or Gypsy Lapps, and his novel descriptions of their peculiar habits are very fresh and readable. The sketch of Denmark, through which Mr. Vincent passes on his way to the far north, is excellent in the contrasts drawn between the temperament and social habits of the Danes and those of the Norwegians. The lightness and volatility of the former stand out in bold relief against the slower and more sturdy natures of the Norse peoples. The description of Copenhagan, with its theaters, churches, and museums, is full of interest; and Mr. Vincent appears much pleased with Danish gayety and hospitality. Hardly less interesting are his pictures of Norse country life; but from their general tone the author seems to have found the country rather sleepy and uninviting. In commenting on the condition of women in Norway, he falls into the error, noted above, of affirming generally of the nation what he has only proved of a particular class. The peasant women work harder in many cases than the men. But the condition of women generally, in Norway, is conceded by most authorities to be higher, socially, than that of their German sisters. Taking all in all, however, the book is very readable and entertaining, and is, without doubt, the most valuable work on the manners and customs of these peoples that has appeared since Bayard Taylor's "Norway and Sweden," twenty years ago.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON. By Alfred H. Guernsey. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1881. (Paper, 40 cents.)

This latest addition to Appleton's Handy Volume Series will serve as a pleasant introduction to Emer-

son as the literary high priest of his country and his time; to the spirit of his original philosophy; and to a critical consideration of his works. It does not seem to be really a biography, nor yet a critical estimate, of the illustrious Concord philosopher. Nothing beyond well-known facts is given with reference to his life, and no comprehensive study in relation to his works. It rather makes pretension of being an intelligent chronological treatise—a sort of personal guide-book—on Emerson and his works, and is destined for those who have as yet no knowledge of his life and influence. The bulk of the volume is made up of extracts from his best-known books, and these are connected by a series of argumentative and critical remarks, that are the original work of the author. Chapters are given to Emerson's "Early Days," to his life "In the Ministry," to his "Visits to Europe," and to his "Lectures and Addresses." Then follow certain chapters "Critical and Biographical," and these are succeeded by more detailed discussion of his best-known essays: the *Nature, Conduct of Life, English Traits*, etc. No little space is given to an argument concerning "Emerson as a Poet," and "The Philosophy of Emerson," whose partisan warmth shows Mr. Guernsey in the light of an enthusiastic disciple of the man whose life and works he has compiled. As a compiler, however, Mr. Guernsey has done well. The selections are choice—both prose and poetry—and the book is encouraging as a sign of awakening interest in the strong and subtle philosophy of Emerson. The cheapness and convenient form of the volume will, no doubt, serve to carry it widely where it will do the most good among the American people.

TOBY TYLER, OR TEN WEEKS WITH A CIRCUS. By James Otis. New York: Harper Bros. 1881. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co. (Cloth, $1.)

It is a difficult thing to write a really good child's book with a moral that shall be at once interesting and impressive. Mr. Otis, however, has made a success in Toby Tyler's case. The hero, like many another boy, is so dazzled by the glitter and spangles of a circus as to run away with one. The gilt soon wears off, however, and Toby's trials and tribulations, joined with the terrible time he has in making his escape, are enough to fully deter any boy who reads the book from following in his steps. The story is wholesome as well as interesting, and, on the whole, is much above the average of juvenile tales.

BRODERICK AND GWIN. By James O'Meara. San Francisco: Bacon & Company. 1881. For sale at the bookstores.

Mr. O'Meara has here collected and revised in book form the series and sketches on partisan California politics which have from time to time appeared under his signature in the daily papers. The subject is an interesting one, and the book will prove valuable as a contribution to our early history. It is instructive and interesting, and will repay perusal.

THE BLOODY CHASM. By J. W. De Forest. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1881. (Cloth, $1.)

In spite of its sensational title, "The Bloody Chasm" aspires to be only of the mildest and most harmless class of fiction. Like the "Fool's Errand," it is a story of the reconstruction period, and deals wholly with the conflicts between Northern and Southern opinions and prejudices. The incidents are, in themselves, somewhat strained and improbable, but the entertaining way in which the story is told makes one forget that they are not strictly true to life. The outline of the story is as follows: A wealthy Northerner has a Southern wife, whose family have become impoverished in "the wah." Wishing to assist them, on his death, he divides his property between a Northern nephew and a Southern niece, her share in it being dependent upon the condition that she marry the nephew. The young man generously consents to sacrifice himself, but the young lady, with the lofty scorn of the true Southern "Chiv," refuses to accept either the Yankee or the money. Finally, however, the persuasion of poverty leads her to relent, and she consents to the marriage, on condition that she will not be required to live with her husband. The marriage actually takes place, the lady adding cheerfulness to the occasion by appearing in deep mourning. Reassuming her maiden name, she retires to Europe with the money. Her husband conceives the virtuous idea of trying to win his wife's affections, and follows her there under an assumed name. The remainder of the book is taken up with his wooing, which, though successful, is not entirely satisfactory. For in case his wife acknowledge that she loves him, which he sincerely wishes her to do, he feels that she will be untrue to him in his character of the absent husband. The dilemma is neatly disposed of by the wife's confessing to him her marriage with the unknown Yankee, whereby she saves her honor and gains her lover as well. The character-drawing in the book is very felicitous, especially in the case of Aunt Chloe whose aphorisms have been compared to those of Mrs. Poyser in "Adam Bede."

BEAUTY IN DRESS. By Miss Oakey. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1881. For sale by Payot, Upham & Co.

If all women could be brought to study and dress themselves with a care and interest equal to that which Miss Oakey has displayed for them in this little volume, it would indeed be true, that contemporaneous humanity would come to present at all times a picturesque and pleasing panorama. In Miss Oakey's own words, the book is an earnest effort to

prove that the fit clothing of the individual is not a matter of caprice, but may be based upon definite laws of form and color; that it does not depend upon elaboration or expense, but upon good taste and knowledge—upon its harmony with the surroundings and needs of the individual. From this standpoint of beauty, she catalogues all the different styles of women, and enumerates the various colors and combinations that are becoming to each, suggesting, also, a number of appropriate costumes. The dress reformers are brought under her lash, their failure being ascribed to their sacrifice of beauty to usefulness. The book is free from rant, and will, no doubt, find a place in many a woman's library.

A Selection from the Letters of Madame de Rémusat. From the French by Mrs. Cashel Hoey and Mr. John Lillie. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1881.

To the Napoleonic literature no addition has of late been made which has attracted such general attention as the letters of Madame de Rémusat. One can hardly be said to have a just conception of the age and the man, if he has not perused these bright and discriminating effusions. It is not intended now to add to the extended reviews called forth by their publication, but simply to note the fact that with excellent judgment the compilers have selected the most striking of them, and have placed them in a compact book form.

MISCELLANEOUS PUBLICATIONS.

From A. L. Bancroft & Co. we have received the following late numbers of the Franklin Square Library: No. 205, *The Private Secretary;* No. 206, *The Cameronians*, by James Grant. In pamphlet form we have received from them the *Economic Tract No. III*, made up of those questions and topics on government and political economy now being discussed throughout the civilized world, and recommended as suitable for essay or for special investigation.

The same firm have also for sale *A Beautiful Wretch*, by William Black; *Spain*, by Edmund de Amicis; *Camp Life and the Tricks of Trapping*—a book that will make the hearts of boys rejoice; *Wild Work*, a novel dealing with life in the South during the reconstruction period; *Story of the English Jacobins*, by Edward Smith; *Mark Rutherford*, by Reuben Shapcot; *New Foundland to Manitoba*, by W. F. Rae; *The Story of a Scandinavian Summer*, by Catherine E. Tyler, and *The Human Figure*, the latest of the Putnam's Art Hand Books, edited by Susan N. Carter.

D. Appleton & Co. send us Colcraft's *Wit and Wisdom* of Benjamin Disraeli—a well-selected collection of the bright and witty sayings of the Earl of Beaconsfield; and *Household Hints*, the latest of their Home Book series.

Payot, Upham & Co. have also *Thomas Carlyle*, by Moncure Conway, and the bright, homely *Farm Festivals*, by Will Carleton.

OUTCROPPINGS.

DIPS AND SPURS BY LOCK MELONE.

Canvassing for Horace Greeley's Book.

There is a variety of talent and tastes in the world. Some people like to wear woolen next the skin. I don't. No, sir. Would as soon wear a shirt of mail. Or shirt of a female. Some people make good book-agents. Some don't. I tried it.

What induced me to go into the business was this course of reasoning: I knew a book-agent made something on every book he sold. Otherwise, he would not hold on to a man like consumption, until he sold him one. It might be very little, but it was something. What if I could make this profit on a million books? My fortune would be made. Knew I could sell a million. Perhaps several millions.

Got my outfit from a Montgomery Street man. He advertised for canvassers. Asked me if I had had any experience in the book business. Told him I had. Was thinking of some books I had borrowed. He suggested that I solicit subscriptions for "Recollections of a Busy Life," by Horace Greeley. Said there was a great rush for it. Asked him, in case I canvassed for it, if I should expect anything like mob violence in the rush for it. He explained that I would probably not be torn to pieces. And if set upon I could climb a eucalyptus, swim the river, or get over the fence. I intimated to him that I preferred the eucalyptus.

My outfit cost $1.75. Gold. It was a thin book, containing some printed extracts from Horace Greeley's book, and blank pages to receive the names of subscribers. On the inside of one of the covers was represented the different styles of binding of the book I was going to canvass for. It was bound in cloth and in sheep. No goat. Nor hog.

I saw that the blank columns for names would not contain over a hundred, and called for a canvassing book that would hold one hundred thousand names

or more. Preferred more. He informed me that I could get another book when the first was filled.

He questioned me as to what county I would choose for my territory. Answered that I would take San Francisco, of course. Where the most people were. He gently led my mind away from San Francisco. Said some persons were specially adapted to canvassing in cities, while others did better in the back settlements. Sometimes now, in moments given to retrospection, I suspect that he saw something in me that reminded him of country verdure.

Finally, he allowed me to take San Joaquin County. It was one of the wealthiest and most populous counties in the State. He gave me printed instructions about how to be persistent. And never give up the ship. Also oral advice. Enjoined me not to be put off when once I got lashed on to a man. Assured him I wouldn't. And that I must not consider myself as engaged in a useless or low calling; but think of myself as an enlightener, as a dispenser of knowledge. Gave him to understand that he could rely on me. He further conjured me to keep uppermost in my mind that I was doing God's service, Told him that God's affairs shouldn't suffer in my hands.

He went over a little speech for me to use in introducing myself and book. I memorized it. Went off down to the wharf, repeating it. Took boat for Stockton. Run up the slough, or river. Millions of tules all around. Got to thinking. Of the "Recollections of a Busy Life," bound in sheep; I could at the inside, counting everything against me, sell to to the rich, at $4 a copy, one thousand copies. My profit was $1 per copy. This would make me $1,000 off the rich. Good! They could stand it. Then, of the cloth-bound, I could sell to the poor—there are more of the poor than of the rich—four thousand copies, at $3, my profit being the same as on the copies bound in sheep. This would be $4,000 off the poor. Good! They couldn't help themselves. Felt pleased over my success. Looked out over the tules. Thought if I had a dollar for every tule in sight, how I could take the world by the tail, and yank it from one side of space to the other.

Arrived at Stockton. Darkness was coming on apace. Went to a cheap boarding-house. Put in a room with another man. Two beds. Mine very narrow. About eighteen inches athwart. Other fellow was an Irishman. Very wealthy brogue. Opulent in red hair. Talked to him about Horace Greeley and his book until he went to sleep. Waked him up and talked to him some more about the book. When he awoke in the morning, I made additional remarks about my business and Horace Greeley's.

Went forth on the people of Stockton early in the morning. Called on a minister first, and made my little speech. Thus: I desire to secure your subscription for a copy of "Recollection of a Busy Life," by Horace Greeley, the great editor, philosopher, and eternal friend of the lowly. And so on. The preacher looked as if he would like to save my soul. Was willing for me to go to heaven. But he was unable to purchase.

Next went in to see the principal editor of the city. Said that the publishers always sent him a copy of new publications. He encouraged me, however. Considered me on the right track. Ought to push ahead. Thought well of Horace. Believed he had been a busy man, and was "the eternal friend of the lowly." He had caught my little speech.

Dropped in on a merchant. He was busy with his books and paper. I begun:

"I desire to secure your subscription—"

"Don't want to subscribe for anything."

"For a copy of Recollections—"

"Recollect, I don't want to subscribe."

"Of a Busy Life—"

"Yes, yes, I'm very busy."

"By Horace—"

"Young man, call around later in the day."

I did. He was gone to San Francisco.

So I went from one house to the other until noon. I started out with a breezy air and self-reliant manner; but not securing any subscriptions, I could feel myself weakening. Returning to my boarding-house, about noon, I overheard my room-mate, the Irishman, talking to the landlord about getting another room. He looked worn. I went up to him and imparted some more information concerning the great editor.

In the afternoon, I met with no better success. Nearly everybody would listen to my little speech. Some would not, but treated me rudely. When one would be ill-mannered, and hurt my feelings by saying mean things about the philosopher, I would go then to a minister's house. They were always patient and kind. They knew what it was to be starving, and offering goods that nobody wanted.

At night, I noticed my room-mate was gone. Inquired after him. Landlord said he was sick. Gone to the hospital. Delirious. Raved about somebody he called the eternal friend of the lowly.

As I had, on the first day, called on the principal editor, I thought it proper, on the second day, to visit the unprincipled editor. He received me in a kindly, fatherly sort of a way. He appeared to think I was yearning for sympathy. I was. Yearning fearfully. Could taste it. He did not subscribe, but gave me a notice in his paper, saying that I was introducing "Recollections of a Busy Life," by Horace Greeley. He was mistaken. I wasn't.

Felt discouraged. Sat down on a pile of lumber. Began to wish Horace Greeley hadn't recollected so much.

Went on after a while. Came to a livery stable. There is always a lot of loafers about the front of a livery stable. I opened:

"Gentlemen, I am asking subscriptions for a book by Horace Greeley, the great—"

"Who's he?" said one loafer. "Any relation of Bill Greeley, the bus driver?"

"He's the great white-coated philosopher," I answered.

"The white-livered son of a gun! Where does he live?"

"In New York. Gentlemen, you can have this book, bound in cloth, for the remarkable low price of $3; in sheep, for $4."

"Got any bound in Russia?" asked a fellow with beery eyes.

"No."

"In Turkey?"

"No."

"In North American Indian?"

I proceeded.

I was thinking of abandoning my new business, when a stranger accosted me. Perhaps he saw from my expression that I had just as soon be dead as not. That wooing death would be a pleasure to me. He wanted an assistant in the business of going up in a balloon.

He got me.

Seeking Information.

The first passengers of the western-bound train to finish breakfast were coming out of the dining-room at Colfax, on the Central Pacific Railroad. One, a young man from beyond Omaha, with innocent blue eyes, and looking cheerful, and as if he was full of questions, approached a man who was looking, in an indifferent sort of a way, at the train and passengers, and who was roughly dressed, and wore a shaggy beard. The young man opened:

"Live 'bout here?"

"Not fur."

"Mining?"

"No."

"Got ranch?"

"No."

"Born in this country?"

"Mizoorer."

"Must follow something?"

"B'ar huntin'."

"O! many bears in these mountains?"

"Good deal of b'ar in the Sary Nevaidys."

"Grizzlies?"

"Grizzlies."

"Like it?"

"Yep."

"Resting?"

"Come in to git my lightin'-rods fixed."

"Lightning-rods!"

"Lightnin'-rods."

"Have to protect your cabin?"

"Myself."

"How?"

"Lightnin' 's mity bad in the tops of the Sarys. B'ar hunters have to wear lightnin'-rods."

"Wear them?"

"Yep. Been struck so of'en lately, my rods got p'ints all wore off. Come in to git 'em rep'inted. One I wuz wearin' yistiddy got too blunt, an' didn't take lightnin' good. Got my pipe broke by the lightnin', and boot-heels busted off."

"Thunder! How do you stoop with one on?"

"Got two hinges in 'em. One at the bend uv the knees, an' one above."

The bell rang. The young man rolled on toward where the sun makes his couch.

Lock Melone.

ESCHSCHOLTZIA.

O flower of flame, with strangest name,
Yet most familiar face,
How glad and gay thy little ray
Illumes each dusty place!

Thy bud well wrapped and closely capped
A lamp extinguished seems;
And yet its fire does not expire,
But clear and clearer gleams.

Until at length, so grows its strength
It breaks the prisoning band;
And now as bright as sunset light
The shining folds expand.

The city child from town let wild
Among the country's charms
At first can see no flower but thee,
And runs to fill his arms.

He soon has more of golden store
Than Crœsus had of old;
And happier than the Lydian,
None envies him his gold.

Thus all the day thy flowers are gay,
Till darkness comes, and then
Amid the gloom each folded bloom,
Longs for its cap again.

Once more it wakes, as morning breaks,
The gayest flower of all,
And spreads in pride its petals wide—
A pride that brings its fall;

For from it blown, the leaves are strewn
Upon the summer air,
And on the stem, bereft of them,
The wasted wick stands bare.

Again, how strange, another change!
The wick begins to grow;
And soon the rods, with pointed pods,
Like fairy lances show.

And in each spear lie, tier on tier,
The goodly store of seeds,
Next year to rise for all that prize
Bright faces, though a weed's.

Charles S. Greene.

HOGS *VS.* CHICKENS.

D. R. Brown and J. J. Peterson were neighbors, living in the town of Centerville. Peterson, *aetat* sixty, had made his fortune, and owned a fine house, with grounds to match. Brown, *aetat* thirty, was making his fortune, and lived in a modest cottage next to Peterson.

Peterson kept hogs. Hogs are, by nature and the kink of their tails, of a roving disposition. Peterson's hogs were no exception to the rule. In fact, they exemplified it in a most striking manner. They would break out of the most secure pens that could be built, and then wander around the country seeking what they might devour. They had a special affection for Brown, who prided himself on his garden, and regularly paid him a visit whenever they were out calling, which happened about twice a week. Finally, Brown swore that he would fill the first hog he caught on his grounds so full of buckshot that its hide would look like a highly colored map of the Pennsylvania oil-wells. But he never caught any of them. The hogs were old hands at the business.

As often as Brown would come home of an evening and find his garden torn up by their remorseless snouts, he would peril his immortal soul by repeating all the forbidden passages in the English language. Threats availed him nothing. When he told old Peterson that he would sue him for damages if he didn't keep his hogs at home, the old man looked over his spectacles, and remarked in a deliberate tone that was intended to be severe:

"If—a—man—can't—keep—his—fences—up—he—must—expect—to—be—run—over—by—wild—beasts."

After three or four months of martyrdom, a brilliant thought occurred to Brown. It is a fact well known to naturalists, that a chicken is a bird of a roving disposition, and cannot be kept at home by anything less than a ball and chain attached to its leg. Brown hit on this one day, and that night he brought home two dozen mongrel chickens, as a sort of counter-irritant to Peterson's hogs. He kept them tied up for two or three days, that they might know where they belonged, and then turned them loose. With fiendish joy he watched them survey the weak points of the fence; and when he saw them with one mind climb over into Peterson's yard, he went down town to his business with a lightness of heart that he had not known for months.

When Peterson came out that morning, the first thing he saw was what seemed to his enraged vision five hundred chickens digging for dear life in his flower garden. He watched them for a moment, with his anger growing stronger. Then he cast dignity to the winds, and started to drive them out. Peterson had always had the idea that a chicken was a stupid bird. But he soon found that they were twice as smart at dodging stones as he was at throwing them.

Within fifteen minutes, he had thrown a brick through his hothouse, tipped over the vases on his front steps, and broken down fifty dollars worth of plants; and when he rested from his labors, tired, hot, and profane, he saw the chickens scratching up his choicest plants with a grin of satisfaction on their faces.

During the morning, while Peterson was occupied with the chickens, the hogs broke loose, and when Brown came home to dinner, the satisfaction he felt in seeing the air around the Peterson mansion filled with brickbats and feathers and profanity was considerably tempered by the fact that his own place was covered with hogs.

Peterson had a crowd of boys in his yard, to whom he had offered five dollars for every chicken, dead or alive. As a result, he had one dead chicken on his hands, and not a whole pane of glass in his hothouse. Brown now added to the uproar by going extensively into the business of herding the hogs. He got out his shot-gun and peppered two of them, when Peterson came over to the fence and profanely inquired what in —— he thought he was doing.

"You keep your —— hogs at home or you won't have any," returned Brown.

"If you kill one of those hogs, I'll have the law on you," shouted Peterson.

The conversation was getting warm, and would have become warmer, but one of the hogs ran between Brown's legs, upsetting him into a centaury plant behind him; and when he got out, old Peterson was laughing so hard that he seemed likely to have an apoplectic fit; and Brown himself was so busy picking the spears out of him that he had time to let his anger cool off before he spoke again.

In an excess of good humor at Brown's mishap, Peterson offered to call off his hogs, if Brown could get his chickens home. Brown agreed, with a vengeful look at the hogs, and the wandering animals were recalled, by the simple expedient of offering to feed them.

Brown had gained his victory, for Peterson would not risk a second day's encounter. He came over that night, and after a short conference the following document was drawn up, and signed by both parties:

"WHEREAS, It has been demonstrated, to the complete satisfaction of all parties, that hogs and chickens are injurious to the common welfare, therefore be it

"*Resolved and agreed*, That we, the undersigned, will neither keep nor nourish the above-mentioned animals within city limits; and be it further

"*Resolved and agreed*, That we dispose of all said animals in our possession within twenty-four hours.

"J. J. PETERSON.
"D. R. BROWN."

Brown sold his chickens next day at half-price, and felt that he had made the most successful bargain of his life. Quiet now reigns in the neighborhood, and the gardens flourish with unwonted splendor.

THE CALIFORNIAN.

A WESTERN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY CHAS. H. PHELPS.

VOL. IV.—DECEMBER, 1881.—No. 24.

AN AMERICAN PAINTER: GEORGE INNESS.

A distinctive feature of modern art-galleries, no matter what be the nationality represented, seems a diligent cultivation of individual and characteristic "manner." The least, like the greatest, artist appears anxious to place some peculiar mark on his work, by which the cursory eye may detect it as his own. Such a tendency is of course only spontaneous and unconscious with the master; but where meager talent weds itself to vaulting ambition, we sometimes meet rather humorous effects of *dilettante* affectation. Brown's trees will all look as if we saw them with the hundred-eyed capacity of an Argus, and could trace the minutest fiber in each leaf the instant we glanced at a piece of massive foliage. Jones, on the other hand, will give us a tree that makes us feel as if we saw it from a car-window, while the train was speeding along at twenty-five miles an hour: so blurred, not to say demoralized, seems its whole scheme of vegetation. Again: Robertson will systematically paint a tree that "never was," like the light of which Wordsworth has sung. We have no pointed objection to meeting with Robertson's tree; but we accept it, at the same time, as a little gracious addendum to the broad natural plan—something that this artist would probably have put in a petition for, if he had been present at the creation.

Features of this sort are commonly classed, with somewhat airy liberality, under the one cumulative term of "manner." But in the creations of Mr. George Inness, I have been able to find very slight adherence to any one mode of painting. To employ the easy analogy of poetry, his various works would seem to remind one of Coleridge's verse; they are always poetic, but we can discover in them few signs by which the observer can promptly assume just whose was the vitalizing hand. This may be explainable, from the fact that Mr. Inness, in his early years, was never dominated by any positive instructive influence. Modern French art has, beyond doubt, greatly impressed him, but in no directly didactic way. He has never been the voluntary pupil of any special teacher. His motive has always been strikingly different from that of contemporary American landscapists. Foreign ideas have penetrated

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his methods, but with a remarkably generous and catholic advent. We feel that the two separate sojourns which he has made in Europe have afforded him opportunities for the widest and most unprejudiced observation. He has been fascinated with what is best in many departments, but has pinned his faith in no enduring service to any single authority. This amplitude of idealism is rare enough in all imaginative workers.

The moods of this artist—fitful, exalted, mysterious, and sometimes erratic even to grotesqueness—must be taken as one multiform representation of the man. I can discover in him no "periods," no first, second, and third manner. He is as full of shifting and elusive attributes as the nature whose depths of suggestiveness he seeks, with so fine an ardor, to portray. He has his episodes of sunshine, his caprices of lurid storm, his sultry, wintry, or vaporous intervals, his dreamy, aerial, or sibylline embodiments. But from his worst and best creations we are nearly sure to find narrowness absent; the handling always has a vigor, a disdain of finical detail, and a breadth of treatment for whose introduction in this country we are apt to give our younger painters credit, forgetting that Mr. Inness employed it when most of them had not yet taken up a brush.

Being a brilliant conversationalist, Mr. Inness has now and then lent himself to our relentless nineteenth-century zealot, the "interviewer," with unusually happy results. He is a profound believer in the spiritual uses of art, and its elevating effects upon civilization. He seems to share the fervor of Ruskin, in demanding that a strong undercurrent of moral impulse shall direct every valuable conception. Truth and goodness, he maintains, are at the bottom of all that can hold lasting artistic worth.

He considers landscape a noble medium for the communication of human sentiment. His eyes seem peculiarly open to the vast power of suggestive analogy between Nature and our own worldly experience. He would doubtless tell us that in her rank riots of weeds, her noisome and malarial swamps, her blighted and incomplete growths, her sluggish pools, her dried-up water-courses, and her tracts of barren desolation, we can find easy similitudes of the pride, arrogance, tyranny, bigotry, pursuant misfortune, and unexplained destiny of mankind: and that, on the other hand, purity, high purpose, the wisdom of self-control, the sweet domestic pleasures, and the rich rewards of an unsullied life, are revealed to us in perpetual allegory by the full-flowing river, the sublime mountain, the rhythmic regularity of tides on their shores, the pastoral tinklings of brooks through meadows, and the splendors of sunset over lengths of peaceful country. Mr. Inness prefers cultured landscape, however, to that which is savage and untamed. He discovers in the former a deeper significance, because it inevitably bespeaks the love, sorrow, and struggle of humanity.

But the very ruggedness with which Mr. Inness usually delights in clothing his spirituality, the marked avoidance which he shows to anything like exact finish in art, makes him intolerant of much that is of solid merit, while, at the same time, ornate and painstaking. He appears to have certain violent and rather ill-advised antipathies. Like most artists of pronounced ability, he reveals his own worst weaknesses, not by what he admires, but by what he dislikes. For Verboeckhoven as a painter of animals, Mr. Inness has nothing but contempt. He evidently cannot forgive this widely popular artist for making his sheep look as if they had been freshly washed and combed, and only needed a blue ribbon about their necks, and a shepherdess with satin kilt and garlanded crook to watch them, on a mossy bank in the foreground. He cannot see behind the unhealthy method of Verboeckhoven, into the nicety, security, and conscientious finish which are such prominent traits of the latter's style; for Mr. Inness has no love of nicety, security, or finish, and hence seems to reprobate the very qualities which might have combined so tellingly with his own too headlong proclivities.

In the same way, he calls the beauties of Bouquereau "skin-deep"; seeming to ignore the fact that this great French painter, like

the more romantic Cabanel, is a very noble idealist in his treatment of the human figure; and that if his lovely women sometimes seem impossibly lovely, his delicious babes sometimes a trifle too delicious, they take their origin from a faultless knowledge of anatomy, an unerring draughtsmanship, and the deepest refinement of poetic insight. With Meissonier, Mr. Inness is equally impatient. He concedes the power of this renowned master, but condemns his fidelity to detail, as we might suppose that such an enemy of detail would naturally condemn it.

In Meissonier, Gérome, and Detaille, Mr. Inness finds only the literary and pictorial spirit. The marvelous vitality of their figures, the searching realism of their execution, the dramatic strength of their grouping, all seem to him things outside of the artist's true province. They do not possess imagination, or rather the something which is alone imagination to *him*. They are always studied; and he dislikes the evidences of study. They are never accidental; and he exults in the felicities of accident. He could apparently forgive a man for painting a picture in half an hour, if it contained something that would stimulate poetic reverie, shadow forth an æsthetic longing, or stand as symbolic of some vague yet thrilling emotion. I should say that the poetry of Mr. Browning, which is full of so many hap-hazard grandeurs, and so much fortuitous eloquence, must be one of his special admirations. The faculty of saying a thing as if you took no pains to say it, must equally delight him with that of painting a thing as if you took no pains to paint it. Naturally, therefore, Rousseau, Corot, and Daubigny are three of his idols among modern landscapists.

But it is questionable whether the "spontaneous" element so often praised in these brilliant men, by artists of Mr. Inness's school, is not the result of a firmer industry and a longer premeditation than that with which most of their followers would willingly accredit them. The best of Corot's pictures, for example—those on which his unique reputation may be said to base itself—are by no means the incoherent fantasies which have found so ready a market, and such extravagant praise on our own shores.

It is probable that Corot did a great deal of "dashing off," in his declining years, just as the old age of Goethe was marked by much useless poetic mysticism: but the enduring masterpieces of Corot, painted in his prime, wed their dewy and hazy sort of originality with a subtle finish, and a covert evidence of profound deliberation, which has not escaped the eye of those few sovereign critics who observe and think beyond the partisanship of schoolmen.

Whether Mr. Inness be right or wrong, whether or no he be about fairly divided regarding the truth or falsity of his principles, there is little doubt that he is, so to speak, a man with a theory, and as such he must be viewed by all dispassionate judges. He has a distinct and loyal *clientèle* of admirers; he is emphatically believed in by many of our best minds; he has a few devotees who assert that he can do no wrong, and look upon his worst work with unwavering reverence. These worshipers would, no doubt, concede that he is a man with a theory, only they would insist that his theory is perfect and infallible. I am inclined, for my own part, to think that it is very powerful, very noble and beautiful, but that it does not, in a general sense, embrace all the uses and potentialities of art; and that, in a special sense, it is but partially expounded by its expositor. In revealing Mr. Inness's dislikes, I have endeavored to show where he seems to exhibit most narrowness. He will not admit that art may be pictorial, and yet be art; he will not admit that it may be literary, and yet be art; he insists that it must be "imaginative" or nothing. We all value the originality of Poe's genius; but we would be unwilling to accept from this writer any such *dictum*, as that all future writing should be colored with his convictions. The opinion of Keats regarding Thackeray might be curious; but if condemnatory, it could hold little weight with unpartial hearers.

And yet both poet and novelist fill their desired places in literature; and literature,

like art, is wide enough to accommodate many such differing personalities. Nature is, after all, but the stimulus of the artist's instinct; she guides his hand, but she guides no two capable hands in just the same manner. She is forever whispering hints to one man which she conceals from another, and imparting precious secrets to one mind which from another she guards with stubborn reticence. Each true artist does the best with her that he can; and although Mr. Inness's best is often something superexcellent, that is no reason to say that it is achieved at a ruin of styles and methods which are the opposite of his own. He is himself: and judged as himself, he is pure and rare; but his touch is more appealing than comprehensive, and more vigorous than trustworthy. He is so irregular that he has almost painted bad pictures; but his clearest failures have a certain interesting badness; they are the mistakes of an almost passionate searcher after truth; they are never commonplace, and they nearly always err in their ardent effort to be other than commonplace. You always feel, when looking at these unsuccessful ventures, that they are like misshapen footprints amid the snow of sheer hights, telling of how the mountaineer slid, but of how he climbed as well.

Sometimes Mr. Inness aspires to do the plainly impossible; he shows himself tormented with visions that are not realizable of expression through any naturalistic medium. Again, he succeeds notably in effects of surpassing weirdness. No man can paint better than he, for example, the terror-struck look of the earth during a period of severe tempest; here he has sounded commandant bass notes; he can mix an awe with his *chiaroscuro* that is like Dore's grandest achievements in mere black and white. But he is so often possessed by his idea, instead of possessing it, he trusts so feverishly to the hurried sway of momentary impulse, he is so dominated by his own theory of letting the mood leap upon the man, and speak through him as through an oracle, that we find his brush to-day vacillant, where yesterday its sweep was firm and robust.

Mr. Inness's chief reason for but partially succeeding in the exposition of his theory may be defined as more than half purely physical. He is a man of fitful and imperfect health. His capacity for prolonged or systematic work can never be safely calculated upon. It is said of him, that he never deliberates slowly and executes with precision. The altar may be heaped and the tripod set aflame; but for the gods to speak is with him a very precarious matter. He has been known to keep a picture in his studio many months, and work upon it only when he felt himself "called" to do so. Frequently, too, he has accomplished marvelous bits of coloring, harmony, and natural truth in periods of incredible brevity. Returning to a picture on which he has spent several laborious hours, he has found that the idea which he had at first intended to express had either slipped his memory or no longer met him with its previous saliency; and forthwith he has recklessly permitted a new transient inclination to lead him wherever it would, and has thus evolved from some early inchoate fancy a result that surprised himself by its very inconsequence. Of course, this hectic mode of workmanship is believed by far too large a class the index and peculiar right of genius; but there is no doubt that genius in all cases could bear much richer fruit if it improvised no such hot-houses for compulsory culture.

It is a law in mechanics, that the steady force far exceeds a series of impulses. Mr. Inness is a series of impulses, and emphatically not a steady force. To urge that high artistic ability is always this, is equivalent to stating that the part can exceed the whole. I do not mean that the great painter should measure his hours of labor like the mason or the house-builder; but such methodical inflexibility is a very different thing from powers of concentration, self-discipline, and solid energy. These Mr. Inness is so far from having that his work suffers accordingly. There are times when we feel that though Aladdin has rubbed the enchanted lamp, the genii have nevertheless failed to obey him. The effort is there, but it is spasmodic and

nearly futile. It is always the effort of a serious and charming soul, but its inaccuracy will sometimes wear a positive pathos.

I specially recall, in this connection, a very large canvas exhibited by Mr. Inness two years ago, if I mistake not, at the Academy of Design in New York. Breeze, sunshine, spaciousness, warmth, feeling, were all apparently aimed at, but the general effect was that of an immense unfinished sketch. An absence of rural exuberance, of pastoral repose, even of graceful contour, was painfully evident. It was a most disagreeable study to be unstudied, and far less pleasant to the observer than though it had been what some of our modern impressionists would call a "merely faithful copy of nature."

"Impressionism," in its most exaggerated crudity, finds an easy companionship with Mr. Inness's least happy moods. A great deal of flimsy and meaningless work has been inflicted upon the American picture-gazer, of late, by tyros who seek to enter the domains of celebrity through a rather disreputable side wicket instead of the straight royal road. It is irritating to find these sorry daubsters believers in Mr. Inness's style; but perhaps the truth is, that they only believe in what the painter's most sensible adherents could very well dispense with. Nature has gone sadly out of fashion among certain modern cliques; and when Mr. Inness subordinates her indispensable bases of truth to the "idea," which can never be properly spoken without the aid of one splendid vocabulary, these seekers after abnormal impossibilities prove themselves ready sympathizers with his mistake.

And yet, in the best sense of that word, George Inness may certainly be styled an impressionist. But his very sketchiness often reminds us more of the old masters than of any modern school. He has certainly studied the conventional landscapes of the old Italian painters, and to a greater or less degree unconsciously imitated them. He has a sort of brassy green, for instance, which is thoroughly antique. He employs horizontal lines in masses to depict a meadow or hillside, after the style of the artists of the Renaissance.

To speak of Mr. Inness as a colorist or not a colorist would be almost absurd. If a landscapist be a painter at all, he must deal with the essential characteristic of Nature, which is color. Various styles of coloring may exist in figure-painting: the silvery tints of Veronese, the golden warmth of Titian, the *chiaroscuro* of Rembrandt, the chocolate shades of Cabanel; but in landscape the question is more of intensity than of quality. Mr. Inness is surely not a colorist in the strong, almost crude, way of the modern Spaniards and Italians, who have caught such "loud" effects from striking juxtapositions of color, both having been influenced by the bold pencil of Fortuny. In these painters, the greens have a certain rawness, and yet are singularly truthful, growing upon the observer for this reason, and speaking with great force of the freshness to be found in Nature.

But Mr. Inness is like Daubigny and Carot: his color proceeds from harmonies rather than contrasts. He is strong, but never shocking to the eye; he has vigorous and yet perfectly lovely color, whose power rarely touches upon exaggeration, and whose daring never becomes mere crudity. Many of his landscapes have the mellowness of tone which is so characteristic of Rousseau. The delicacy and justness between the relations of his various tones constantly strikes us. He is without awkward jumps and jerks. Starting from a lighter than the natural shade, he does not abandon the scale; or starting from a darker one, he will end in the same key. Truth and originality are the natural result of this nice adaptation, no less than a peculiar charm, possessed by few other American artists. When he deals with effects of light, his canvases are often splendidly luminous, or filled with a solid sort of paleness. The light falls on them whitish, broad, and soft, finely relieving their objects. His darker painting is perhaps less technically good, being sometimes opaque and flat, and lacking depth of perspective. It would seem that this artist was guided only by his

eye in the contemplation of nature for purposes of practical delineation, though beyond doubt he belongs among the school of idealists; for he constantly appears to see his subjects in broad tints and outlines, superposed to one another. To his eyes, for example, a distant tree is seldom more than a green spot in harmonious relief against a bluish or grayish sky and a greenish ground. Not seldom this same excellent quality of breadth leads him into unhappy excesses; and it has been severely but truthfully said of some of his trees, that they resemble balls of cotton wool dipped into color.

This tendency to see everything by powerful *coups d'œuil* often produces an effect of fine simplicity, refreshing absence of detail, and ample massiveness in composition. The justness of the tones clearly defines each plan, determines the perspective, fills the canvas with air, and gives the *ensemble* a look of great sincerity. We may at first perceive but a few colors laid on broadly and flatly; but as we gaze, the objects take new distinctness both of shape and place.

A foreign art critic of ability once told me that it seemed to him as if Mr. Inness reproduced nature with a certain soft brutality: the phrase is so excellent that I quote it. But in drawing near to the artist's canvases we soon discover that his colors are laid on with delicacy rather than bluntness. He uses his brush with prudence, employs the palette-knife sparingly, and Carot himself could not produce vanishing effects with a more skillful rubbing of the fingers. His colors are often quite thick, but they are distributed evenly. He has all the force of Jules Dupré, when he desires, without the violent *basso-relievos* of that brilliant artist.

It must be conceded that Mr. Inness's hastiest creations are sometimes his best. At Mr. R. E. Moore's American Art Gallery a small canvas is now exhibited, which good authority states to have been painted between the hours of eight in the morning and four in the afternoon of the same day. This little landscape is almost perfection in every way. A shower is just dispersing itself over a delicious tract of summer country. A rain-swollen stream glimmers in the foreground, between banks where the fresh meadowy moisture has been portrayed with surpassing tenderness. Two elm-trees are at middle distance, throwing cool, dark shadows on the sward beneath them. Beyond rolls the rich-foliaged land, broken by the tawny space of a ripe wheat-field. A vapory dampness clings about the scene, rendered with an absolute wizardry of touch. Never were the subtler relationships of landscape more firmly yet delicately handled. The whole picture is a note of lovely truth, struck by an unfaltering hand. It has a fascinating simplicity, and at the same time a distinct elegance. Not the least sensational advantage has been taken; and yet Nature has been made, by some delicious spell, to show us one of her inmost and sweetest meanings.

Several eminent judges have declared this gem to be one of Mr. Inness's finest conceptions. It has a superb quality, a marvelously wrought atmosphere, and, something more valuable than either, an evident fulfillment of the painter's ideal to seem as though he had produced superfine results from slight exertion.

Almost as an offset to this picture, I may here mention having found an incorrect piece of coloring by Mr. Inness, where the glow of a midsummer evening seems curiously forced and unnatural. The "key" of this picture is falsely pitched. It is painted with great apparent care; it is clearly not one of its creator's rapid inspirations. The foliage, though meant possibly for something far different, has the opaque look of evergreens. The yellow-lit and rose-tinged clouds have a rounded deliberateness of outline. If the mingled splendor and calm of an early and sultry twilight has been aimed for, the achievement is only scenic and factitious.

But there is, nevertheless, an undeniable beauty in the exaggeration of this landscape. Its draughtsmanship is excellent, its perspective, as is usual with Mr. Inness, well suggested. The cottage roof, pointing through the leafage in one corner, is managed with pleasant skill; the opulence of distant vegetation has a welcome softness. We feel the

light to be somehow untrue, but we find ourselves wishing that we had felt nothing of the sort; and before we have ended a close scrutiny of the picture, we are convinced that it is the kind of failure which is preferable to a host of more commonplace successes.

This is, indeed, one of Mr. Inness's strong points; he is very apt to fail agreeably. He never falls to earth with an awkward plunge; his descents carry a wavering grace, like the dropping of a wounded bird. The wings have a symmetric pulsation, even while we admit that they are growing nerveless.

I now wish to speak of another picture, widely different as to both subject and treatment, which shows Mr. Inness's faculty of dealing with somber and appalling natural phases. A dense purplish cloud almost envelops the earth in its stormy dusk. You know from the whirled, frayed look of its edges, and the bulged, sidelong massiveness of its body, that this storm is packed with tempestuous gusts. If a white javelin of lightning had been made to split its gloom, the impression of danger and disaster could not have been hightened; for a weird, doomed look has been thrown across the lands, as if they waited some annihilating outburst; the foliage and their gnarled trunks have been wrought in aspects of shuddering suspense; wild, ghostly lights fleck the shadowed fields; it is almost as though the whole earth crouched in doleful anticipation of some divine vengeance. We are reminded of Mr. Aldrich's pungently realistic lines in dealing with a similar theme:

> "We knew it would rain, for the poplars showed
> The white of their leaves, the amber grain
> Shrunk in the wind, and the lightning, now,
> Is tangled in tremulous skeins of rain."

This is but one of Mr. Inness's many moods of a like sort. He can nearly always "dip his pencil in the hues of earthquake and eclipse," with forcible solemnity, hurry, and sublimity as the result. The grandeur of all elemental conflict seems to have entered deeply within his spirit. Both in this and another picture, representing a thunderstorm, we are led to think that the underlying symbolism of these turbulent scenes must have been for the artist an expression of heavenly wrath, and the destructive curse following it. Just as Mr. Emerson has declared that he can find the gorgeousness of Assyria in a vivid sunset, so Mr. Inness seems to have felt the woeful overthrow of Sodom and Gomorrah, and the scriptural "dimness of anguish" itself, in viewing Nature when lashed and driven by rude agencies.

In this connection I would mention another thunder-storm effect, which is full of equal vigor and novelty. Here the purple wrack seems literally engulfing the world. What we see beneath it has the transitory aspect of something that fades forever beneath deadly menace. The light emerald touches on the darkened trees are exquisitely conceived; it is scarcely hyperbole to say that they suggest a sort of wistful despair. Notably strong, too, is the way in which, on a small space of canvas, meadow after meadow, and the long sweep of a hillside, are made to express breadth and distance. A wheat-field in the foreground, struck by a slant glare of light, gives the grimness and peril of the picture an added significance.

Another of Mr. Inness's striking works is a river-side scene, in which several beech-trees rise at the front with clever abruptness, their woody solidity of trunk being painted so that we cannot doubt what tough resistance they would give to an ax-blow. There is a strip of dull shadow under these trees, though little of their foliage is seen. Beyond them, at the river's edge, the sward is brightly illumined; a few cows show here and there, while feeding or at rest, their clumsy auburn bodies, though the close-shorn, velvet grass, and the westering afternoon, tempt them rather to recline than to browse. A gray plume of smoke, rising from some burning twigs, contrasts charmingly with the fringy ovals of commingled cedars behind it; while a moss-touched rock lifts its bulky ruggedness from the river's nearer side, foreshortened with cunning tact. The sky has a delightful airiness and lucidity, and the faint autumnal coloring of the low boscage beyond the central stream is soft as the dy-

ing notes of rare music. This picture bears few signs of haste, and has probably cost its maker many hours of meditation before it left his studio.

Smaller by several degrees, and perhaps the product of quicker work, is a view of what would seem the Hudson in full midsummer. Masses of close-growing, rounded foliage run along the middle of the picture, in a line of beautiful irregularity. The land has a peculiar dimpling loveliness, and we catch a glimpse, amid the dense, tangled, rolling greenery, of a white edifice, evidently some luxurious home. The coloring is here devoid of Mr. Inness's customary acuteness, but the whole work is informed with his healthiest mode of fascination, and blends an easy, familiar sort of majesty with its winsome *chic* and grace.

Mr. Inness has frequently filled canvases of very large dimensions, and we can find no better example of him in this more ambitious attitude than is represented by a picture called "Peace and Plenty," now in possession of the Young Men's Christian Association of New York. The date of this picture is 1865 –'66. It has crudity, but it also has real grandeur. In front is a wheat-field, here and there overlaid with heavy shadow. A tranquil stream winds from low distant hills. The sun still wants an hour or so of setting, and the sky is full of clouds whose rose and lavender tinges will soon deepen into crimson and purple. This sky has a magnificent altitude and salubrity. A long clustering line of elms and small bushes exquisitely suggest a narrower thread of water, which their dark exuberance quite conceals. The eye roams here and there about this really enormous picture, with a veritable out-of-door sensation. One imagines himself lying at ease in some meadow, only a slight distance away from the harvesters who stand among the golden stacks of sheaves. If there is too much "breadth" here, too manifest a shunning of anything that resembles finicality, the whole canvas has nevertheless a gentle, wholesome glory. Its faults are chiefly technical ones, and seem to result from haste rather than feebleness. The mellow plasticity of the wheat is not at all ably rendered: its whole expanse lacks throb and quiver; while the sheaves already cut and piled have a pasty indistinctness. The banks of the river, too, show an almost reckless series of brush-sweeps. But how charming, on the other hand, is the loaded wain, seen against the cool level sward, the clear white mansion lifting its façade from the remote trees; and how potent and yet calm the stateliness of the great overarching heaven! Nature has certainly spoken with tender intimacy to the man who can thus realize her finest enchantments.

The position held by Mr. Inness in the world of American art is secure and unquestionable. He is, so to speak, masterly without being a master. Much that he has painted will, of necessity, perish; it has, indeed, perished already. But much more has the sort of value which we give to splendid improvisation, to quick, vehement, yet captivating outburst. If he had been an artist of more ordered temperament, less dreamy and transcendental, more allegiant to fixed laws and forms, we might have gained a great deal from these altered conditions, though perhaps we should have lost a lovely ethereality which is now his best charm, whenever it fails to degenerate into affectation. It has been well said of him, that he has exemplified in his works some of the most characteristic traits of later continental methods. He stands in American art today as the brilliant representative of its emotional, idealistic, and consequently its most evasive and illusory element. He is a grasper after poetic shadows, which he often has the magic dexterity to secure. We must not judge him by the standard of exactitude, diligence, sustained force, or unfailing accuracy. We must judge him by what he is—a beautiful spirit, now musing and now frenzied, but always, at his best and worst, inspired with chaste, exalted, and dignifying aims.

EDGAR FAWCETT.

A MATTER-OF-FACT MAN.

I had not seen Bickersteth for years. Some one wrote me of his failing health, and afterward the Markhams met him in the south of France; then I lost track of him entirely, until I found his letter on my office table one morning. We had never written much to each other, but I recognized the penmanship instantly. A sharp decisive hand, as of a man who has much to do, and little time in which to do it; and yet Bickersteth was the prince of do-nothings. The letter was like him, if the chirography was not. Here it is:

DEAR KEITH: I am one of the innumerable company of pulmonary exiles who people this southern country in proof of the cowardice of man, having given up life for the sake of existence.

"Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay," reads well; but submitted to your personal choice, with slight mathematical and geographical changes, you would unhesitatingly choose the latter; at least I did, and here I am; however, I am not alone, for my sister Agatha has laid aside the birch, and rules both me and my house with a hand rendered doubly firm by years of pedagogy. Yes, old fellow, my house; for I have a house at last, a materialized dream of the earth, but not earthy—a deserted adobe, which I have ventured to restore; if in so doing I have strayed from the design of my predecessor, then may that swarthy saint forgive me. Sweet soul! how I have learned to revere his memory; for did he not set my house at an angle, regardless of road or compass? Did he not plant my door-yard with plumy acacias, and broad-leaved figs, and never a eucalyptus to try me with its pallid youth and premature old age? If you tell me, like Agatha, that he did it without design, then I say, hail to him all the more: he had the soul of an artist.

Portia Flint has promised to set up her easel in our midst in August; will you not come, my boy, and put the sharp sickle of your wisdom to our waving harvest of fancies?

I am not likely to die. Any aspirations of that kind I may have cherished have been rudely frustrated by this southern sun; indeed, I sometimes fear my medical advisers have rather overdone the matter of my recovery, in sending me to this land which has conquered even the last enemy. Think of me, then, not as a man who needs your help to kill time, but eternity—and come. RUSSELL BICKERSTETH.

It was like him to write in that way, as if we had been in close correspondence during our years of separation. His manner always reminded me of a kind of worsted work that ladies do, drawing in a thread of one color, and then another, with no apparent design, but often with startling effect. I chanced to be the thread his fancy lighted upon just then, so he picked me up and utilized me, quite as a matter of course.

And Portia Flint! what a cloud of old faces the name recalled! She was the president's daughter, and it was a part of the college course at one time to be in love with Miss Flint—a torrent of passion which must have swept her entirely out of existence, had it not been restrained by that profound concealment for which the sophomoric soul is noted.

Only Bickersteth dared to make love to her: perhaps because she was his sister's friend, perhaps because he was too lazy to conceal as he was certainly too lazy to affect, anything. I remembered the awe with which the rest of us regarded him; and I remembered, too, certain vows, inspired by the story of Alcander and Septimius, which I, as his acknowledged chum, recorded in those days, and came very near breaking upon one occasion when Portia Flint asked me to disentangle her bracelet clasp from the lace at her wrist—vows which no doubt relieved the young lady of an unpleasant duty, if they did not secure the life-long happiness of my rival.

It was generally understood among us that Portia Flint would distinguish herself; just how, none of us presumed to ask, it being universally conceded that the field of her success was merely a matter of her own choice; that it would not be in any ordinary matrimonial way, however, we were of course agreed. How long ago it all seemed!—and she was an artist! I took home a volume of

Ruskin that evening, and read a few chapters, and the next day I dropped into one or two galleries, and looked over the pictures; not that I knew anything about them, but one likes to keep himself in sympathy with the world's work.

There were several stretches of canvas whose general luridity and unsatisfactoriness made me suspect them of merit; but in every case the name, which I discovered in a damp unwholesome bit of marsh in the lower corner of the foreground, in no way resembled Flint. I wondered what fame had done for her: had it given her more ardor, or made her more divinely calm. I half-wished she had chosen something a little more in my line. I even envied Briggs, who bought pictures for Frame & Co., and talked in the most incomprehensible manner on all subjects of art.

In August I went South. Bickersteth met me in Los Angeles. He was very little changed; the same handsome face and general air of happy indifference that had always characterized him were there still. We rode out to his place that evening, between brown hills that seemed to close the way before us, and recede at our approach. Any other man would have talked of old times, but Bickersteth had neither memories nor hopes.

"Portia has come," he said, "and is delighted with the house. But I have had a terrible blow; the only mitigation is, that it may result in settling you comfortably for life."

A certain wild possibility made me silent.

"I don't think I wrote you about my view," he went on. "It was simply elysian, until a fellow from Arizona chose to come and locate himself directly across the way from me, and put up one of those enormous pine boxes in which Hawthorne says the solid American citizen loves to ensconce himself. Worse than all, he has painted it a peculiarly bilious shade of yellow, which he calls upon me to admire as at once 'peart and tasty.'"

"Is the man rich?"

"Vulgarly so."

"Won't it increase the value of your property?"

"*Et tu Brute!* My resolve is taken. I will marry you to his daughter when she comes. Portia has chosen to theorize about the girl. The father drifted away from home years ago, and has lately stumbled upon a silver mine in Arizona. He tells me his daughter has stood between the family and starvation since she was seventeen; and now she is to fare sumptuously every day. The old fellow's pride in the fact is almost pathetic."

I knew he would run on in that way for an hour, and oblige me to face Miss Flint in embarrassing ignorance of her triumphs, unless I could jerk his mental craft about, and tow it up stream by means of questions.

"Is Miss Flint much changed?" I asked.

"Not much, a little more bewildering, perhaps. She taught painting in the school with Agatha, and they are still friends in a sort of stone-wall-and-ivy way. You don't know my sister Agatha; she is the only sensible Bickersteth of whom we have any authentic record. You ought to like her—"

"What has Portia Flint done?"

"Done! Why she has been thoroughly statuesque; isn't that enough? I must say that question is painfully like you, Keith; the Goddess of Liberty has never done anything especially meritorious that I can recall, but I have a warm regard for her, nevertheless. Portia was designed by Providence to be an object of adoration; isn't that enough for one woman?"

I could imagine circumstances in which—but I resolutely refused to do so.

"I suppose so, if she is satisfied; but I thought she was ambitious—she certainly *was* ambitious."

"Was she? I never observed it. What did you expect her to do, man?"

"I didn't know what line she had chosen until I got your letter; then I supposed, of course, she had painted a great picture. I always thought she would distinguish herself: we all thought so."

Bickersteth burst into a fit of uncontroll-

able laughter; then he dropped the lines and seized both my hands.

"Keith, my old chum!" he gasped, "you are a rare good fellow: the best fellow in the world!"

Then he resumed the reins, and went on laughing in a subdued, retrospective way, peculiarly exasperating. What a whimsical fellow he was. Why should he laugh at what must be a cruel disappointment to Miss Flint? I tried to imagine her saddened by failure. I could have throttled myself for the sudden rise of spirits I felt. Perhaps, in her despondency, a plain matter-of-fact man— Bickersteth touched me on the shoulder.

"There it is—there is the smoke from 'my ain fireside'—look quick, before we make another turn and see the throne of mammon!"

The place lay upon the mesa like a bas-relief. Very little of the house was visible, except the long sloping roof of dull red tiles. In front, the succession of low brown hills seemed endless. At the back, a deep ravine hid all but the topmost branches of the sycamores growing below; and beyond that, the hills rose abruptly, covered with a shaggy growth of grease-wood, like tufts of exaggerated moss.

It was really very pretty. I tried to remember some of the jargon Briggs talked to me one afternoon on the piazza at Monterey. I even made a feeble clutch at a sentence from Hammerton, which I thought I had committed to memory.

"It looks like a good thing," I said at last—"if the title is all right. I hope you looked into that; these Mexicans do business in a very loose way sometimes."

I was really very much pleased. I could even appreciate, in a measure, Bickersteth's disgust with his neighbor, whose house came into view at the next turn in the hills.

"Perhaps you can persuade him to plant trees and hide it," I suggested.

Bickersteth shook his head.

"I thought of that, but he won't do it; he will set out a score or two of unsuspecting cypress trees, and carve them into forlorn urns, and pillars—'monuments to murdered beauty,' Portia says—there is Portia now."

Yes, there she was, standing on the veranda. Bickersteth had pronounced her a trifle more bewildering; but when she came forward and gave me her hand and smiled, as no other woman on earth ever smiled, I wondered at the tameness of his speech.

Miss Agatha was not at all like her brother; a good deal older, and with a certain acidity of speech which might have passed for brightness amid other surroundings. I knew it was unfair to any woman to judge her in Portia's presence.

Bickersteth led me over the house after dinner, going ahead with a candle. I suppose every room was an artistic marvel. At any rate, it was comfortable to know that politeness forbade me to criticise anything. When we returned to the parlor, Miss Flint was leaning back in her chair, with her eyes closed. I was struck by the simplicity of her attire, and her resemblance to some of the pictures Bickersteth had been showing me.

"Portia and Russell are responsible for all this, Mr. Keith," said Miss Agatha, with a little sweep of her hands around the room. "I want you to exonerate me. I hoped to spend my declining years in peace, but it is ordered otherwise. I am not even permitted to put the table covers on straight!"

"Agatha is under bonds to keep the peace toward Art," said Miss Flint, opening her eyes as she spoke, and then shutting them again slowly.

"I suppose it is art to have things crooked," said Miss Bickersteth; "I can remember when it was simply—obliquity."

"Agatha thinks she has received reinforcements, Keith," called Bickersteth from the piazza, where he was smoking. "I know by her tone"; then he got up and came to the door, leaning against the casement. "I meant to tell you all that I have decided to marry Keith to the young woman across the way," he said: "she will be practical as well as pecunious."

Portia sat up and clasped her hands in her lap.

"You like practical people, Mr. Keith," she said, looking at me with her fixed, delicious gaze: "you are like me, I hate shams."

Bickersteth went back to his cigar. It puzzles me even yet to know how he came to mistake Portia Flint so utterly. I could see her old intensity of purpose in every look and gesture. Other women threw off their brilliancy in little witticisms of conversation; hers was gathering force for some great illumination.

Yes, I told her, I hated shams; perhaps because I had been obliged to deal with them so much.

"I hope you have not learned in that way, Miss Flint," I said.

"No," she answered; "I chose art because it is so real. 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' If I have not been praised much, it is comforting to know that it is neither more nor less than I have deserved."

"I am very sure you will be praised more —but not more than you deserve," I said, and she sent me a quick, grateful glance, and bent her eyes upon the floor.

Miss Bickersteth brought me a portfolio.

"These are all Portia's," she said, "but I don't hold her responsible for their faults; it is the decadence of artistic taste. When I was taught to paint flowers, we chose a well-selected nosegay, firmly tied with a blue ribbon, and placed it securely in the center of the frame; now they represent the tip of something, with the stems disappearing at the side as if the whole thing were about to recede, and flower-painting become a lost art!"

"Good!" called Bickersteth, "I am coming in; I want to be present at that inspection."

He didn't come in, however, but moved his chair where he could see us through the doorway.

Portia sat quite still on the sofa with her hands clasped in her lap. Once, when I asked a question, she came and stood beside me, and bent over to take the sketch from my hand. Just for an instant I felt the weight of her arm on my sleeve.

"It is Heaven," she said, laughing, "or a glimpse of it. I painted it years ago, when I had all the daring of ignorance."

Bickersteth laughed again; the same laugh that had puzzled me as we drove out.

"It is like pelting a bowlder with rose leaves, isn't it, old fellow?" he said.

Portia turned and looked at him quietly. "Many people love Art," she said; "artists love Nature. An interest in pictures proves nothing whatever as to temperament; it is merely a matter of circumstances."

"These are the most beautiful pictures I ever saw," said I.

Bickersteth got up and walked across the piazza.

"The throne of mammon is extensively illuminated," he called to us presently. "I wonder if the impending evil has arrived. Come and look, Agatha. Do you know anything about it?"

Miss Agatha walked to the door.

"Somebody came to-day; a young woman whose welcome was entirely out of proportion to her baggage. Portia caught a glimpse of her face. She has red hair."

"And she is pretty as well as practical and pecunious," said Miss Flint, smiling at me, and speaking so low that the others could not hear.

"If you advise me to marry her I shall hate her," I said, with some energy.

"I never advise any one to marry," she answered; "I don't believe in it."

Bickersteth saw the new-comer a good deal sooner than he expected. It was the next day, and we were all on the piazza.

She came up the walk a little way, and then wandered off among the flower-beds, looking about her with an air of bewildered delight. When she discovered us behind our screen of vines she colored a little, and hurried forward.

"I am Rhoda Bruner," she said, in a girlish voice, with the least perceptible tremor in it; "my father wanted me to come over. He said he thought there was a lady here who would teach me to paint. He wants me to learn everything," she added, with a little deprecatory laugh. "I don't suppose I can, but I want to please him."

Portia was charmingly gracious. It would be a pleasure to teach Miss Bruner.

"I may not be here very long," she said, "but I can show you a little, and then perhaps you may go away for a time and study."

"Father would send me any place if he only knew. I wanted him to come in, but he said he would hold the horses. I think he felt afraid," glancing from Miss Bickersteth to Portia; "he is not much used to ladies."

"Perhaps I can persuade him," said Bickersteth. "Come along, Keith, I want you to take a look at Mr. Bruner's colts."

The man greeted us with evident pleasure, but refused Bickersteth's invitation. I could see him glance nervously toward the house, as we discussed the horses.

"I sent Rhody in," he said, presently; "I hope you'll overlook her mistakes. She hain't had a fair show; her maa's been sick a good deal, and I've always been kind o' worthless; but I'm goin' to make it all up to her now. I'm goin' to set to, and made a lady of her."

"You don't need to do that, Mr. Bruner," said Bickersteth; "ladies are born, not made."

"O, it's in her, but she needs polishin'. I can see that myself. She can play a little on the cab'nit organ, but I've got her a three-cornered pianny; I want her to learn to handle that. No, I'd rather not go in; I want her to have a fair show; she's been drug down by her paa long enough. Lord!" he added, reflectively, "if this streak had a' come when it was too late!"

Portia and his daughter came to the gate.

"This is Miss Flint, father," said the young girl. "She says she will do all she can to make a fine lady of me. I am not half grand enough for my father," looking at him with a little teasing affectionate laugh; "he's ashamed of me."

The man's obeisance to Portia was so profound as to endanger our gravity.

"I'm obliged to you, Miss; I hope Rhody didn't say nothin' out of the way; if she did, you must lay it to me; she hain't had no sort of a chance, what with her maa bein' poorly, and me bein' such a pullback to her always: but I've had my day, an' I mean to stand back now, and give Rhody a show."

His daughter got into the carriage beside him, and put her small brown hand on one of the rough ones holding the lines.

"Please don't, father," she said, coaxingly, "you'll only be disappointed; I wish you'd try to like me just as I am." Then she smiled and nodded to us all as they drove away, still keeping her hand on her father's.

Bickersteth stood gazing after the carriage.

"Well, Russell, what do you think of her?" said Portia, "will she do—for Mr. Keith?"

"I don't know," he answered, absently; "I really don't know."

Portia and I walked on, and left him standing by the gate.

"Am I not to be consulted at all?" I asked.

"I suppose not," she replied; "you have had no experience in selecting a wife."

"Yes, I have," I answered, looking straight at her; "I have had some very sad experience."

We found Miss Agatha in a state of enthusiasm.

"Now I want you all to let her alone!" she said, energetically; "she is fresh and natural, and I don't want her æstheticized. Don't try to cultivate all the sweetness out of her. Do let us have a few single roses?"

"But I have promised to teach her," said Portia.

"Teach her anything you please, except self-analysis. Never let her discover *why* she does things. Don't let her make her brain into a crucible to resolve her soul into vapor and ashes!"

"Why don't one of you answer her?" asked Portia, with a helpless glance from Bickersteth to me.

"I am stunned," said Bickersteth, drawing a long breath.

"I thought so," she replied; "but you have had time to recover."

"I know Mr. Keith will sympathize with me," pursued Miss Bickersteth. "Imagine that flower-like creature becoming like Portia, say!"

"I am not imaginative," I replied, with

some coldness; "at least, not imaginative enough for that."

Perhaps the girl merited all the interest she aroused. Perhaps her devotion to her illiterate father was phenomenal, rather than filial and commonplace; but I must confess they tired me with their constant discovery of something new and vivid in her during the weeks that followed. There was nothing in it all so really touching as the self-forgetfulness with which Portia Flint laid aside her own plans for the good of her pupil. I ventured to remonstrate with her once, when we had climbed the hill back of the house, from which Bickersteth said we could see the ocean. I suppose he was right; at least, there was a long strip of haze, which answered quite as well, with Catalina rising shadowy and serene above it. We sat down to rest awhile, and Portia's face took on the look that always came to it with the sense of hight and wide outlying space.

"The world is so very, very wide," she said, wearily.

"Yes, one may easily lose himself; the most of us do it without trying; but you have no right to do that."

"Do you think so? Suppose the world overlooks me—what then?"

"If it does, you are to blame; you let your heart run away with your hand. Why not leave commonplace charities to commonplace people: there are plenty of us; the world has other work for you."

She sat quite still for some seconds. Something in her pose—perhaps in her dress, and the way she wore her hair—reminded me of a Greek goddess.

"Perhaps you are right," she said, slowly; "only it comes to me sometimes—it did just now—that possibly I hope for too much, that my aspirations are—you will not misunderstand me—too high."

I reflected on this conversation a good deal. I will not deny that her confidence was extremely grateful to me. It was pleasant also to notice that her depression had vanished entirely by the time we reached home.

Her devotion to her pupil may have been a little less marked afterward; but the lessons went on as usual. In spite of my annoyance, I was obliged to admit that the young girl's gratitude was very charming to witness. She came in one day when Portia and Miss Agatha were out driving. Bickersteth and I were lounging under the pepper-trees in the door-yard. My host threw away his cigar, and sprang from his hammock when he saw her. She frowned a little over Miss Bickersteth's absence.

"I wanted so much to see her. I want to ask her advice," she said.

Bickersteth expressed his regret, and willingness to be the bearer of a message.

"Perhaps, after all, you will do as well," she said, hesitating a little. "I want to make Miss Flint a present before she goes away—something she will like; and I thought Miss Agatha would tell me. I suppose it ought to be a picture," she added, regretfully, "or perhaps a book; but I don't know about pictures, and I think she has read nearly all the books there are, hasn't she?"

"Not quite," said Bickersteth, "but I wouldn't give her a book; give her something that is like yourself, something that will remind her of you."

"I don't know what is like me, except my photograph, and it isn't very much," she answered with a little blush. "I don't want to give her that."

"I don't mean that, Miss Rhoda: consult your own taste; give her something you like. A gift should bear the impress of the giver, not the receiver."

She stood a little with her eyes cast down, then she raised them quickly with a pretty appealing smile.

"Won't you take the money, Mr. Bickersteth, and get her something—something that is like me?" she asked.

Bickersteth would be delighted. I thought he wore a queer look as she laid the gold-piece in his hand, and I am very certain it was in his possession the day following when he met Miss Agatha's demand for money with an announcement of temporary bankruptcy. I suppose it was one of his whims to keep it. He had forgotten all

about marrying me to the newly made heiress, and was devoting himself to landscape gardening; resolving himself, as he said, into a society of one for the prevention of cruelty to vegetation, and spending hours in trying to convince his neighbor that even a cypress-tree has rights which its owner is bound to respect. I suppose the daughter was present at some of these discussions; and it occurred to me that afternoon, as he accompanied her to the gate, that she had lost a little of her frank unconsciousness in speaking to him. When he came back, I mentioned it to him.

"You should be careful how you treat that young girl," I said, "she may fall in love with you."

He sat up in his hammock and stared at me with his most inscrutable smile.

"I am not at all a bad sort of fellow, Keith," he said. "I know my virtues have heretofore been rather those of omission than of commission; but if I thought that young girl was in love with me, I would feel it my duty to marry her!"

"I know it," I replied; "that's the reason I warned you. There's no great merit in a sacrifice of that kind, when a little forethought would make it unnecessary."

Miss Flint showed us Rhoda's gift afterward. It was something I could not appreciate. An ornament, carved, I think they said, from the beak of a bird. They all pronounced it in faultless taste.

"I shall prize it very highly," said Portia, "as showing what may be done by careful instruction. When I began to teach her, she was an ardent admirer of celluloid."

Bickersteth looked at her gravely.

"I don't think I could have suited you better myself," he said.

The more I saw of Bickersteth, the more I was convinced that Portia had refused him.

Early in October we had an unexpected dash of rain. It brought me to a consciousness that the summer was over, and made me determine to go home. The night before my departure I had a long talk with Bickersteth.

"A man has no right to ask a woman to give up a brilliant future," I said, "when he has nothing to offer her in return, except his own circumscribed every-day life; at least, he has no right to expect anything but a refusal if he does."

Bickersteth was nursing a match to light his cigar; he let it go out in his hands.

"You don't mean to tell me—" he began.

"That I have offered myself to Portia? By no means. A man ought to be satisfied with the friendship of such a woman. If he isn't, the fault is his own, and he has no right to drag her into the position of an inquisitor. I don't think she suspects my real feeling for her, and I shall take care that she never does. Indeed, I have thought of following your advice, and marrying the young girl across the way," I added, with an unsuccessful attempt to laugh. "I suppose you can't understand that, but it is true."

"Yes, I can," he answered, moving a little behind me, and putting his feet on the railing; "that's the only thing you have said to-night that I can understand."

"When one is in love with a goddess, I suppose mortals are much the same to him," I went on: "of course I was joking about Rhoda; I only wanted to show you how thoroughly I understand my own position and Portia's. I knew, from the first, she was wedded to her art."

Bickersteth did not speak. I appreciated his sympathetic silence. The moon came up and glistened on the pepper-trees. I threw the end of my cigar into the grass, where it burned an instant like a reproachful eye, and then went out. I am not a sentimental person, but I wished the night were a little less perfect. I wanted to go away in a fog. Perhaps I had cherished a hope that Bickersteth would say something pleasant; at any rate, his silence began to be oppressive.

"Don't trouble yourself to be sorry for me," I said at last. "I shall have plenty of time for that, myself. If Portia were like other women—"

There was a little rustling beside me, and a faint odor of violets. I turned, and saw some one standing by Bickersteth's empty chair.

"Pardon me," said Portia; "Russell told me you had something to say to me."

* * * * *

When Bickersteth wrote us of his marriage to Rhoda Bruner, I stared at Portia in amazement.

"The fellow has done this in a fit of desperation," I exclaimed; "think what a companion she will be for him!"

My wife took the announcement very calmly.

"Russell Bickersteth never wanted companionship," she answered; "he only wanted to be entertained."

Strange that those two should misunderstand each other so thoroughly! I shall always like Bickersteth; but it is a great pity he is not a little more matter-of-fact.

MARGARET COLLIER GRAHAM.

SONG.

Over sunny hills to stray,
While the far-off bells are ringing;
From the weary world away,
Some light merry song a-singing.
Thinkest this,
Life spent amiss,
While the solemn bells are ringing?
The flowers smile
With artless wile;
And songs of birds,
Like spoken words,
The soul beguile.

This I hear kind Nature sing:
Woo my breezes' softest kisses;
They will sweetest pleasure bring
And awake life's sleeping blisses.
Have thy fill;
Bespeak no ill.
So thy sense no beauty misses,
Where flowers smile
With artless wile;
And songs of birds,
Like spoken words,
The soul beguile.

OMNIUM GATHERUM

CAPTAIN JOSEPH R. WALKER.

Biographical sketches of the adventurous and intrepid spirits who explored the vast wilderness and broad deserts which now constitute the States and Territories of the Pacific, and the whole region westward of the Missouri River, are befitting subjects for presentation to the people who inhabit this vast domain, and who therefore feel a deeper interest in its history; and, in time, these biographies will constitute one of the most interesting, and not the least important, of the various departments of the standard literature of the Republic: similarly as the lives of De Leon, of De Soto, of Champlain, of John Smith and Roger Williams, and of Daniel Boone and other early explorers and adventurers are regarded in connection with the discovery, origin, and settlement of the several divisions of the country lying eastward of the Missouri. And in contrast with the myths and fables, the fiction and romance, and the obscured, confused, and uncertain accounts and histories of the origin and foundation of the nations of the Old World, these clear-cut, authentic, and entirely trustworthy records of the New World are singularly fascinating, instructive, and wholesome. The world has been made conversant with the grand exploration of Lewis and Clarke to the Pacific shore of Oregon, and their tracing of the mighty Columbia and its chief tributaries—the Clearwater and Snake rivers; and the similar adventures of Bonneville are perpetuated in the charming narrative of Irving. But there are other explorers and pioneers of this vast western empire, yet to be honored by tributes of enduring form, in manner commensurate with their exploits and their merits; and these contributions may most appropriately come from among the people whose fortunes have been happily directed hitherward more or less directly through the adventure and toil, the sagacity and self-sacrifice, of these noble and intrepid pioneers who first tracked the waste of wilderness and desert, and supplied to their countrymen the knowledge of the magnificent domain which is now peopled by the most enterprising of their race, and has before it the promise of that still greater development which is so certain in the course of time to be fulfilled in its ultimate grandeur and glory; when the many States of the Pacific shall be densely populated, and shall outrank all others of the Union in the leading elements of prosperity and wealth; and when San Francisco shall become the unrivaled possessor of the rich and enormous traffic of the Indies and China, together with that of the great island continent and the many islands of the broad Pacific. In this spirit of the performance of this grateful duty, within the measure of the ability of the writer, this sketch of one conspicuous in his lifetime among these early explorers and pioneers is presented.

Joseph R. Walker, the discoverer of "Walker's Pass" through the Sierra Nevada chain, leading from the great basin into Tulare valley, was born in Knox County, near Knoxville, Tennessee, in the closing year of the last century. His father had emigrated only the year before from Rockbridge County, Virginia, and his new home in Tennessee was at that time barely an outpost of civilization, with an old block house, or fort, for the protection of the few settlers from the Indians. At the age of nineteen years, Jo Walker, as he was commonly called, moved with the family to Fort Osage, Jackson County, Missouri. His father had died, and his brother, Joel Walker, two years his senior—who died in Santa Rosa township, Sonoma County, about two years ago—and himself were the main support of his widowed mother, and sisters. In 1821, he made his first steamboat trip on the "Expedition," the first vessel of the kind that ever

ascended the Missouri so far up as Council Bluffs; and the event was so impressed and retained in his memory, that he could narrate the details of it down to the close of his life. One circumstance of the trip was the unskilled manner of loading the boat, by which she was made to draw only two feet of water forward, while aft she drew six feet. But this great difference in the draft enabled her to make landings at low banks and shores with better facility than had she been on "even keel," as the boatman's phrase is. Rafts and broadhorns were then the ordinary means of river navigation on the "Big Muddy," and the novelty of a steamboat trip, in connection with the wonderfully increased speed of from six to eight miles an hour—the best time for the crack steamboats of those waters in that early period of steam navigation—had allured young Walker to the treat. He had early developed a fondness for adventure and mountain life, and his home in the sparsely settled regions of his nativity, and in the still wilder Missouri new territory, had enabled him to cultivate the chief requirements for that kind of life. In his twenty-third year he joined a hunting and trapping expedition to the plains, with the intention of extending the perilous journey all the way to the Pacific coast, as the accounts of the explorations of Lewis and Clarke—each of whom had settled in Missouri, after their famous trip across the continent to the Columbia River and the Pacific shore of Oregon, and subsequently become Governor of the Territory by presidential appointment—had excited many to engage in similar expeditions. The route proposed by the party led through New Mexico, at that time a province of Mexico, secured to the new republic by the treaty of Aquala, by which Spain had relinquished her dominions in that part of the New World to her former subjects; and the Governor of the province was ill disposed toward Americans, either as adventurers or emigrants. He consequently forbade the expedition from encroaching upon his domain; and as his orders were supplemented by an ample military force, the unwilling expeditionists had no other alternative than to submit, and the return to Missouri was consequently agreed upon, after a brief imprisonment of the whole party.

At that early period, however, the sagacity and enterprise of some who were engaged in trade in Missouri led them to attempt the opening of a route that should enable them to possess the rich traffic of the Mexican border; and as Santa Fé had already become the chief trading-post for that extensive region, that was made the objective point toward the accomplishment of the scheme.

The aid of Congress was petitioned, and in 1824 an appropriation was voted by that body to survey a route from the Missouri border to that chief Mexican trading rendezvous, the route to be marked by the throwing up of small earth-mounds at suitable distances. Because of his superior qualifications for the service, Jo Walker was engaged as guide to the survey; and although the project was, in direct sense, a failure, it served, nevertheless, as the "breaking of the crust," as Walker himself characterized it, for the subsequent use and benefit of the caravans or trains which annually conveyed the merchandise, and established the lucrative traffic that so long made synonymous the term of "Santa Fé trader" and the acquisition of large fortune; and secured to Missouri the immense profits and great advantages of that golden gateway to the wild territory of the distant West, in which was bred and inspired so much of that spirit of adventure and enterprise which has ever since directed its fearless energies to the exploration and settlement of the vast region on this side of the continent, then almost an unknown wilderness and waste, so far as the white race was concerned.

So well had Walker acquitted himself in the survey employment, that on his return to his home he was elected sheriff of Jackson County, and in that capacity he developed his foresight as a true pioneer by his selection of a site for the county seat. He named it Independence, characteristic alike of his sterling patriotism and his own free nature, and by that name the town is still

known. It was long famous as the point of departure for trains and emigration bound for New Mexico, Utah, California, and Oregon, as well as for its having been the chief trading and military post of the far western frontier. His first term of two years having expired, Walker was honored by a re-election, and again creditably served the duration of the term. Upon retiring from office, Walker returned to his more congenial mode of life; and in the pursuit of his love of adventure, joined also the occupation of trader in live stock. He made long journeys from Independence into Arkansas and contiguous territory, and Fort Gibson was one of his points of traffic. At Fort Osage in Missouri, early in 1832, while on one of these trips, he fell in with Captain B. L. E. Bonneville of the Seventh Regiment Infantry, U. S. A., then under leave of absence from Alexander McComb, Major-General, commanding the army, to enable him to explore the country to the Rocky Mountains and beyond, and whose remarkable adventures, while on that exploration, the genius of Washington Irving has so felicitously recorded in his enchanting works. The casual meeting led to the enlistment of Walker as "sub-leader" or lieutenant in Bonneville's expedition, and he is thus sketched by Irving:

"J. R. Walker was a native of Tennessee, about six feet high, strong built, dark complexioned, brave in spirit, though wild in manners. He had been for many years in Missouri on the frontier; had been among the earliest adventurers to Santa Fé, where he had gone to track beaver, and was taken by the Spaniards. Being liberated, he engaged with the Spaniards and Sioux Indians in a war against the Pawnees; then returned to Missouri, and had acted by turns as sheriff, trader, trapper, until he was enlisted as a leader by Captain Bonneville."

At the same time was enlisted M. S. Cerré, an experienced Indian trader, and who had also been upon an expedition to Santa Fé. He, too, was engaged as a fellow-leader with Walker. Bonneville's party left Fort Osage May 1st, 1832, one hundred and ten men strong, the greater portion of whom were skilled hunters and trappers, inured to mountain life, and experienced in fighting Indians. Captain Bonneville departed from the accustomed mode of using only animals for pack-trains, and outfitted also with wagons. The American Fur Company and the Rocky Mountain Fur Company were at that time the competitors and rivals in the valuable traffic in furs and peltry through the wild regions of the West, and with the employés of these companies Walker and Cerré were well acquainted, as the two were likewise with the wilderness in which they mainly pursued their exciting, hardy, and oftentimes perilous vocation.

During the following October, the Bonneville expedition reached the country of the warlike Blackfeet Indians, and from there, Walker, with a band of twenty hunters, was dispatched to range the region beyond the Horse Prairie. At one of their camping-places, while quietly enjoying their rest after a day of hard travel, and a hearty supper of the game they had killed—some sitting about the camp-fire, recounting their adventures, others giving attention to their rifles and accouterments, and Walker and a few more beguiling the hours at a game of "old sledge"—they were suddenly surprised by the war-whoop of a party of Indians, and had barely time to prepare for the instant onset of the savages, who shot into the camp a shower of arrows, and had already seized upon the horses and pack-mules to run them off. Quick work with their handy rifles, and the determined courage of the surprised band, in a little while turned the attack into a flight, and the Indians were at last glad enough to make their escape from the deadly encounter without the animals they so much coveted. Walker's coolness and intrepidity in the sudden hot dash, and his sagacity in directing the hurried plan of defense into mastery of the situation, saved himself and his comrades from slaughter, and enabled them to get away from the scene in good condition, without serious wound or loss; but he was afterwards more prone to adopt the very safest course from any repetition of the hazardous incident, and he evermore hated "old sledge."

By his consummate skill in leadership,

and his equanimity and daring in moments of greatest difficulty and danger, as well as by his uncommon aptitude in mountain life and woodcraft, Walker became the most trusted and favorite among all in the expedition in the estimation of his chief; and hence, when the party reached the confines of what is now Utah Territory, to him Captain Bonneville committed the charge of the subdivision to find and explore the Great Salt Lake, of which Bonneville had heard, and was most anxious to gain accurate information from a trustworthy source. More than a year had now elapsed since the expedition had left Fort Osage, and Bonneville had resolved to continue his explorations to the Columbia, and trace that mighty river of the north-west to its mouth and discharge into the vast Pacific.

"This momentous undertaking," as Captain Bonneville himself termed the exploration of the route and the survey of the Great Salt Lake, now intrusted to Walker, resulted disastrously, through circumstances against which it was impossible for him to successfully contend. With his forty men, he had left the main body at Green River valley late in July, and pushed westward toward their allotted destination, to be met and joined by Bonneville the ensuing spring or summer. It was an unexplored country through which they were to force their way, and meantime they were to trap for furs and hunt for their own subsistence. Along Bear River and on the head-waters of the Cassie they hunted and trapped, gathered furs and laid in a store of buffalo meat and venison. Away southward they could see, from their greater altitude, the shining surface of the Great Salt Lake they were to reach and report upon. But they could not find or trace any stream which led to it, or was tributary. Beyond and surrounding it were deserts and utter sterility. Any who have in these times traveled overland by railroad or otherwise through the Weber cañon, and become acquainted with the impracticability of surmounting the Wahsatch range, or suffered the fatigues of the desert which stretches from the Sierra Nevada Mountains to that range, will readily understand why Walker's party, in that primitive period of the exploration of that inhospitable, barren, and then unknown region, were unable to accomplish their desperate and perilous mission. They were beset by hostile Indians nearly every day; and while upon the desert, they endured sufferings which can be adequately imagined only by the emigrants and others who have since similarly suffered — frequent attacks by hostile Indians, hunger, thirst, and the difficulty of subsisting their animals or themselves. They were compelled at last to abandon the mission on which they were bent, to save themselves from perishing on the desert, and to strike for the mountain ridges to the northward. They reached Mary's River, and there the Shoshones troubled them, pilfering their traps and game by day, and endangering their camps as they slept. The killing of one of these thieving Indians caused such hostile conduct on the part of his tribe, that the party were forced to leave that region and push their way across the mountains into California. The Great Salt Lake expedition was a woful failure; but on that terrible journey into California, Walker traced the Humboldt to the sink of the river, discovered Carson Lake, and also the lake and river which still bear his name, viewed Mono Lake from a distance, and crossed the Sierra chain not far from the head-waters of the Merced into the valley of the San Joaquin. On the night of the extraordinary spectacle in the heavens of the "shooting stars," November 12th, 1833, Walker and his party camped on the banks of the Tuolumne River, and he was roused from his sleep in the dark of the early morning, by the comrade who shared his blankets, to look at what the terrified trapper exclaimed was "the d——dest shooting-match that ever was seen!" From the San Joaquin Valley he crossed the coast range to Monterey, and there wintered, much to the demoralization of his men. Early in the spring of 1834 he started to rejoin Bonneville at the appointed rendezvous on Bear River, and there found his chief in quite destitute condition, from his long

journey to the Pacific shore of Oregon, and his exploration of the Columbia and Snake rivers, and sadly disappointed at the failure of his next darling project, that upon which Walker had been sent. It was arranged that Walker and Cerré should proceed on the homeward journey to Missouri, to superintend the conveyance of the furs to St. Louis; and there ended Walker's connection with the Bonneville expedition.

After his return to Missouri, Captain Walker, as he then became known, was quickly employed by the American Fur Company, and during the ensuing four years he remained in that employment. These were four years of arduous toil, frequent privations, desperate encounters with hostile Indians, besides many hazardous adventures and bare escapes from death. He then determined to pursue his favorite mode of life on his own account, untrammeled by contract obligations, and unrestrained in his path of duty or pleasure. The companion and congenial fellow of the most noted trappers and mountain men — the Sublettes, Bridger, Smith, Hensley, Fitzpatrick, Williams, Carson, and others of similar skill and worth— he employed his years in hunting, trapping, exploring, and pioneering thence onward, down to within a few years of his death, and became conspicuous among the few who volunteered their services, on many occasions, in guiding and escorting into California and Oregon the weary and perplexed and destitute emigrants who came over the plains to found new homes upon this coast. Hundreds of families, of whom the heads are still living, or whose sons and daughters are now themselves advanced in life, with families of their own about them, throughout these Pacific States and Territories, owe their easier and safer journey hither to his generous and prudent conduct. He not only guided or directed them to the most feasible and least dangerous routes and through mountain passes, but he furthermore, in many instances, accompanied and gave them his protection and substantial aid into spots favored of Providence in soil and surroundings; for he was acquainted with almost every trail and pass, conversant with Indian life and its dangers, and knew the most eligible portions of the country for settlement and homes.

It was not until 1850 that Captain Jo Walker discovered the pass through the Sierra Nevada Mountains which leads into Tulare valley, although others attribute the discovery to Jedediah S. Smith, as far back as 1825, while trapping in the service of the fur company of which General Ashley was the chief in command in the mountains; and others still ascribe it to Ogden, the American in the employ of the Hudson Bay Company, who is said to have found it in 1827; or to Ewing Young of Tennessee, a pioneer of Oregon, who died in 1841; or again, to William Wolfskill, an early pioneer of California, who passed through it, on his way farther westward, from an exploration of the Wahsatch Mountains at a subsequent period. It is clear, at all events, that, whomsoever discovered the Pass, it was never utilized to the purposes of emigration and travel until it was made generally known by Captain Joseph Walker in 1850, when he pushed through it after his explorations in the country of the Moqui Indians, supposed to be a remnant of the ancient Aztecs, in which he saw the ruins of old and massive habitations, pyramids, castles, pottery, etc., which gave evidence of a very remote and advanced civilization. These ruins he found between the Gila and San Juan rivers. They are believed to mark the site of the great city of Grand Quivera, or Pecos, the most populous and grandest of that race, now long extinct. Walker found his way through the Pass from the Mohave desert into Tulare valley. It was ten miles from plain to plain, and on his way he traveled along the headwaters of Kern River. General Beale afterwards traveled the same region, going eastward by the southern route.

It was in 1844 that Captain Walker resolved to make his home in California, here in the territory where so many of his old and beloved comrades had fixed their abode. That year he left for the States with a band of horses and mules, with a party of eight

men to accompany him. Colonel John C. Fremont was then in advance of him, on his return to the East, after his second expedition to this coast. In his journal of that adventure, under date of May 14th, Fremont says: "We had to-day the gratification of being joined by the famous hunter and trapper, Mr. Joseph Walker, [the "Mr." would have roused the ire of the plain and modest old mountaineer] whom I have before mentioned, who now became our guide. Nothing but his great knowledge of the country, great courage and presence of mind, and good rifles, could have brought him safe from such a perilous enterprise"; i. e., the journey he had made before he overtook Fremont. Captain Jo Walker's very modest account of the "perilous enterprise" was to the contrary effect—that he never felt that himself or his little party were in the slightest peril, for he and they were alike well mounted, well armed, and amply prepared for the long journey overland by themselves, without fear or thought of molestation from either the hostile Indians or perils of other sort. And his idea of the quality, if not of the want, of the much-vaunted courage of the "Path-finder," and of his skill as a "mountain man," was not at all to the credit of that gold-medaled hero of his own exploits, whose memorable trip over the coast range, from the valley to Santa Barbara, forever dispelled the humorous fancy of those who indulged it, that mules never famish or die.

After having guided and accompanied Fremont to Brent's Fort on the Arkansas River, Walker continued his journey into Missouri in his own way. But the following summer, at Fremont's solicitation, he again engaged with him in the trip westward to California, and his services were once more invaluable to that distinguished adventurer.

The gold discovery in California had no charm for Captain Jo Walker. Although he valued money in his own provident and unselfish, unavaricious way, he was neither its slave nor its worshiper. To accumulate and hoard it, when about him or known to him were any whose circumstances or necessities caused them trouble or privation, was averse to his great and generous nature. He was not wantonly prodigal with gold; but he was never so fond of it as to make its acquisition the aim or end of his lifetime pursuit. It was to him mainly the medium through which to comfortably provide for his own simple wants, and to supply the necessities or relieve the sufferings of his friends, and the unfortunate whom he encountered mostly to cheer or assist. His temperament and his mode of life prompted and confirmed in him moderation in requirements and habits. He was a democratic republican, of the ancient, pure, and simple stamp, in principle and action, without the dross of the politician or the guile of the partisan in his nature or behavior. General Jackson was his grandest of mortal heroes blessed with immortal name, and he remained always affectionately disposed to his native Tennessee, and to the "Old Missouri" of his early manhood. He was alike temperate and frugal in his mode of life.

His was a notable figure in any group of men, even in his ripe age, as the writer of this tribute saw him in 1853, when he was prevailed upon to recount some of the eventful deeds and scenes of his active life for publication in the San Francisco "Herald," which were graphically and gracefully prepared for the press by Mr. A. J. Moulder, at that time the assistant editor; and in later years, so late as 1876, when again he was persuaded to communicate to Mr. R. A. Thompson, then associate editor of the Sonoma "Democrat"—now county clerk, at Santa Rosa—a more extended account of his reminiscences of mountaineering and Indian fighting. His stature was as given by Irving and copied in this sketch, and his form was of massive mold for strength and endurance, as well as for activity. He bore himself always as a man conscious alike of his own rights and proper dignity; nor was he unmindful of the rights and condition of others. He had the mettle of a hero, the simplicity of a child.

Captain Walker ceased from his accustomed toils and fatigues about ten years before his death, and made his home, in peaceful

contentment, with his nephew, James T. Walker, in Ygnacio valley, Contra Costa County, from which he occasionally paid visits to his elder brother, Joel, in Santa Rosa, and to prized friends in other parts of the State. But he was happiest in the quiet of that fond home, and there he died, October 28th, 1876. His mortal remains repose in Alhambra cemetery in Contra Costa. He lived to the green old age of seventy-six years. The soil of California has given final rest and sepulture to few more deserving of the respect and remembrance or homage of her citizens, for the measure of good works nobly performed from unselfish motives, and in self-sacrificing, generous spirit. Among the roll of her honored pioneers, his name will be cherished; and the record of his life and of his beneficent services during his eventful career, as a worthy representative of the noble band with whom he maintained devoted fellowship, will be inseparably connected with the complete history of this State, to whose growth and greatness he and they so materially contributed in the period of its earliest occupation by Americans, and its subsequent marvelous development toward highest prosperity. JAMES O'MEARA.

AT COBWEB & CRUSTY'S.

CHAPTER IX.

The Doctor passed lingeringly through the grounds, and out into the high-road, with his hands clasped behind him, and his head bent down, as though he felt overpoweringly oppressed with sad regrets for a cruel task imposed upon him by inexorable duty, and which, if it were in his power or discretion, he would gladly have altogether avoided. And at the window stood Stella, white with sudden terror, rigid and spell-bound, gazing after his receding form, as though he was carrying out of the world with him all her hope and life; yet, all the same, following him with a strained, wistful, and imploring expression, as though still upheld by a latent, half-defined expectation, that, after all, he might turn upon his steps, avow the whole matter a jest, and so retrieve the mischief he had done.

Reaching the high-road, and feeling himself at last protected by the intervening shrubbery from all further observation, the Doctor unclasped his hands, raised his head, allowed a pleasant smile to spread over his face, as of one well satisfied with the performance of an ably rendered part; and with that, struck into a quicker walk back to his office. But to poor Stella, seeing him now no longer, there came no return of cheerful expression. Bereft of her puny, wild, illogical hope of his return with healing in his words, the whiteness of her face became still more ghastly and deathlike, and the little remaining strength with which for the moment she had nerved herself to stand and gaze longingly after him deserted her, and she sank half-fainting into her chair; there, in speechless and motionless misery, over and over to resolve one bitter, despairing sequence of troubled thought.

She had been very happy upon the preceding evening. Her dreams of the night, in whatever crude distortion shapen, had throughout been richly gilded with bright and heaven-sent promises for the future. Until the previous day, she had hardly expected, scarcely even ventured to hope, that she would ever be suffered to meet her olden lover again. When first she had heard that false report of his death, she had secretly mourned for him, as though all hope of any future happiness had been blotted out from her life. When, afterwards, she had learned that he was still alive, though for the moment she was enraptured with the news, she had, all the same, endeavored to so school her

mind as to think no longer about him, excepting as of one whom she might never see again. Not only that there were dangers of battle and sickness yet to be passed, but that meanwhile new scenes and interests might not unnaturally end in carving out other destinies for him. Now that he had for so long been separated from her olden associations, how could she expect that the memories of them should continue so pleasant to him as to encourage any desire for their renewal? She had probably passed out of his constant regard, so she thought, even as she must already have passed away from any direct influence upon his scheme of life. He was no longer the lover; not even the friend, perhaps: he was only a phantom of past fancies. Therefore, when he had so unexpectedly reappeared, the sound of his voice had summoned forward into glowing brightness once more the sunlight of the distant past, and at once the dark cloud of present isolation had rolled away into nothingness—a painful, soul-torturing nightmare, to be forgotten with the breaking of the new day. How completely, in her great joy, she had then fallen, as it were, from her self-possession, letting her pleasure gleam unchecked upon her face, and in her unguarded thoughtlessness and frank sincerity, allowing him to guess how warmly her heart still beat for him, betraying herself even before he had fairly dared to question her feeling. How deeply she had blushed to think that she had thus unwittingly revealed herself. Better, perhaps, to have opposed adamantine denial, and have affected much coy resistance, and thereby punished him for his silly reserve and reticence of the past years, during which he should have known that he had merely to hold out his hand to grasp the good fortune of perfect love always waiting to bestow itself upon him. And then again she had driven the blush away; for why should she feel ashamed at the mere verbal interchange of thoughts that had always been a living reality between them, known and acknowledged, all the same, and lacking merely the form of open expression?

Yes, she had been very happy for those past few hours; and now a thunderbolt had fallen, and it seemed as though in every direction there were only wreck and ruin. If ever these were cleared away, it must be through some long-protracted period of misery and despair, so it seemed to her; and meanwhile, what if the ruin never should be repaired? How could she think to suffer in secret, and, with any appearance of that calm philosophy which was altogether so repugnant to her nature, dream that the evil would at last correct itself? And yet, how could she venture ever to interfere, and not find need of tears that might be misunderstood, and of half-confession, that in its incompleteness might bring unmerited reproach upon her, and so, little by little, let misconstruction accomplish its baneful work, and take away forever all chance of future happy restoration?

At length she aroused herself. Whatever had happened, she must not thus give way to despair. At least, the outer world must not know her grief; and perhaps with occupation, she might be led to collected reflection. She had much need of thought, indeed; for this was no emergency in which she could turn aside and watch events drift by her at their chance, unaided by her will. If she had only some kind, dear friend to whom she might confide the story of her misery, it might bring aid; but even that poor recourse was denied her. The dearest and best friend in all the world must not be allowed to hear the story that had just now been whispered to her. In utter despair of soul, she must, through herself alone, seek escape from the terror that spread its baneful influence about her. She must be her own confidant, and, if needs be, must bear that story in secrecy to the grave.

Pale and terror-stricken, she now glided about the house; mute, irresolute in action, doing and undoing mechanically the same tasks with listless pretense of industry, yet knowing little what she did, seeing that her thoughts were all the while fixed upon other scenes, and her mind weighed down with the same crushing power of hopelessness. But at last she bethought herself with more

determined effort, and prepared to arouse into action. It was no way, indeed, to trust that occupation would bring repose of mind, and thence the needed inspiration. The morning was wasting; there was something for her to do, and perhaps but little time for her to do it in. The sun was high, and at any moment Allan might now appear. Let whatever line of action be adopted for the future, there was now the imperative necessity that she should not see him, and that he must go away, perhaps forever.

For an instant, she glanced apprehensively around and outside. No one to interrupt her within; without the house, apparent repose and lifelessness. A bright sunshiny day, without a breath of wind to disturb the perfect serenity of the scene. In the distance, an unruffled bay, with two or three small boats upon it, in which fishermen sat with scant pretense of labor; farther out, the open sea, moving with lightest possible swell, and burdened with merely two specks of sail, far off upon the horizon. Nearer by, the road, running white, hot, and glistening between hedges of motionless shrubs, and no sign of human life upon it. Yes, one sign: an ox-team slowly creaking past, the driver lying back at half-length, too idle to raise his goad, and so leaving the whole direction of affairs to the cattle. These slowly plodded on, meek and sad-eyed, almost as sleepily disposed, apparently, as their driver, and so dragged their burden past the house, and along the next turn of the road. Then, as the creaking ceased, all became once more still, and seemingly lifeless as before; and sitting down at her little desk, Stella began her task.

It was a wretched task. For one whose pen would generally fly so nimbly over the paper, it seemed marvelous how slowly her fingers now moved. There was so little to be said, too. Only a line: telling Allan that he must not come to her; that he must leave the village at once. Yet there are some messages in which every word is so instinct with thought, and so capable of widely differing constructions, that most exceeding care must be taken in its use and relation with all other words; and in this little note of Stella's, many minutes elapsed before she could satisfy herself that she had written it aright. At last, as she folded the paper and looked up, she found that all her labor had been useless, for that now already Allan stood before her.

Urged on by his impatience, he had come at what seemed to him the earliest possible hour, had slipped through the open gate, and had stepped in at the long parlor window looking upon the piazza. Seeing her at the desk, he had waited a moment, watching the graces of action which, even in that time of trial, enveloped and adorned her; in the somewhat darkened light of the room, and with his vision in a measure made indistinct by the outer glare, not for the moment noting anything of bewilderment or distress in her expression, but only an imprint of intense thought in her down-turned face, not unbecoming or unusual with one writing under some strain of mind. So for a while, with a pleasant smile upon his lips, he had stood undetected.

Then, when at the last she looked up and recognized him, he would have stepped forward, eager now not only to speak to her, but also to embrace her as his own. But at the moment he felt impelled to stop. Even in that dim light he could see a startled look upon her face, repressing him. Startled, indeed: for as she had dreaded meeting him, and had attempted to forestall his coming, so now his sudden appearance, and the sight of his tall figure in relief against the window, standing out clear and well defined against the bright sky, appalled her for the moment, as though it were an evil fate causing him to rise like a phantom from the floor, and counteract all her well-meant precaution. No: her look showed plainly that now there was no place there for lover-like dalliance.

"What is it, Stella? You do not seem glad to see me. And were you writing to me?" he added, with instinctive sagacity. "Had I thought so, I would have waited longer at the inn, so as to receive the pleasant note before coming."

For the moment, not a word from her, as

she stood gazing uneasily at him, and mechanically twisting the little note in her nervous fingers, until it threatened to lose all its fair, delicate proportions.

"I was—yes, I was writing to you. Will you have the letter? Perhaps, after all, it tells better than I can what I mean to do—what I require."

With a sudden, impulsive motion she held out the note for him to take; then, as he reached forth his hand, withdrew her own, still clinging to the note. After all—so she reasoned—would the letter tell him what she meant half as well as her own words might do? At the best, it was cold and distant, though she had tried to make it kind; while there might be something in her very tone that would soothe his resentment. She forgot that any expression of kindness in the note would remain; while her own words, however expressed, came now disguised beneath dismay and terror, so as to seem even less than friendly. But under her new impulse, she held the note away from him for a moment or two, then tore it into fragments and cast it upon the floor.

"It is well," he said, affecting a dignified approval of her action. He knew now, by her words, her expression, and her action, that it could have been no pleasing note—nothing that he would ever wish to carry against his heart. For a moment, he stood irresolute and stricken with sore tribulation; at length—it was only an instant, yet in that time there had been a long train of reflection uncoiling itself in his mind—he turned toward her, speaking pleasantly, and yet with an effort that showed how difficult it was to stifle his rising resentment.

"What does this mean, Stella? How am I to understand it?"

"It means," she answered, nervously clutching the back of her chair, as though she needed support—"it means, what the note says, and what I will tell you instead: that you must go away from here—must go away from the town, and back to the army—at once—nor return until—"

"But this is making a jest of me, Stella; it is speaking mysteries which I cannot comprehend. In Heaven's name, what have I done to bring all this upon me? I can see that it seems to come from no mere fancy upon your part. You speak as though you meant it: that cannot be denied. Yet I should be permitted to believe that you have not had time to take an aversion to me. Tell me, then, what it is you mean?"

No answer, though earnestly he waited. She stood before him speechless, motionless but for the rigid twisting of her fingers among the carvings of the chair-back, her face half-averted, and no expression in her eyes other than of some combination of troublous emotions, the true meaning of which it would be hopeless for any one to unravel.

"Tell me, Stella: is it that I am coming too soon after—after last evening? It is not a short time for me to have waited; but if you think I ought to go away for a few months longer, I will. But I am sure that this is not the reason."

Sure, indeed, and at any other time he would have laughed at the thought. Even he, a man not used to fathom women's hearts and impulses—foolish in that lack of perception as men so often are—felt now that it could never happen in one of Stella's trusting nature to make any such studious calculation of lapse of time. With her, the mere measure of days would never be made the measure of her love. Not for her, the worship of his early years, to put him off from day to day, now that she had given herself to him, and to make pretense of scrupulous delay after the manner of women who fear to lower their value by allowing too easy a victory over their hearts. Not for her, having in one impulse of affection given up her whole soul to him, now to feel shame that she had done so, and endeavor to withdraw her faith in order to surrender it again more leisurely and cautiously. To believe this of her, in his vain groping around after some possible explanation of her conduct, would be to impute to her an unworthy purpose, and one foreign to her nature. There must be other reason than this.

"No, Stella, I think that if you would

care to see me a month hence, you would care to-day," he said. "Tell me, then, this—it is all that I can suggest to myself—has any man or woman endeavored to come between us, and prejudice you against me? That might perhaps be, for I have so long been away, during which time you can have heard little or nothing about me, either to my credit or the reverse—"

"And if there had?" she suddenly interrupted. "If any one had told me anything about you to your discredit, what then?"

Earnestly she bent forward, seeming as though she must not lose a word of his answer: as though upon it, or upon a single syllable of it, her uncertain course might be taken. Even in her few words, spoken in half-whispered tone, there was a ring of anxious pleading, as for some answer that she may have held hidden in her heart, and which she would have had him utter.

"Why, only this, Stella," he responded; and in the gathering of his pride he spoke more firmly and decidedly, in proportion as her own weak words seemed likely to fail her. "Upon this, perhaps, depends what I will do. You tell me that I must leave you—this village—return even to the army corps. This will I do only when I see there is no other proper course for me."

"And wherefore—"

"In this way, Stella. It might be that now you are not displeased at heart with me for anything; that you are merely pretending displeasure, that you might try my faith and constancy, and perhaps enjoy my pleading for one word of affection. I do not really think this is so. Your words and manner have too little the air of being a pretense, I fear. But if it were so, why then, nothing could make me do your bidding and leave you. Why should I do so? It could be no light matter that would draw my love from you. Consider how from our youth we have been together. I cannot now remember the time when there was any gliding softly from the formal to the familiar, or any gradual letting mere acquaintance give way to friendship, and friendship to affection. There was never the time when I loved you not. There was for me no sunshine in the days when you did not come; no pleasure in my walks when I did not meet you. All that time I did not tell you of my love, well as you must have known it, so little did I have to offer you. But now that I have told it to you, Stella, do you think that it would be any mere light sporting with my feelings that could make me resentful, and drive me from you?"

"You have already said that you do not attribute to me such foolish and trivial action," she answered, after a little pause. "For you know that I am free of heart, and open and truthful by nature, and could no more bring myself to conceal a true affection, with pretense of unkindness, than I could pretend, for any purpose, a love that did not exist."

"Yes, all this I know," he rejoined; and for the moment he seemed cast down at the admission. Perhaps he had even hoped for the instant that in some mood of playfulness she was really testing his faith, and sporting with his misery, and the realization that this was far from her nature cast hope from him. "All this I know; and therefore, on that score at least, I may not venture to press my presence upon you. There then remains only—"

"What then remains?" she asked, seeing that he hesitated.

"I can scarcely speak it, Stella, for I am unwilling to believe that any other persons could make you think ill of me. I have been too true to you to deserve such fate as that. But yet such things have been in this world. And if it should have been so in this matter, why, this I will say: less for that, then, than for any other reason, would I now consent to be driven from you. I would stay until I had ferreted out the slander, whatever it might be, to the slightest whisper. I would not cease until I had brought the enemy to his knees, so that you yourself should witness his abjection, and should confess that I was as free from the imputed blame as I have been always free from any disloyalty."

"Nay, nay; speak not like that—there is no need—there never could be—"

"Then this, also, is a mere imagining, and I am still in fault, Stella? Why, then, indeed," and he drew himself up with more appearance of anger than he had yet shown; "then there is only one more thing to say. It must be true that you have never really cared for me as I had hoped; that your pliant yielding last evening was a mere outbreak of good nature and of ordinary friendly feeling, repented of almost as soon as recognized; that in the silence of last night you have reconsidered your part, and would now turn me away, as unworthy of your love. If this is so, why, then I will go. I could not bring myself, you know, to throw myself upon your charity, and beg for your friendship, as a thing to be accepted in place of love."

With that, he turned suddenly away, and for the moment she believed that he was about to depart, in anger and without another word. More rigidly than ever her fingers wound themselves convulsively in the carved work beneath them; more deathlike and pale grew her face. It seemed as though she could no longer endure this test; that she must recoil from what she had attempted, and so, perhaps, ruin all; that she must spring forward and beseech him to remain, whatever the bitter consequences. But once more he turned, and it was with a last appeal.

"You see that I am weak at heart, Stella—weaker, after all, than a man should be. Doubtless, it is because I cannot give up all my life for a single suspicion. You must be able to look into my heart, and read its every thought—the weakness that urges me to stay, with the hope of conquering some suspicion and so regaining your love; the manhood that tells me to go away forever, if your love has entirely vanished. It must, after all, be for you, Stella, to tell me what I must do."

"And if I thought—if only I knew," she tremblingly began.

"For you see, Stella, that it is harder, perhaps, for me than for you, to part. This is why I linger, and so weakly plead with you. It is two years since you have seen me, until last night; and two years are a great while, and might easily efface any pleasant feeling of regard. But I, who later than that—yes, let me confess the little secret—I, who within a few months have stealthily dared to draw near, and—"

With a sudden start she drew herself up, pressed her hand upon her side, then sank half-prostrate against the favoring arm of the chair.

"Why, what now, Stella?"

He would have advanced to her support, but she waved him off.

"Tell me—and do not deceive me—were you—a few months ago, upon a certain night, were you near this house?"

How earnestly, almost pleadingly, she bent forward to catch his answer! And he, seeing from her manner how vital to her the answer must be, paused for a moment to frame his words with care and distinctness. Somewhat thrown off from his self-possession, too, since her question surprised him not a little with the evidence of a knowledge of something which he had believed known only to himself. So, in spite of all effort to the contrary, he remained for an instant confused and almost speechless. Marking his hesitation, her hope fell; yet she felt that she must persevere, and leave nothing to imagination or concealment.

"Tell me, were you here at such a time?"

"How did you know that, Stella? Yes, I was here upon a certain night. I came—"

"Enough! O, why did I ask that question! I should have foreseen the answer, and that it could not leave me a hope. Now leave me. Come not here again. Go—go! Since you refer the choice to me, a thousand times rather go than stay!"

He turned in silence—in offended wrath that for the instant could not admit of speech—gained the window, passed to the outside, then again faced her.

"Yes, I will go," he then said; "and going, it is not probable that I shall ever return."

"I did not mean—that is, I would say—go back to the army at once. I will write, and so you will know—"

"Will write me, when I get back to camp, Stella? Why, as for that, it can scarcely be necessary. It is an old form, of which I know the purport. Whatever can be said when discarding a lover should always be said at the time, it might seem, and therefore should now be said to me here; and yet I suppose that in doing so there would be a violation of some different practice. And it is so much easier to put into a distantly-sent letter those things which otherwise must be told face to face. Still, I think that I know it all: how that we have both been mistaken in our feelings, and how that it is better that at least one of us should find it out in time for the preservation of the happiness of both; how that, though it may give me pain at the first, I shall live to laugh over it, and to bless the kind discretion that gave me relief; how that you will ever be my friend, and, if possible, my better influence, even from a distance; and the like. Yes, you see that I know it all, and so it would be a foolish waste of time to write: do you not think so?"

"Yet hear me—"

"No: I will now go away, Stella, and of course, as you demand, I will endeavor never to return. I cannot pretend that the present hour will ever fade away from my memory, as it ought. It is unfortunate that we cannot always forget what we would wish to forget. The past of so many years has relations with me which I cannot help remembering, and probably for the rest of my life: for they were years of joy and hope, and were mingled with pleasant picturings of the future; and it is hard for me to wake up from that youthful trance, and know that it was a reality of mere cooling friendship. Perhaps I ought now to act a hardened, listless part, and to tell you that I will impute nothing to your blame, and look upon you as one who has been merely agitated by some evil influence; that it was not yourself who has spoken to me so severely. After a while, I may be able to do so, but not now. Better let me speak what I really feel, and assure you that your wishes shall be obeyed; and that, as far as lies in me, the past shall be all blotted out. And so, good by, Stella."

He turned again, and in a moment was striding away down the winding walk to the open gate. Had he looked back, he might have seen Stella standing at the window, with strained and hopeless gaze, never afterwards to be forgotten if he chanced to read it aright. Had she acted wisely or not? Had her constrained effort been their safety or their ruin? Alas! how could she yet know? But even as she had followed the Doctor's retreating figure, hoping that he would retrace his steps, so now she gazed after Allan, fearing that he would return and undo her work, so painfully carried out. Once, indeed, it seemed as though he was about to look back, and she hurriedly lowered her hand, half-way to her lips. But he did not falter, or turn his head; and Stella, again lifting her hand and completing its passage to her lips, gave herself, in her own privacy, that poor consolation of sending after him a farewell loving kiss, and then sank once more down in her miserable torture of spirit.

Chapter X.

While the Colonel lay through the night, tossing to and fro in what was neither sleep nor wakefulness, there was a sudden gale outside, driving the dark clouds across the sky in thick, ragged, scattered scuds, lashing the ocean into a foam, swelling the waves even of the little bay, and doubtless wrecking many a vessel far outside. It came up almost unforeseen, raged wildly through most of the small hours of the night, and then passed off with as little warning, leaving a clear, cloudless sky to receive the earliest glow of the rising sun.

But while the gale swept about the little tavern—carrying up the roar of the surf, now and then drowning all other sounds with the patter and plash of occasional gusts of hail and rain, clattering blinds and sashes, threatening the old chimneys, and even at times rocking the whole tavern to its foundations—the Colonel heard but little of it understand-

ingly. The sounds were in his ears, to be sure, but were so mingled with hideous dreams and queer sorts of distempered fancies, that the whole seemed one great dream, in which there was no actual reality, but the true and the false all blended in the intricate evolutions of the latter. So that when, after a few hours of somewhat sounder sleep, he awoke and found the sun shining in at his window, and an early spring bird pleasantly chirruping under the eaves, he would have felt certain that all the turmoil of the night had been part of an ugly nightmare, were it not for the little crowd of men in the bar-room, discussing the gale. Some of them had been out all night in it, endeavoring to save threatened property in boats and nets; others had been kept awake and listened: all agreed that there had been no such severe spring weather for years. The lighthouse keeper spoke of the rocking of the building, and the occasional difficulty of maintaining his lights; the oystermen were of the opinion that the oyster-beds must have been pretty severely disturbed; a lifeboat upon the outer coast was reported crushed by the falling in of its house; a schooner was said to be ashore at Leeward: but, after all, there were no tidings from any direction of life being lost. So the men, not at all fatigued with their night's labor or unrest, gayly gossiped, and began yarns which they never seemed to finish, and drank a little too much, perhaps, and generally made a pretty good morning of it.

The gale and its accidents and circumstances mattered little to the Colonel, however. What was the storm of the elements to that storm of terrible thought which swept through his brain? What was the wreck of vessels to the wreck of all his hopes—his very life's happiness? No: the anxieties, labors and misfortunes of others could count but little in his troubled existence. Caring nothing, therefore, for the details of that night's devastation, he sat down to his breakfast in gloomy reverie.

Upon him waited Mrs. Crusty; herself silent for a while, since she observed that he was troubled in his mind, and she thought that perhaps she had better not interrupt him. But as the minutes flew on, and his face did not brighten, her ready sympathy came to the aid of her curiosity, and she faltered forth a feeble question.

"Her—Miss Stella—did you see her, Colonel?"

Grayling looked up quickly, uncertain, for the moment, whether or not to rebuke the intrusion. But when he saw how frightened the poor little woman already looked at her temerity, how she glanced sideways in seeming fear of some sudden avenging doom coming upon her from somewhere, and how certain it would be that a sharp answer from him would crush her to the ground; and when, moreover, he noticed, through all her tremor, what a deep fount of sympathy seemed to well up into her lack-luster eyes, and remembered that the woman had been Stella's old nurse—his heart warmed toward her. After all, he needed consolation himself, and it might be that the confidence of this poor creature would be better for him than nothing. Therefore he said:

"I have seen her, Margaret, and I find that she is not pleased to see me."

"I want to know! And didn't she speak right to you, after all?"

"So little, Margaret, that she bade me leave the house, and never come back again."

"Never come back any more, Colonel? Why, of course she didn't mean that. Perhaps you didn't coax her enough; for I always knew that she liked you. Did you try coaxing, now? Women always like that; and sometimes they wait for it, before letting themselves speak out. It isn't natural, after all, for us to speak out before we are asked. I remember when Crusty came and asked me to marry him, I didn't say a word at first, for I was all taken aback. But he pulled me by the arm, and shook me so that he shook my back-comb down and the words out of me. And so, I say, a woman always wants coaxing before she will speak out."

"I fear that even if I had wanted to try that experiment, Margaret, I could not have got near enough. But it matters little now. I will go away this morning."

"Not for good, Colonel? Don't be downhearted. Come back after awhile, and try again, won't you?"

"Perhaps, Margaret—but I cannot tell."

Having finished his breakfast, he moved off into the bar-room, announced his intended departure, and engaged his place in the stage of that morning. Doctor Gretchley happened to stand outside the bar, and heard the announcement. His heart felt pleased within him: for he knew, not only from that circumstance, but also from the Colonel's long face, that there must have been ill-success in the wooing. For a moment he looked at Grayling with a sort of disposition to speak with him. There was no reason why he should not do so, for they had been old acquaintances; but what if Stella had told the Colonel about his interference? What, then, might be the nature of the counter-greeting? But at that moment the Colonel, happening to look up, saw the Doctor, and stretched out his hand. The Doctor breathed a little more freely. Whatever Stella might have said, it was evident that as yet she had not mentioned her authority. So far, at least, all went pleasantly.

"Not going away, Colonel, are you?"

"Yes, Doctor, my business here is finished. Being on furlough, you know, I have a few idle moments on hand, and I thought I would run down and take a look at the old town. Passed part of my youth here, you know."

"Won't you be coming back again?"

"I hope so—some time—in a few months, perhaps," was the answer. For the Colonel had been considering Mrs. Crusty's suggestion to try again, and had concluded that it might be a good thing to do so. Not at once, of course, but in about three or four months, it might be. It could do no harm, and might do good, after all. How could he tell but what Stella's strange humor with him might spring from some physical disturbance of the heart or brain—a transient paroxysm engendered by her loneliness, and likely after a while to pass away forever?

"In a few months, you say, Colonel? Glad to hear it. Hope to see more of you then."

Whereupon Doctor Gretchley shook him again by the hand, this time for farewell; and Grayling climbed into the stage which stood at the door. There were but few passengers that morning besides himself: only the invariable New York merchant, and another deacon going up to give some hitherto forgotten directions about the gilt pine-apple. So the load was light, and they drove off in very gay and pleasant style, sweeping past the church and lighthouse, then for a few minutes coasting the shore, now piled unusually full of seaweed, the only present indication of the gale, and then turned off at an obtuse angle towards the railroad station.

As they drove along, the Colonel had plenty of time for reflection, his companions being rather silently disposed. The merchant was thinking about his stocks, and the deacon was thinking about the pine-apple—a little worried, moreover, with the sudden question whether after all it would not have been more appropriate to have a gilt pomegranate, since that was a fruit mentioned in the Bible, while the other was not. The driver was sulky, for he was tired of going up and down, and was wishing that he had interest enough with government to get a lighthouse, and so be at rest: contrary to the opinion of the lighthouse keeper, who at that moment happened to be looking out, yawning at his enforced seclusion, and wishing that he knew how to drive, as in that case he would set up an opposition stage. So the Colonel, being left to himself, leaned back and reflected. Yes, certainly he would come back some day, and try his luck again. In a few months, probably. Then, as he lost sight of the town, the more poignant memories of the last evening began to lose their force in view of the pleasant reception of the evening before that. It surely could not be that Stella did not care for him. There was some mystery which might be explained most satisfactorily, if he were to press her. And the sooner the better: he would come back in a week. But why wait

a week? If anything was to be done, might it not be attended to more speedily? Might not three or four days, for instance— So, little by little, his thoughts formed new purposes for him, and it is doubtful to what infinitesimal fraction of time his return would have been reduced if he had been allowed to continue; but at that moment the stage drew up with a sharp bump.

"Hallo! What now?" said the driver.

Upon this, all the passengers looked out to see what was the matter. They were yet coasting along the shore of the bay, and the driver had pulled up to ascertain the meaning of a litttle gathering of men close to the water's edge. They were crowded around some apparently inanimate mass in the center; for the most part stupidly looking on at a few who seemed to be working away in a state of agitation which did not admit of any very practical result to whatever task they had set themselves upon. At one side was a small sailboat, careened upon its side, as though it had been dragged or towed in while in that position.

"What's up?" said the driver, finding that no one answered his first salutation.

"Crusty—drowned—or leastways, if not drowned, not coming to," responded one of the crowd, coming close to the side of the stage, as though it was improper that the intelligence should be conveyed in any other than a whisper.

"You don't say so? And how?"

But the man was not one who could speak succinctly or to the point, and he began his story with such verbosity, and so many preambles, that the driver looked longingly ahead, and began to feel in a hurry and finally gently pulled the reins to urge his horses into action again. He was not hard-hearted, but there was little time to spare, for the train was nearly due, and the depot still a mile off, and it was his business to make the connection. Moreover, he was not a doctor, and consequently could do no good by remaining; and the story of the drowning would doubtless keep, so that he could listen to it more at his leisure that same evening over his pipe; and after all, Crusty was nothing to him, beyond a chance and not very agreeable acquaintance. Therefore he commenced whipping up his horses, when the Colonel for a moment longer detained him.

"And what has been done?" he said.

"Doctor Gretchley has been sent for," was the man's answer.

"But good gracious!—what meanwhile has been done?"

"Nothing: we're waiting for the Doctor, don't you see?"

With that, the Colonel threw open the stage door, and leaped out, disgusted and alarmed at this confirmation of the suspected public inefficiency. In an instant more, he was parting the crowd before him, and pressing forward to the inanimate object in the center.

"Can't wait, you know, Colonel," called out the driver, "must make the train."

"Go on. I'll walk over, and take the next train," said Grayling; and as the stage rolled on, he bent over, and began to inquire into the circumstances, and the chances of life. There were a dozen ready, of course, to tell how it had all happened. It was evident that Crusty had been making one of his customary nocturnal excursions to his oyster-beds, and had been overtaken by the gale. A steady gale of any dimensions would have mattered very little to him, of course, with his experience in the proper navigation of a sailboat; but it happened, also, that Crusty, after another well-established custom of his, must have been indulging a little too freely in spirits, with the view of keeping out the cold air, and thereby must have lost his head, and suffered a capsize. For, only an hour before, the boat had been seen drifting in, upon its side, and, on being pulled in closer, Crusty had been found entangled with the mainsail. Whether he was dead or not, could not at once be determined. It is pretty certain that he must have lain in the water for several hours: long enough, in fact, to have drowned him half a dozen times over; and if any life remained in him, it could only be owing to the fact that his head had become

so fastened to that part of the sail which was not altogether under the water as to be occasionally lifted up in the air, enjoying thereby, with the swell of the waves, a sort of amphibious existence.

This was how it had happened; but it was, after all, a matter of very little consequence, compared with the greater question as to whether he could be recovered again. Some—the majority, in fact—thought otherwise; but fortunately for Crusty, while they stood still and disputed and wondered why the Doctor did not come, the Colonel rolled up his sleeves, and went vigorously to work. The roughness of the camp had given new vigor to his natural self-reliance, and taught him many of those little precautions and secrets about matters of life and death which every man should know, but few actually do. Now he raised Crusty's head, and had him well rubbed here and there, and manipulated his chest, and in a few moments had the satisfaction of seeing a slight motion of the lips. At this, the crowd all pressed closer around, while each one cried out to give him more air; and a few shook hands with each other, as though they had been the sole authors of the good work, and deserved all the mutual congratulation they could get; and some patted the Colonel upon the back, and told him he was a trump, and a team, and an A 1, and whatever else occurred to them as symbolical of great excellence. A few, indeed, did not lose their longing for a more regularly licensed practitioner, and still anxiously looked out for the Doctor; alleging that there was now something for him to work upon, and that if he could only be present to grasp the favorable opportunity, all would yet be well. At one moment, indeed, it was thought that he was swiftly approaching on horseback, but it was only the boy who had been dispatched after him.

"Find him, Sam?"

"Yes. He's harnessing up his gig, and says he'll be here directly."

"Might have taken your horse, Sam, and been here now, I should think," said the questioner, rubbing his chin reflectively; but no one answered so as to provoke discussion upon that subject, and so it was dropped, and all turned again to look at the good work going on over Crusty.

A little more hard rubbing and manipulation, and an occasional application of a flask of spirits which one of the crowd happened to have with him, and then the breathing grew more collected and regular, and suddenly Crusty sneezed. With that, the spectators felt confident that the battle had been won, and they set up a little cheer. Hearing this, Crusty slowly opened his eyes. At first, they appeared glazed and dead, but in a few moments, the light of such little intelligence as he usually showed began to flicker back into them, and he appeared to make an effort to sit up, and sneezed again. With that, they propped up his back a little higher, and gave him a drop more of the whisky. This stimulated him to that degree that his lips moved in an evident effort to speak, and after a moment or two of unintelligible mutterings, he succeeded.

"What's this here row, boys?"

"Don't you know, Crusty? You've been drowned, and we've fetched you to."

It took him a little while to comprehend this, but after a while he seemed to get the idea.

"Yes, I see. I was grubbing down the bay for a few oysters, and the gale come and keeled me over. Kept up for a while, but gave in afterwards. Water pretty cold, and the waves high, and that's all about it. And so I was drowned, and you're bringing me to, are you? Any more of that whisky handy?"

There should have been, but unfortunately the man who held the flask had just finished what was left, in a spirit of congratulation at the success of their joint efforts for the unfortunate man's recovery. At this, Crusty frowned; but in a moment all at once recovered his spirits under the influence of a new inspiration.

"Give me some oysters," he said. "That is the thing for lightness of heart."

Knowing his favorite theory upon that subject, and how often it happens that an inner instinct teaches a sick man what is

most good for him, they ran at once to his boat, set it up on an even keel, and searched in the bottom. Here they found a few oysters which he had gathered before the gale had come on, and bringing them to him, began to open them for him, with the aid of a jack-knife and stone. It was evidently a source of mortification to him that as yet he could not open for himself. It was as though his profession had been violently taken away from him. Moreover, he looked on with increasing disgust at the inartistic manner in which the work was performed; but being as yet weak in the lungs and throat, made no remarks, and quietly swallowed what was offered to him. Then, in truth, he seemed to prove the value of his theory, by becoming at once better, and sitting up straighter.

"And so I was drowned, boys; and you're bringing me to—eh, boys?"

"Yes, Crusty—us and the Colonel. You see, we sent at once for Doctor Gretchley, but he didn't come in time, and so we did it for you—us and the Colonel."

"Sent for the Doctor, did you? And why, then, didn't he come at once?"

"Don't know, Crusty. And that's what bothered us a little. Never knew him behind before. Must have mistook the road, or something."

"Yes, in course," responded Crusty, a queer sort of expression settling upon his stolid face. "And you sent word to him how bad I was, didn't you? And that if he didn't hurry, he might not have a chance to bring me back into this blessed world at all, I suppose?"

"To be sure, Crusty."

"And you don't see him coming yet, do you?"

"Not yet, Crusty."

"No, nor you won't at all, it's my opinion," was the response. The same queer expression was again observed upon his face, but it passed without remark. That and his words seemed to be regarded as merely the ebullitions of a transient spleen, requiring no especial comment. "No more you won't at all, boys. But never you mind. It might have been worse. Thank you, all the same, for what you've done. And thank you, too, Colonel, most of all; for I shouldn't wonder if you had been at the head of all this."

"Of course we all did our best for you, Crusty," said Grayling. "And I know we are all glad to see you getting well again. Well, good by; I must walk fast to catch the next train, and am not needed any longer here."

With that he shook hands, first with Crusty, and then with the two or three who had been most active and efficient in laboring under his directions; and then, gaining the road, set off with long strides towards the station. Already he felt that his spirits had improved; and with his coat buttoned closely about him, he realized that he was jogging along quite contentedly. Was it only that the air was pleasant and the sunshine bright, and the rapid motion over the clear sand exhilarating? Or did the fact that he had just done such a good deed give lightness to his thoughts? Whatever it might be, he now, as he mused upon Stella, felt that not only had he no cause for despair, but very much reason for hope; that a more urgent demand for explanation than he had yet made would soon bring matters to a satisfactory conclusion;—that, in fact, he had received only an ordinary rebuff, incident to the career of all lovers.

In a little more than half an hour he reached the station-house, aside of the track. It was nearly deserted, and there was still almost an hour to wait, before the next train would pass. In a listless mood he prepared to while away the time by looking out at the back door upon the whortleberry patches, or reading the framed time-tables of connecting lines; when all at once he heard a loud stamping up the outer steps.

Looking out, he saw two rough-coated men coming up. They stepped inside; one of them placing his pipe carefully outside, and the other taking his tobacco from his mouth, and hurling it across the track with a spirit of ostentation, as though he would have demanded approbation for his unnecessary consideration to the rough premises. Then one of them drew a folded paper from his pocket.

"Colonel Grayling, see here! Sorry to have to do it; but we are sent out after you, and can't help it. If you hadn't stopped to bring Crusty to, you would have got off by the last train, you see. And that's the botheration of it."

"Well, what is it, Bob?" said Grayling, all unsuspicious, for he recognized the village constable, and supposed that it might be a bill for some forgotten debt, which the man had been sent to collect; and as he spoke he put his hand in his pocket. "And how much is it?"

"No, it's nothing of that kind, Colonel," responded the man, somewhat mournfully; and he turned toward his associate—"must we tell him, Hiram?"

"I suppose he has a right to know. Will know, sometime, of course," said the other, looking out at his pipe to see whether it was yet alive.

"Yes, to be sure. Well, then, Colonel—don't blame us, for we can't help it, you know—it's a warrant agen you—a warrant for —for the murder, six months ago—of Lawyer Vanderlock." LEONARD KIP.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

DON CARLOS.—III.

Don Carlos remained in England some seven or eight weeks before taking his departure for America. He was received by the English people with all the honors due to a fallen monarch. The cards of members of the royal family and household were left at his hotel. Many of the chief nobility and gentry, headed by the premier duke, also left their cards, or had their names recorded in the visitors' book. Don Carlos held afternoon receptions every Tuesday; and cards of invitation to the number of eighty were issued each week, only, however, to those who had previously called, or inscribed their names upon the visitors' book. The card of invitation was as follows:

Lieut:General the Marquis of Velasco
is commanded by
His Catholic Majesty
King Charles VII.
to invite
to Brown's Hotel, on . . .
from . . . to . . . o'clock.
Morning Dress.

It was not long before Don Carlos realized the fact, that, though he might be at war with nearly all the powers on the continent, he was, at least, at peace with England. This accorded well with a common saying of the old Spaniards:

"Con todo el mundo guerra,
Y paz con Inglaterra."

While in London, Don Carlos was accompanied by the Marquis de Velasco, the Marquis Valdespina, the Count of Monserrat, the Viscount Ponce de Leon, and one or two members of his former military staff.

Don Carlos had long inculcated habits of industry, and always rose at early morning. After partaking of his chocolate *a l'Espagnol*, he attended to official business until eleven o'clock, at which time breakfast was announced. He almost always had some English guests at table.

One morning, during the business hour, a card was sent in to Don Carlos, with the name of Lieutenant Torres upon it. Torres was an officer who, during the heat of the engagement, at the third battle of Somorrostro, had left his company and abandoned the field of action, and was not again seen until the morning after the battle. On being informed of this, Don Carlos, who was himself under fire during the hottest of that memorial battle, commanded him to be ad-

mitted. The Lieutenant had been dismissed from the army on account of his conduct at Somorrestro, and had made the journey to London to procure a revocation of the order. Don Carlos demanded his excuse for taking *las calzas de Villadiegos* (to his heels), and Lieutenant Torres, calling to his aid the *bel esprit* of the Basque people, to whom he belonged, replied: "Mas vale que digan, Aqui huyó que Aqui murió." (Better they should say, "There he ran away," than "There he died.") It is almost needless to remark that Don Carlos granted his request.

On the return of Don Carlos from a drive in Hyde Park one afternoon, he found, among several cards that had been left during his absence, one hearing the simple inscription, "Mr. Charles Bradlaugh"; and immediately directed that a card of invitation be sent to Mr. Bradlaugh for his next weekly reception.

For fifteen years, Mr. Bradlaugh had been the leader of the republican party in England. In the spring of 1873, when Señor Castelar was made President of the Spanish Republic, meetings were held in various parts of England to express sympathy with the Spanish republicans. Many in the United States believed that Castelar, as a statesman and scholar, had not his equal in all Spain; and it was felt to be an important object to obtain from him a direct expression as to the form of republic which it was his intention to attempt to establish. In this emergency, the proprietor of the New York "World" dispatched a telegram to Mr. Pierre Gerard, chief of the London bureau of the "World," directing him, at whatever cost, to procure the services of Mr. Bradlaugh, for the purpose of interviewing President Castelar at Madrid.

In those days, the London headquarters of the New York "World" was in a somewhat dingy and not very spacious apartment, on the third floor of a building in Fleet street, not far from Temple Bar. But the importance of the work that issued out of the "World's" London bureau should not be measured by the appearance of its local habitation; for, as Mr. Gerard himself once remarked to me, the famous University of London itself for many years consisted of nothing more than a door-plate. It was in Mr. Gerard's little office, at the top of a dark flight of stairs, that the great English agitator accepted his mission and received his instructions. It was understood that he should be known in England and Spain as the envoy extraordinary of the English republicans, and in America, as the commissioner of the New York "World" newspaper. Mr. Bradlaugh at once proceeded to Birmingham, where he organized a republican convention. This assembly passed a number of resolutions, expressing sympathy with Señor Castelar, and hopes for the success of the Spanish Republic. Mr. Bradlaugh then procured the appointment of himself sole delegate to convey the sentiments of the meeting to the Spanish President. His interviews with Señor Castelar, and his observations respecting the new government, were contained in a series of communications to the "World," which attracted very considerable attention at the time.

If Mr. Bradlaugh had been doomed to traverse the burnt-out regions of another world, the apprehensions of his friends for his safety, when it became known that he would travel through the Carlist provinces, could not have been greater. That this feeling was not confined to the creative imaginations of a few of his personal followers, was apparent from the great strife displayed by the London newspapers to procure the earliest details of his supposed decapitation; and journalists anticipated rich nourishment in the looked for reports of Bradlaugh in chains, or of Carlists singing his funeral dirge. I take the liberty here of reproducing from "The New York World" of May 31st, of that year, a cable dispatch from its London agent:

"London Office of 'The World,'
32 Fleet street, May 30th.

"My dispatch of yesterday informed you of the reported capture of Mr. Charles Bradlaugh, the 'World's' correspondent in Spain. His capture, or arrest, has been confirmed, and some details are published. The report that Mr. Bradlaugh's life is in peril is also confirmed; but I hope for an early and

favorable issue of the affair, for the reason that General Kirkpatrick has, at my request, telegraphed to the headquarters of Don Carlos, requesting the release of Mr. Bradlaugh. General Kirkpatrick's influence being great among the Carlists, I have no doubt as to the success of my application."

The next issue of the "World" contained a dispatch which relieved the anxiety concerning the safety of Mr. Bradlaugh, and read as follows:

"LONDON, May 31st.—For three days we have experienced a great deal of painful anxiety concerning the fate of your special commissioner to Spain, Mr. Bradlaugh, the famous English republican leader. After accomplishing the purpose of his mission to Spain, and receiving from the official representatives of the Spanish capital, and the leading republicans there, a banquet, he left Madrid for Paris, where he should have arrived on the 27th. But a private dispatch, received from Paris on the 29th, announced the fact that he had been taken by the Carlists between San Sabastian and Irun, and that his life was in danger. The facts concerning his reception at Madrid by Castelar, as the envoy of the English republicans, had been telegraphed everywhere, and for this he was particularly obnoxious to the Carlists, and it was reported that orders had been given by Don Carlos for his arrest. In this emergency, I applied to General Kirkpatrick, the representative of His Majesty King Charles VII., in London, who immediately telegraphed to headquarters for information. This evening I received a dispatch announcing the release of your commissioner."

It is not always agreeable to destroy an illusion; but, in fact, Mr. Bradlaugh was received, on approaching the Carlist capital, with unusual cordiality; and on being presented at the Palace in Durango, was invited by Don Carlos to dine at the royal table. It was the delay occasioned by his being a guest at the Palace that produced such dire consternation among his friends abroad. As may be judged, both Don Carlos and Mr. Bradlaugh laughed heartily over the recollection of the event.

It might be supposed that the high ancestry of Don Carlos would have aided visibly in molding his character, and that the historic acts of his great forefathers would have given color to nearly every movement of his life. But even if Don Carlos were sometimes to indulge in these reveries, he nevertheless bears Nature's stamp that he is one of the few who are designed to hand down greatness as well as to derive it. His early studies, pursuits, and journeys had prepared him for an active life. When the right to the crown devolved upon him, he entered the field of Spanish politics with unusual ardor. He was fortunate to possess those quick faculties and active powers of observation, the *coup d'œil* of the military art, so highly prized in diplomacy. And in the military field his ambition was no less intense, because it was not free from the taint of personal interest. While at the head of his battalions, directing the movements of a hundred thousand soldiers, he still found time to watch almost every move made upon the political chess-board of Europe. When Señor Castelar, whom all admired for his great learning, became President of the Republic, Don Carlos fixed with accuracy the tenure of his office. "Castelar," said he, "has established an ideal republic, a government with false colors. He expects," continued Don Carlos, "to realize the glorious vision of the classic republics of old; but if it meets the views of the Spanish republicans, it cannot maintain its lofty character, for this can only be sustained by qualifications of superior intelligence, religious belief, and good morals—qualities which the Iberian republicans do not possess."

In most of the countries of Europe, republicanism meant disturbance, spoliation, and bloodshed. Civilized society everywhere, however, seemed to be advancing with rapid strides toward republicanism, under the guise of individual equality. The study of constitutional and liberal politics, therefore, became a favorite occupation of statesmen.

It was not, then, merely to gratify a legitimate curiosity, or to satisfy a fancy long entertained, that Don Carlos wished to visit America. His desire was to study the constitution and government of the Great Republic, under which, he had been told, the word "republic" was synonymous with respect to property, protection for rights, safety to freedom, and religious reverence.

Don Carlos determined to preserve, as

near as possible, a strict incognito, in order that he might be afforded a better opportunity of observation and instruction. Four persons only, besides his royal spouse the princess Marguerite, and her secretary Señor Estrada, had knowledge of his departure and subsequent movements. That Don Carlos was about to undertake a prolonged journey was everywhere known. Some said that he was about to visit Vienna or Saint Petersburg; and others, that he intended to shoot and fish in the wilds of Sweden and Norway; and there were still others who thought that the Gaels and Celts were to be made happy by his travels in Scotland and Ireland.

The royal party had already been three weeks in the United States, when a well-known gentleman from the lowlands of Scotland gravely informed me, in the presence of several gentlemen, in the smoking-room of the Army and Navy Club, London, that he had just returned from his country house, where he had been honored with a visit from Don Carlos. I naturally abstained from asking him any questions. The enterprise of foreign correspondents was quite astounding: for dispatches frequently appeared in the English newspapers, announcing the arrival of Don Carlos at Gratz, Prague, Frankfort, Christiania in Norway, and at other places.

Don Carlos, traveling under the name of *Eduardo Gonzalez y Fajardo*, was accompanied to the United States by General Velasco, the Count of Monserrat, and the Viscount Ponce de Leon. The two latter assumed their patronymic titles of *José Ruez* and *Señor Ventanillo.*

The travelers arrived in Boston on a beautiful afternoon in May, 1876. The following morning was mild and brilliant, and they took a stroll on the Common. Don Carlos, always of a sympathizing nature, could not, like some, withhold his admiration from the beautiful things in nature and art that he saw, because they were new or foreign. The memory of old familiar places beyond the Atlantic did not fade or wither when he came in contact with the new; for in one of his letters he made comparisons between the famous Boston Common, with its ornamental waters and beautifully arbored walks, and the parks and gardens of London, Paris, and Vienna, which were not unfavorable to the American city.

The second day after their arrival was occupied in viewing some of the Revolutionary scenes in and near Boston. After an early breakfast, all of the party, excepting General Velasco, traveled by rail to Concord, and from the station rode to the site of the first skirmish of the Revolutionary War, near what was known as the old North Bridge. The fine granite monument, commemorative of the event, stands a short distance from the road leading to the village. An inscription upon a marble tablet is inserted in one of the faces of the pedestal, and was copied by Don Carlos as follows:

HERE,
on the 19th of April, 1775,
was made the first forcible resistance to
BRITISH AGGRESSION.
On the opposite bank stood the American
militia, and on this spot the first of the enemy fell in the
WAR OF THE REVOLUTION,
which gave Independence to these United States.
In gratitude to God, and in the love of Freedom,
This Monument was erected,
A. D. 1836.

On the afternoon of the same day they visited Bunker Hill Monument. Ponce de Leon made a sketch of this huge obelisk. It was a fair representation of the great monument for which all Americans have a sort of patriotic reverence; but, like the obelisk of Trajan, or Nelson's monument, it is not likely to preserve of itself a correct record of anything more than the great general event for which it was raised.

The visit of Don Carlos to New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, and New Orleans impressed him with a degree of enthusiasm respecting the vast resources and general prosperity of the country seldom displayed by princely visitors. It was not that he admired the form or administration of the government, for of political events he had as yet only a general outline; but he had an

ardent imagination, and ever desired a more practical knowledge of the political administration of a nation which appeared to reverse the historical order of things as understood by the inhabitants of the Old World, where like conditions were supposed to produce like phenomena.

From New Orleans, Don Carlos voyaged by steamer to Vera Cruz, and thence to the City of Mexico by the same highway of travel by which Cortez first approached this ancient city of the Montezumas. While yet the steamer was fifty miles from the Gulf shore, and the city of the True Cross was still out of sight, the snow-clad hights of the great Orizaba, rising seventeen thousand feet above the level of the plain, was the first object upon which the eyes of the passengers rested.

The failure of all attempts to make other coast towns chief ports of entry shows the wisdom of Cortez in selecting Vera Cruz as a commercial capital; and to this day it remains more Spanish in its characteristics than the City of Mexico itself. On disembarking from the steamer, the passenger traverses a long, solitary wharf, and enters an open, unshaded plaza. This plaza is noted chiefly as the place where Santa Anna lost his leg in some artillery practice; more noted, perhaps, because the fortunate lost leg aided him in acquiring power and distinction. In the center of the town is another plaza, small and pretty, profusely shaded with trees, and ornamented with plants and flowers. The city is compact and clean in appearance, but sickly. There are two principal streets, and the others are so small that they are seldom visited by vehicles.

The reception of Don Carlos at the City of Mexico was enthusiastic in the extreme. His arrival was the signal for a great demonstration. The city was *en fête*. Visits were early exchanged between Don Carlos, the President of the Republic, and the cabinet ministers. A succession of entertainments followed. Banquets, bull-fights, theatrical and operatic performances were gotten up to rival those of Seville or Madrid. When Don Carlos walked into the Grand Plaza to view Carlotta's pretty flower garden, or down the long arcade shaded by the overhanging branches of the Australian gum-tree, the Chinese laurel, and the magnolia, to view the famous shops where nearly all trades ply their vocations, he was greeted on all sides with "*Viva Carlos Setimo! Viva el Duque de Madrid!*" The famous Indian band played before Don Carlos. He listened to the music with high appreciation, and afterwards declared, that for variety and sweetness it scarcely had its equal in any country. The Mexican Indian musician's touch is soft and sweet, and the melody in the moonlight of the torrid-temperate zone of the City of Mexico is unsurpassed, even by the rich night perfections of the fair Andalusia.

On the return of Don Carlos to the United States, he visited the great political and commercial centers of the country. He was one day inspecting the Capitol at Washington; and as he passed into the corridor of the House of Representatives, his eyes rested on the great bronze doors which connect the corridor with the so-called new Hall of Representatives. Don Carlos wrote at the time:

"The history of the different epochs in the life of Columbus were brought vividly to mind in gazing upon those grand old doors. All know how Columbus was denied aid to prosecute his plans of discovery in Genoa, *La Superba*, his native place, and that he met with no better success when he applied to Portugal and England; but his application to Spain received immediate encouragement: and *Columbus at the Court of Ferdinand and Isabella;* his *Embarkation at Barcelona; Discovery of America; Return in Chains;* and the subjects contained in the other panels—are interesting matters of history."

In design and workmanship, these doors are perhaps unequaled in all Europe. They were made in Italy, and placed in their present position at what was considered twenty years ago an extraordinary outlay for such a purpose.

While in New York, previous to his return to England, Don Carlos talked and wrote freely on the political and social con-

dition of the American people. He found their social condition eminently democratic. But he discovered a power, which, if it could be transmitted from father to son, might well be called aristocratic. In Boston it was intellect; in Albany, family pride; in New York, money; and in some cities of the West it was political power. "Aristocracy," wrote Don Carlos, "founded on family pride, or self-love, has never taken deep root in American ground; and the *esprit de famille* of the great European countries has but a narrow existence here." The reason for this—and I give only my recollection of the convictions expressed by Don Carlos at various times—is found in the system adopted for dividing up inheritances; and upon this law the whole social order in the United States seems to rest. It is from the continual diminution of property that family pride ceases. The selfish passions of heirs come into play; a man thinks of his immediate necessities, or his present convenience, and seeks to provide only for a single generation. An American gives but little thought to perpetuating his family by means of a landed estate, and the condition of the law destroys his inclination for preserving his ancestral domain.

The social condition of the United States and its political consequences are a study of some magnitude with both Spaniards and Frenchmen, for they are continually witnessing great social and political changes—the physical effect in part of the division of inheritances, or, in other words, the abolition of the system of primogeniture. In the old world, the convictions, memories, and habits of the people present obstacles which do not exist in the United States. It is not impossible that equality may become the sustaining power of the social order in France and Spain, as it now is in the United States; and, in the progress of events, men equal in the social condition will become so in the political sphere, and in the end, equal upon all great questions of public and private life. But in the countries of Europe, the great mass of the people fail to understand, as Americans do, the interpretation of the word "equality." With Americans, there is a manly and just desire for equality which inspires the ambition of men to become powerful and respected. It is this desire which has the effect to elevate the lower classes to the rank of the great. In Europe, the passion for equality among the masses is a depraved feeling of the heart which impels the lower orders of men to attempt to pull down the great and powerful to their own level. They would rather have equality without liberty, in pandemonium, than inequality with it, in a better sphere.

The autumn leaves had already begun to fall, when Don Carlos embarked on board the Atlantic steamer Germanic on his return voyage. To a number of gentlemen who accompanied him down the bay of New York, he expressed his admiration of America with great cordiality, and without reserve. His observations had given substance to his often declared principles of constitutional government, and further developed his taste for true statesmanship. They had also served to direct his mind to political objects worthy the time and care which he was accustomed to devote to political affairs. His conversation relating to the United States reflected the unmistakable signs of an uncommon earnestness, and depth of mind, which showed that he was necessarily strongly impressed with much that he had witnessed.

On arriving in England, Don Carlos hastened to join his queenly spouse at their charming villa in the beautiful suburb of Passy, near Paris, where he has since remained, surrounded by his family: if I except an occasional visit to some royal relative, or some brief period when *en congé*, at the request of the French government, during times of high political excitement.

EDWARD KIRKPATRICK.

AN EPISTLE TO A BACHELOR ABOUT TO MARRY.

"Resolved at last to woo and wed!"
This ill accords with what we said
In those triumphant days, old fellow,
When the "Park and Tilford" made us mellow,
And health on health went round the "den,"
In honor of all single men.
'Tis not so strange as first appears
(Grave Horace fell at fifty years—
Fell flat, although he'd vowed he wouldn't,
And common sense declared he shouldn't);
But when your servant read the news,
He felt slight symptoms of the "blues";
'Twas then a melancholy stir
Crept heartward from the days that were.

Two of our four now wear the chain
Their proud strength once had snapped in twain;
A third but show of freedom keeps;
While one—alas, so soon!—one sleeps:
All this is neither here nor there;
But O, Bohemian, beware!
The hint was thrown with caution nice,
You'd like the friendly bard's advice.
Too late! Think you he has th' obtrusion
To war against his own conclusion?
Besides, most counselors are quacks;
Let's put 'em out, and face the facts.
Accept them, sir, as I shall hand 'em,
Tossed with some thought, but still at random.

Sweet Eve, ensconced 'neath Eden's tree,
Inducted woman's ministry;
Potent, not only over Adam,
But—fast as after mothers had 'em—
Reaching each son of every race,
Destined to grievance or to grace.
This doctrine courses Sacred Writ,
And pagan love continues it:
Beloved of gods, high Hebe stumbled—
Again was heavenly woman humbled.
Thence down, pursue her where you will,
The first grand failure follows still.
Let me be last to slight the pearl
That glistens in the guileless girl;

But, boy, it tarnishes with years—
At last in dullness disappears.
Even from April to October
Does transient beauty hasten sober;
And finally, in dread November,
Comes unconditional surrender.

With one by birth a scientist,
I may at once push tow'rd the gist:
Shall love alone escape restriction?
Shall hearts rub hard, still start no friction?
Such is your gallant dreamers' *dictum*—
Before reality has licked 'em.

O, I could scribble quires—yes, reams—
Against this tyranny of dreams!
Heavens! what a warning! Few have won
The prize hope's eye was fixed upon!
Still are her silver periods rounding,
Still are her siren numbers sounding;
But, spite of wit and subtlest art,
Must fact and fancy dwell apart.

One day the dove-winged dreams come home,
And weary, will no longer roam;
Experience speaks, the sightless see,
And life becomes reality.

Riches mean something we have not—
Maxim never to be forgot;
Lest, with a rainbow in your hand,
Too late you "wake and understand."

The smoothest shiner in the brook
Will wriggle ugly on the hook;
A star, the fire-fly sparkles by—
Catch it: you've caught—a common fly.

Fast as one nears the unattained,
So fast he finds its brightness waned;
Or, as blest Bobbie neatly said,
"You seize the flow'r: its bloom is shed."

At least, have cunning of your cat:
He's fond of fish, but, for all that,
No trout can tempt him in deep water,
As you must wade for beauty's daughter.
For final warning, take the fly:
A flow'r, *muscip*—call 't *x* or *y*—
Allures and folds him to her fair
Sweet breast, to sweetly perish there.

O beatific solitude,
Where only bachelors intrude!
Like eglantine in fields afar
Thy fragrance breathes from star to star;
While round the edges of thy glade,
Inspiring moves th' occasional maid.
I'd planned a banyan growth for thee,
A noble forest in one tree,
O ——, model for all men!

I hoped thou'dst teach the world, that when
The solitary seeker calls,
Some Newton's apple ever falls;
That lamp of Galileo swings
For all that think, alone with things.

The wisest of all brutes that be
Breeds not in mean captivity.
Genius is not gregarious—
Lord make full all he may of us!

Wretch, that I am, to so defame
Sweet innocence's other name!
I'll play the hypocrite no longer:
'Twas thus we put it—only stronger—
In days by-gone. How changed since then
The tyros of the Broadway "den"!
"Onward, onward, to something better!"
Now cries the writer of this letter.
The dears shall be no more derided,
Haste, ——, hasten! do as I did.

Commend me kindly to your fair one;
I know—I'll swear to 't—she's a rare one.
Over your shoulder, ere you wed,
Pray, let her read here what we said
As novices, my splendid fellow—
With "Park and Tilford" waxing mellow,
Passing the glasses round the "den,"
With odious odes to single men.

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

ONE OF THE WORLD-BUILDERS.*

Chapter V.

GNOME-LAND.

In the earth and underground,
Full a level mile below,
Where the busy gnomes abound,
Where their strange gold houses grow,
Where the smoky gnomes sit grum,
Rabbit-faced, knock-kneed, and low;
Where the days may never come,
Where the nights may never go;
Where with gleaming steel in hand,
In that dark world underground,
Where the hunchback gnomes abound—
There the giants gather gold;
There the hairy heroes stand,
Nude and grimed, but tall and grand;
As awful battle-gods of old,
They knit the sinews of the land.

When the wretched little party rose up from the almost untasted dinner, the old man went into the cabin, sat down in the dark corner of his home by the sooty fireplace, and moodily smoked his pipe. Carrie wandered away alone up on the hillside, among the rocks still warm with sunshine gone away, and gathered wild flowers in the twilight.

But young Devine took up a short pine board, a pick and ax, and silently set out down the trail, as if he was going to town. But he left the trail on the rocky ridge, and turned aside to the two graves under the blighted oak, and there, with his ax, cut and cleared away the trees and bushes that had been trying for twenty years or more to hide from view these two glaring white graves.

Then he took up his pick and dug a hole at the head of and between the two graves. In this hole he set the pine board. Then he raked in the dirt, and, to make it more firm and solid, he heaped some stones about the foot of it, and beat them down with the pick. The steel clanged on the flinty quartz, and made a strange sound in the gathering twilight.

Old Colonel Billy, who, when sober enough, put in his time panning out in the edge of the muddy little stream up above, and not far from the mouth of the tunnel driven by Dosson and Emens, chanced to be passing on his way home just then, and was startled by the clanging of the steel against the flinty stone. He looked up, and seeing the bushes cleared away, and Dandy, whom he had early learned to like, leaning over the head of the graves, hammering on the stones with a pick, he came stumbling up over the rocks, and stood for a moment by his side, silent with wonder.

Then seeing a black penciled inscription on the white pine board, he stooped on his hands and knees and read:

TO THE MEMORY
OF
CHARLES DEVINE AND FRIEND.

The old Colonel drew his rheumatic legs up under him as fast as he could, and rose up. He looked curiously at the young man for a long time. Then he brushed his left palm against his right, and his right against the left, then dusted them again. Then stepping back and down toward the trail a pace or two, he looked up the stream and down the stream, and then at the young man leaning sadly on his pick-handle, and said:

"Friends of your'n?"

"Yes."

The long pause that followed was painful to both, and the old Colonel again attempted to tear himself away, and took another step or two backward and down toward the trail. But the strange conduct of this young man, the unaccountable sadness of the fine-cut face that stood out in profile against the clear sky, as he looked up from where he stood below, chained him to the spot. And then this was a sort of innovation—a species of trespass, it seemed to this old man. What

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right had this stranger to come here and dig up the dead past, and set an inscription over the dead of this camp? Who but he and his old partner, old Forty-nine, knew aught of these two graves or their occupants, now? At last, lifting a boot with its ancient wrinkles and yawning toe onto a rock on a level with his left knee, he rested his elbow on this knee, settled his bearded chin into his upturned palm, and pushing back his battered old white hat, he said:

"They desarved it! Yes, they did! No disrespect to your feelin's, Dandy. But when men go for to climbing down honest men's chimblys, when they are asleep, for to rob 'em, I say, pepper 'em! And I say they desarved it! There!"

The hand was high up, and the palm was brought emphatically down, all doubled up, after it had been thrust over toward the dead men in their graves, and again the man half-turned as if to go. Devine was suddenly all attention, and cried out eagerly:

"What! And they were not hung on this tree? They were shot?—did you say shot?"

"Why, yes, shot! Didn't Forty-nine tell ye? O, no! Come to think, he'd be about the last man that would. And then he ain't given to talking of anything but that old tunnel, anyhow. But, Dandy, friends or no friends of your'n, I tell you he wasn't to blame."

"Who—who wasn't to blame? Who? Speak!"

"Dandy, we came into this 'ere camp together, Forty-nine and me. He is as square as a Freemason's rule. Why, I have known him, young and old, for nigh onto thirty years. Now I'll tell ye what made it so bad. When these two pads—beggin' yer pardon—got peppered, they crawled down the trail this way. Well, right here one of 'em 'pears to have tuckered out. And what does the other do but sit down agin this 'ere tree, tote his head in his lap, and hold him, and nuss him, and care for him till he was dead. And even then didn't try to leave him. But right here, in the darkness, with the awful disgrace and all, he stuck right here with his dead pard, and died with him."

"O, my poor father," murmured the boy, lifting a wet face, and looking away against the dim twilight sky.

"And that's what captured the camp. To see a pard stand by his pard like that, Dandy; I tell you, that fotched the boys. And they were really sorry they was killed. And they didn't like the man that killed 'em. And they never did; and they never will. And that's just what's the matter of Forty-nine. Yes. To kill men like that, you know. It's made him feel bad all his life, you know. But they desarved it. They desarved it. They've ruined my old pard Forty-nine. But they desarved all he give 'em. Good night! Good night!"

The young man bounded down the rocks, and caught the retreating figure by the shoulder.

"And you say that Forty-nine killed him?—them?"

"Sartin! And they desarved it. Good night."

The old Colonel shook him off, and went stumbling on down the rocky trail toward town as fast as he could go. He was almost afraid of him now; his eyes had a glare of wonder and of madness in them.

On a little summit near town he looked back. The young man had moved from the spot where he left him, and was now kneeling by the graves.

But soon the young man rose to his feet, and turned his face toward the cabin of old Forty-nine. He walked briskly, and in a few moments met Carrie at the door.

"Get ready!" he said to her, sharply.

"What? What do you mean? Going—are you going away?"

"I am going. This is no place for me. No place for you. Get ready; I am going. If you have any respect for me—for yourself—you will not stay here another hour."

He stepped into the cabin, and went up to the little window. The moon had risen now, and the uncovered graves shone white and bright in the silver light.

The old man in the corner had laid some pine knots on the fire, and they began to burn fitfully. The quartz rocks which young

Devine had brought in, as was his custom at the end of every day, as specimens from the tunnel, still lay on the table, unexamined by the old man. Devine had thought them softer, and more rotten and worthless, than usual, as he laid them there.

"Forty-nine, I am going away." The old man did not move.

At last, the girl, who had stood by the door, came up to where the young man still stood by the window. She put up her face only a little; she put out a soft, sun-browned hand, and gently touched his. It was but a little thing she did; and yet it seemed to her that she had done all, all that could be done.

The man was still moody. He did not stir, but still gazed out down the little valley, through the deep cañon, as he said: "Get ready; we are going—going now."

The girl drew back in the dark corner where the old dog crouched. She fell on her knees at his side, and took his big, battered head in her thin, ragged arms, and held him to her heart. Then out of that dark corner came a sob, that startled Forty-nine, who had risen, and was approaching her. Still the young man did not hear or heed. The old man looked out, and saw the uncovered graves.

His face grew black with anger. Perhaps it was a selfish anger. But he had suffered bitterly. Yet he had in some sort become reconciled. But now, when this stranger, whom he had found hungry and alone in the world, had broken up her life, and now stood coldly commanding her—why, she had stolen bread for him!

The old man was weak in mind and in body. His being was breaking up. He was hardly accountable now for what he might do or say. He knit his wrinkled and overhanging brows, and hobbled up and down the floor. Then he went up to the fire, and laid a lot of pine knots on, and there was a bright blaze. The young man still had his back turned, and still gazed out of the window at the two white graves glistening in the moon. Then he began to sing a soft, low air, and tap the floor with his foot. This seemed to madden the other still more, and he muttered to himself: "To take her away from me now! To take her away like that! To take her from me and throw me quite aside! I—I could murder him!" His feeble old hand fell down at his side, and touched a heavy pick-handle that stood there by the fire. Instinctively he clutched it. He half-lifted it in the air. He was looking straight at the young man standing there, half-humming an air—a sad, plaintive air, as he looked out and down the valley. The girl still crouched back in the dark corner by the dog. Once or twice the old man thought he heard her try to suppress a sob. At last, he was sure he heard her. Then he started forward. At first he started to her. He still held the long hickory pick-handle. As he approached and stood at the back of the young man, he paused. He did not hear the girl any more. He heard, saw nothing, now. He only thought of murder.

Nothing is so dangerous to man as the sense of once having killed a man. There is something singularly fatal in this. Let a man once kill one man, and he will find an easy excuse in his heart to kill another. Old Californians know this well. And they have a saying, to the effect that it is hard on the man who is killed, but a great deal harder on the man who kills him.

This old stand or table on which Devine always emptied out the specimens, each day on return from his work, stood out near the middle of the floor, and before the little window by which he was standing now. Here lay the little heap of quartz he had brought home this last day. The distracted old man had been too busy with his dinner, and then too much troubled after dinner, to take up the specimens in his trembling old hands and examine them, as he always had before. And so there the ragged and jagged rocks lay: black and white and brown and gray; rocks that had not seen the light before since they sprung into existence at the fiat of the Almighty.

"Going away now! Going to take her away! To go and drag bare the two graves, and set them glaring in my face; and then

take her away, and leave me here to go mad!"

Tighter the old man clutched his club as he approached the boy from behind. He poised it in the air. He measured the distance to the back of his head with his eye.

"And to stand there coolly singing, as he looks out upon the two graves!" muttered the old man to himself. Then he paused a second, for he seemed to catch a note in the low, half-inaudible air that he had somewhere heard before. For this man had been no savage in his youth, whatever he may have been now. He knew music well, and loved it too.

Devine was waiting for the girl. He once or twice turned his head as if to see if she was getting ready to go. Then he continued to sing.

Again the old man seemed resolved. He raised his club. The table was a little in the way. He stepped around it, and at the same time looked to see if Carrie saw him. Her head was still lowered above the dog, and she was sobbing bitterly. He measured the distance.

The blow would fall at the base of the brain. The neck would be broken. One step nearer! Then he set his right foot firmly in front, and gathered all his strength. The club leaped in the air.

The dog growled. The young man half-turned his head, and the other lowered his club, and pushed the bits of quartz about on the table. He took a piece in his hand and fell back toward the fire. He made pretense of examining it. The young man again looked out at the soft and silvery moonlight, down the valley, and again began to sing to himself.

Suddenly the old man saw something glittering in his hand. He heaped on a piece of pitch, and as the flame shot up, he started back and caught his breath. He clutched the pieces of quartz and hid them in his bosom. It was gold! The inexperienced young miner had brought home bits of stone that were streaked and barred and seamed and stored with gold.

So weary and worn and discouraged was he, that he had only mechanically and from custom brought in these specimens, and perhaps had never looked at them or given them a thought. Now he was a millionaire! Forty-nine was a millionaire! They had struck it at last!

The old man grew wild! His eyes took fire. He seemed to grow tall, as a storm-tossed pine. He was strong as a giant. He felt like a lion! For the first time in twenty-five years he stood erect! He was rich! rich! rich! What did he do, as that great truth grew upon him, and took the form of established fact? Did he go up to the young man, put his arms about him, bless him, and be happy?

My friend, gold is hard. Do not forget that. Gold is a hard substance, and it is the most hardening substance in the world. It is as cold, too, as a dead man's hand.

The old man glanced swiftly about to see if he had been observed. He listened. Only now and then a half-suppressed sob burst in the corner, that Devine could not hear for his own sad song; only the deep breathing of the bull-dog, the snapping of the pine knot, the gurgle of the water in the cañon without. Nothing; no one had seen or heard anything at all.

He clutched his pick-handle once more. Being a rich man now, he stood erect, and moved ahead with confidence and precision. He was resolute now. Let the dog growl if he liked. He would kill the dog too. Gold! gold! gold! All should be his. Not one ounce to the merciless stranger.

As the old man again planted his foot in front, and poised his pick-handle hastily for the fatal blow, the moonlight fell like a lot of silver across the window-sill. Then, as if he had been waiting for that, the boy began to sing—to sing clear and strong and full—the song which his mother had bade him sing when he was desolate. He lifted and relaxed; the heavy pick-handle sank to the floor, and the old man leaned forward, and from the low, sad song drank in these words:

"Then sing the song we loved, love,
When all life seemed one song;
For life is none too long, love,
Ah, love is none too long."

"Who can know it but she and I? The song I wrote for her! It is sacred to us alone! It is her song; it is her voice!" He sprang forward, and clutching the young man's shoulder, he drew him around, and cried in his face:

"Where—where did you learn that song?"

Coldly and calmly the young man answered, looking him sternly in the face, while the girl, who had started forward, stood at his side, all wonderment.

"It is my mother's song. It is the song that my father—my father, yonder—my father made for her. They sung it together, while they lived, each Christmas eve. And my mother—God bless her!—sings it still. But my father, yonder—"

"I—I— No! no! I am—"

The weak and broken old man could not bear up under so much. His head spun round, words failed him, and he fell unconscious to the floor.

The girl had a little bundle in her hand, and she held the old slobber-mouthed dog by a string. She, too, had seen a deadly battle fought between love and duty, with her own heart for the battle-field. Love had won. Duty had been beaten; and she stood with her dog and little bundle, ready to follow wherever he might choose to lead her.

But they had not one thought of leaving the old man now. They laid him on his bunk back in the corner, behind the faded calico curtains, and coaxed him back to life and consciousness.

How he wanted to embrace his boy! But he seemed so cold, so distant and hard now. He had never seen him so before. One time he tried to sing the old song. But he had no strength or voice. Then he thought he would say over to himself the lines, and let his boy hear him as he bent over him. He thought he would say them low and soft, and not above a whisper at first. Then he whispered to himself, and slept unheard, even as he breathed:

> "For life is none too long, love,
> And love is none too long."

Then he dreamed. He dreamed of her. He had returned with gold. With heaps and heaps of gold. He saw her standing by the mantel, with head bowed just as of old. He asked her for the baby that he had left in that empty cradle, and she pointed through the window at an empty bird's-nest in an apple-tree, with the fledglings feathered and gone. Then a tall, bearded boy embraced him, and called him father. Then he dreamed again of gold. Gold! gold! Heaps and heaps of gold! Could it be a dream? Once he pinched himself to see. This awakened him, and he got up and again examined the specimens. Then he tiptoed across to where his boy sat sleeping in the corner, put back his hair, and tenderly kissed his forehead.

It was dawn now, and waking up Carrie, who had gone to sleep with her arms about the dog's neck, he bade her waken young Devine. Then he made them both solemnly promise to not leave him till in the afternoon. In the afternoon they might go, and go with his blessing, wherever they chose to go. Then he went at once to the tunnel, bidding Carrie come to him there very soon. How he wanted to take his boy to his heart! But he was so cold and stately. He must wait.

Soon the two followed the old man to the mouth of the tunnel. The boy carried the old man's gun. He would enter the tunnel no more. They stopped there. A little stream of muddy water trickled down through the leaves on one side, as if the earth had lately been disturbed or broken above. Carrie noticed this. Those who live on the border, and battle with the elements and wild beasts, have to look to every sign and signal. Their lives depend on their alertness.

Devine noticed nothing, however, and the girl said nothing. As they lingered there, waiting for they knew not what, looking askance, looking down, starting, and coming back, saying little nothings, getting bothered, and blushing as lovers will, a rattlesnake slid down the steep, dripping hillside, rattling as he ran, as if he feared a foe that no venom of his could touch. The boy lifted his gun and shot the reptile through the head.

Carrie at last, as if playing hide-and-seek, and laughing at her own fears, lowered her pretty head, and darting forward, disappeared in the dark and forbidding tunnel.

She reached the old man, and spread some fruit and berries before him. He was stripped to the waist. He was wild with excitement and delight. She had never seen him so strong and supple in her life. He caught her in his arms, and sat her upon a pile of quartz in a corner; and then bowed down at her feet, and called her a little queen. He had literally set her on a throne of gold.

How she cried, and how she clung to his neck and kissed him then; a half a mile away in the dark dripping earth!

Then they ate. And how they did eat, and plan, and build their castles of gold!

Dandy should know nothing about it! No! not one word, till they were right certain he loved her almost to death. As if she did not know that already!

At last her apron was spread out, and a heap of gold—bars, threads, flakes, seams, all heaped together—covered it; and the old man, taking the candle from his hat, filled the old hat, as a boy merrily fills his hat with golden apples; then taking the candle in his hand, they started for the mouth of the tunnel.

They had to stoop and lean and bend over as they groped along. Now and then the old man would stumble under his load, and almost fall. Then Carrie would banter and laugh merrily at his tall figure, which was ill-suited for his groping along with a great load. And then stumbling, limping, falling, laughing, and bantering each other like school children, they drew near the mouth of the tunnel.

Carrie missed a shaft of light, so familiar to them both, as they turned a little angle in the tunnel. But she said nothing. She still tried to laugh, as she stumbled even more. But it was such a laugh as might come up from a grave. She hastily staggered on a few yards farther. She stopped; then she hurried on, and suddenly found she stood almost to her knees in the cold, muddy water. The girl dropped her gold with a dull ugly splash, and hastened back to where the old man stood holding up the candle before his eyes and trembling in every limb. The water had followed her back, and was rising fast.

She took the candle, which was about to fall from his trembling hand. She did not speak. They looked each other in the face, but neither spoke. They both understood too well the awful truth.

She turned, and waded down the sloping tunnel till she stood in the water to her waist. There was no light, no sound—nothing. The whole mountain-side had slid down, and shut them up in their living tomb. There was no power on earth could roll away the stone. She knew they would never, never pass through the mouth of that tunnel any more. She returned to the old man, and took him by the hand. "Come! come back!" she said, "see, the water is rising fast!"

"But what can we do back—back there?" pleaded the old man, piteously, as he dropped all the gold, and mechanically allowed himself to be led back deeper into the heart of the mountain.

She did not answer. What, indeed, could they do back there, but sit down and wait an hour, and then—die?

Both were silent. He was thinking of his boy. O, if he only knew! If he only knew of the gold that at last was his and hers! She was thinking of the green trees above her, as they groped back ahead of the water that slowly crept up the tunnel after them. She was thinking of the flowers—of the flowers she had gathered for him. She was thinking of the bright and beautiful sun. O, but to see the sun again! O, but to look up out of a chasm in the earth, and see a single ray of light! O, but to be a bird! But to be a squirrel, and leap from limb to limb! Now that the world was shut out from her, she remembered how beautiful it was. She thought if she could only see a single little flower nodding in the sun, she could sit down and love it, and love it tenderly.

The old man was dazed, helpless. She led him back to the extreme end, and they

there crouched down together to wait. To wait for what? Death.

The water came, touched their feet, their knees. The candle burned to its socket, and dropped through the iron ring into the water with a strange cry, as if it died in pain.

The tunnel was total darkness. The girl felt about, and drew up from the water and heaped up a pile of rocks in the highest corner. She placed the old man on this, and sat at his feet. The man put out his long bony arms, wound them about her, and drew her up as far as he could from out the water. She felt the cold tide touch her bosom, and then she knew that all would soon be over. "Can you pray, Forty-nine? Father, can you pray? Pray for Carrie, for she is not fit to die. And O, pray for him, too!" and the girl's heart, for the first time in all her dreadful life, began to fail her, as she clung to the old man's neck.

"Child! that is your prayer, and it will save you. No, I am not fit to pray for you. But O, Carrie, I could die for you!" And the two drew closer together—closer together in death, even, than they had been in life.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.—PART II.

Ellice awoke the next morning with a vague feeling that something was wrong, not knowing at first what it could be; but, as she twisted her long hair into the coils which crowned her head with a mass of pale gold, and fastened her lace barb with a little pearl arrow, it all came back—the dull sense of something lacking to the perfection of the sunshiny day, and an angry impatience with herself for feeling it. However, Miss Kent's dramatic talent, natural or cultivated, was sufficient for the occasion, and whatever thoughts she may have had on the self-forbidden subject were suspected by no one—not even Cora.

Philip's absence seemed to make very little difference to the universe in general, after all. The tide came in twice a day, just as it would have done if he had walked down the beach, with his hands behind him, or read Tennyson on the rocky point. Plenty of agreeable cavaliers were left, and the riding and sailing parties went on without him. Ellice wondered if nobody else could care, but she never spoke of him unless his name was mentioned first.

"Well, Elly," said Cora, one day, "are you having a good time? Aren't you glad we teased you to come here this summer?"

She was sitting on a low cricket, with her head against the crimson background of the window curtain, a pretty bit of girlish color and life.

"Yes, indeed," said Ellice, smiling down on the upturned face; "it is all delightful to do nothing but dance and sail, and wear my best gowns—and be with you: I enjoy it only too much; for I am afraid I shan't want to go back to the classes again in September. Still, I don't believe I should like it forever. What does it all amount to, Cora, for us or anybody else? What is the use of it all—to wear pretty things, and talk and laugh and dance, all the time? I shouldn't be contented with it always."

Cora pouted, in pretended displeasure.

"O, well; you are always painfully climbing up to some high ideal, Elly, with your reading and studying, and all the rest of it: we don't pretend to amount to anything. For my part, I don't like so much 'divine despair': I'd rather be second-rate and enjoy myself!"

Ellice laughed, and let the subject drop.

On the afternoon when Mr. Armstrong

was expected back, she was disagreeably conscious of being in a little tremor of fear, lest he should not come. She meant, at first, to be at the house on his arrival; but, on second thought, walked over to the pines with Fred Gilbert, and did not return till he had been at the house an hour.

"We were just wondering where you could be," said Molly Bond, when they entered the hall. "We have a new arrival. Miss Kent, allow me to present to you Mr. Philip Armstrong."

Philip's bow was something magnificent to behold, and Ellice, in her turn, made a sweeping courtesy.

"Have I not some time met you before, Miss Kent? Your face seems strangely familiar."

"Very possibly," she answered, demurely. "Have you ever visited the Mansion House before, Mr. Armstrong?"

Some one else came up just then, and the conversation grew general. Ellice lingered a few moments, and then, murmuring some inaudible excuse to Mr. Gilbert, went upstairs to her own room and locked the door. What had she expected? That he would, at their meeting, show the pleasure *she* felt? What did she want, after all? She could not tell, herself; she only knew she was unreasonably disappointed, and grieved at the uneventful happening of what had been so hopefully anticipated; and, undignified and foolish as it was, she began to cry. Very few girls can cry with real, girlish wretchedness, and not show marked traces of the process. Ellice was no exception to the general rule; and she was just beginning to think, with some dismay, of her forlorn appearance, when Cora knocked at the door.

"May I come in a minute, Elly?"

Ellice did not take long to think, but she knew it would not do for her cousin to remark the swollen eyes. She hastily pulled out a long eyelash, opened one lid, and dropped it underneath, before she turned the key.

"We want you to— Why, Elly! What in the world—"

"I have something in my eye," said Ellice, blushing a little at the huge deception hidden inside this bit of indisputable truth. "Will you get it out for me, if you can?"

"Poor Elly!" said Cora, kneeling beside the window, while her cousin took a seat on the cricket. "I see it now—no, it's two great long eyelashes down below the lid. I'll have them out in a minute. Do I hurt you very much?"

"No, not much."

"There they are," said Doctor Ballastier, at last. "I don't wonder they blinded you. Why, you look as if you'd been crying a week!"

"I feel so," said Ellice.

They went down to tea a little late that evening, Cora very conveniently explaining matters when any one noticed the scene of the small surgical operation. Then, somewhat to her own surprise, Mr. Armstrong seemed to claim her time the greater part of the evening, on one pretext or another, and the little shower up-stairs was quite forgotten.

There was, in truth, very little about Philip Armstrong, more than half a dozen other young men in the house, to be really worthy of this girl's shy adoration. He had a striking figure, good intellectual ability, and strong personal magnetism, and had been endowed with a natural taste and gift for society. All his life he had been accustomed to being liked, and found an agreeable companion; all his life he had been fancying one pretty face after another, but never so deeply or so long that it cost him more than a sentimental sigh or two when he came to the end of the chapter. Yet, for all this, the people who knew him best said that under the trifling exterior lay hidden the possibility of a genuine passion that might sometime bring out all the best that was in him, and make him a strong man, working with a real and lasting purpose. Perhaps their fancy was extravagant—who can tell?

All unknown to Ellice, this wished for consummation seemed to be drawing near. He did not want to say pretty nothings to this pale, slender girl with the grave, hazel eyes, and the graceful turn of neck and shoulders; he felt that it would be like offer-

ing beads and fish-hooks to some English countess when he went to Canada. A strange diffidence crept over him sometimes when he talked with her; he wondered what she would think of innumerable little follies and peccadilloes set down by the Recording Angel to his account, and tried to imagine how she would seem if she cared for him. The New York telegram was a genuine summons, but, had he so chosen, it need not have kept him away so long; that was partly his own desire —to try if a week's absence and absorption in business would make the little dream fade away, as so many dreams had faded before. But it was not so: the longer he stayed away the more he felt that while Ellice Kent was at the Mansion House no other place could offer any homelike rest or satisfaction. If he only knew whether she ever thought of him at all? But she had never given him any sign; how could he guess? He packed his valise with alacrity when the week of exile was over, and took the morning express for the seashore. Should he speak? He would wait a little, first; the old easy habit of taking his friend's esteem for granted had somehow slipped away, and he felt as awkward as a school-boy at his first party.

Ellice was half-happy and half-miserable during the next two weeks: happy, because she and Philip were constantly together; and wretched, because she felt that she had no right to care. She began to long for the summer to end, so that it would all be over, and she could begin to forget him. Mrs. Ballastier fancied she was ill, and spoke to Cora about it.

"Elly is looking very tired; I hope she is not overdoing, these warm days. Don't drag her out everywhere so, Cora. Perhaps she would rather be more quiet."

"I guess she's only tired of rehearsing—everybody is, for that matter—but you know the grand affair comes off next Wednesday, and *then* we can have a little peace of our lives. Dramas are more bother than they're worth, any way!"

One morning, Miss Kent had been out with two or three others for a walk, and came into the house with a bunch of late wild-roses in her belt, tied up with a long, stout blade of marsh-grass. She went upstairs to put them in water, and passing by Miss Bond's room, went in for a moment to show her prize. The quiet, reserved New England girl and the frank impulsive Southerner were very good friends indeed.

"They're lovely," said Molly; "where did you find them?"

"Down the lower road, at the edge of the marsh. You shall have some in your hair"; and she pulled out two of the prettiest sprays, and deftly tucked them under Molly's shining black braids and puffs. "There! that's an improvement, really. I must see to my own now, or they will fall to pieces before I find my little vase."

She passed out again into the broad gallery that encircled the stairway, and tightening the little band of grass about the stems, peeped over the rail to see who was down below. Only Jack stood by the lower baluster, idly drumming with his fingers on the old-fashioned carving. A sudden impulse of mischief occurred to her. How startled Jack would be if she should drop the little posy directly on his head! No sooner thought than done: the roses landed exactly on the crown of the unconscious being below; he turned, and lifted his face: it was not Jack at all, but Philip Armstrong, whom she had treated to this floral compliment!

Ellice drew back suddenly, in mortification and alarm. What would he think? Had he seen her? She was very much ashamed of the childish performance, and exaggerated it almost into a real indiscretion, as she sat blushing in her own room. Philip had really caught no glimpse of her face, but he knew the flowers, and, picking them up, laid them carefully away in his vest pocket, when nobody was looking.

A merry group of a dozen or twenty were gathered in the hall that afternoon, ready for a ride. Ellice sent down word at the last moment that her head ached, and she could not go.

"That's too bad," said Fred Gilbert, with a little scowl; "I don't believe but what 'twould do her good."

"So I argued," said Cora; "but she couldn't be convinced."

"Try again," said Gilbert.

"No use," said some one else, with a laugh. "Don't you know the old verse, Fred?

> 'Where is the man that has the power or skill
> To stem the current of a woman's will?
> For if she will, she will, you may depend on't;
> And if she won't, she won't—so there's an end on't!'"

"But where's Mr. Armstrong?" asked Bell Stacy, as they started off.

"Why! I thought he was here."

"I think I saw him in the gentlemen's reading-room when I came by," said Laura; but he was not there now.

"How vexatious!" cried Gilbert. "Here, Johnny! run up to Mr. Armstrong's room—run all 'round the lot—and find him, and tell him we're all ready—waiting for him!"

Johnny vanished; but presently reported Mr. Armstrong not to be found anywhere.

"He said something about going over to the village," suggested Miss Bond. "Perhaps he's walked on ahead."

"That's it, exactly; we'll overtake him on the way"; and after a good deal of chattering and laughing, and changing of seats, the great coach started off down the sandy road.

Just how it was that they missed the pedestrian, no one could quite explain: unless, perhaps, Philip himself might have done so; certain it was, that an hour afterwards he returned alone, dusty from a long walk. Ellice had been lying down in her room, with ice-water on the aching head; and now, longing for the fresh breeze on the beach, and thinking all the rest had gone off to ride, tied the long braid of her hair in a heavy loop, and throwing a light shawl over her shoulders, came down the stairs just as he crossed the hall. It was too late to go back.

"Is the headache any better?" he asked, coming quickly to her side. "Will you walk on the beach a little while, and see what that may do for it?" She assented, almost in silence, and they passed out together. Mrs. Meredith, at the drawing-room window, raised her eyebrows, and smiled significantly.

Neither spoke as first, at they walked slowly around the curve of gray sand, and out of sight of the house.

"I supposed you had gone to ride with the others," she said at last, making a great effort to break the silence. He was looking straight down at the sand beneath his feet.

"Did you think I would care to go?" he asked, rather abruptly.

She looked at him in some wonder, not thinking for a moment what he meant. He lifted his own eyes then, and bent them full upon her face. She began to read their meaning, and a great rosy blush spread over cheek and neck, at this sudden gleam of revelation. Was it possible? The little speech he had been so carefully preparing fled to the four winds, and left him in the lurch.

"What can I tell you, Ellice? Don't you know it now?—that I love you dearly—wholly—that I have been trying not to be too presumptuous in hoping you might care a little for me, sometime? Won't you, Ellice?"

"I do," she said, very low. She did not dare look up again; it was enough to know that Philip's eyes were on her—she could feel them in every nerve. He stopped short, the dark face glowing now with manly love and hope.

"And you will marry me, Ellice—we will be each other's always? Nothing can part us now."

"Nothing in all the world!" said Ellice, and she laid her hand in his.

She could hardly believe in her own great happiness, as she thought it all over that night, after Cora had kissed and congratulated, and hinted vaguely at previous suspicions. Were these feelings, of which she had been so ashamed, which she had tried so hard to repress, only right, only what he wished—what he said he wished, with those deep, dark eyes telling their story to her own? Ellice was used to being alone in the world; Amos Kent was never anything very substantial in the oak-tree line, and since she had taken care of herself these past four or five years, she had come to look upon it as the natural way of living. Now, all at once, her life had chang-

ed; Philip would be its center, and he and she would plan everything together; all their interests would be in one; she could never be lonely any more—she would always have Philip to go to with every trouble and every joy. It was a dream of paradise too great for her to take in all at once—the seventh heaven of a girl just engaged to the lover who is to her, of all men, the one strong, brave, and every way admirable hero.

Cora came flying in the next morning to tease her a little.

"What makes your eyes shine so, Elly? Are you going to have a fever?"

"I think not," said Ellice, smiling, and throwing open the blinds to the morning sunshine; somehow the bay looked prettier than usual, and the white-capped waves were chasing each other gayly up and down the beach.

"I'm afraid—"

"Cora!" called Mrs. Ballastier from the other room. "I wish you'd come and find my other cuff-stud; it's rolled away on the floor, somewhere." And her daughter obediently disappeared, humming softly: "My true love hath my heart, and I have his."

Neither Philip or Ellice could ever have told afterwards how those last rehearsals went off; perhaps Jack Stuart, with the double anxiety of author and stage-manager, would be better authority on the subject; however, they did go off in some fashion or other, and the night of the entertainment arrived at last. Two great barges from the Beacon Point House, five miles away, brought a goodly addition to the audience in the long drawing-room, and friends came down from the city in embarrassing numbers. Ellice did not appear down-stairs at all after the middle of the afternoon, but locked herself into her room, denying admission even to Cora.

"I don't see what makes her act so queerly," said that young lady, half-inclined to be offended. "What in the world is the matter with her."

"Perhaps she wants to do a little final studying on *Lady Margaret*—put on the last bit of polish, you know," suggested good-natured Molly. "I wouldn't disturb her."

Certainly *Lady Margaret's* counterfeit presentment could not be criticised when the last moment came, and Ellice glided down the winding stair in a long shimmering gown of pale blue, with necklace and bracelets of filigreed and frosted silver. She was looking very handsome to-night; a trifle preoccupied and anxious, perhaps, but that was quite natural: it was over as soon as she was on the stage. Miss Kent acted better to-night than she had ever done at rehearsal; and the indignation and scorn that repulsed poor *Hugh* seemed to have a slightly different rendering from usual—one could see that My Lady had really cared for the young squire in spite of her seeming coldness, and that her own heart was aching, for all the scorn. They called her out before the curtain when the scene was over, and some one gave her a huge bouquet.

"Magnificent!" said Gilbert, standing by one of the wings. "What a voice!"

Bell Stacy stood beside him.

"Yes, indeed," said she, in her very sweetest tones, "her voice is certainly very good. I suppose she has had a great deal of pains taken with it: she is professional, you know."

Miss Bell, be it clearly understood, was not professional. No one could accuse her of being in the remotest manner useful to society, or the world at large.

The curtain rose again. Hugh had gone, and now came revelations, thick and heavy, to weigh down poor *Lady Margaret's* heart, until she left her home to take refuge in the nun's dim cloister. The band of black-robed sisters chanted the low, Latin hymn in their most effective manner; and Ellice, pale and heavy-eyed, all in white, with long hair falling loose below her waist, was just kneeling by the altar stairs, when Hugh, with the usual sublime disregard for probabilities or possibilities that characterizes the hero of the amateur drama, forbade the banns, and claimed her for his own.

"Beautiful!" "Splendid!" "Magnificent!" said everybody, when the curtain fell for the last time, and the enthusiastic applause had

died away. Ellice had slipped up-stairs to change her dress again, and came down, this time in silver gray, with the frosted filigree once more at neck and wrists.

"I have something to show you, Philip," she said, by and by. "Will you come out in the garden, and see it?" The guests from Beacon Point were gone now; it was past midnight, and the drawing-room was all a wilderness of chairs and settees in disordered rows. Laura Vietz was at the piano, and groups were scattered here and there about the hall and the lower rooms, talking over the success of the evening. He assented, in some wonder at the request, and they went out together. The light from the parlor windows streamed out bright and clear through the pale gleam of a moon that had almost set, and showed every angle in the prim box-bordered paths. She walked silently by his side, refusing the offered arm.

"You wanted to show me something," he said, at length, a little puzzled by her manner.

"Yes,' said Ellice slowly, drawing a paper from her pocket. "It is a letter I had today. I thought you ought to see it."

He took the missive in his hand with some curiosity, and began to read where she pointed, and Ellice stood there, half in light and half in shadow, the silvery silk glimmering softly about her tall, slender figure. This is what he read:

". . . . You speak of meeting Philip Armstrong at the beach, and ask me if I know him. Don't have anything to do with that man, Ellice, as you value your happiness. You can depend upon him about as much as on a weather-vane. You will think this is merely gratuitous abuse of one of your friends—I hope he is no more—but I will tell you what I know, and you can judge for yourself. He has always been a professional flirt, trying to interest in himself every girl he meets; and last summer he went down to Mount Desert on a yachting-cruise. You remember Dora Ford? She was boarding just where he landed, and had a few weeks to spare; so what should he do but spend the time in making desperate love to her. Of course she was a silly little goose to believe him; but believe she did, and supposed they were as good as engaged, when all at once he had business elsewhere, and sailed away, leaving her to break her heart, or mend it at her leisure. She took it pretty seriously at first, and felt so badly that the family were worried, and took her off to Europe for a change of scene. Mind, I do not tell you this because I have any personal spite against Philip Armstrong: he has always treated me well enough; but I couldn't help fearing, from the way in which you wrote, that you might get interested in him, yourself (for he *is* a fascinating fellow), and I thought I ought to tell you what I know, so that you might have your eyes open."

Philip's face had changed a good many times while he read this account of his doings: first he looked bewildered, then angry, and finally impatient and disgusted as he gave the letter back.

"That's pretty stuff for her to write to you!"

"Tell me it isn't true, Philip!" said Ellice, half-imploringly. "Tell me it is all a lie: that you never did what she says!"

"Of course it is not true—as she tells it," said Mr. Armstrong, rather stiffly.

"I met Miss Ford at Mount Desert, and we were together a good deal: that is the whole of it." He evidently felt injured that she should have doubted him at all.

"Did not Dora Ford think you cared for her? Didn't she care for you?"

"How can I tell?" he answered, half-angry at the persistent questions. "She may have been so foolish—I can't judge of that. We were thrown together a great deal, and I may have said a little too much, perhaps; but there's nothing very criminal in that, I think. I didn't suppose you would be jealous of me, Ellice!"

"I am not jealous," said Ellice, with a little touch of indignation in her own voice; "I am only grieved and disappointed. I did not think you could do so unkind a thing. I supposed you were above such things—such cruel trifling with a girl's dearest interests: but I see I was wrong!"

This was enough; it was time for a reconciliation after their first quarrel. Being the first, he could afford to make the initial advances, though he was a man.

"I am sorry you take the matter so seriously, Ellice; there was no use in troubling you with such impertinent gossip at all; and I can't see that I am such a villain either; but I know you look at such things from a higher standpoint: I dare say yours is the

right one. Forgive me, dear. You know I had never met you then!"

He drew nearer, and held out his hand; but she clasped her own together, and would not notice it.

"Aren't you going to pardon me at all?" he asked, half-jestingly. "Must I go down on my knees, Lady Margaret?"

"You do not understand," she said, slowly. "If this story is true, it changes everything; it is all over between us."

Philip stared at her in blank astonishment.

"Why, Ellice, it is absurd! Break our engagement because of that piece of meddling gossip? You don't know what you are saying."

"I do," said Ellice, coldly. "If you treated Dora Ford so meanly—so cruelly—what can I think? What can I do? I cannot marry you!"

"Do you want me to go back to Miss Ford?" he asked, in gloomy sarcasm. "Do you fancy she would accept any such romantic reparation at this late day? Besides"—with the old tender tone—"if you think I could ever change toward you, it is not so. I never cared for her at all. I always cared for you—you know it!"

"I thought so," said Ellice, her voice trembling. "Yes, I believed it, and I believed in you; but the man whom I would marry, I must respect; and I cannot respect the one who would do what Helen Fairfax writes about. We must say good by."

"Are you an icicle?" demanded Philip. "Haven't you a particle of womanly forgiveness for what you choose to call a wrong? We cannot part in this way—it must not be so!"

She stood silent and trembling, the hazel eyes wet with tears, and a great drop rolling down the silken bodice. In the lighted parlor Laura Vietz was singing, and the words of the song floated out into the old garden.

> "Love, that hath us in the net,
> Can he pass, and we forget?
> Many suns arise and set,
> Many a chance the years beget:
> Love the gift is love the debt—
> Even so!"

"Ellice!"

But she did not answer; and the singer's voice floated out again.

> "Love is hurt with jar and fret,
> Love is made a vague regret;
> Eyes with idle tears are wet,
> Idle habit links us yet—
> What is love? For we forget—
> Ah, no! no!"

"Ellice!" he said again, and laid his hand upon her arm.

"I can say nothing, Philip. You may call me hard and unforgiving and cold-hearted—say I have no heart at all, if you like; perhaps I haven't: I have something that answers the purpose, for it aches. I would give the world if this were only a dreadful dream; but it isn't—it is all true—you say yourself it is true—and it changes everything. Perhaps you are right, and I am wrong: perhaps I ought to forget it; but I cannot. I could never trust you wholly. I should think what it would have been to me if I had been in Dora's place. You do not know how much that may have been—such things are more to a woman than they are to a man: they are the center of all her life. I cannot argue the question—I love you still too much for that—but we must say good by, and let everything be as if it had not been."

She turned then, and left him, the shining gown gleaming by the blazing parlor windows as she passed. He walked up and down the paths a little, and then followed her into the house. The servants were just beginning to put out the lights in the hall.

They met but once afterward, in many years. It was in a New York art store, when Ellice was on her way home from Cora's wedding, that she saw him standing beside a young girl, before one of the large landscapes. He bent his head in the old, graceful fashion, to catch some remark of his companion, a dashing, black-eyed person, dressed with elaborate reference to the latest fashion-plates, and turning suddenly, each met the other's eyes. A great doubt filled her heart all at once, and for a moment she longed to speak to him; but the moment

passed, they only bowed in silence across the room, and then he watched her as she slowly descended the stairs. The black-eyed girl pouted and shrugged her shoulders.

"How absent-minded you are, Philip!" she said, with a coquettish glance from under the heavy eyebrows. "This is not the picture I meant. Who was the lady you bowed to—the tall one with the light hair, and the long fur cloak?"

"She is from Philadelphia," said Mr. Armstrong, coming to himself with a little start. "I met her at the beach one summer. Ah! yes: here is number fifty-two. That rock-study is really very fine."

Mr. and Mrs. Stuart settled down to pass the honeymoon in a modest home by themselves. They sat together one evening by the open fire, Jack in a huge arm-chair, and Cora on an ottoman by his side, both hands in one of his own, while the fire-light flickered and danced over dusky wall and ceiling, and lighted the room with a fitful, rosy glow. They had been talking of the long train of callers, and something suggested Mr. Armstrong.

Jack's face grew rather grave.

"Yes, I saw him a while ago. The fact is, I'm afraid that affair last summer didn't do Phil any good. I believe he really was thoroughly in love that time; and when it all came to nothing, it was a genuine blow. I think Ellice needn't have been quite so hard on him."

"Elly is different from most girls," said Cora; "she is so critical of the people she cares for, and her ideals are so high in the first place, though she never requires more than she is ready to give herself. She will never marry until she finds a man who is perfection."

"I'm afraid she won't find him very soon," said Jack, musingly. "I shan't look for the wedding-cards this year."

Cora laid her cheek softly on his strong right hand.

"No, I'm afraid not," she said. "I know of one, but Elly cannot have him—he is mine."

Jack's response was not made in words, but it answered just as well.

MABEL S. EMERY.

[THE END.]

FLOWER AND HEART.

I love thee, little blossom, for thy hue,
Smiling above the dull gray earth and stone;
Knowing, the while, no merit of thy own
It is that thou shouldst lift thy cup of blue,
So fair and stainless to my loving view.
Blue as the sky, yet not by thy decree;
Fair-hued, because thou canst not help but be;
God gave thee life, God gave thee beauty too.
O dainty little floweret that I praise,
Sometimes there blooms a beautiful true heart,
A lovely blossom on life's dusty ways.
Pure, beautiful, and good, but not from art;
Loved all the more, like thee, O blossom blue,
Because it cannot but be good and true.

S. E. ANDERSON.

THROUGH THE SPREEWALD.

Along the river Spree, from the neighborhood of Bantzen in Saxony, toward its source, almost to Lübbenan in Prussia, live the Wends. The tract they occupy is forty or forty-five miles long from north to south, and its width varies from four or five to more than twenty miles. With the exception of an insignificant portion of this territory in the extreme south, the land is all flat, and no small part of it is either marsh land or land redeemed from the water. Of the inhabitants, about one hundred and twenty-five thousand speak Wendish as their proper tongue; and of these, about fifty thousand live in Saxony, the remainder in Prussia. Each year their number dwindles, and the territory of their language grows smaller; and it requires no prophetic power to predict their speedy absorption in the German population, and the relegation of Wendish to those elysian fields where Greek and Latin reign as king and queen among departed languages.

The Wends are Slavonian. In point of speech, they are most closely allied to the Poles and the Czechs, as their geographical position would suggest. The dialect of the upper Lansitz—the southern and most populous part, situated in Saxony and the Prussian province of Silesia—has a greater affinity with the Czechish; and that of the lower Lansitz, in the Prussian province of Brandenburg, with the Polish. Bantzen is the center of the former; Cottlins, of the latter. On the borders of the upper and lower Lansitz, there exists a border dialect. These are the principal speech divisions among the Wends; and the dialects of the upper and lower Lansitz differ so much that peasants from those districts are mutually almost unintelligible. But in addition to this, almost every village has its own dialect, to which it adheres with the provincial pride that is so strong an element in the preservation of all local peculiarities; and a few words suffice to reveal to a Wend the village from which his interlocutor hails.

To make confusion worse confounded, there are in use at least four wholly irreconcilable systems of writing the language. In the upper Lansitz, the hymn-books used among the Protestants are printed in two ways: according to the old and unscientific method, in which the orthography is German; and according to the new and scientific method, in which the orthography is Czechish. The Romanists of the upper Lansitz have their own especial system of writing and spelling, and still a fourth method prevails in the lower Lansitz. To only one peculiarity of the language will I call attention; and that is, the prefixing of *h* to words properly beginning with a vowel. When he has become Germanized, the Wend still persists in applying the *h;* he speaks of "Hadam" as the progenitor of the human race, and closes his prayers with a devout "Hamen." But, like the English cockney, the Germanized Wend also omits the *h* where it properly belongs. This double peculiarity even persists in regions where for generations nothing but German has been spoken.

The name Wend, or Wind, was originally applied by the Germans to all Slaves; later, it became confined to the people whom I am describing, and to the Slavonians of the Austrian, Stiermark, and neighboring provinces. Tacitus describes, in his "Germania," the Venedi, whom, with considerable doubt, he classes among the Germans. It was the name of this Slavonic tribe—for Slavonic it undoubtedly was—that the Germans adopted as the name of the whole race. In the chronicles and documents of the Dark Ages, the name is written Wenedi or Winidi, and applied to all Slavic peoples.

It is certain, that in the time of Tacitus the Slaves had already pushed their way pretty

well toward the west, but it is impossible to determine from the "Germania" just what the boundaries between Teutons and Slaves were. In the time of Charlemagne, we find a number of Slavic tribes, loosely connected with one another, in possession of the land between the Baltic Sea and the mountains of Bohemia, bounded on the east by the Oder, on the west stretching somewhat beyond the Saale and the Elbe. In the Danish peninsula, they occupied only the south-east corner, their coast line extending as far north as Kiel. These Polabians, or Elbe Slaves, with the addition of some Slaves who afterwards migrated northwards from Hungary and Servia, were the ancestors of the Wends in the upper and lower Lansitz.

After conquering the Saxons, Charlemagne attempted to subdue and Christianize the Wends. He made them tributary, and forced baptism upon a part of the people; but his conquest was by no means complete. After his death, the Wends threw off the yoke, and from that time on, for several centuries, there was constant warfare between Germans and Wends. On the part of the latter, the conflict was wholly defensive, and they were of necessity the losing party; for, though brave and stubborn, they were uncivilized and disunited.

The chief seat of their religion was the island of Rügen. The island of Femern was the most noted abode of those robber chieftains who imitated faintly the vikings of the north. On the island of Wollin, at the mouth of the Oder, lay almost their only city; and the tribe which inhabited that island acquired considerable wealth by commerce. The Wends in general—and they have not changed to this day—lived in solitary huts, or very small scattered villages, and gained their living by tilling the land and by fishing. (It is the only Slavonic people among which the Jews have played no part.) Though peaceful, they are brave, stubborn, and enduring. Stories are still told among them of how their fathers lay hid whole days, motionless in the water, provided with a reed to breathe through, waiting until the time should come to fall upon their enemy unawares.

Christianity represented to them conquest and ruin; and they fought for their heathen gods and for their land, together. The Germans sometimes exterminated or drove out the conquered Wends; and in some places, most notably in parts of Saxony, they brought in Flemings and Walloons, industrious artisans, in their stead; but more often the Wends remained as tillers of the soil, gradually becoming Germanized, and contributing much toward building the North German type.

Albert the Bear, the rival of Henry the Lion of Saxony, in the second half of the twelfth century, figures as the subjugator of the Wends. At the same time, the Danes pressed upon them from the north; and the capture of Arkona on the island of Rügen, and the destruction of the heathen sanctuary of Swantewit by the Danes in 1168, may be said to have completed their subjugation: the Germans found no further obstacles in their way. Before that time, they had already made considerable progress, both in conquest and conversion. To Benno, bishop of Meissen at the end of the eleventh and beginning of the twelfth century, is ascribed the conversion of the Wends, and he was canonized for that service in 1523. But before 1168, neither conversion or conquest were secure, and the Wends rose at every opportunity, and murdered or drove out Germans and Christians.

The conquered Wends occupied no favorable position. In not a few places the use of the Wendish language was punishable by death—as in Leipzig, according to a law passed in 1327—and everywhere the "Wendish hounds" were excluded from guilds, and all occupations closed to them, except agriculture or menial labor. There were, of course, a few exceptions; but, as a rule, the man whose baptisimal certificate showed descent from Wendish ancestors found few places open to him. Citizenship was also denied them, and in many places mixed marriages were either forbidden, or the children of such marriages refused civil rights. By the end of the seventeenth century, most of these restrictions had been removed, but

here and there they lingered on into the eighteenth century. One by one the Wendish islands vanished in the German sea; and by the middle of the eighteenth century, Wendish was spoken only in Lansitz.

The causes which have so long prevented the absorption of the Wends of the Lansitz are threefold: geographical, political, and religious. In the lower Lansitz, the impenetrable forests and morasses preserved their inhabitants from German encroachment. The upper Lansitz came at an early period into the possession of the Bohemian crown; and after the dissolution of its connection with the Czechs, it still continued to enjoy many of the advantages which that Slavonic connection had given it. The Wends of the Lansitz also early embraced Christianity —it seems probable that many of them were converted by Bohemian missionaries, two centuries before Bishop Benno's time—and this was further efficacious in the preservation of their nationality.

The religion of the Wends has played an important part in the history of their language, and still does so. The Reformation seems to have been first preached in their tongue, in 1520, by Paul Bosak—i. e., barefoot—a barefoot Franciscan in Postwitz, a small village close to the Bohemian frontier. The villagers of Postwitz relate the following story: The priest in Kunewalde, across the mountains from Postwitz, showed great zeal in opposing the new teachings. At length, he determined to kill the heretical Franciscan. So one Sunday morning, attended by a band of armed men, he set out to cross the mountains, in order to slay Bosak in his pulpit. But as he was crossing a narrow bridge, his horse took fright; he was thrown over the bridge, and the fall broke his neck. This was a judgment from God, and thereafter the new teachings spread rapidly. Whether the priest broke his neck or not, by far the greater part of the Wends became Protestants. The common names in the upper Lansitz for Romanists and Protestants—*podjan* and *podwobiski*, under one (kind), and under two—were drawn from the controversy as to whether the eucharist was to be administered in two kinds or one.

Owing largely to the intense respect paid among the Wends to religion and religious teachers, it has now come to pass, that, where religious services are held only in German, Wendish vanishes completely; but where the pastor is a Wend, he serves as a point of crystallization for all the Wendish elements. At the time of the Reformation, it was impossible to procure enough preachers who could preach in the Wendish language. The preachers were accompanied by interpreters, and what they said in German, the interpreters repeated in Wendish. Both Protestants and Romanists felt the necessity of sending to the Wends men who were capable of speaking their language, inasmuch as at the time of the Reformation German was not understood in the Lansitz. On the other hand, there were almost no educated Wends: Wendish was an unwritten language. The earliest writing in the Wendish tongue is the epistle of St. James, translated in 1548. (It is in a dialect having great affinity with the border dialect now spoken between the upper and lower Lansitz.) The whole Bible was not translated before the year 1728. Luther's catechism, a hymn-book, and some religious writings had been translated by the end of the seventeenth century. The first Wendish school-book—an a-b-c book—seems to have made its appearance in 1670. Outside of songs and folklore, almost the whole literature consists of translations. A complete Wendish library would contain, perhaps, three hundred books, and of these a fair proportion would be translations of religious writings. There are, furthermore, six newspapers which appear at various intervals of time; two of these, again, are religious.

It was not until the beginning of the last century that anything was done by either Romanists or Protestants for Wendish education among the theological students; and then the former in Prague, the latter in Leipzig, took measures which enable the students to practice preaching and teaching in the Wendish tongue. And so from Prague, the intellectual center of Panslavism, the

eight or ten thousand Wendish Romanists in Saxony imbibe religion and Panslavism combined; and so it was that in 1870 their sympathies were wholly with the French. Religious instruction in the common schools is given at the present time in Wendish; other instruction in German, with this exception, that, as the children are in general unable to speak German when they first begin to attend school, they must be instructed in Wendish until they have acquired German. Where the pastor is able to speak Wendish, he holds service in both languages. The pastor is usually the son of peasants; but in a population consisting wholly of peasants, he is the only gentleman in the village, and consequently much looked up to. When it is impossible for any length of time to procure a Wendish-speaking pastor, the language speedily dies out. For example: In 1868, the pastor at Lübbenan died, and was replaced by a German. The two little fishing villages of Leipe and Lehde, which belong to the parish of Lübbenan, were at that time called Wendish; twelve years later, in 1880, Wendish is practically a dead language in both these villages. The Wends, with the exception of the young children and a few old people, are bi-lingual, speaking by nature and preference Wendish.

In comparing the Wendish speech boundaries at the present time with the speech boundaries of a century, or two or three centuries, since, it will be found that in Saxony the Wends have pretty well held their own, while in Prussia the shrinkage of boundaries has been enormous. This is possibly, in some measure, due to the proximity of the Saxon Wends to Bohemia, and their consequent accessibility to Czechic influence; but is mostly attributable to the strict Germanizing policy pursued by Prussia, and especially to her rigid military system, as opposed to the greater freedom formerly enjoyed in Saxony. The young men who have served their time in the army return home thoroughly Germanized, and rather loth to be looked upon as Wends. They naturally exert a great influence over the young women; so that however Wendish a given locality may claim to be, there will always be a German element to be found as the result of military service. The effect of this military service is well illustrated by a little story from Saxony, of a Wend who served in the Guards in Dresden. On his return to his native village, he was quite German, and would not condescend to speak Wendish. His old mother, who could speak German very little, was greatly distressed thereat, for his German pretensions precluded any rational intercourse between her and her son. In true Wendish fashion, she went in her distress to the pastor, and he advised her to teach her son Wendish again, by means of his stomach. The next day, at meal time, there was no dinner ready, and the old mother was still busily engaged in washing clothes. The son asked vainly in German when dinner would be ready; he could get no answer and no dinner until he spoke Wendish. And so by a shrewd alliance with his stomach, the mother taught her son once more his mother tongue.

The Wends are a sturdy, strong people, simple and honest as a people can be, but slow and stupid. Like the Slaves in general, they are blue-eyed, fair-haired, with dark or muddy complexions. The women are rather short, thick-set, with powerful arms and enormous legs. Agriculture and fishing are the pursuits for which this people seem best adapted; and vegetables and fish, as well as butter, cheese, and eggs from Spreewald, are well known in Berlin. The women are in excellent repute as nurses, both wet and dry. The quaint costume of the Spreewald—the short full skirts falling a little below the knee, the bare arms, the curious head-dress, carefully concealing the hair from sight, and adding seriousness to the earnest, hardy, reliable looking faces beneath—are a familiar sight in Berlin. There half the children of the better classes seem to be intrusted to nurses so clad. But those who are acquainted with the "French" nurses of New York will hardly need to be informed that this vast horde of nurses are not all genuine Wends from the Spreewald. Large as Spreewald families actually are, that is not possible.

The Spreewald is the most interesting part of the Lansitz. It lies in the extreme northern part of the Wendish territory, and is itself divided into two parts, the upper and lower Spreewald. The former is about sixteen miles in length, by five in breath; the latter about ten by three. The costumes which we had seen in Berlin, and the reports that we had heard of the strange character of the country, and the old-fashioned simplicity of the people, persuaded us to visit the Spreewald. The guide-books said that Whitsuntide is, of all the year, the best time to make such a visit; and we can testify that in this respect the guide-books have spoken conscientiously and truthfully.

After a ride of something more than two hours, in a train crowded with third and fourth class Berliners off for the holidays, our party of eight Americans was landed about three o'clock in the afternoon of the day before Whitsunday in Lübbenan. Guides were readily found, and by the time we had dined at the "Brown Stag," the boats were in waiting at the mill-dam. In older times, the boats were hollowed tree-trunks, but the boats of nowadays are not so primitive. They are long, and rather narrow, flat-bottomed, double-ended, and blunt. They are propelled by means of a long paddle, furnished with two short thick iron prongs at the extremity of the small blade. One pushes with these prongs against the bottom of the river, or the banks, and steers with the paddle blade, as in a canoe. We had two boats, and in each boat two settees, intended for two persons each.

In this flat land, the Spree has lost itself in endless branches; and to the confusing maze of natural streams the industrious peasants have added an intricate network of smaller canals, large enough for one boat, or for one boat to pass another. These are their roads from hamlet to hamlet, their paths from house to field. By water, the babe is carried to its christening; in boats, the children pole themselves to school; through the canals, the gayly clad bride is borne to her husband's home; and the river is the highway for the ghostly procession of white-clothed wailing mourners.

We had soon left the town behind us, and were moving through the spring-decked fields. Once it was an impenetrable forest; now the forest has been mostly cleared away, and in the greater part of the district you find only a row of alders on either side of the stream. We were in the Spree itself, moving up towards Burg against the current. An endless number of tiny canals led into the fields on either side. Every few minutes we met boats traveling towards Lübbenan. Often they were propelled by women. The men were uninteresting, clad like common German peasants; but the quaintly dressed women were in keeping with the strange, monotonous landscape, that might have stepped out of some old Dutch painter's canvas. Every one saluted us, and gazed at us curiously, and neither salute nor stare were wanting on our part.

Lehde was the first village that we came to. The houses are log huts, sometimes plastered over, more often not, with roofs of thatch, or, rarely, tiles. No inducement seems enough to persuade a Wend to build of brick or stone; and even where wood is rare and costly, the Wendish peasant clings with tenacious affection to his log hut. Before each house was a small plot of ground, containing generally a few flowers. Whatever fences were necessary, as defenses against geese, ducks, and chickens, were built of wattled twigs. Each house had its canal, into which several boats were drawn, and in the water before each house was a fish-box. One proud aristocrat was the owner of a deer, which he kept in a small inclosure.

But we had no time to linger, and had soon slipped from the dense shadow of the trees in Lehde into the sunlight of the meadows. Whenever we passed a house, at least one dog was sure to run out to bark at the boats: from that same strong sense of duty which leads country dogs bred under other skies to bark at passing wagons, and then wag their satisfied tails before retiring to another nap. These Spreewald dogs show a

surprising dexterity in avoiding water splashed out at them—a dexterity that argues constant practice. A few peasants were at work in the fields, indifferently men and women. We learned that they received twenty-five cents, and something to eat, in payment for a day's work. Our guides were richly paid at a dollar a day each.

Leipe was the next village. It is the chief seat of the garden stuff and fish, in which the Spreewald excels. Would that we had taken wise counsel, and passed the night at Mother Rogatz's inn! But we had set our minds on reaching Burg, and would not be advised. When the river had grown narrower, or we had passed from the main stream into canals, we came to a few of the odd-looking bridges that offer a seldom passage from bank to bank. The land was so low, that both haycocks and houses were raised above the level, to avoid the winter floods that turn the Spreewald into one vast lake. In summer, boats—in winter, skates and sledges—are the common means of transit. And yet the people thrive: there is no malaria, no miasma, no chills and fever, and few mosquitoes, as mosquitoes go. Every little while we passed a log hut. It is noticeable that the Wendish peasants live apart in the middle of their land, while the German peasants live together in hamlets and villages, at a distance comparatively from their work.

Burg is the capital of the Spreewald, and the traditional abode of legendary Wendish royalty. The population might be readily packed into one street in Berlin; but owing to the Wendish love of isolated dwellings, the space covered by Burg is actually as large as that covered by Berlin. Our inn was beautifully situated, as we learned the following morning. After some reasoning, the ladies were provided with a room; and the gentlemen placed in beds, or on the floor in a large room already occupied by four Germans. It is strange that, much as the Germans visit the fresh air, they will never allow the fresh air to visit them. They will sit in the garden of a restaurant when an American would shiver at the thought, but they will on no account permit a window of that restaurant to be opened, stifling though the air may be. But as the sonorous noses of the other inmates attested the soundness of their slumbers, we ventured to take precautionary measures against suffocation before crawling under our respective feather beds. Fleas are the bane of all things German, and of many things besides. Fleas do not sleep at night, and neither did their victims. The ceremonious impoliteness of our German room-mates on the following morning was overwhelming. They arose at about the same hour at which a country barnyard is wont to show such aggravating signs of life, whispering across the room—and that makes more noise than shouting—dropped their boots and tumbled over the chairs. But that was not all. A German could never think of leaving a room without saying adieu to its inmates. These men had already done foul injury to our peaceful slumbers, but they added unbearable insult when they ceremoniously bade us good morning. For a moment they were in great danger.

It was interesting to see the Wends on their way to church. Among them, man, woman, and child, in rain and sunshine, from near or from far, all always go to church. It was what they call the "first holiday," and on first holidays the women go to church dressed in black, and in general the old people go. All carried hymn-books in their hands; and the women, also, bundles containing their shoes and stockings. It is rather a novel sight to see a row of women standing by the church door devoutly drawing on their stockings and shoes before entering the sacred precincts, or frugally drawing them off again before starting for home. A little gossip after church—for they are fond of gossip—and then home with an earnest haste that is curious to see.

The cows in the Spreewald spend their time altogether in the house. I say house advisedly, because the part of the common building in which the cows and pigs live is, at least many times, as much the house as the one room—rarely two—where the family live, on the other side of the passage-way.

But though these cows do not have any exercise, they do their duty well, and by dinner time on Sunday we had reached the conclusion that the abundant milk and eggs were the only things that could not be spoiled in the cooking. But if our dinner was bad, we had, after all, expected nothing better; and the delightful boat-trip later, through field and forest, was some compensation for it. In that beautiful spring sunshine, lazily reclining on the straw in the bottom of the boat, comfortably pillowed against the overturned settee, with a charming comrade, serenity within and beauty without—what more can man ask for? The fields were covered with flowers, the leaves had not yet changed the delicate green of their springtime youth for the soberer tints of summer maturity. Before each house sat the family, in holiday garments of bright colors. Small boys and little maids, in hopes of recompensing pennies, cast flowers upon us, till we were weary of their number, and sated with their smell. The guides, too, had tales to tell of this or that. We floated from the fields, with their thin rows of trees, into a beautiful forest. We passed the "Oak," and heard that three kings had met beneath it; but who they were no one seemed to know. We heard an incredible tale of a former owner of the forest: that he was gambling with the present emperor, then Prince of Prussia, and lost all he had. Then the prince offered him all back again, if he could ride in six hours to his land; and the count did it, and scarcely had he passed his boundaries, when the wearied beast fell dead beneath him. And the guides sang songs, to which the forest played accompaniments. Then one of them recited for us: first a love poem, full of brave deeds; then a tedious poem, called "Despondency." The latter sounded like the Book of Job, with the last part left out, and is, I fear, a good example of a discontenting literature which finds among the lower classes everywhere too ready favor. It was night when we returned to find better provision for our comfort than on the previous night, albeit a "Turn-verein" from Berlin was slightly restless.

On the second holiday, the women all wear bright colors into church, and in general the young people are the church-goers. In Burg, there is enough dry ground to walk on, and it was a fascinating sight—the gay-colored, quaint attires moving through the sunny fields, while the somber woods formed a dark background to relieve the eye.

As we were at dinner, "Cantor Post" visited us. He is musician, school-teacher, and general factotum—an old man who has held this various position for many years, and his father held it many years before him. For about a century, father and son have held this place. It is pleasing to see the kindly reverence with which the simple people treat the old man. He feels it his duty and his privilege to call on all Americans; and he shows you with great pride the March number of "Harper's Monthly" for 1877, in which his picture appeared. This patent of nobility he carries in his breast pocket. He explained the sour looks the men had cast upon us on the way from church as due to the supposition that we were Berliners, and Berliners have no enviable reputation in the Spreewald. Had they only known we were Americans, we should have been overwhelmed with courtesy. All want to go to America. He was going, if he could get some money from the lottery. The waiting-maid at once spoke up to say that she, too, was going, if she were lucky in the lottery. Our guides were going if they could—indeed, I met no one who was not going, if possible. But this is not peculiar to the Spreewald; German peasants also find the burden of a military government, with its privileged aristocracy of officers, unendurable, and look on America as the promised land, if they can only earn enough money, or win enough in a lottery, to enable them to reach it.

Then down the stream to Leipe, to attend a Wendish dance, and regale our starving stomachs with the delights of Frau Rogatz's good cookery. On our way to the village "Tanzboden," which was in the other inn, we paid a visit to a peasant's house. Over the door was a German verse, asking God's blessing on the inmates; and beneath that

was inscribed, also in German, the following: "When by God's help and the builder, M. Küba of Burg, I had built this house on the 8th of June, 1788, and by God's will and permission it had burnt down on the 24th of June, 1791, I rebuilt it again by God's help on the 28th of August, 1792, by the very same builder, M. Küba of Burg." There was also a back door to the house, and over this another religious verse. The old couple that lived there received us in the most friendly manner, and showed us all they had. It was a simple peasant's hut, consisting of one room. All was very clean, but there was nothing peculiarly Wendish about it. In a regular Wendish hut, the door opens into a passage-way: on one side of this, live the animals; on the other, the people. The small loft is used for hay, and is reached by a ladder from the passage-way.

Leipe is Germanized; and so we found at the dance, that, beyond the costumes of the women, and a very little bagpipe music, there was nothing to distinguish it from an ordinary German peasant dance. The girls looked very fresh, pretty, and tempting; but the men were not so pleasing: they took off their coats, smoked while they danced, and drank schnapps between the dances. The amount of spirits drunk among the poorer classes in Germany is considerable; among the Wends drunkenness is the prevailing vice, and the men celebrate market and feast days by intoxication. We learned afterwards that the second holiday at Whitsuntide is the only day in the year on which married women may dance. It was a pretty sight after the dance to see the Wendish maidens independently paddling themselves home through the moonlit canals.

The next day found the ladies of our party arrayed in Wendish finery. It is very becoming, and I advise some of my young lady readers to play Wendish peasant girls at the next fancy party they attend. The dresses, though short, by beginning high up on the person, manage to contain about as much material as a fashionable ball dress. A more lucid description than this my masculine stupidity is incapable of furnishing.

It was with regret we tore ourselves away from the nightingales, from the cuckoos that sounded just like real clocks, from the stirred eggs that we had come to look upon as the staff of life, and from the numerous quaint fascinations of the Spreewald. But Boreas was inexorable. We passed once more through Lehde, and after supper, and an unannounced theatrical performance in the Lübbenan theater by some members of our troupe, we took the train to Berlin, there to separate, as the pleasantest of parties must.

J. P. Peters.

A BOTANICAL WEDDING-TRIP.

Looking northward from the old adobe city of Tucson, the Santa Catalina Mountains, about fifteen miles distant, appear to be a very distinct and isolated range of nearly bald peaks, with a green patch of forest on their tops; the whole rising majestically out of that great sandy, torrid, wind-swept desert that stretches for more than a thousand miles from the south end of the Sierra Nevada, to the southern portion of the Rocky Mountains.

It is evident to the ordinary observer that this desert was lately the floor of a vast inland sea. The sand and gravel bed is slightly undulated, and seems to be overlaid on all the plain, covering, perhaps, long ranges of mountains, leaving only the sharp peaks, here and there, rearing their metal-lined spires to the skies. So constant is this isolation of peaks, that, with few exceptions, the many mountain clusters of Arizona can be skirted by a horseman in a short time: most of them in a single day. But the Santa Catalina is a marked exception. It must be the

unsubmerged remnant of a long, wide, and lofty range in primeval times; for there yet remains, above the bed of this ancient sea, a range of mountains about seventy miles long, by an average breadth of twenty miles, and a hight of a little over ten thousand feet.

As remarked, looking northward from the streets of Tucson, or from the trains that pass parallel with the range for fifty miles, the Santa Catalina looks a gently rounded, smooth, innocent sugar-loaf, with a crown of green trees, pleasantly contrasted with the barren reddish sand desert that glares in the quivering heat between the mountain and the observer. A good field-glass, however, resolves the beautiful object into two lofty ranges of worn and splintered mountains, inclosing a large forest between them.

When we comprehended that a high valley was upheld there, fenced off by bristling peaks from the intrusive and scorching winds of the desert; when we were assured by the strong and determined botanist, Mr. Pringle, that he had just been baffled, after a long struggle, in the effort to penetrate to this valley; when General Carr told us that, to his certain knowledge—and he is an old settler, the founder of Fort Lowell—no white man had ever succeeded in passing over the southern rim of this secluded *terra incognita*, and that but recently it was one of the strongholds of the savage Apache nation;—when we learned all this, the information but intensified the resolution formed on a preliminary excursion the season before, that, inasmuch as this isolated region, of all others in the territory, must abound in rare and distinct forms of plants, and that, happily, it was as yet totally unexplored, we would make a determined effort to surmount all obstacles, and reach this hidden heart of Santa Catalina.

Arriving at Tucson early in March, we at once set about preparations for botanizing plain and mountain in the most effectual manner. By "we," in the foregoing sentences, I mean my wife and myself. We had been married on the Thanksgiving before, and this was our wedding-tour. My wife, being as enthusiastic and as devoted to botany as I, was the first to propose that, instead of the usual stupid and expensive visit to a watering-place, idling our time in useless saunterings, and listening to silly gossip, we should wait a few weeks, devoting the time to study; then, at the right time, make a grand botanical raid into Arizona, and try to touch the heart of Santa Catalina.

She was provided with a short suit of strong material, the best of firm calfskin shoes, nailed along the soles and heels with gimp-tacks, and reinforced by substantial leather leggings that promised defiance to cacti and serpents. A broad-brimmed hat with a buckskin mask, and heavy gloves, a botanical portfolio, and a long staff, completed her outfit. Mine was a suit of canvas, with the usual equipments of a botanist.

Only one night was spent in Tucson, purchasing and packing provisions for an absence of about a fortnight.

Hiring a conveyance next morning, we proceeded to the edge of the foothills of Santa Catalina, about six miles, where stood a stick-and-mud cabin, deserted a short time before by a Mexican who had been detected stealing horses. The cabin was a simple affair. Nine crooked posts of mesquite upheld the roof, formed of giant cactus ribs, overlaid with weeds, and coated with mud, raised highest in the center to shed rain. A mud chimney formed a part of one corner. The sides were composed of the thorny poles of the candle-wood thrust into the ground, and plastered outside with mud. So tenacious of life is this candle-wood (*Fouqueira splendens*), that the gardens and yards of Tucson are fenced with it, growing like a hedge, and several of the poles of our cabin exhibited little tufts of green leaves among the thorny ribs. A small hole on the east side, stopped at night by a wad of paper, served for a window; and a swinging affair, made of pieces from a dry-goods box, cross-barred with barrel-staves, we called the door. A cracker-box was at once suspended from the ceiling by a wire, to serve for cupboard and food depository; for, by the many holes along both inside and outside of the walls,

it was evident that the premises were not totally deserted. A round ash pole divided off a portion of the floor for a deposit of weeds and "grama," upon which our blankets were spread, and the bed was ready.

The worst feature of our housekeeping at this place was the great distance to water, nearly three-fourths of a mile. You need so much water to cook with, and to cool your faces in that terrible heat, and you crave so much to quench thirst, drinking it by the pint, that regular trips had to be made over the hot sands, which were only to be crossed after nightfall; and a tiresome task it was to pack ourselves with oil-cans of water, and wade through the sand and weeds, when one needed the rest from the day's hard work botanizing.

From this cabin we sallied out every day at sunrise, to be gone all day, scouring the foothills for plants. These hills skirt the mountains proper with a border of about six miles; then commences the steep uprise of the mountains, and very forbidding they looked at close range. It took a week to explore the approaches, and to find supposed vulnerable places where the crest could be surmounted. Every way deep, inacessible ravines, with polished sides, were seen separating projecting ridges barred at intervals from bottom to top with vertical, sometimes beetling, walls; the red fiery earth glaring between, sparsely clothed with cacti and Spanish bayonet, under which crouched starved grasses, and silver-coated or hairy ferns.

During one of our last approaches to the base of the range by way of the rocky floor of a dry creek-bed, we fortunately discovered a cave in the side of a ravine, at a point where a curve brought the south side of the ravine squarely facing the grand uprise of the mountains. It was the merest horizontal crack in the vertical wall, approached by a perilous climb up a zigzag stairway of rocks; then a swing around huge bowlders breast-high, holding on by the fingers; lastly, a narrow passage through angular rocks to the mouth of the cave. The interior of the cave resembled a half-opened clam shell. We could only sit upright in one limited place. It had been inhabited, for in the dust floor were bits of pottery. I crawled in first, carrying a torch to drive out the bats and moths that thronged the ceiling. Piles of rubbish, cactus burs, etc., along one side, betrayed the presence of wood-rats. But we found no crumpled snake skins in the skirting crevices, so justly concluded that this cave was not, like many other rock clefts we had noticed, a den of serpents.

Into this small cave my brave little wife crept, and gleefully commenced to put her house in order. Wooden pins were driven into cracks, and cords stretched therefrom, copper wires attached, and soon our rations for the expected week's stay were suspended, safe from rats, mice, or lizards, in little bags and tin cans. With the expenditure of an hour's time, and the incurrence of much torture, an armful of dried and brittle "grama," or grass, was fished out from under cactus and mesquite bushes, and spread over the rough rock floor on one side, for a bed. But for the neighborhood of a spring, which had been discovered two days before, even this cave dwelling would have been uninhabitable. This was about an eighth of a mile away, over a high rocky ridge, then along a lovely plateau, planted with the majestic giant cactus, and decked with the loveliest stands of candle-wood, then down a deep ravine to where a large bright green hackberry-tree betrayed the presence of water. Its roots were firmly clasped about some fractured rocks, from which issued a little pure sweet water, seeping slowly, about a quart in five minutes, into a crack one inch wide by six long and four deep. Fortunately, we had a rubber drinking-cup, and this could be flattened and insinuated into the crack to reach the precious fluid.

It was a day's work to reach this cave, from the cabin six miles away, and to make ourselves passably comfortable for the first night.

A line of fire was built along the outer edge of the cave, to deter reptiles that might be disposed to visit us, as did the Gila Monster (now on exhibition in Oakland), which came to our stick-and-mud cabin one evening; and we lay down, protected by only

one blanket, but tired enough, and triumphant enough, for sound sleep.

But the experiment was a failure. The night was too cold, and the clothing too scant; besides, our appetites were so ravenous that half our week's provisions was consumed the first day. There was no help for it. We must return to the cabin next day for supplies. We must be hearty, strong, well-fed, and courageous before trying the ascent towards the gap in the splintered peaks to which we hourly turned our eyes during daylight, impatient at the long delays. What terrible trips those were to and from the cave and the cabin! The way was along a sandy creek-wash, with patches of bowlders and occasional steep ascents, the whole way beset with cacti of varied degrees of formidable armature, from the innocent pincushion cactus, that only catches to your feet and clothing with its fishhook spines while the other straight spines tickle you, to the horrid, wide-branching tree-cactus, with its long, glistening, barbed spines, that completely clothe limbs and buds, the latter being shed off so frequently, and in such abundance, that they form high mounds under the trees, and often are scattered about for many rods. Any of these spines are strong enough to pierce through a cowhide boot-leg; and when it reaches the flesh, you are gone. The retrorse barbs cause it to continue entering, the more you struggle. The best thing to do, is to break off at once what you can, and let the rest fester and come away with the pus.

Almost as cruel are the bushes of an accacia, appropriately called "cat's-claws," that crowd into the trail, and reach their slender limbs across the way, armed every half-inch with pairs of strong, recurved thorns, that tap your veins unawares, and cause you to add drops of blood to the perspiration that drips almost constantly from your person.

It was on the up trip the second day that the accumulated hardships came near breaking us down. It was in vain I had tried to get some assistance. I knew that our only neighbor, miles away, had neither horse, mule, nor "burro." There was nothing for it but to pack ourselves like burros, and struggle alone with our scheme. We were utterly self-exiled, and beyond all knowledge of men. Early in the morning, we had arranged our blankets, food, flower-presses, bales of paper, etc., into as compact bundles as possible; adjusted them to our shoulders by straps and cords, winding towels for pads around the parts that pressed upon our collar-bones; each with a staff in one hand, my wife with a coffee-pot of broma, with crackers crumbed in to prevent slopping over, held out in her free hand; a botanical pick in mine, with which to clear the way at times;—and so we started.

We were conscious from the first that we were too heavily burdened, but not a pound could be left; and we stopped often to rest, when a jutting stone or steep bank afforded a site upon which to lean our packs that could not be easily removed. But when the sun rose higher and beat down hotter, when the perspiration became continuous, when the ravine grew steeper, and the bushes and cacti thicker, when the long hours seemed to bring us no nearer to the grim old mountain, when the galled shoulders grew keenly painful, and blistered feet became unenduring, then, at about three P. M., it seemed that we could neither reach the cave that night nor return to the cabin.

It was after nightfall when we reached the cañon up which we knew was the cave. Here we left the greater part of our loads, enabling us to stagger on more easily. In silence, except when wounded afresh, we clambered up the steep, menaced at every step by the multiplied cacti, yucca, mescal, and thorny shrubs; creeping at last into the narrow passage, a lighted match revealed the black mouth of the cave, and Amabilis, falling on her face in the grass of the bed, exclaimed, "Thank heaven, we're saved!"

But our troubles were not done yet. The luggage from the mouth of the ravine was to be brought up, and water from the distant spring in the opposite direction. Supper had yet to be prepared and eaten. The bundles were yet to be untied and disposed into bedding. Surely, the reader can take in the situation, and imagine the time of night and our condition when we could light our protecting circle of

fire, and lie down to sleep, if possible, when so utterly tired out, and suffering excruciating pain from thorn scratches and bayonet thrusts, and with imbedded cactus spines throbbing and burning like hot needles.

How warm and dazzling was the morning light! How fragrant the odor of flowers! How brilliant the plateau of candle-wood beyond the ravine! How stately the giant cacti, standing like sentinels on the bluff, and how precipitous and forbidding the old mountain rose behind all!

Though refreshed by our comfortable bed, and actually strengthened by the severe toil of the previous day, we were yet too sore for extended explorations in the morning. So we sat on the stone porch of our cave, dug the thorns and spines out of our hands and feet, repaired garments, discussed events of the past few days, and planned the next day's ascent of the mountain.

Not an ounce of weight was allowed in our packs that could be avoided. Only a portfolio of botanical papers and half as many dryers; a sack for roots of ferns, in which were wet towels rolled into hard balls to keep them damp till needed; the botanical pick; for food and drink, a little tin pail of broma, with crackers crumbed in to prevent slopping, and in it one spoon. Grasping our staffs, and locking the door of our cave by drawing a bush before the passage, we started out early, and in ten minutes were tugging and panting, snatching flowers and ferns, gasping for breath, and exclaiming upon the new glories revealed at every landing place of the steep mountain rib.

From the plain below we had taken observations, and decided that a certain ridge, the one exactly before our cave, was the very one that led up to two splintered spires between which was the lowest pass on he south side of the Catalina; and this, of course, was the objective point of our efforts.

On the way up, what bounteous discoveries were made! Whole banks and rock clefts of the two new ferns, bits of which were first collected on this mountain just a year before—the *Notholæna Grayi* and the *N. Lemmoni*. Other rare species of the same beautiful but fragile genus were found, and a half-dozen hairy species of the large family of *Cheilanthes*. Also, the flowering plants that came into view as we surmounted the ledges, one after another, put on strange appearances. Some were rarely met with, perhaps only a few on the whole mountain, evidently estrays from their home on a distant mountain range. Of these, one is a large, strong-leaved plant, having all the hurtful qualities of the Spanish bayonet family, the *Yucca*, but which required a second visit, a month later, to determine that it was a little-known but beautiful yellow-flowered, sweet-scented *Agave*, the pericarp being *below* the floral envelope, and not *above*, as in the *Yucca* and others of the lily family.

Another is a beautiful member of the mallow family, and immortalizes a distinguished botanist, as *Thurberia*. Another shrub commemorates another of the early explorers, *Fendlera*.

Other plants having strange faces were seized, carefully put into our portfolio, and pressed hard, to await the day of examination. Some have been already determined, and named as new species; others await the decision of special experts. The higher we climbed, of course, the more interesting the flora became; but just as sure as we became excited over a discovery, and quickened our movements, so surely our eager hands and feet would be wounded by certain cruel guardians that menaced every step of the way. Chief of these was a cactus, called by the innocent name of *Opuntia Fulgens*, because of its long shining spines. The plant is often four to eight feet high, with wide-branching arms divided into limbs, each bearing clusters of buds about the size of a hen's egg. These are shed off by the parent plant in profusion, and if on level ground, they pile up and make a high mound all around the plant; but if on a declivity, they fall and roll to a distance. It is those sharp-spined balls, like hand-grenades around a fort in war times, that at any moment may receive your searching hand.

Another manacing danger, constantly to be feared in that hot climate, is the rattle-

snake. Once, when about half-way up, while hastily collecting one of the new ferns which grows usually in among the grass, I came very near placing my hand upon a large snake, warned only a second too soon by his loud hiss and interrupted rattle, enabling me to spring aside. Though we always carry a small bottle of ammonia for application to snake bites, yet, when one is exhausted and fevered by severe climbs, the virus from a bite is often fatal.

By ten o'clock we were well up the first bluffs of the ridge, giving us an extended view of the plain. Near at hand, seemingly, lay the square parade-ground of Fort Lowell, surrounded by tall green poplar-trees, half-hiding the line of officers' houses on the upper side, and the soldiers' quarters, hospital, commissary buildings, etc., on the other three sides; the tall flagstaff bearing the stars and stripes aloft, above the four silent cannon parked about the base — a beautiful revelation by our field-glass. Farther out on the plain, and to the westward, all in a bunch for protection against Indians, is the old city of Tucson. The protecting presence of the railroad has indeed caused enterprising Americans of late to buy outlying lands, and build up suburbs with houses in modern style.

Over the city, cutting the sky in the distance, lay Bobaquivera, a famous peak of South Arizona. To the south, fifty miles, rose the isolated, compact mountains of Santa Rita, the locality of the earliest silver mines of the Territory, once yielding fabulous quantities of metal. To the east stretched the Whetstone Mountains leading towards Tombstone, with its most famous mines of modern times. The northern horizon was hidden by the mass of rock—one of the ribs of Santa Catalina—against which we were bruising our feet and knees, while our heads were being roasted by the increasing heat on this treeless southern slope.

By eight o'clock in that latitude, on a still day, the sunlight takes effect with the intensity of noontime in Michigan and New York. But by ten o'clock, you are made aware that you are in a torrid climate. On we struggled, snatching plants and putting them in the portfolio, carefully rolling the roots of ferns in our wetted towels, and putting them in our sack, talking only in monosyllables, with bated breath, for most attention must be given to selecting the best routes around obstacles, if a choice presented, or the safest inclined plane through rock clefts. Often we had to return, and try other passages, and once we were obliged to make a detour of more than an eighth of a mile.

It was while making one of these deflections around a bluff about half-way up the slope that my wife met with a terrible experience, that came near terminating our trip. We were climbing slowly along, I in the advance, when suddenly I heard a cry of pain; and turning, I beheld, to my horror, my wife wildly shaking her gloved hand, in which was a bur of the frightful cactus described, which had dropped and rolled down from an unseen plant somewhere above. "Don't shake your hand," I cried; but too late. Every pain-propelled jerk had caused more and more of the long-barbed spines to enter her fingers, the buckskin glove only aiding their advance. Flying to the rescue, I seized her wrist, placed her hand near a jutting rock, then with my pick pressed the cruel bur into a crevice, and quickly withdrew her hand. Perhaps no torture known exceeds that produced by attempting to extract these spines from human flesh. One of the favorite tortures inflicted upon captive whites by the Apaches is to strip their victims of clothing, tie their hands and feet, then hurl them against these cacti, rolling them with their lances over upon the broken-down branches, until the poor wretches die from the fiendish torment. Animals in Arizona, impelled by hunger or thirst, often expose their noses to these attacks, when they become mad with pain, and die amidst frantic efforts to remove the burs. It is the worst country in the world for sheep. I have seen unsophisticated lambs that had caught a bur from lying down. In attempting to remove it with their teeth, the nose had become attached to their sides, and death from starvation was inevitable.

Wounds from the *Agave* or *Mescal*, and the *Yucca* or Spanish bayonet, plants of which are numerous everywhere in Arizona, differ from cactus wounds in this: the long, smooth, hard point is thrust into the flesh easier, and to a greater depth, usually; but having no barbs, it may be at once withdrawn entire. Not so with cacti. The loose sheath of the spine remains in the wound, and generally all of the brittle spine enters the flesh.

Not until four long hours after, when all except one of the obstacles that interposed between us and the summit had been surmounted; not until discouragement, induced by that forbidding barrier, prostrated her utterly—did my wife give way to the pain of the accumulated hardships of the trip, sink down upon a rock, toss her hand about to mitigate the throbbing pain, and moan audibly, while tears suffused her cheeks.

And what was that forbidding barrier? An abyss two thousand feet deep, and twice as far across, that everywhere separated us from the main mountain, no intimation of which had been conveyed to us up to the last moment, when we found ourselves standing near the verge.

There was no help for it. We must return, baffled. Beneath us yawned the chasm. Beyond, and far above, stood the guardian pinnacles, between which lay the narrow saddle through which we could not pass that day. For it was now three o'clock, and we had neither food nor blankets with us for passing the night on the mountain.

To the west, a ridge running parallel to ours could be seen, leading away quite to the base of the pass. "Too bad!" we both exclaimed, "that we could not perceive this from the plain below."

Baffled, dejected, wounded, and prostrated, how supremely miserable we were! But there was no time to waste in recuperation. To reach our cave before dark, it was necessary at once to commence the descent of the mountain. We took a direct course, that often led to the verge of precipices whose presence could not be seen from above; and our haste often subjected us to impalement upon the spreading points of the Spanish bayonet, or to fresh contact with the dreadful cacti and cat's-claw.

When near the base of the ridge, we slid down a chute of dissolved rock to the ravine below. Here we found that floods had channeled a narrow passage along the ravine, and polished the floor as smooth as glass; and at every decline had formed potholes with revolving bowlders, some of which were several feet deep, and still partially filled with stagnant, filthy water, that only tempted our thirst. We had to pick our way, as best we could, down these declines, often compelled to slide, not being able to hold fast, even with our hob-nailed boots. Twilight closed in early, for the deep ravine was on the east side of the ridge.

One after another of these sliding descents had to be taken, for there was no retreat, and no chance to flank the enemy. At last we came to a declivity of twenty feet direct, with a large caldron of yellow, grimy water at its base. This would not do. We would be drowned, perhaps, if we had the hardihood to jump so far. Vainly we sought for crevices in the walls, that would admit fingers and toes for scaling our environment. Very few bushes there, that dared to look over the wall. At length, with my long-handled pick, I succeeded in bending a bush down so far that my wife could reach the limbs and hold them until I could seize the larger part, pull myself up, and help her to a place of comparative safety again. The danger of our situation had induced such exertion, that perspiration wetted us as thoroughly as though we had indeed plunged into the pool; and now the wind of nightfall, rushing in a gale down the cañon, chilled us to shivering specters.

Fortunately, the wall was splintered, affording narrow shelves, along which we groped, helped by shrubs and tufts of grass, to which we clung—after examination for cacti. Soon the way became easier, and it was plain that the cañon was opening out on the desert. A few minutes' scramble, and a horse track imprinted the soft soil;

and a few steps farther, a trail. How we jogged along now, scarcely noticing our heavy bundle of plants, and the full sack of fern roots! How soon we became insensible to saber-wounds and imbedded cacti! How soon we forgot the dangers past, and fell into joyful conversation concerning the new plants met with! The little spring of pure, sweet water was directly on our way to the cave, and every drop was delicious.

Of course, the day following such an adventure finds one too fatigued and sore for extended excursions, so we spent it drying out our plants, completing notes of localities, attending to the multifarious details of camp life, and preparing for the next day's attempt; for, though baffled, bruised, and routed so thoroughly during this attempt to reach the pass, we were by no means disposed to relinquish the project. We had discovered the way to do it, the proper ridge to follow, and so diligently prepared to commence the ascent at an early hour next morning.

Being a longer ridge, and rising a thousand feet higher, the obstacles, dangers, and trials were proportionately greater. Again we were defeated, and by a similar chasm. From its top, however, we made sure that the next higher ridge to the westward led without a break to the pass, and two days afterward we climbed *its* rugged sides.

Will the reader believe it?—*that* ridge also terminated in a narrow, beetling bluff, as high, to be sure, but still widely separated from the near pass by a sheer rock cleft of fifteen thousand feet.

Surely, we conclude, the sacred heart of the "Saint of Sienna" is securely defended by a palisade of bristling peaks.

This third failure disheartened us. It seemed vain to spend more than two weeks' time, or to try more than three of these innocent-looking ridges.

It is inferential that they all end in spires, like the *yucca*, *agave*, and *cacti* that clothe them. Breaking camp, that is, packing ourselves again with our effects, we returned to the stick-and-mud cabin; and, as soon as a conveyance could be obtained, to the city. A conference was at once had with Colonel Poston, and General Rice, gentlemen interested in certain mines on the north side of Santa Catalina, and a plan was soon formed to assault from that quarter, as it was reported to be less steep—in fact, that animals could climb up, if led judiciously.

So we took the stage for a ride of forty miles around by the west side to Oracle Camp, where we stopped and botanized two weeks, learning the situation, inquiring for information, and completing preparations. From here we pushed on farther round to the east on foot, our things packed on a "burro," until we reached the lone house of Mr. Stratton, a stock man, whose family, a sprightly Bay State lady of excellent education, with two bright little girls, had not seen the face of another white woman for eight months.

Having long desired to go on a hunting expedition, Mr. Stratton regarded this as a good provocation; and the next morning he equipped us with large American horses, and himself guided us, rifle in hand, as much to defend us against roving Apaches, as to bring down the deer that might be started from their coverts. On the way, we reached, little after noon, a valuable copper mine, since sold for $28,000, where I found an old friend, Oscar A. Hyatt, in charge. At once he stopped all work, and gave us assistance to continue the journey the next day. As for that day, we must go no farther, but share his quarters, and partake of hospitality tendered in true miner's style. It was the first time a white woman was seen upon the mountain, and the miners celebrated the event by a social visit in the evening to the superintendent's cabin, where we were domiciled.

From Copper-mine Camp, which lies in a little valley, a trail has been made up the steep mountain beyond, for a short distance, to get mining timbers. Along this we walked our sure-footed horses, sometimes on the shelves of jutting ledges, alternately of lime and granite. Soon the trail gave out, and dismounting, each led his horse by the best way to be found, often being compelled to

turn about. Mr. Stratton had never been up so high before, but his experience in mountain climbing enabled him to select a passable course; and so hour by hour we toiled on, occasionally to a short level space where we could rest and breathe a moment by riding.

On the way up, we passed the two species of juniper found in the South: one with thin bark shredding off in long strips; the other with thick, persistent bark, deeply checked into squares, like a white-oak. Mistaken for the latter, and so uncollected until lately, is a beautiful new cypress, which the sharp-eyed Mr. Greene detected on the San Francisco Mountains, and has named *C. Arizonica.* Near the summit, a pretty little pine comes in from Mexico—*Pinus Chihuahuana*—about ten to twenty feet high, and with smooth cones, like boys' tops. Just where the brow is reached, and the desert vegetation is left, another pine sends its long arms over the verge. Though it closely resembles the yellow pine of California—*Pinus ponderosa*—yet the leaves looked peculiar. I seized a branch, and shouted, "All hats off!" The leaves are in fascicles of fives, instead of threes as in yellow pine, and this character distinguishes the new *Pinus Arizonica*, for which I had been so long in search. This was the precursor, a specimen product of the storehouse about to be opened to us.

Tall trees standing in solid array, grass-covered hillocks dotted with radiant flowers, long vistas, barred with light and shade, leading to secluded dells, rushing streams, and distant banks of snow; startled deer fleeing before us, like sheep; squirrels stopping head down upon tree trunks, to question the intruder; fresh bear and lion tracks deeply indenting the moist ground across our course; turkey and parrot feathers scattered about—it was a most enticing game-park for sportsmen, and a very paradise for botanists.

Mr. Stratton's rifle rang on the air, but ineffectually this time, for our noisy approach had driven the deer too far away. Mule tracks soon were met with, and following them around a hill, a column of smoke, then a rude cabin, came joyfully into view. In response to our hail, a grizzled hunter came forth, with a startled look that changed to amazement when he perceived a lady dismounting. This was the retreat of two hunters, for a long time lost to the world; enterprising men, who had conceived the project of making a flume, and sending lumber and wood, some day, down into the desert.

Here was a wonderful *denouement* to our expectations—a park, a conservatory, a museum, a cool retreat, and a hospitable hunter's cabin! Mr. Stratton was nearly as overjoyed as we. Having but thirteen cartridges at the start, he killed ten deer. He hung one up by a tree one night, intending to bring it in next morning. A lion helped himself to it, in his absence; the lion being so large that he carried it away in his mouth, raised so high that the full-grown buck dragged neither feet nor antlers on the soft ground.

Wild turkeys were killed that weighed forty pounds; a drove of fifty birds being seen almost every day. A new species of parrot that feeds on pine seed, as evidenced by the crushed cones, was heard chattering among the tree tops. As they are short-winged birds, it is supposed that this species is limited to this park. Wildcats, wolverines, and animals unknown were reported by the hunters.

Of the many adventures we had, our discoveries, collections, and observations continuing through three busy days—three red-letter days—I will not attempt description. Suffice it to say, perhaps no more vivid and pleasing contrasts, no more new and valuable floral treasures, no more interesting zoological discoveries, can be met with elsewhere in the large Territory of Arizona, than in this *terra incognita*, this forest in the mountain tops, this museum of natural history, this heart of Santa Catalina.

J. G. Lemmon.

WILLIAM VON HUMBOLDT AND CHARLOTTE HILDEBRAND.

A German writer has said, "Who does not know Humboldt's letters to a lady friend?" and adds, "They are the property of the entire cultured world, and especially have become a book of consolation for the forsaken, and food for the souls of those who famish."

It may be answered, that comparatively few, at least on this side of the Atlantic, have made the acquaintance of this fund of solace; because, if we are not mistaken, the collection has never been translated into English, and if it should be, would probably not gain a very wide circulation. There is a strain of old-time sentimentality—the sentimentality of the period when the continental, particularly the German, mind was influenced by the sorrows of Werther, and its numerous literary progeny—which has rather a weak flavor for our matter-of-fact people. We demand something more piquant, more cynical—something in the style of the *Lettres a une Inconnue* of Prosper Mérimée.

The story connected with these letters, when we consider all the circumstances, is remarkable, as showing the constancy of an early, apparently fleeting, attachment, and its deep impression upon a nature which, in its relations to the general world, seemed anything but emotional.

William von Humboldt is not so generally known among English-speaking people as his brother Alexander, who was his junior by only two years. But he was fully the intellectual peer of the latter, and is only less known because his field of activity was mainly limited to the politics of Germany, and largely of Prussia, during the dark days after Jena, the brighter ones after the fall of Napoleon, and up to the reactionary policy of the crowned heads of Europe in 1819–20.

He was born in 1767, at Potsdam, and was very carefully educated in his early youth. He belonged to a noble family, and his father had held a leading position in the administration of the King of Prussia. In his twenty-first year, he attended the University of Göttingen, and studied philology under Heyne. It was while at the University that he visited Pyrmont, then a fashionable watering-place among the low hills of eastern Westphalia, and there met Charlotte Hildebrand. Those who have visited any of the smaller baths of Germany can easily imagine what Pyrmont must have been a century ago. A quiet valley with a shallow little river flowing peacefully through its center; on both sides pine-covered hills, with paths winding among the trees, and seats at the favorite points of outlook. On the margin of the river an open circular space, with the music-stand on one side, the bath-house on another, flanked by the *quelle*, or spring of medicinal water, which gives whatever of celebrity the place has, and on the other by a few shops for the sale of knickknacks, and on the third side a little café, with seats and tables under the trees in front of it. The daily life at such a resort consists in drinking the waters, morning and evening, listening to the bands, promenading in the broad *allée*, walking among the pines on the hills, or sipping coffee in the afternoon under the trees. Germans of all classes above the lowest have gone to such places, and lived such a life for a month or two each year, for generations.

One day, while at Pyrmont, young Humboldt, in order to rest himself during a promenade in the pine woods, sat down upon a bench at one of the outlooks. On the same bench was seated a young girl of about eighteen years of age, pretty and bright. Not unnaturally, the two young people fell into conversation. Humboldt, it is said, was not handsome, and moreover, at that time,

was slovenly in his dress; so that the first impression made by him was, that he was a needy student. But the girl very soon discovered that this seedy youth was uncommonly brilliant and original. She became intensely interested in him, and he in her. She introduced him to her father, and it seems that no restriction was placed upon the intercourse of the two. But it only lasted three days, for at the end of that short time Humboldt was obliged to return to his studies at Göttingen. There was a promise from the youth that he would visit the girl at her home in the following autumn. During these three happy days there were no words of love. When Humboldt was about to go away, he wrote in the girl's album the sentence: "Feel for the truth. Goodness and beauty ennoble the heart: but what is even this feeling, unless there be a sympathetic soul with which one can share it?"

The young girl was too modest, too humble to found a fixed hope upon this sudden, short-lived acquaintance. Humboldt appeared to her too intellectual to be likely to care for such a one as she; besides, she did not belong to the nobility, and in those days, much more than now, class prejudices were hard to overcome. She had the intuitions, already, of a sharp-sighted woman, and saw the elements of future renown in the ill-favored youth who fascinated her with his conversation; she resolved, therefore, as she later wrote to him, "to inclose his memory in the holiest of holies of her heart, and to guard it from every profanation in the future."

It must be remembered, that this romantic acquaintanceship was made in the *Sturm und Drang* period in Germany, when a vast amount of sentiment could be woven out of very slender materials. Nevertheless, the impression that each made upon the other was evidently more profound than possibly either believed at the time.

Charlotte Hildebrand was the daughter of a well-to-do clergyman, settled in a parish not far from Rinteln, in that beautiful stretch of country which lies along the banks of the Weser, not far distant from the mountains. It was in a charming little valley, with fragrant green meadows, and peasants' straw-thatched huts among the trees. The pastor and his daughter, very soon after Hunboldt's departure, returned to their home. Autumn soon came, and Charlotte looked for the young student. She related afterwards, that, expecting him, she was wont to go, as evening approached, into her little garden, and look across the brook, and over the meadow to the road on the hillside, along which he would have to approach, longing and looking for her new-found friend.

He did not come that autumn, and in fact, she did not meet him until twenty-seven years afterwards.

Humboldt did not keep his promise to visit the pastor's daughter, because he was invited to go to Jacobi's, and he remained with him longer than he at first expected. The next year, he visited Paris, and saw the beginnings of the tremendous upheaval of 1789. He went there an incipient revolutionist—a disciple of Rousseau and his school—but he came back distrustful of the men who were leading, and less enthusiastic about the principles they professed. Within three years after his Pyrmont experience, he married Caroline von Dachröden, an intimate friend of Schiller's wife—a beautiful woman of noble family, talented and warm-hearted. They lived happily together, and had several children. Humboldt, immediately after his marriage, devoted himself to a wide range of studies—Greek literature and art, and especially philology—and wrote his work entitled: "Ideas towards an attempt to determine the limits in action that should be exercised by the State." It was, however, not published until after his death: it is said because the manuscript was lost, and not found until after that event; but very likely the real reason was, that the ideas were too liberal for his country. He published other works of a critical nature, and also traveled considerably in Italy, France, and Spain, occupying himself all the time with his various studies. He was intimate with Goethe and Schiller, and the leading thinkers of his country. This, be it remembered, before he was thirty years of age. In 1801, in his

thirty-fourth year, the King of Prussia appointed him his minister to Rome, where he remained until 1808, his house being the center of the art and literary circles of that brilliant capital. The last two years of his stay were intensely painful to him: he longed to get back to his native land, for she was going through the terrible humiliations inflicted upon her by Napoleon, after his overwhelming victory at Jena. King William III. and his court had fled to Konigsburg. The whole of Prussia, except the north-east corner, was overrun by French troops, and exaction after exaction was being made by the conqueror, with the apparent design of crushing out Prussian nationality. Humboldt was recalled, and appointed by the King to reorganize public instruction. Here the great work was done which, in the eyes of his countrymen, places Humboldt beside Stein and Scharnhorst, as one of the creators of the new Prussia, which has arisen to such vigorous pre-eminence, out of the almost hopeless ruin of 1806. Stein liberated the land and the peasantry, and crippled the nobility, so that the strong blood of a healthy free life began instantly to circulate through the shrunken arteries of the State.

Scharnhorst organized an army of the people, which trains the whole population in arms. William von Humboldt reorganized, and may be said to have created, the admirable common-school system of Prussia, including its gymnasia; and was mainly instrumental in establishing the University of Berlin. Professor Seeley says of him, in his excellent life of Stein:

"In Prussian history, the year between April, 1809, and April, 1810, belongs to W. v. Humboldt, almost in the same way that the period between October, 1807, and November, 1808, belongs to Stein." And he further says of him, that "he was a man of the type of Goethe, uniting the same prodigious capacity of intellectual enjoyment with a similar theory of culture, and a similar serious consistency in carrying it out." His career shows that he was equal to the many novel occasions he had to meet in the stormy years between 1806 and 1820. This was one of those periods, "when," in the language of Burke, "the high-roads are broken up, and the waters out; when a new and troubled scene is opened, and the file affords no precedent." In 1810, Humboldt was sent as minister to Austria, and there is no doubt that it was largely through his shrewdness and pertinacity that Austria was finally induced to take part in the coalition which drove Napoleon out of Germany. He subsequently represented Prussia at the Congress of Vienna, and took a prominent part in the protracted discussion and intriguing of the leading powers, so suddenly broken up by the reappearance of Napoleon from Elba.

It was while at Vienna, attending the Congress, that Humboldt, in November, 1814, twenty-six years after he had parted from Charlotte Hildebrand, received a letter from her, from which the following is an extract:

"I write, not to your Excellency, not to the royal Prussian Minister, but to the unforgotten, unforgetable friend of my youth, whose picture I have, through a long series of years, preserved in my soul, and joyfully pondered upon, but who has never since heard of the young girl whom he once met, and with whom he passed three joyful days of youth in those noble feelings which later bless and elevate us through their recollection.

"The name upon which the world now looks with great expectation, the position in which your mind and name early placed you, has made it not very difficult for me to hear of you, and to accompany you in my thoughts. I have rejoiced over all the greatness and nobleness of which I have heard and read. I have taken my share of its truth and goodness. I have sought, as formerly, to understand the mind, to follow the spirit, even though I may not immediately have comprehended them. All these things can only be indicated, not said in words. Only once again to see you, were it only in the distance, was and remained a fruitless wish. Through friends, who lived a short time in Berlin, I learned in detail what I already knew: that your Excellency was very happily married to a lady as intellectual as she is noble, and that you are the father of children, amiable and full of promise.

"I inclose a little leaf, which will recall to you the three days passed in Pyrmont. I have carefully, above all others, preserved this little relic of youth, as the sole pledge and seal of the purest, and at the same time of the only, true life joy which fate has accorded to me. This little leaf* (which I pray

* The leaf from her album, with the sentence written by Humboldt.

may be returned to me) will recall to your Excellency an acquaintanceship which the scenes of life will have a long time since blotted out and extinguished. In a woman's soul such impressions are deeper and more unchangeable, especially if they were, (how I hesitate to give you these proofs, after twenty-six years of my adoration!) as with me, the before unknown agitation of a first awakening love, of that spiritual nature, excited by a noble youth."

The letter then details the outlines of her life since the Pyrmont days. A life by no means happy, and now clouded with ill-health and almost abject poverty.

On the same day on which he received this letter, Humboldt answered it. He told her that she erred, if she thought that she had only made a fleeting impression upon him.

"I thought very often of you, inquired concerning you, but always in vain; believed you married, thought you with children, and in a circle of life where you must have for a long time forgotten me; and preserved to myself only what those youthful days had left. Now I learn that your life has been much less simple than I thought. If you had written to me at that time, when you suffered the most, perhaps my words might have done good. Believe me, dear Charlotte—you will not interpret this trustful appellation wrongly, because only you and I read our letters—people do not trust each other enough."

This letter is long, full of the kindliest feeling, and inclosed some money to relieve the pressing wants of the suffering woman.

During these twenty-six years, the career of Charlotte Hildebrand had been a series of misfortunes. Within a year after the Pyrmont experience, she was married to a Doctor Dieb, and removed to Cassel. It was affirmed, though not by her, that this was an unwilling marriage on her part. The doctor was a man of some wealth, and of good social position, and his wife immediately took a prominent place in the gay society of the little capital. It is said the doctor soon fell to drinking badly, also that he became jealous of his wife, and that he even knocked her down in a ballroom. Whatever the cause, they separated in five years, and were divorced; and it is said that she was so anxious for the divorce as to commit the exceeding folly of admitting herself, though untruly, to have been in the wrong. Whether in the wrong or not, society accepted her admission, and punished her folly by avoiding her. She had received from her father a reasonable competency; and now a new sorrow was added by the total loss of her wealth, which had been invested in state bonds, and was confiscated by Napoleon. She was then obliged to earn a living by making artificial flowers. At this she continued for several years; then her health failed, and she was almost at the point of starvation, when she summoned courage to write to Humboldt. He, as we have seen, immediately sent her money: and more, provided for her a regular, modest allowance, which continued during his life. In the following year, he visited her at her humble abode in Cassel, and again many years afterwards, for the last time; so that their personal intercourse was limited by the three days at Pyrmont, and those two brief visits.

When Humboldt made his visits to Cassel, he was one of the noted men of his country; and yet no one suspected that the plain, middle-aged gentleman who visited the solitary, poor, forgotten, and almost despised woman was the celebrated statesman. She never spoke of him with her few acquaintances, and their correspondence was a secret until after his death. It is a pity that the only letter we have of Charlotte Hildebrand is the one from which an extract has been given. It seems, that after the death of William von Humboldt, his papers came into the hands of his brother Alexander, who destroyed her letters, no doubt because he deemed them evidence of a foolish bit of sentimentalism which had better be forgotten. He was accustomed to speak sarcastically to Varnhagen of his brother's friend, as "the pastor's daughter of the dove-cot."

There is, of course, nothing especially noteworthy in the fact that a poor, lonely woman, in her deep distress, should turn for relief to a man she had known in her youth, and who had since that become one of the prominent men of the land. Nor is it strange that this man should be deeply touched by the misfortunes of one about whom certain tender though faded recollections still clus-

tered. The exceptional feature of this renewal of the three days' acquaintanceship of Humboldt and Charlotte Hildebrand is, that it awakened anew into a sympathetic intellectual intimacy, which grew closer and closer as the years went on. During the busy time between 1814 and 1819, while he was at the Congress of Vienna, while minister at Frankfort, at London, and Aix la Chapelle, he found time to write to her; and after he left public life in the latter year, until his death in 1835 at the age of sixty-eight years, he wrote frequently, regularly, and often at considerable length; his last letter being written only eleven days before his death. There have been published sixty-three of his letters, written during the twenty-one years succeeding the renewal of the intimacy.

After Humboldt left the ministry, his letters became more frequent.

In May, 1822, he writes from Burgöner, a country residence:

"I have received both of your letters of the 24th and 25th of April, dearest Charlotte, with heartfelt thanks. You have given me much joy, and in them entirely met my expectation. I could never be mistaken in you, or lose my belief in the continuance and truth of your sentiments and feelings. I have already lately told you this, and it is only natural. If any one preserves for us the deep sentiments of a noble and tender soul through a long series of years, without having received any signs of recollection, it would be the highest ingratitude to further doubt these feelings.

"It is certainly a rare fortune for a man, that a woman's heart cherishes holily and trustfully the first sentiments aroused in her young bosom; and I know and esteem this good fortune. However, I say without pride, which I can truly not be accused of, and also without childish modesty, that very much which might enrich, cheer, and beautify your life, can come to you through me. If fate has thus preserved something for two human beings, we must not let it fade away, but maintain and bring it into unison with all our exterior and inner relations, because upon this harmony alone can all tenderness of feeling and all repose of soul be grounded. Because now no personal intercourse can take place between us, we must continue our epistolary communion. I will say, in advance, that I do not like to write. You will very often have to be indulgent, patient, and generous; but I like to read letters, especially yours; not only because I like to read what you write, but further, because your exterior, and yet more your inner, life, in its inmost sympathies, interests me.

"Should it so happen that I should rarely write, do not let it prevent you from writing. Write always to me on the 15th, that I may always have a day upon which I can be happy. If you write to me in the intervals, it will be a loved supplement, which I will always receive with thanks."

Charlotte Hildebrand's letters must have been very interesting; and it is a great pity that we cannot have them, so as to measure more fully the stimulus which acted so powerfully upon the well-balanced, cultivated mind of Humboldt, because it is quite certain that such a man as he was could not long be interested in a woman who wrote silly, gossiping letters.

In a letter written from Burgöner, in the same year, 1822, he says:

"I will express to you a wish to-day, best Charlotte, whose fulfillment will bring me great pleasure. I should very much like to read over, and intimately know in its connections, the history of your life, especially the development and strange growth of your inner life. This wish has arisen and been stimulated in me by your earlier and your present letters. It cannot be difficult to you to furnish this. You have acquired great readiness in writing. You write easily, with versatility—fluently, naturally, and remarkably well. Speech is quite unusually at your command. In this, there is no flattery; it is the truth, which I express out of my convictions, and which every one of your letters proves."

She complies with his wish; but he is still not satisfied, desiring more details.

"You have, indeed, described the interior of your parents' house, but not definitely enough, whether the position of the house, the region, the surroundings towards the garden, the neighboring houses, whether the country was agreeable, whether you looked out of the window into the fields or far into the distance—about all these things there is not a word; and yet these are quite essential circumstances which you must supply and describe, so that I can sketch a distinct picture."

Sometimes he speaks of his own inner life, on this occasion, in the vein of Goethe's philosophy.

"You are surprised that with so much sensitiveness there has remained with me a love for business, that I have so much mildness and tenderness, so great a capacity to enter into the frame of mind of others in the midst of so many distracting affairs. This arises particularly from the peculiar natural quality of my disposition, and because it has always been native to me to treat business, in relation to my

inner and individual being, as only a secondary thing: always to remain master of it, instead of letting it rule me. And further, whatever concerns man as man, the feelings which fill and urge and agitate him, have always had an especial charm for me. I have always striven for two things: to continue sensitive to every joy of life; and yet throughout, when I cannot give myself the joy, to remain independent, needing no one, not dependent upon the favors of fate, but standing upon myself alone, and building up my happiness in myself and through myself. Both I have attained in the highest degree."

Afterwards writing from Berlin, he says:

"A rare good fortune was it, when I met you—when an earthly picture met my eyes which has always remained and always will remain with me, which can and will be effaced by nothing. For even if it were possible that something had befallen you, which I should be obliged to censure, yet that picture would remain with me, pure and unprofaned. It would then be something which had occurred to you, as can happen to any one. It would not, however, be interwoven in the features which are outlined in that picture. For every human being, however good he may be, carries within himself a better man, who is more especially himself, and upon whom he must depend rather than upon the changeable being of his daily life.

"I had not, indeed, suspected what a treasure of love and faith you had lifelong preserved for me. How should it bless me! The sentiments which you cherish for me, the feeling which speaks in each of your letters, are the ground upon which flows pure and beautiful all that we exchange with each other, and from which it takes its color, and in whose light it glows."

In the same letter, he speaks of his own domestic relations. Tells his correspondent of his marriage with Fräulein von Dachröden. That she, in her youth, was very beautiful, and that, notwithstanding she had had eight children, was still better preserved than most women of her years; that the marriage was one of inclination, and not of *convenance;* and that during its thirty-one years of continuance had never had one moment of discontent. Of the eight children, five were living, three daughters and two sons. The three daughters were married. The eldest son was a cavalry officer, and the youngest was being educated at home. In a later letter from Berlin, he excuses himself for a somewhat long silence, assuring his correspondent that he often wonders why it is he writes so frequent and long letters to her, because he dislikes writing; "still," he says, "I find it natural, because I let my thoughts so gladly go out to you, and my letters give occasion to yours, which I so ardently read, however long they may be." He then tells her of his busy daily life, surrounded with books and papers, and of the little time he can give to his family.

The correspondence continued with regularity, month after month and year after year. His letters are all tenderly written, advising Charlotte as to the care for her health, asking after her daily life, her feelings and hopes; speaking of his own inner life, and speculating much upon the problems of life and mind. He also tells of his trips from city to country, and of his joy in studying Nature; and then of his return to the city, and of his investigations in some one or other branch of learning; or gives biographical bits of his varied, active life; and when upon journeys through South Germany, France, and England, tells the new inpressions made upon him.

In the spring of 1828, on his way to Paris, he made his second visit to his correspondent, and afterwards, writing from that city, says:

"It is precious to me to have been with you; it has given me a visible comprehension of your life, in addition to the joy of seeing you again. Your life, as you have arranged it there, is very beautiful, and tells of the soul which lies within. You enjoy a cheerful solitude; and everything in your little house, but not so little garden, is an invitation to enter and stay. I can now think of you at any moment, because I have seen the places where you pass away your life."

In the latter part of the same year, he writes of the serious illness of his wife; and finally, on the 31st of March, 1829, he communicates the sad news that she had died, and had been buried the day before.

"Her last hours were quiet, peaceful, and throughout, painless. She retained her senses to the last breath; and spoke with us, only a few minutes before her departure, with firm, unmoved voice. Her words were as simple as the tone was quiet in which she spoke. Her death was a gradual going over into a deep sleep."

After the death of his wife, the letters of Humboldt to Charlotte Hildebrand are pervaded by quite another spirit than those of the earlier years. It is true, they show the old sympathetic feeling for the joys and sorrows of those who were near to him, and are full of goodness and love towards the pastor's daughter; but the spirit of joy had fled, it was turned away from earth. He asked nothing more from life: it could assure to him no further satisfaction; that which he thenceforth sought was quiet and solitude, in order, undisturbed, to live in the past in sorrowful recollections, in high contemplations, and in his studies. Never was a wife more deeply, more tenderly, or more nobly mourned for; this appears in all his letters.

Nevertheless, the letters continue regularly, and even longer than before his great loss. The last was written on the 28th of March, 1835, eleven days before his death.

"I have had, since the 23rd, your letter of the 18th, dear Charlotte, but have not read it entirely through, because I cannot trust my eyes, and other business has intervened. With unalterable, fervent sympathy,

"Yours, "H."

After the death of Humboldt, the yearly allowance which he had granted to Charlotte ceased, and she was very soon in great distress. At last, it occurred to her to apply for aid to King William III., who had esteemed her dead friend so highly. She wrote to the King, sending at the same time all the letters of Humboldt, and stating frankly her lonely, destitute condition. A long delay ensued, which filled her with the fear that not only had her prayer for assistance been neglected, but that also her precious letters had been forever lost. Finally, to her unspeakable joy, a gracious answer came, with the returned letters, and what was most important, the grant of a modest pension, which assured an old age free from want. She then prepared the letters for the press.

Charlotte Hildebrand died in 1846, in her little room in the dusty old Wilhelmshöher Allee, in Cassel, and strange to say, on the 16th of July, the anniversary day of her first meeting with William von Humboldt.

There are some of his countrymen, who latterly, in the common mocking spirit of the time, have attempted to cast ridicule upon Humboldt on account of these letters, ascribing to him all kinds of false motives; such as vanity, self-glorification, and desire to teach; but the charitable reader will conclude that his only motive was to make glad a heart that had suffered much, and its origin was the strong impression which the pastor's daughter had made upon his youthful soul; and certainly, he must have died with the consciousness that he had furnished a bright and glorious side to one life that had otherwise been full of unrelieved darkness.

C.

GROWTH IN REST.

Fret not thy weary brain
 Because its thoughts come slow:
 All worthy things must grow.
When thou hast said, in pain,
"I may not work again!"
 And rested so—

Some unexpected day
 Thy thoughts will trooping come,
 Like sheaves at harvest home,
In ripened, rich array;
And work will be, as play,
 Unburdensome.

HENRIETTA R. ELIOT.

NOTE BOOK.

With this Number, The Californian completes its fourth volume. During the past months it has had a steady and healthful growth, until it now stands in a position which is not only exceedingly gratifying to the publishers, but which will also enable them to attain better and more satisfactory results in the future. To this success no persons have contributed more than the writers of the Pacific Coast. They have given voluntarily of their best, in prose and verse, waiting for recompense until the magazine should be thoroughly established upon a paying basis. That this time has arrived so soon is due—it is not too much to say—more to their cordial co-operation than to any other cause. And it is therefore with especial pleasure that the announcement is now made that The Californian will hereafter pay its contributors. With additional facilities for procuring articles of interest, it is not doubted that the magazine can be made more interesting than ever, and more worthy the generous patronage which it has received from the people of the entire Pacific Coast. Already articles of great value have been promised for the new year. Mr. John Muir will contribute a series of papers, illustrated with his own sketches. To enable The Californian to print occasional illustrations, a very fine and expensive quality of paper, especially adapted thereto, has been imported from the East. Commencing with the January number, the magazine will be printed upon this paper. All the more prominent of those who have heretofore made this monthly the medium for their best thought will continue to contribute to its pages; and in addition, others of national reputation have promised articles, stories, poems, at an early day. Notable among these is the eminent poet and critic, Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman. One or two new serial stories by prominent writers will be printed during the year. And in short, The Californian will use its increased facilities to lay before its readers the best in every department of literature.

Our Advertising Columns are crowded with a superior class of advertisements. The usual cards of the magazine itself are crowded out this month by the "pay ads." We would like to have our readers look through the advertising pages of this and other numbers, and observe that the prominent dealers in every sort of goods, the leading insurance companies, the best schools, hotels, and vintners, the manufacturers of our Californian products, the most enterprising retailers, besides a number of business establishments in the Eastern States, have their cards or their more extended announcements in The Californian, where they will go into every large city, every town, every village, and even into the most obscure and out-of-the-way places, all over the Pacific Coast. We believe that, without a solitary exception, they are reliable houses, and that their wares may be depended upon to be what they are represented.

Mr. Charles Crocker has presented the San Francisco Academy of Science with twenty thousand dollars, to be used by that body in its own discretion, and without limitations on the part of the donor. It is understood that this money will be used to advance those researches which belong to the departments of pure science, rather than to those which are ordinarily called practical. Mr. Crocker's munificent gift, following so closely upon that of Mr. D. O. Mills to the University of California, will go far to disprove the oft-repeated charge, that the rich men of the State are oblivious to the responsibilities which follow the possession of wealth. Nothing can have greater effect in silencing the vagaries of agrarianism, and in placating the popular discontent at the uneven distribution of property, than just such liberal endowments as those of Mr. Crocker and Mr. Mills. As a matter of policy, alone, it is worth the while of rich men to give of their surplus to learned bodies and educational institutions. This is placing the motive of such gifts upon the most selfish and practical basis. The true reward of such liberality is in the satisfaction which it must give the donor to contribute to those agencies in our midst which really constitute what we refer to when we speak of our modern civilization. No expenditure of money can ever yield so rich a return of real pleasure as that which, in a high sense, is given, as this money has been given, to the "betterment of man's estate."

...ornia Library

The No-Rent Agitation in Ireland has proved a failure, as it richly deserved. No reasonable person can question that the Irish people have real grievances. They are landless in their own land. The natural laws of distribution are suspended; and time, which ought to enrich, only makes their country poorer. But a great question can never be solved in a petty manner. Lawlessness inevitably produces greater oppression. By this foolish measure, the

Irish leaders have alienated many who were disposed to admit the justice of their claims. A firm, temperate, and reasonable campaign for the modification of land tenures in Great Britian, within the law and by the law, would ally to itself in time, not only all of Ireland, but by far the larger part of England. Its results might be slow of accomplishment. So were those of the campaign for the Reform Bill; but they were none the less sure.

NOW IS THE TIME for town improvement. The rains have commenced, and a few hours' work will suffice to plant enough trees and flowers to turn many of our unsightly Californian towns into veritable gardens. If the town will not take steps, each individual can at least plant three or four trees in front of his own place. It is a disagreeable truth, but nevertheless a truth, that many of our towns are a disgrace to the State. And it is the most short-sighted policy in the world to keep them in this condition. Nothing could discourage people from choosing a given place as their home, more than the utter dreariness and barrenness of its treeless and flowerless streets. And when trees and flowers will grow for the mere planting, and will gratefully repay the least attention, it is a great pity that towns, favorably located, should drive away prosperity, instead of inviting it.

ART AND ARTISTS.

Mr. Theodore Wores has just finished two pictures, which more than confirm the impression produced by his "Juliet." It has long been a popular charge against young artists who have studied in Europe, that they bring home most excellent work, but do nothing like it after they get here. Unjust as we believe the insinuation implied in this charge to be, Mr. Wores has nevertheless done wisely in defending himself against it by accomplishing, since his return, two pieces of work which are in every respect equal, and in some respects superior, to anything he has done. The absurd excuse advanced by certain artists who have returned here from Europe, that there is nothing to paint, has received at Mr. Wores's hands a crushing retort. In the unique Chinese world, which preserves its Orientalism intact among us, he has found a fresh and picturesque subject. His picture represents the stall of a Chinese fishmonger. The whole foreground is taken up by a table covered with fish. A salmon occupies the middle, and under his tail projects the head of a large red rock-cod; a few smaller fish, a stone jar, and some shrimps fill up the right-hand corner. In the left-hand corner, two marvelously lifelike craw-fish are supported by a heap of muscles, and behind them stands a copper vessel filled with oysters, Eastern and Californian, some of which have fallen upon the table behind the head of the salmon. Above this group, on the wall that forms the background, hangs a string of smelts, rock-cod, and cat-fish, which, though kept subordinate in tone to the fish on the table, are as splendidly painted as anything in the picture. Then behind the table, on the right, comes the Chinaman, who, together with the Chinese advertisement painted on the wall, gives the whole picture a local habitation and a name. He is in the act of emptying a basketful of flounders on the table, and holds up before him the round flat basket from which they are slipping. If anything more were needed to prove Mr. Wores's complete technical equipment as an artist, this picture supplies it. Without ever having painted fish before, he turns his trained hand to them for the first time, and produces a work which—we say it with all deliberation—has never been approached by any fish-picture painted in San Francisco. The superiority of his work lies in the simple fact, that, instead of being satisfied with false and conventional resemblances to Nature, he has had the power to see fish as they really are, and the skill to paint them as he saw them. His picture, consequently, is not only correct in drawing and true in color, but is also full of that fresh slipperiness of fish which makes them hard to clutch, and gives them a texture unknown to any creature living out of water. Want of space prevents us from speaking of Mr. Wores's other recent work, which is the portrait of a lady seated on a richly carved bench, with a background of gold-colored tapestry, the subject and the accessories being all treated as harmonious components of one picture.

Mr. William Keith has recently been doing some admirable work in an entirely new field. We called attention some time ago to the portfolio of sketches which he brought home from his last year's visit to New England. Mr. Keith has so long been known as one of the most faithful interpreters our Californian landscape has ever had, that it was no surprise to find that in his Eastern sketches he had caught the very life and spirit of the New England country. His confident handling, and his keen sense of color, found plenty to gratify them, but nothing to overtax them, in the splendid autumn tints of the East;

and we do not believe that any body who is a native of that region could look upon Mr. Keith's work without feeling that time and space have been set at naught, and that he has been restored to the scenes of his youth. In his recent sketches, Mr. Keith has returned to a Californian subject, but to one that he is the first to touch and make his own. He has exchanged gorgeous autumns for our gray San Francisco summer sky, and the sand hills of Lone Mountain. The subject is so common that it seems unpromising. But so are sunsets common. Looking at one painted by the great Turner, and just put on exhibition for the first time, a lady remarked:

"Well, *I* never saw anything like that in Nature!"

"Don't you wish to God you *could*, ma'am?" said the artist himself, who was standing a few feet off.

It will be found, on looking at Mr. Keith's work, that there is a great deal more in the sand hills of Lone Mountain than was ever dreamed of in the philosophy of the San Francisco public. The picturesqueness of these western outskirts of our city is revealed for the first time, and to Mr. Keith belongs the credit of having made the discovery.

Mr. Yelland, who spent last summer, like the one before it, in studying Oregon scenery, has brought back a number of highly interesting sketches. He is now at work upon a picture which is destined, we think, to mark a notable change in his style of painting. If there is one quality above all others for which his landscapes thus far have been conspicuous, it is their conscientiousness. They seem to say to us: "Everything is here; no difficulty has been shirked." But this impression of honesty is gained at the expense of a certain hardness. The almost equal elaboration of every part of the picture detracts from the imaginative coherence of the whole. We feel that we are in the presence of physical facts rather than suggested mysteries. We are given, in short, the common sense of Nature, not her poetry. Valuable as this sort of work is as a preliminary study, and the only sound basis of self-confidence, it can yet never dispense with that imaginative dealing with physical facts which is the essential characteristic of all highest landscape-painting. Hints of this power have been evident already in Mr. Yelland's work, but nowhere so much as in his latest picture, the completion of which will be awaited with interest.

Mr. Rafael Joseffy, who has just left us, is the only pianist of commanding ability, with the exception of Miss Anna Mehlig, who has ever visited San Francisco. We are not, however, by any means prepared to indorse that estimate of his powers which places him in the same rank with the great pianists of the world. Mr. Joseffy is not a genius; he is simply a young man and a Jew. We are far from imputing either youth or Judaism to any man as a reproach; but as a means of assigning Joseffy his true position, both must here be taken into account. Great piano-playing is made up of two qualities: first, the absolute technical ability to play the notes as they are written; second, the intellectual power to enter into the spirit of the composer, and become his true interpreter. The first is teachable, the second native. It is natural that young pianists, like the young students of every art, coming fresh from the technical training which necessarily forms the staple of academical instruction, should think *technique* is everything. But just in so far as they do this, their artistic development is incomplete, and they suffer from the disadvantages of youth. This is the case with Joseffy. Splendid as are his technical powers, he gives us nothing else. His programmes are composed almost exclusively of selections chosen by reason of the opportunities they afford for brilliant playing. Probably one-half of all the compositions played were works of Liszt. Now Liszt is a sort of musical stump-speaker. He is the greatest living musical rhetorician. He has such marvelous command of all the means of musical expression, that he very often talks for the pleasure of talking, rather than because he has anything to say. At such times, when we listen to him, we feel inclined to say, after the manner of Hamlet: "Notes, notes, notes." His first *concerto*, for example, is scarcely music at all; it is simply notes strung together according to the laws of musical expression. Played after Beethoven's noble overture to Coriolanus, with its unmistakable stamp of dignity and sincerity, Liszt's work sounded particularly tame. But Joseffy took care that these contrasts should not often present themselves. He played only two of Beethoven's sonatas; and when he introduced works of which the expression of feeling was the dominant characteristic, he hastened to draw away the attention from this to the technical embellishments introduced by himself. It was in this practice that the Hebrew element obtruded itself. Joseffy seems to look upon music in the same way as certain people look upon the diamonds with which they love to decorate their shirt-fronts. He loves music less for its own sake, than as the means of showing off Joseffy. Not even the matchless works of Chopin, acknowledged everywhere to be the most original writer for the piano who ever lived, escaped Joseffy's tampering. He hates simplicity, and Boccherini's graceful minuet, played so often and so beautifully a few months ago by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, was simply ruined by his improvements. It is but fair to add, that a few pieces were actually played by Joseffy as they were written; but these showed that when, as in Schumann's *Warum*, they made no demand upon his powers of technical display, he could give us nothing. With these characteristics, a pianist may make money, but he can never take rank with the great artists of the world.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

For the convenience of readers desiring to purchase, publishers are requested to mark price on books forwarded for review.

SHAKSPEARIAN TALES IN VERSE. Illustrated. By Mrs. Valentine. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son. For sale in San Francisco by A. Roman.

The first volume that comes to us this year, belonging strictly to the class known as "holiday books," is this beautifully illustrated volume. The designs by André are very striking, and are reproduced by the chromo-lithographing process. They embrace a number of the leading scenes in "The Tempest," "The Merchant of Venice," "The Taming of the Shrew," and "The Winter's Tale." Many of the designs are particularly happy. It is not very evident why it was necessary to turn the original text of the immortal bard into rather poor verse by Mrs. Valentine, in order to produce these illustrations; for we assume, that, as a matter of course, the verses were made for the pictures, and not the pictures for the verses. Even a desire that Shakspere should be "made easy" hardly pardons the irreverence of turning his finest passages into jingle. However, the book is certainly attractive; and, after all, one doesn't have to read the rhymes.

A PICTURE OF PIONEER TIMES IN CALIFORNIA. By William Grey. San Francisco: 1881. W. M. Hinton & Co. For sale by A. Roman. $2.50.

It has been a common feature of early Californian literature that it has dealt with everything connected with this State in a spirit of boastful exaggeration. Not only the beauties of the climate, the productiveness of the soil, and its excellences generally, but the darker sides, and especially the vices of the Californians of early days, have been paraded and enlarged upon, till a widespread and wrongful impression prevails concerning the true condition of our moral and social civilization. Mr. Grey's book, as is plainly stated in the preface, is an earnest effort to overcome this mistaken belief. It is dedicated to the boys and girls of pioneer parents, born on the Pacific slope; and without pretending to the dignity of a history, gives a clear-cut and picturesque description of the California of '49, as it appeared to the author at that time. Many of the pages are occupied with refutation of facts as stated in the old "Annals of San Francisco," defending some men whom Mr. Grey believes misrepresented by that publication, and scoring others whom we have always looked up to as honorable—or at least respectable—heroes of the past. Thus the moral crookedness of Talbot H. Green and Captain Folsom is almost tenderly wrapped round and covered up by the cloak of their broad public benefactions; while Colonel J. W. Geary, General Vallejo, Sam Brannan, and Colonel Fremont come in for some very lively lashing. In no part of the book is there an attempt at anything that could be called high literary style; but there is a quaint directness and plainness in the way one thing follows another, that almost makes one forget he is reading at all, and lends him the feeling that the author is actually gossiping to him personally of his recollections, and in a way that holds the interest absorbingly to the end. Many of the stories told are old, but more are both novel and racy. The anecdote of Bill Liddle's mule, as illustrating the promptness of justice in those days, is a gem, and will raise a smile on the face of any man who has experienced the law's delay of later years. Taken all in all, the book is one that will meet with a hearty welcome from every old Californian, and will also serve to right many of the careless statements concerning California that are now so common with newspapers and itinerant lecturers.

HOME BALLADS. By Bayard Taylor. With illustrations. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1882. For sale in San Francisco by Billings, Harbourne & Co.

While Bayard Taylor was not in any sense a great poet, he had a true artistic sense, and wrote many poems for which the world was the better. Among them are those which have been gathered into this volume, and illustrated in the best style of art. We commend this as one of the most attractive books of the holiday season.

THE WHITTIER BIRTHDAY-BOOK. Arranged by Elizabeth S. Owen. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1881. For sale in San Francisco by Billings, Harbourne & Co.

The "birthday series" has evidently proved popular, and this last addition is not likely to be received with less favor than its predecessors. A blank space is left under each date of the year, and opposite is placed a quotation from the Quaker poet. Opposite the birth-dates of a number of prominent men and women, of whom Whittier had written, are placed the particular passages dedicated to them, and underneath is given the year of the birth, and name of the person to whom the same is inscribed. The selections throughout are made with good judgment.

HANNAH JANE. By David Ross Locke. Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepherd. 1882. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co. (Cloth, $1.50.)

Mr. Locke, whose other name is Petroleum V. Nasby, is so well known as the humorist of the Cross-Roads, that it is somewhat of a surprise to see his name attached to a bit of sentimental poetry of the Will Carleton sort. But the surprise is deepened into pleasure as one reads, and sees how admirably he has succeeded in his new role. "Hannah Jane" is a story of a patient, plodding wife, enduring all things, sacrificing herself, that her husband may succeed in his struggle for position and fame. When the husband has reached the goal of his desires, and is sought and flattered, he becomes conscious that his faithful wife has remained stationary, and has not improved with him. It is this painful reflection that is the key-note of the poem, and Mr. Locke touches it with true feeling and pathos. The illustrations are in every way worthy the poem.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

The counters of the bookstores are already laden with Christmas books for the children. From A. ROMAN we have received *Young Americans in Japan*, by Edward Greey, profusely illustrated, and giving an account of the adventures of the Jewett family and their friend Otto Nambo; also, *Our Little Ones*, a miscellany of stories and poems, edited by Mr. Adams, who, under the name of Oliver Optic, has become widely known as an entertainer of Young America. The selection is skillfully made.

A. L. BANCROFT & CO. have *The Young Folks' Robinson Crusoe* ($1.25), a sort of expurgated De Foe, also edited by Mr. Adams. This gentleman is perhaps more happy in his own field than in an attempt to "compress" Daniel De Foe. Such a protest went forth recently when a diffusive American authoress declared her intention of subjecting Scott to this process, that it was hoped that the great authors would be spared, for a time at least. A very pretty little story called *The Four-Footed Lovers* ($1), by Frank Albertson, is also for sale at Bancroft's.

MISCELLANEOUS PUBLICATIONS.

For sale by A. ROMAN: *Three Vows*, and other poems, by William Batchelder Greene; *Sir John Franklin*, by A. H. Beesly, one of Putnam's New Plutarch series.

For sale by Billings, Harbourne & Co.: *Martin Luther, and his Work*, by John H. Treadwell, also one of the last-named series; *Cambridge Trifles*, being sketches of life at the great English University, written in a vein of somewhat labored humor; *Louise, Queen of Prussia*, a memorial by August Kluckhohn, translated from the German by Elizabeth H. Denio.

OUTCROPPINGS.

DIPS AND SPURS BY LOCK MELONE.

A SINGULAR LAWSUIT.

Religious wars began away back toward the rear end of eternity. Before buttons came into use. Nations have gone to war on the slightest difference of religious opinions. And on half-rations.

One occurred in Oregon. Happened in a little town called New New York. The people of this town were nearly all religious. And of the religious, the great majority belonged to the Methodist Church. The early settlers of Oregon were mostly Americans, and sustained themselves by agriculture and prayer. The early days of California, in a religious point of view, were different from those of Oregon. In the former State were gathered people of all avocations and nationalities. A man would go there with a religious faith, the very thought of which would envelop him in a mist of smooth calm and a dense fog of velvety joy, only to find men as good as himself, and frequently a great deal better, whose faith was directly the opposite of his. This unsettled him and society.

Well, New New York had one organized church. Methodist. Minister worked week-days; preached Sundays. In one sermon he explained that the New Testament should not be taken literally, where it says that it is harder for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven than for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle. It simply meant that the rich were prone to become worldly, and worship gold above God. That there were as pious rich men as poor men. That the rich man could so use his wealth as to make his way clear to a happy hereafter. That possibly the good rich man, on account of his greater power to do good, could enter heaven more easily than the good poor man.

This was probably intended for a few men in town

who possessed worldly goods above that of their neighbors, and who, knowing by scriptural authority that it was well nigh impossible for a rich man to reach the glory that comes subsequently, were not troubling themselves about it. It went farther.

It reached the poor.

The idea of its being easier for the rich to enter heaven than the poor excited talk and comment among the latter. Talk caused more talk. Comment increased comment. Heaven had got to be a place set apart for the rich. The very poor were bitter against the preacher. The not-so-poor sided with him. The poor withdrew from the church. Rented a house. Had services to themselves. Sang defiantly.

This went on for some months. The withdrawing people holding their services at the same hour that the withdrawn-from held theirs. The latter observed this. Saw that the withdrawing were using their bell. Begrudged them the use of its sound. The regular organization discussed this matter. Became indignant.

The withdrawn-from bitterly rebuked the seceders, saying:

"You have appropriated the sound of our bell without permission."

"Needn't to ring your bell," was the reply.

"We've got to ring it to give notice to our members when to assemble," continued the withdrawn-from.

"We've got to pray to give notice to God," answered the withdrawing.

The regular organization determined to bring suit for the use of the sound of its bell. A committee was appointed to consult a lawyer at the county seat. New New York had no lawyers. They consulted him. He said:

"There is no precedent for recovering damages for the use of the sound of a bell. There is nothing of the kind in the books."

"It's time there was a precedent, then!" exclaimed one of the committee, with indignation standing out on his face, like a load of hay on a wagon. "There was no punishment once for stealing horses. There was once no precedent for hanging for murder. Cain got off on this technicality."

Finally, the lawyer undertook to establish a precedent. He brought suit in New New York for as large a sum as he could sue for before a justice of the peace.

The withdrawing members cast about for grounds of defense. They at first claimed that they had contributed money to pay for the church and bell. They showed that Jonathan Woolens had subscribed $5; and Hiram Paramore, $3. The plaintiffs found proof that this had never been paid. This ground of defense was abandoned. Seceders prayed for light. Got it. And a lawyer. He told them that he would defend the suit on the broad grounds that no one could have property rights in sound, any more than they could have them in the air, or in moonshine, or in a bad smell.

The trial was held in a large empty storeroom, the justice's little office being too small to hold the excited litigants and interested spectators. The case had been so thoroughly and bitterly discussed that it was difficult to get a jury. Men had to be summoned from outside of town. A juror was called and interrogated:

"Have you heard of this case?"

"What case?"

"About the bell at the Methodist church."

"Well, I've hearn the bell ring."

"I mean the suit."

"No, no; hain't hearn of no suit."

"You think you can sit on this case as a fair and impartial juror?"

"Yes; but I'd rather set on a cheer, if the trial is goin' to be long." The juror was standing during the examination.

"Acquainted with the parties to this suit?"

"Well, not knowing who the parties are, I wouldn't like swear to that. You one of the fellers?"

"O, no; the parties are the two wings of the Methodist church here. Know any of them?"

"I've hearn the Methodist shoutin' some at their meetin's."

"I mean, do you meet them—talk with them?"

"They've talked to me a great many times, when they was takin' up collections."

The juror was finally accepted. And so the examination went on until the panel of six men was completed. A day was thus consumed. But the crowd did not weary. The excitement increased, rather.

The next morning the hearing of the testimony began. Among others, one of the seceders was called for the plaintiffs. The attorney asked:

"You went to services at your place when you heard the bell at the Methodist church, didn't you?"

"I went to services." He was a very unwilling witness.

"Didn't you hear the bell ring, sir?"

"Well, I went—I heard—heard the bell very faintly."

"Faintly, sir?"

"Something like a bee a-hummin', fifty yards off."

The evidence having been heard, counsel for the plaintiffs made his argument. He said that the defendants had taken, carried away, and appropriated the sound of the bell, when they knew it was not their property. Every one of them knew it. There was not a child in town but what knew it. Used the sound, too, repeatedly, showing that they were hardened in lawlessness, and cared not for the rights of others. If a man, he continued, buys a farm, he gets the appurtenances thereunto belonging, or in any wise appertaining. So, in purchasing a bell, the same principle holds good. Of what account would a bell be without the sound? A wagon without wheels? A saddle with-

out a cinch? A bridle without a bit? A watchdog without a bark? True, he said, the plaintiffs had more sound than they wanted. But it is equally true, that a man sometimes has more wheat or potatoes than he wants, or more family. Still, that does not give anybody a right to use his overplus of wheat or potatoes, or surplus of family.

When counsel for plaintiffs closed, his clients were excited to such a pitch that they were ready to fight. They hadn't known before how bad they had been treated.

Opposite counsel replied. Said, referring to the nature of the suit, that one neighbor might as well sue another for the crowing of his cock. That the Almighty might as well sue the beings he had given existence for the use of the evening star, which betokens coming darkness; or the morning star, which heralds approaching dawn; or for the bursting of the buds, which announce seeding-time to the husbandman. Showed, further, that the suit was a persecution of the poor, who were God's people. Said he, the poor we always have with us. No one disputed him. He called to mind that Lazarus was poor, and full of sores, and forsaken, and starving, but that he procured a situation in Abraham's bosom, from whence he made faces at the rich, as they made hell hideous with howls. Let this suit prevail, he continued, then the rich would be suing the poor for the song of the birds, for the purl of the rivulet, for the music of the wind in the pine tops; next, for the good of the sunshine; then, for the silver of the moonlight.

He [illegible]ently.

His clients were in tears. Many in the audience sobbed. There was a low wail from the women. The court would not allow them to wail loudly. One big ju[illegible] in his hands. The tears trickled [illegible]s.

The attorney for the plaintiffs made a short concluding [illegible]. He said he had instituted a suit for damages, but since he had heard the argument of counsel for the other side, he believed the defendants should h[illegible]ted for larceny. And if they had [illegible] the bell in the night-time, it would [illegible]glary, bold, bloody, and malicious.

He, too, sat dow[illegible] Firmly.

The big juror [illegible]

The court instructed the jury, if they found for the plaintiffs, to state the amount of damages in their verdict; if for the defendants, they should bring in a verdict of no damages. And that they could declare their verdict in their seats, or retire.

The big juror raised his head. Said he:

"No dam[illegible]

"No damages," repeated the other five jurors.

The court could not suppress the applause. Except that of the plaintiffs. They said they would appeal. Not that they cared for the past use of the sound of their bell; but, unless the present decision was set aside, the defendants, now insolent with victory, would use the sound of the bell in a wasteful manner, and that the bell would soon become exhausted. Uncle John Sanborn, who was not a member of any church, tiring, at this juncture, of the quarreling of his neighbors, presented the seceders a bell.

The members of the regular organization used the sound of the new bell. Did it to get even, and to allow their bell to rest and recuperate.

The Barrel-Hoop.

Hell hath no fury like a barrel-hoop stepped on. Nor heaven. Nor Omaha.

The soldier patriot strikes for liberty, home, and the green graves of his sires. The barrel-hoop does not. No. For the shin.

So long as it is embracing a barrel, it is happy. Let it cease to hug the object of its affections, then, if you step on it, it turns savagely upon you.

O, strong-minded women! If you know when you are well off, don't discard petticoats. They protect you. Deaden the blow of the deadly hoop. Man has nothing to stand between him and the fury of the exasperated barrel-hoop. He doesn't take his chances. No. The hoop takes them all.

Inanimate matter is matter that has no life. Naturalists place the barrel-hoop among inanimate things. It doesn't stay there.

The venomous serpent has fangs. The harmless, none. The barrel-hoop has no fangs, but it is venomous. All-firedly.

There are times when man feels his weakness. Wants some great power to look to and lean upon. It is so when he is attacked by an infuriated barrel-hoop. At such a moment the veriest atheist turns to his Maker. Utters his name. Several times.

The rattlesnake gives warning before he strikes. The railroad engineer blows his whistle, so you can hear it just as you and the engine clinch. The barrel-hoop strikes without warning. And as if fifty millions of people were watching it, to see if it did its whole duty.

When the barrel hoop is stepped on, there are always two hoops. First, the barrel-hoop itself. Then, the agonizing whoop.

The National Board of Health might do something for their country. Might have the barrel-hoop made larger. So that it would pass over the head when stepped on.

Some animals become torpid in winter. Die temporarily. The barrel-hoop never indulges in torpidity.

O, little man! Short man! You are thinking it is better to be born lucky than rich. That the barrel-hoop will strike you above the knee. Where flesh prevails, and the shin-bone reaches not. Vaunt not yourself. There are young barrel-hoops. The juvenile barrel, called a keg, sometimes sheds its hoops. Then you might step on a finger-ring.

Lock Melone.

A NEW NATIONAL POETRY.

"There is nothing new under the sun." So says Ecclesiastes; and the author of that eloquent book died so long ago, that ancient Rome seems but a stripling beside the Jerusalem of his day. Is it to be wondered at, therefore, that this sentence has always held a sinister import for one who sought to found a great and glorious monument—a monument that could not fail to bring honor, both to himself and his native land? To do this, however, it was necessary that he should invent, discover, or steal something new; and if there was nothing new under the sun, the chilling influence of this knowledge is plainly apparent. But happily—and he hopes the happiness is destined to extend to future years, as well as to afford gladness for the present time—there came a moment when an idea that was an inspiration illuminated his mind.

First, let it be known that the object of his ambition is the founding of a new national poetry—a poetry that will contain the national likes and dislikes; that will set forth national traits and actions; and even tell of national dishes and culinary triumphs; for the office of poetry is to be universal, and when its flame is lit at the fire burning on the true Parnassian altar, it will invest with grandeur all that it touches, be it some great action, like the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, or some useful invention, like the discovery of the wooden nutmeg.

Such has been the author's project. He had made many attempts, and equally as many failures. He had often, as he thought, seen the coveted prize, but just beyond his grasp; he had even finished a complicated and indescribable, as well as unreadable, epic, but as an epic is always expected to be unreadable, this was, in its way, a triumph; and then, when he was about to proclaim his victory, came this ancient saw, and laid an injunction on any further proceedings. And the worst of it all was, a careful study of the epic proved that Solomon was right: there was nothing new in it.

It was with great gladness, therefore, that the author hailed the resurrection of those old French meters, that one has always thought to be buried for all eternity. He gloated over the Triolet, with its amplitude of expansion, so adapted to the vastness of our new world. He felicitated in the exuberance of thought allowed by the Rondel. His dreams were full of the beauty of the Chaunt Royal, which allows one to say so little in so much. And there were the other forms, with their impossible usefulness; Rondeau's and Vilanelle's striving to set imagination and fancy on stilts that will raise them beyond the highest and most acute comprehension; and last, the Ballade, affording such wide freedom for thought and description.

"But," one may say, "these are not new."

Certainly not, if they have no recent original idea linked to them. It is because there is an original idea so linked, that they assume importance. The patent and copyright laws—and all ambitious poets are informed that the new national poetry is to be both copyrighted and patented—say, that a combination whereby an old invention and a recent idea are linked for the benefit of the present time makes the same a *new* and *original* article; and who would be so audacious as to set the words of Solomon against our modern patent and copyright laws?

It is this combination of our national ideas, likes, and actions with the old French meters that forms the basis of the monument referred to. Of course this will be completed only by years of labor; but to show how fitting it is that we link our thoughts, and acts, and ambitions to the antiquated verse of Saul, a specimen brick is given. The reader is specially requested to note the expansion of ideas allowed by the formation of the verse; and to pay strict attention to the beauty of description one can indulge in, owing to the diversity of rhymes allowed. Then, too, how patriotic and *debonair* one can be, is shown in the crave flouting of sorrow, and the strong presentation of a national delicacy.

It was indeed a happy idea, this unearthing of the old French meters; but what a triumph to link them by the indissoluble chain of pie—pumpkin pie—to the national heart of this great land. But let the result speak for itself.

THE BALLADE OF PUMPKIN PIE.

When autumn, rich in mellow sheen,
 Her gaudy robe behind her trails,
Where late the fields and woods were green,
 And violets nodded in the vales;
 I think while chilling blast assails,
Why should I moan, and vainly sigh,
 When yonder through the chestnut rails
I see the germs of pumpkin pie?

The golden globes that wisely gleam,
 The sweetness of the wandering gales,
When graceful lilies fondly lean.
 Where, by the garden's [illegible] pales,
 A lover pours his dulcet [illegible]s,
Now rounded to complet[illegible]ie;
 And while I listen to th[illegible]uls,
I see the germs of pumpk[illegible]ie.

O lusty fruit! for such I v[illegible]n
 You are, though old tra[illegible]ion wails
To class you with a paltry bean,
 Or cabbage, food for crawling snails,
 And things as low in nature's scales;
Why let old troubles dim mine eye?
 Hid there within your yellow mails,
I see the germs of pumpkin pie.

L' ENVOI.

The white milk foams in brimming pails—
 Ah, sorrow, well it is you fly!
I hear the faint Thanksgiving hails,
 I see the germs of pumpkin pie!



